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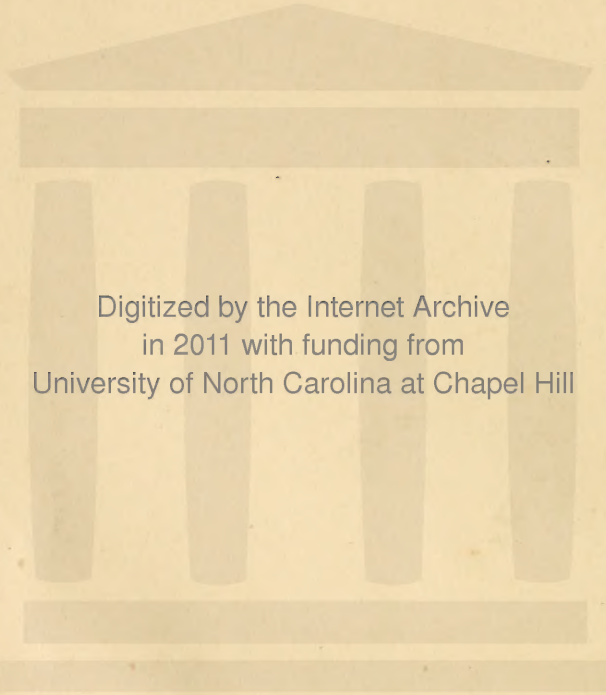
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THE
SOUTHERN MAGAZINE

JULY, 1873.

ON THE GIERSFELD AND BOURTANGER MOOR.

AMONG the antique resting-places of the Germans the Hünen-graves take the first rank, and of these the Giersfeld is the most remarkable still existing in Northern Germany. It lies south of the Bourtanger Moor, between the towns of Lingen, in the valley of the Ems, and Quakenbrück. It is a heath of some two thousand acres in extent, silent and wild, bordered around by numerous ecclesiastical establishments of ancient date, such as the old churches of Alfhausen, of Merzen, of Ueffeln, and the celebrated Commandery of the Templars at Lage, showing how intimately Christianity united in its infancy with and sought the spots formerly consecrated to heathen worship. Even at the present day, at Whitsuntide, the peasantry of Alfhausen proceed to the Holy Mount — Heiligenberg — on the Giersfeld, in pursuance of an old custom, followed by their cattle and horses, just as it was usual among the heathens; and up to the times of the Reformation the peasantry of the other villages around the Giersfeld did the same, by joining the procession of the Alfhausen peasantry.

The Holy Mount now is a completely desolate hill, surrounded by Hünengraves. It seems never to have been built upon in Christian times; and it is conceded by historians that we have here before us one of those localities where in pre-historic ages a giant race has buried its dead. The legend of the fiery spectre, the "Alk," which the simple inhabitants of this mysterious region believe still to haunt the Giersfeld, seems additionally to strengthen an assumption which already by the numerous stone monuments found on the field appears to be a reasonable and probable one.

The name *Giersfeld* may be synonymous with *Girdled Field*, from *gyre* and the Latin *gyrus*, as also from the Saxon *geard* or *gyrd*, to gird, and the Danish *gierde*, a field girdled with stone monuments.

One pleasant summer-day we sauntered out in the company of others from the neighborhood of Bramsche, at the foot of the Weser Mountains, to visit this interesting locality. Soon, through forest glade and lane, we reached the old plantation house "*Grumfeld*," lying embowered amid gigantic oaks. In the enclosure which the domestic buildings surround is of one of the best preserved Hünengraves in all the *Giersfeld*. These consist of numbers of formidable blocks of granite, each supported by two pillars or posts, the whole of the shape of a double capital TT, the principal monument being encircled by a series of smaller stones. The children of the family use these stones as benches, and the cattle were resting close to them and within the magic circle under the shade of the old oak trees. This scene was suggestive and of itself interesting. The owner of the *Grumfeld* plantation readily assented to join our party and walk out upon the *Giersfeld* with us. On the way we spoke of the probable manner in which these huge blocks of stone could have been moved in an age when mechanical ingenuity was dormant and our present appliances unknown. The theory of the *Grumfeld* possessor was both novel and ingenious. "I have often thought about it," he said; "the giants must have transported these stones during the winter over the snow and ice. On the frozen ground there would be no difficulty in moving them." "But," it was rejoined, "how could the horizontal blocks have been raised upon their posts?" "Much in the same way. After the posts had been placed over the grave they were buried in snow, and upon an inclined plane, also made of snow, but little additional exertion would have sufficed to drag the impost upon its supports." We had thus speaking gradually reached the confines of the *Giersfeld*. There lay the graves upon the summits of the gentle hills by hundreds. The view from any of these summits over the city of the dead had something exceedingly melancholy and pathetic. There was a vast churchyard, or in the poetical language of the North, a vast God's acre, a Northern Necropolis. Utterly desolate is the view; the dry brownish heather shed a gloom over all, which was not relieved by the gigantic monuments of funereal gray, overgrown by moss and lichen. Was it the impress of the scene itself? The dense forests which on all sides surround this city of a departed race, though clad in a sweet green, had no effect upon us in lessening this impression; nor was the sun's bright glow, which now and then broke through the gathering summer evening clouds, capable of lending a brighter color to this dreary sight.

The scene in its utter desolation was well worthy of the artist's brush, particularly when an approaching storm chased the leaden clouds over the sky, and a sudden burst of the sun cast the dark shadows of the innumerable monumental stones in long and straggling lines athwart the broken heath. Here, we thought, was a spot and a scene for some artist-genius to gain renown in untrodden paths. To judge from the descriptions, neither the graves of Ajax,

of Hector, or of Achilles, near Troy, offer a more imposing and magnificent scene than this Germanic Giersfeld; and it is not at all unlikely, if Greeks and Trojans have not, that Romans and Germans at least have, fought here, since the field lies in the route of the legions of Germanicus, of the battle-fields of the Teutoburgian Forest and of Idistavisus.

From the interesting hills and risings of the field we turned to view two excavations. The larger has the form of a funnel, the upper circle being about 300, the bottom about 50, feet in circumference, with a depth of about 50 feet. The interior is overgrown with dense heather and underbrush. The other cavern has the same form, but is of less extent. Nothing whatever gives us any clue of their former uses, although it is quite evident that the hand of man made them; but popular superstition, as everywhere in the old settled regions of the Continent, has taken possession of them. "Thousands of years ago," so it is said, "a wicked man's home was swallowed up at this spot. Since, the place has been haunted by the spirit Alk; and if any one dares to invoke the wicked Alk by name at midnight, the spirit, in the guise of a fiery wheel, will issue from the depth, and over graves and blocks rattle across the fields in pursuit of the hardy intruder." Many years ago, as we were told by the owner of the Grumberg, one of his ancestors — the domain has been in possession of the same family for many hundred years, and the thought struck us when looking upon the tall, wiry, and silent owner that his forefathers might lie buried under these Hünengraves — a wild, merry fellow, was seated with his boon companions in the village tavern. They were talking on the farmers' usual topics, their crops, cattle, and horses, and each was trying to make the others acknowledge that his particular animal was the best and fleetest nag in the whole Münster Valley. "I'll bet you nine pounds of silver," cried out the owner of the Grumberg, "that my gray can go as fast as old Alk himself on his fiery wheel!" The others laughed at first at this singular and foolhardy proposition; but the master of the Grumberg became so boisterously confident that they fain had to accept the bet to humor him. Grumberg the next morning, when sober, repented, but it was too late; would he not be the laughing-stock of the whole Münster Valley if he now drew back? So he saddled his gray and rode out to the Alke hole, picking the evenest and shortest road over the giants' graves on the Giersfeld up to the verge of the ghostly habitation, and so at a fearful rate back again, to make his faithful steed acquainted with the perilous road the master was about to take that night. Orders had been given by him that the great gate of the court-yard was to be open on his return, and also that of the manor-house, that the gray might know that he was to land his master, if at all, behind the blessed threshold of a home which no evil spirit would dare to enter. During the day Grumberg cared for and petted his steed, and fortified himself by three pious prayers to the Blessed Trinity that his sins might be forgiven, and that he might be saved from the frightful danger into which he was about rashly to throw himself. When midnight had come, placing his trust solely in God, he rode to the haunted hole. Riding close up to the rim of the abyss, he turned

his eyes upward to heaven, beseeching the assistance of all good spirits. It was a clear, starlit night; not a sound was heard anywhere, not even the bellowing of a fox or the croaking of an owl. His gray stood like a statue, with his muzzle turned to the cavern, and moved not a limb. All at once the bells in the villages around the solitary Giersfeld began to strike the hour of midnight: first at Ueffeln, then it was taken up by the bell in Merzen, and last of all the dull sound of the Alfhausen church-bell tolled out the hour. With the last stroke from the Alfhausen tower Grumberg raised himself a little in his saddle, and with a tolerably firm voice called into the hole, so that his challenge resounded over the whole sombre heath: "Alke, come! Are you going along?" From the cavern's depth a voice immediately replied: "Just wait a little! One shoe I've on: the other will slip on by itself! There I am, and will soon have ye!" Quick as lightning Grumberg turned and spurred his horse, and as an arrow leaves the bow the noble steed entered on the race from the haunted chasm to his home, brave Grumberg on his gallant gray ahead and old Alke on his fiery wheel behind. The former had at first a considerable start, but with every jump of the gray the distance grew less; the fiery wheel came closer and closer, growing larger with every revolution, clearing underbrush and blocks of giants' graves at such bounds and at such a rate that Grumberg would surely have lost heart had he ventured to look behind him. But there gleamed already in the distance the large white gate of the court-yard with its wings full open; there beckoned the charmed threshold; but one more minute and there was deliverance at hand. Both Grumberg and the brave steed took courage anew; they had passed the outer gate, and with one last desperate bound the gray landed his master safe in the very midst of the grange. The fiery wheel had at the very instant dashed furiously against the door-sill of the manor, and old Alke, foiled and enraged, had to return to his chasm as fast as he had pursued the rash better, since already the charmed hour from midnight to one was nearly spent. The fiery wheel had left two large charred scars on the door-sill, which were shown for years afterwards to the believing generations.

In this same region lies the Hümmling, an elevated region. The name signifies in the old Frisian language a moderate hill, to which perhaps the nearest English equivalent is "hump" or "hummocks," elevations somewhat like the hummocks of Florida. In a region which is almost interminably flat, the slightest rise in the ground becomes of interest and importance to the inhabitants. In early times it was covered with dense forests, which could not flourish in the neighboring moors, and in which the animals of the wilderness, boars, wolves, elks, buffaloes, and deer, whose antlers and horns are yet often found imbedded in the soil, sought shelter. The Hümmling was therefore in olden times, and is to some extent still, the finest chase in Northwestern Germany. Formerly it was known as the County of Sögel; it is now one of the possessions of the rich Dukes of Arenberg. From the Ems Valley, rich in villages, hamlets, woods, and plantations, a brief drive of a few miles brings

us into the black moors, in which no tree, no human form meets the searching eye. A dense mist had fallen, and only with difficulty we proceeded upon the stony artificial road onward. Gradually we perceived the character of the soil to change on either side to a light yellow, and through the mist we noticed some abandoned huts, whereupon the coachman informed us that we were now "on the Hümmling." Some twenty or more of these silent habitations stood there in the shade of old trees. Each hut had its wide gateway; they were the sheep-folds and summer-quarters of the numerous flocks of an inferior breed, the care of which is one of the principal industries of the inhabitants of the heaths, moors, dunes, and valleys of the country. These singular villages of sheep-habitations are scattered over the whole Hümmling and Bourtanger Moor, as they are generally in the valleys of the Ems. They are mostly situated upon the lonely heath, far from the haunts of men, and are duly marked upon the detailed maps of Northern Germany; we find them even now and then mentioned as having been the temporary quarters of the troops during the Thirty Years' War. A little further on we noticed several high and steep sandy ridges, completely perforated by the swallows, designated here coast-swallows, the *hirundo ripuaria*, who make these holes for their nests. On our way through one of the clumps of woods, the only remains now of the original forests, we found a rude hut in which from twenty to thirty black-looking young fellows were preparing their meal; they were charcoal-burners from the Thuringian forests, who every year come to the forests of Northern Germany to make charcoal and to fell trees. Two weeks after Christmas they will leave their Thuringian homes to work all the year round abroad, returning only a brief time before Christmas to be from six to eight weeks with their families.

Some two hundred or more years ago the Hümmling was as much dreaded as the lurking-place and habitation of all kinds of lawless characters as was not long since, and is perhaps now, the Bakony Forest of Hungary. A large gang of Gypsies had made their haunts here, to which, since the Thirty Years' War, another tribe of wild rovers, the Knife-Grinders, was added, who also had their homes and trysting-places in the wild forests of the Hümmling. Their trade of knife-grinders was but the pretext and not the business of life, and they were generally persons sought by the police and escaped convicts of both sexes. They, like the Gypsies, had their regular unions and commanders. It was not long ere deadly hatred broke out among these two dissimilar tribes of the Hümmling forests, ending in deadly strife. The Gypsies, these *racés maudites*, had at first the great preponderance in numbers, and the Grinders evaded any meeting with their irascible neighbors. But soon the tables were turned, and a series of the most savage deeds were perpetrated: Every accidental meeting became the signal for bloodshed between the races, and atrocities are recounted scarcely less horrible than those of the North American Indians. The conquered and wounded on both sides were treated in the most inhuman manner, as, for instance, by cutting the sinews of the heels and ankles. In the beginning of the last century this race-feud came at last to a grand battle,

near the village of Appledorn, in which the Gypsies were driven from the field. The last Gypsy, with the name of Baromonto, died in the little village of Kleinbersen, on the edge of the Hümmling, an old blind man of one hundred years of age, not many years 'ago. The Grinders have long since disappeared.

The bailiff of Sögel, whom we visited, gave us some account of the ancient stone-monuments of the Hümmling. In a description published in 1742 the Hümmling had been represented as still having "many mighty stones set upon each other;" and in another history, that of Diepenbrock, it was, much later, mentioned that: "In no portion of Germany may Hünen-graves, grave-hills and urns be more frequently found than upon the Hümmling." Especially was to be found there the grave of the celebrated Hünenking Sürwold, in the woods of Börger, a village on the Hümmling; interesting principally, since a verse still repeated by the peasantry seemed to have preserved the name of this king of giants. This verse runs as follows:

"Hünenkönig Surwold
Lig begraven in Börgerwald,
In een vergolden Hushold."

or,—

King of Giants Surwold
Lies buried in the Börge Wold,
In a coffin of burnished gold.

We were, consequently, quite disappointed upon being informed that the dearth of any proper building material, which threatens to destroy even the celebrated Giersfeld monuments, had already completely swept away the ancient monuments in the more accessible Hümmling. From the Hümmling the stones were transported to the river Leda to the town of Leer, and thence by sea to Holland. This has been the case with King Surwold's resting-place, and it is nowadays barely worth the time and trouble for an antiquarian or traveller, after having explored the Giersfeld, to seek for further monumental relics on the Hümmling. The only well-preserved grave is near the village of Ostenwalde, east of the capital of the Hümmling, Sögel.

We consoled ourselves for the deficiency and disappointment in regard to ancient graves by a visit to an elegant hunting-castle, built by a Bavarian prince in the last century; now owned by the Dukes of Arenberg. Great herds of deer and boars were formerly found in the valleys and forests of the Hümmling. Nor were wolves wanting. The North German princes were wont to enjoy there the noble passion of hunting. The Counts of Tecklenburg came from the south, those of Eastern Frisia from the north; to whom must be added the Dukes of Mecklenburg and the warrior Prince-Bishop of Münster. In the 14th and 15th centuries such meetings often had, as now, their political significance. "When the Prince-Bishop of Münster prepared for the chase," says the historian Diepenbrock, "the peasantry from far and near were ordered to conduct from the town of Sögel the hunters' horses and dogs to the woods of Hümmling." The ancient Sögel was then the central point of such hunts. Under the lead of foresters, the entire peasantry were placed around the forest to drive in the game. In the centre were lodges temporarily constructed, in

which Bishop and guests leisurely awaited the approach of the game, which the ever-narrowing circle of the advancing peasantry drove in toward the headquarters. For three days these diversions lasted ; and although the services required of the people were feudal duties, they were willingly discharged ; and everything went merrier than during the festivities even which preceded the Lenten season. The Elector of Bavaria, Clemens Augustus, who was also Archbishop of Cologne and Prince-Bishop of Münster, built in the place of these lodges a palace, which he named Clemenswerth. This tasteful little castle consists of nine buildings, arranged in the form of pins in the game of nine-pins ; the centrepiece being the principal, or Bishop's residence ; those adjacent buildings the lodging-houses of the guests. A large park spreads around the hunting-castle, and the trees, planted in 1741, are tall and stately now, making one of the noblest fir-woods to be found in Germany. Broad avenues and shady footpaths radiate from the centre to all parts of the park. The castle garden is laid out in the old French style, with high hedges and well-trimmed arches, enclosing beautiful beds of flowers and rare shrubberies. Remembering the wilderness of broken wood, morass and moor which lies all around, this place seems to the surprised traveller almost a work of enchantment. The present possessors have preserved everything in most perfect order ; there is glittering neatness and symmetry everywhere. One of the pavilions is fitted with service of silver and costly porcelain. Another is the chapel, full of precious church utensils, and regarded with high veneration by the Catholic peasantry of the Hümmling, who on certain days of the year go thither in solemn procession to prostrate themselves before the relics of Saint Fructuosus. These relics were presented in the year 1756 by the celebrated and learned pontiff Benedict XIV. to the Elector Clemens, who deposited them in the chapel of Clemenswerth. This veneration is continued by the present Dukes of Arenberg, who are distinguished for their staunch Catholicism.

The exterior of the principal octagon is set off by numerous works of sculpture, representing hunting scenes. In the stone stirrups of the sculptured saddles, and in the jaws of the wild boars, swallows and other birds have built their nests. Within the castle a rich collection of oil-paintings covers the walls, depicting scenes of the chase in the wild forests of the Hümmling. One of the pictures shows us the beautiful Countess in whose honor Elector Clemens erected the lodge. We visited finally the bed-rooms of the present Duke and Duchess of Arenberg. The elegant beds were ready to receive the owners. They are thus kept ready from year to year, in case it should please the Duke, who generally resides at Brussels, to pay a sudden visit to this one of his numerous estates ; which, we were told, happens about once in ten years. Throughout half of Europe, a like reception awaits this rich pair ; and it is a saying that the Duke of Arenburg might travel from the moors of the Ems, through the Netherlands and France as far as Madrid, and yet sleep every night in his own bed and on his own land. This is one of those great families of Northwestern Germany of whom it is difficult to say whether they are Germans, Dutch or Frenchmen ; related to all known dynas-

ties, they are at the same time Princes of the German Empire, Grandees of Spain and Peers of France. The millions of revenue which come into the treasury of the Dukes of Arenberg are principally derived from the proceeds of their forests. For this reason they have for generations manifested a particular interest in forests, the replanting of old heaths and the reclaiming of moors. Everywhere in the Hümmling, and in the Bourtanger high moors, new plantations of forests have been made by the present Duke of Arenberg.

The Bourtanger Moor separates Germany from Holland, and has marked the boundary of these two countries from the earliest times. Already under Charlemagne it formed the boundary between Westphalia and Frisia. And to-day the people living on its western border are as different from those on its eastern side as could well be imagined. The name is taken from the small Dutch village Bourtange, situated close to the moor; and is composed of *Tange*, a tongue of sandy land which runs out into the moor upon which dwell Dutch *boors*. Its Frankish sound of Bourtange then really has the less elegant meaning of boor's tongue. In our preceding paper we gave an account of the struggles between the ancient Germans and Romans. Now the latter undoubtedly marched over this wild moor, which, running from north to south, varies in breadth from east to west; and troops coming from the Netherlands might with greater ease penetrate here. East of the Bourtange is another broad sandy tongue or headland, the Hümmling, of which we spoke above; and thus has this line been from an early period the chief passage between Germany and the Netherlands. Under the warlike lead of the warrior-bishop Bernhard von Galen, the Dutch had several struggles against each other in this moor; here too was the line of retreat of the allied armies in the beginning of this century, when they gave way before the victorious French republicans. It was therefore not improbable that if any remains of the celebrated Roman Pontes Longi were at all to be discovered, it would most likely be in the moor of Bourtange. But eighteen hundred years had elapsed from the retreat of Germanicus ere any one found sufficient interest or any occasion to direct attention to this question. The Dutch, who have in various ways given the impulse to reforms in the affairs of Northwestern Germany, also gave the signal for the discovery of the Roman Long Bridges mentioned by Tacitus.

A Dutch engineer, Mr. Karstens, first discovered with the aid of some peasants, in the western part of the Province of Drenthe, not far from the Bourtange, an old plank-road for a distance of several hours' march between the cloister Ter Apel and the village of Valte. This was in 1818. Nearly forty years elapsed before the supposition that the direction of this Holland plank-road lay in the paths of the Roman armies was verified by the discovery of its continuation on the German side, in the Bourtanger Moor. The locomotives of the Ems valley railway are fired with turf, of which large beds are in the moor. In digging for this material Mr. Bailiff Buchholz, of Iathen, found in 1860, near the town of Meppen, a dam or plank-road, which, entirely similar to that near the cloister of Ter Apel, had been buried under a layer of earth for from three to four feet in depth. This discovery

made at the time a great sensation among continental students and archæologists. The erroneous supposition that these *pontes longi* of Tacitus had been bridges of permanent and elaborate construction, perhaps viaducts over the North German moors and lowlands, has been set aside by finding them to be substantial but rudely constructed plank-roads, such as are still in use in the United States, particularly in the marshy lowlands of North and South Carolina and Georgia ; such as our and the Federal forces not unfrequently constructed during the Confederate war.

During a visit to Mr. Buchholz, we found him quite ready to accompany us to the spot where he had made his first discovery. We wandered at first through the lowlands of Lathen in a southeasterly direction to a sandy ridge, the Hengstberg, which rises from the midst of the moor ; one of those ledges which the inhabitants dignify with the name of mountains. We found here firm paths, covered with round and polished pebbles of various colors, left by the sea thousands of years ago. From here we descended into the Tinner Dose, another low, broad and unbroken moor, perfectly level. Here the Bourtange is narrowest, and in the Tinner Dose we were to find the old Roman bridge. In such moors it is not easy for even the guides always to find the right road ; and so it proved in this case. The sandy ridge gradually descends into the moor ; the turf or covering of it is at first but a few inches thick, deepening gradually, like the water on an ocean beach. Hence the Romans did not commence their bridges immediately at the foot of the ridges ; for some distance up to the point where this was no longer possible, they had built into the moor a road of sand and dirt, a kind of causeway or tête-de-pont. When our guide pointed it out we could readily perceive a long narrow ridge covered with heath, running out into the moor. It was not easy to find the point where the plank-road had commenced, and some time had elapsed ere our guide, who was probing the bottom of the moor with his iron-pointed cane, called to us triumphantly that he had found the bridge. The cane penetrated without resistance until it met some hard material. If this experiment was repeated but a few yards distant on either side, the cane readily sank into a soft and bottomless moor soil. Upon the first discovery of the bridge shafts had been sunk at various points to lay the bridge open ; but the turf diggers had filled up the holes again ; and our strong hopes to obtain a sight of the Roman road seemed destined to be disappointed, particularly as no instruments were at hand for digging up a portion, nor any habitation where we might readily procure them. Tired of digging and probing we were about to return on our homeward way, when we perceived in the distance over the ashy gray expanse around us some "breaks" in the regularity of the plain, and figures moving about. Soon we came up with the turf-diggers, who informed us that a little further on we would find a new shaft and some deep ditches which they had recently laid open. We walked on over fresh heaps of morass and walls of turf, over holes and ditches over which were thrown here and there long thick planks, and were soon in sight of a deep and broad canal, which from both sides fell deep into the moor. This canal had cut the Roman bridge at a right angle, and

laid open to our joyful surprise a perfect cross-section of this remarkable bridge, in the middle of one of these walls, four feet from the surface. We felt as does the hunter when he has brought his game to bay, or as does the botanist when at last he espies a long-sought flower. Some new facts became apparent from an examination of the cross-section. The planks were eight feet long and three inches thick, and rested on blocks laid like our railway irons are now. The planks which lay around showed traces of their original workmanship; the marks of the hatchets were plainly seen. Specially interesting was the well-defined outlines on them of the grasses and heath vegetation on which they had rested for so many centuries. The most important fact was, however, that on both sides of the road there had been ditches from four to five feet in depth, showing that a work of permanency and solidity had been intended. No coins, arms or utensils had been found, however. Those present were of opinion that the filling up of the ditches could only have taken place in the course of a very long period, and that a still longer time had been necessary to cover the bridge itself with a layer of four to five feet. According to the journals of the Göttingen savants, more than one thousand years would be requisite to change plants and undergrowth into the turf masses which cover the bridge. That the Romans were the builders is supported by the great care and the solidity with which the bridge had evidently been laid. Tacitus says that they constructed the materials on the Rhine in Batavia and loaded them on ships which sailed up the Ems; the ditches also point to intended permanency, as does the oak-wood of which the whole is constructed. Little respecting the age and historical interest of what they had so accidentally found, the turf-diggers had torn out the ancient planks and had used them for new bridges over their cuts. On one spot we found them using the planks over which the Roman hosts had marched for culinary purposes. We picked up some of the well-preserved and perfectly sound splinters as mementos of our visit.

A visit to the Bourtanger Moor, setting out from Campen, near Meppen, for that purpose, is an interesting excursion for the traveller who wishes to seek some of the byways hardly trodden by the tourist. Some of the many ancient and gigantic trees which here abound are well worthy of an inspection; nothing like them is found on the Continent, not even in England, and hardly in the United States, with the exception of the giant trees of California. The most celebrated is the Hecder linden-tree, which, with its magnificent dome rising high above all surrounding objects, is known as the largest linden-tree in all Germany. Passing this landmark, our carriage was soon rolling on a slight rise into the moor stretching away on either side. Before us in the distance extended along the horizon a green strip of trees and border of apparently meadowlands, with the towers and houses of the Dutch frontier. Gradually we neared this green border, and after a couple of hours' brisk travel, we reached the frontier. There stood as seignorial landmark a granite stone, rounded and battered by age. This stone dates from the times of the old German Emperors. Like boundary stones are found along the whole frontier, and according to ancient custom a joint

boundary commission of Dutch and German officials inspects them every year, seeing at the same time that the provisions of the frontier treaties are observed by the inhabitants of both countries. One of these provisions is that no inhabitant within a certain extent of the line may reclaim, possess or build upon the moor.

"Abeldjes Huis," a small inn, is the first Dutch dwelling-house we meet. With this house Germany and — singular phenomenon — the German language, manners, and ways come to a sudden end. When we entered the village everything was changed: the exterior of houses and of inhabitants, of the little children on the streets, of the old Dutch dames who went from house to house; even the fields and gardens looked different. The host of Abeldjes Huis, whom we addressed in German, did not comprehend one word, nor as far as we could ascertain could any other inhabitant of the little village of Bourtange speak German. The young women and girls, as the men and children, had features of a different type; the same found from here to Amsterdam, Antwerp, and Flamlând. The black bread which was placed on the table had the shape of bricks instead of common loaves. Tea was served in a different manner also. Instead of having this pleasant beverage, as common throughout Holland as it is through England, prepared and sent up to the guest by the lady of the house, every one makes it for himself. It is customary to place before each guest a small tea-pot and a can of hot water, and the traveller putting up at inns even is not exempt from the office of brewing his own tea. It is rather a prerogative of the true Dutch traveller, and to which he attaches no little importance, to blow the coals, see to it that the water bubbles well up, and to drop in the tea-leaves while he is waiting for his morning or evening meal. Hence it was a difficult matter for us to persuade our buxom hostess to prepare the tea, unaccustomed as we were to such delicate and scientific operations.

The costume of the women also differs widely from that of their Germans neighbors. Their head-gear is particularly distinguished: We requested our hostess to permit us to view her daughter in the universal Sunday ornament of golden "ear-irons" (ohrisders), prevalent in all Western Holland. This singular feminine ornament consists of two large semi-circular plates of gold like barber's basins, united by a golden band, which are firmly placed upon the head. The finest Brabant laces fall over this golden cover, and are fastened by large golden shawl-pins of exquisite workmanship. The obliging daughter of the hostess soon came that we might view her in her best and proudest ornament, not without considerable blushes. She looked remarkably well in it, however, and her face, which was not pretty, was well set off by it. This the Dutch girls seem to know as well as their contemporaries of other lands. Nevertheless, this singular ornament is gradually going out of fashion, a consequence of modern industry. The poorer classes, who could not afford to embellish their daughters' head with gold covers, took recourse to silver; but since the various imitations of gold, poorer girls and all servant girls are enabled to adorn themselves in a metal, base though it be, of as dazzling a color as the purest gold, and the rich damsels

begin to leave off their head-gear altogether. It may, however, require several generations ere this singular habit disappears entirely.

It is almost incomprehensible that two nations should have lived for so many centuries beside each other, yet each retaining its different nationality, and not taking anything from the other either in looks or habits. We think one of the principal causes is to be found in the different religious faith of the inhabitants on both sides of the line. The Dutch are Calvinists; the Germans of the Münster Valley Catholics. The Jews are the most active tradesmen in the commerce of this frontier. The Dutch do not look upon Germany as an Eldorado. On the other hand, in latter days a considerable emigration has taken place from the smaller towns of the Ems lands into Holland, consisting principally of young merchants and manufacturers, who settle in the towns and cities of the Provinces of Drenthe and Groningen. As they are more active and enterprising than the somewhat stiff and lethargic Dutch, they do well and are liked. There is among the *mynheers* of Holland, as far as Rotterdam, no considerable place where such German emigrants have not congregated in considerable numbers.

Another remarkable feature of national intercourse is, that with every year German field-laborers from the poorer districts of their native country wander over into Holland to assist in harvesting the rich yields of the Dutch marsh-lands. The traveller on the western confines of the Bourtange will be surprised to what degree the industrious Dutch inhabitants have brought up the yield and cultivation of their fields and gardens, not by far blessed by Providence with the same degree of fertility as the more western provinces of Holland. The soil is the same as that on the German side of the Bourtange; nevertheless, the vegetables and grain-fields are richer, esculent roots and potatoes of extraordinary size, the clover three feet high, cabbages of the gigantic size of from five to six feet. In a garden which the well-pleased proprietor showed us we found everything growing "*moyet goot*"—fine stuff. The obliging owner, while we were praising the products of his industry, often repeated the phrase, "*Ja dat is Leevhebberie! Unvermoeden Vleet overwend alles.*" (This is pleasure! Indefatigable industry conquers everything). He ascribes the greater productiveness of the Dutch side of the Bourtanger Moor to the stable-feeding and fattening of cattle prevalent in Holland, and not so universally practised in Western Germany. Then, with pardonable pride and some enthusiasm, he recited a Dutch verse, at the same time beating the measure with the hand in which he held his pipe:—

"Zo lang ii tyd en kracht besitt
Verzoem dan nit te werken,
Want ouderdom met sachten tritt
Verrast uns eer wy't merken."

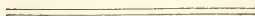
Which we may freely translate:—

"As long as time and strength permit,
Fail not to be industrious,
Since age with silent step will ere
We know it overtake us."

A Dutch inscription upon an old stone of the village church tells us that "the fortress in this Bourtange was placed in fit condition for resistance through the labors of Sir William Louis, Count of Nassau and Katzenellenbogen, the Stattholder and Captain-General of Frisia in the year 1593." The fortress is gone, but the stone commemorating it is still there.

In early times, particularly in the wars of the Dutch with the Westphalians under the lead of the warrior-bishop Bernhard von Galen, the Bourtange was of considerable importance. But the fortifications, as the fortress of Coeverden and other Dutch frontier works against Germany, have been demolished. Only a few walls and stone heaps were left of Fort Bourtange. Formerly the whole country could be inundated for defence; now the lands have come into cultivation, and the whole village looks far different from what it did only twenty years ago. New houses and pleasant walks have taken the place of grim walls planted with artillery. The stone with the above-mentioned inscription has been placed as a memento over the entrance of the village church. This little church is the most simple and unadorned. In this respect the Dutch Calvinists are not exceeded by the most rigid religious communities in Scotland or in the United States. Four naked walls, benches hewn roughly with the hatchet, that is all. The baptismal font is a tin-basin of small dimensions, and for the reception of the pious donations a scooped-out block of wood was nailed to the floor. The school-house stood close to the church. A look into the interior showed us that the imagination of the youths of Bourtange had latterly been occupied with the icy land of Labrador. On the blackboard was written with large letters the sentence: "*Labrador, een zeer groot schiereiland, behoevende tot de lande aan de Hudsonsbai, in Noord America*"—Labrador, a very large peninsula, belonging to the countries on the Hudson's Bay, in North America. The imagination of Dutch youths, which is so early directed to this continent, will no doubt find in many cases a practical experience in this country, to which, notwithstanding the drawbacks which we now exhibit, the hopes and wishes of thousands and thousands from the Old World seem to be centred in an ever-increasing proportion.

F. SCHALLER.



ON THE STEPS OF THE BEMA.

No. IV.

THE ASS'S SHADOW, OR THE LAWSUIT ABOUT A NAME.

WHO first invented the story of the suit about the ass's shadow? I see that Professor De Gubernatis has lately gone into the field of zoölogical mythology and milked all the symbolical cream out of the cow that jumped over the moon. But his work is not accessible to me at this moment, and I do not know whether he has succeeded equally well in interpreting the laugh of the little dog who beheld that supralunar feat, or has turned his analytical powers in the direction of the ass's shadow. The phrase itself is of immemorial antiquity to denote a trifle. A quarrel about the ass's shadow is a quarrel about goat's wool, hen's milk, the Kaiser's beard. But the ingenious use of the phrase as the foundation of a story is attributed to Dêmosthenês. For the sake of those unfortunate boys who do not go to school, and consequently have not attained unto omniscience, it may be worth while to tell the story over again.

Dêmosthenês, it seems, was counsel for the defence in a case of great gravity. The prosecutor had cunningly forestalled the influence of the great advocate with the jury, and had urged that intelligent mob not to allow themselves to be carried away by the clever pleading of Dêmosthenês. When Dêmosthenês mounted the bema he could not get a hearing. The audience — no uncommon thing — made an uproar such as the town-clerk quieted at Ephesus. "Put him out!" "Haul him down!" "Cut it short, cutler!" "Scissors! scissors! one blade for each side!" "Hold your tongue, stut-tut-tut-er-er!" "He can't say R!" "I say, say R!" "Let us hear you say, 'Round the rugged rock the ragged rascal ran!'" And so it went on, whether about the space of two hours or not the books do not tell us, but neither Ephesians nor Athenians could bawl forever, and the noise lulled. Seizing his opportunity, the orator said:

"Gentlemen of the Jury:— Bear with me a little while, and permit me to tell you a story that has recently come to my ears. There was of late in our town a young fellow, who had come to finish his studies here, for this is the great University of Greece, as Periklês said long ago, and you know that there is no end of such persons in this place. Well, the young chap took it into his head to go off for a little holiday, and hired an ass to carry his luggage to Megara. The trip is a fatiguing one, and the doctor that advised his patients to walk to Megara and back in a day — a matter of forty miles — would have found even one-half of his own prescription hard to take on that particular day, for it was a dog-day, a dog-day in the most desperate signification of the word. Towards noon the beast was so tired that

it would not budge, and the traveller was as tired as the beast. The driver unloaded the ass and tied him by the roadside, but unfortunately there was no shade for any of the company. It was one of those points where you have a bare hillside on one hand and the dazzling water on the other. The student, not accustomed to such exercise, was exhausted by the heat, and was fain to throw himself down in the shadow of the donkey. But the driver would not stand his lying down, and claimed the ass's shadow as his own. 'You hired the ass to bear your baggage, not to cover your carcass. I let the ass alone, and you must let the shadow alone.' This was more than flesh and blood could bear. A young man, who had studied logic under Aristotle himself, to be thus thrown into the shade and out of the shadow by an ignorant ass-driver! If it had been a cultivated ass-driver, say a teacher in one of the Athenian schools, the young sophist might have borne his defeat with a good grace, but he felt that he would be standing in his own light if he endured the Attic sun and the Attic salt any longer. So he constructed a syllogism to prove that he had hired the ass for the whole day and that the shadow went with the ass. From words the disputants came to blows, and —"

And then Dêmosthenês started down the steps of the bēma. The jurymen stopped him: We want to know the upshot. The orator turned upon them and said: You wish to hear about an ass's shadow, and yet you will not hear me plead for a man who is on trial for his life. The jury confessed their wrong, and heard him to the end. But we learn nothing more, and no one has ever called "up him who left half-told the story" of the ass's shadow.

Wieland has made the most of the fable in his *Abderiten* — which may be translated "The Gothamites" — and the whole fourth book is taken up with the "Great Lawsuit about the Ass's Shadow," and the violent feuds between the Asses and the Shadows, as the hostile parties styled themselves; and, indeed, the theme is not uninviting. But the ass's shadow concerns us no further than that it recalls a curious case in which Dêmosthenês acted as counsel, the suit for a name; and if a name is a shadow, as is certain, and either plaintiff or defendant was an ass, which is more than likely, the title of this study is not a misnomer.

Every one knows how scanty was the Roman stock of individual names, some dozen and a half in all. Publius and Quintus, Marcus and Lucius, Gaius and Gnaeus meet you at every turn, until you are positively grateful for an occasional Kaeso or a straggling Numerius. The family was all in all; the man is more or less suppressed. The *novus homo* succeeds; he makes the name Marius or Cicero immortal; Gaius and Marcus are none the better for their association. Mark Antony is an exception, but that very exception speaks volumes for the individuality of the man. The modern parallel is Ben Jonson. No one speaks of Jonson, only of Ben Jonson. Take Tacitus. What did his wife call him, Publius or Gaius? We cannot be certain. Now, I need not say how intensely modern this is, how this one fact stamps the Romans as modern, far more modern than the Middle Ages, in which the individual names come out more distinctly. If I say Roger and Thomas, Bacon and Aquinas are not

far off; Lucius and Publius give us no clue. So in modern times, it is only when the surname is hopelessly common that the Christian name has a chance; Smith has made Adam famous, and Jones has shed lustre on William.

How different was all this in Greece! There the individual was the important thing, the family of little account, except in law, and the names were as numerous and as musical as the dimpled waves of the Aegean. Prophecy and prayer and boast, consecration to God, defiance to man, are not obscurely intimated, but clearly pronounced. Latin names and English names must be racked before they tell their secrets. The Greek has no mystery about his name and jingles it like a bell. Of course if you are going to be pedantically exact and demand the etymology of this or that Greek name that you may select, say Achilleus or Atreus, you may make yourself very disagreeable and apparently damage the generalisation. But the simple test would be to take a dozen Greek and a dozen Roman names, just as they come, and note the difference; and I would advise the objector to set about it forthwith, and leave me to my more reasonable readers.

In fact, so strongly marked is the significance of the names of some of the Greek worthies, such as Aristeidês, Periklês, Alkibiadês, Lamachus, Dêmosthenês, that they might have lent a handle to the mythological school of recent times, and Aristeidês the Excellent, Periklês the Illustrious, Alkibiadês the Valorous, Lamachus the Fighter, and Dêmosthenês the Popular, might have been sent to keep company with Enos the Primitive Man, and Enoch the Man of Peace, and Lamech the Man of War, and all the other "Titans" that German ingenuity has conjured up out of the Old Testament narrative.

It is this individuality of the names that gives a peculiar charm to Greek history as compared with the history of Rome. You could not compose a history of Greece on the basis of the *gentes* such as Drumann has made up for Rome. Xanthippos and Periklês, Miltiadês and Kimôn, Konôn and Timotheos, and there you stop. But in Rome the cracked Claudii and the uppish Metelli and the high-flying Cornelii vex the righteous soul and fret the unretentive brain with long lists of identical first names and identical second names and identical third names, until you are delighted when one of the men gets his eyes put out, or one of the women is found out to be no better than she should be. No wonder that the student turns away from these tedious repetitions, from these staring waxen effigies, to the life of the commonwealth, to the constitutional history of Rome. But even the legislation has caught the disease, and the laws themselves feel the necessity of tacking on a nickname by way of distinction.

All this is managed far otherwise in Greece. Names recur, it is true, and recur in the same family, for the eldest son generally receives the name of his paternal grandfather. But the name of the father, and in Attica the name of the borough, is added; and if the family is not the same, there is no possibility of mistake. Identity of name would be likely only at long intervals. Timotheos, the son of the illustrious Konôn, was called after his grandfather, and in like manner transmitted the name of Konôn to his son; but the first Konôn

Ap Timotheos was dead long before the second Korôn Ap Timotheos could have played any part in society. We see then that contemporaries could never have had exactly the same official name; and just here lies the gist of the suit which we are about to study.

In the last number I had to apologise for the introduction of an antique Sir Pitt Crawley and an antique Horrocks, and I am afraid that we are not yet out of that disreputable quarter of *Vanity Fair*. To the right-minded reader the only consolation will be the insight into the family-life of a people among whom business marriages did not turn out as uniformly well as they do among the moderns. To the wrong-minded reader I have no consolation to offer, as I do not intend to consult his tastes in my narrative.

The plaintiff, who applies for an injunction against the defendant to prohibit him from using the same name, is called Mantitheos, and in another suit brought some years afterwards he lugs out his tub in what seems to us a somewhat cynical fashion, and proceeds to wash the soiled linen of the family with no little expenditure of suds. The two speeches must be taken together.

The mother of Mantitheos was a widow when she married the father of Mantitheos, and not a very youthful widow either, if we may judge by the fact that she had had three daughters and a son by her first husband, Kleainetos. After the decease of Kleainetos this lady gathered up her dowry, a handsome one for the times, and was given in marriage to Mantias, to whom she bore two sons, the plaintiff and another who died in infancy. Mantias, who seems to have been a happy-go-lucky sort of person, was very affectionate to his little boy, but not so affectionate to his oldish wife as to keep out of the toils of one Plangôn, who ensnared him by her beauty, which must have been unusual, if we may judge by the stress which the plaintiff lays on it. But however unusual Plangôn's beauty may have been, when the mother of Mantitheos went the way of all old ladies and young ones, and left her husband to imitate her example and choose another mate, Mantias honored her memory too much to marry again, and simply kept up his morganatic arrangement with Plangôn. Mantias was notoriously wasteful, and indulged Plangôn in her extravagant tastes; but despite his passion he could not be induced to acknowledge her sons as his, and what was worse, he could not be made to believe that they were his. But when Boiôtos, for so one of Plangôn's sons was named, came to man's estate, he was not to be thus balked in his quest of a father. Backed by a gang of revenue detectives, called in those times "fig-peachers," as one should say "whiskey-smellers," the unacknowledged son dragged his reluctant father into a court of arbitration. It may be necessary to state that the *Code Napoléon* had not been introduced into Greece, and investigation into paternity was not interdicted, so that Mantias had to clear himself. The only witness to be dreaded was Plangôn herself, from whom he had probably been separated for some years. *Fama clamosa* is nothing to *femina clamosa*. So he made a bargain with Plangôn, and for and in consideration of 35 minae to her in hand paid, she bound herself by the most solemn of oaths to have the boys adopted into her brother's family and to refuse to testify when the case came up.

Plangôn was a free woman, an Attic citizen; torture could not be applied, and committing for contempt of court does not appear as a part of the antique legal machinery in such cases. Of course, in default of so important a witness, the proceedings would be quashed. The day came; Mantias appeared in calm reliance on his clear conscience and his 30 minae. To his dismay the lady played him false and swore her sons to him. It was the talk of the town; but the double pill had to be swallowed, and though Mantias refused to receive these unwelcome sons into his house, he was compelled to take them to the proper official and enroll them on the parish register. One was entered as Boiôtos, the other as Pamphilos. In order to get the taste of this dose out of his mouth he proposed to his son, Mantitheos, that he should marry, as he wished to see grandchildren about him before he died. Mantitheos, a weak-minded person, as I gather, was only eighteen years old and over-young for a husband, but as those fellows had been plaguing his poor father, he could not find it in his heart to refuse the old man anything that might give him comfort, and so to oblige him he did marry. His filial piety was rewarded, and his father lived long enough to dandle a little granddaughter on his knee. When Mantias had gone where Plangôn's cease from troubling, Mantitheos called up his enforced half-brothers and divided the paternal estate with them, but claimed his mother's dowry as his own property. As an offset to this the sons of Plangôn demanded a like dowry for their mother. A portion of the property sufficient to pay all claims on this score was set aside, the rest divided equally, and the matter in question referred to a court of arbitration. And here begins the game of hide-and-seek with the name Mantitheos. The elder of the two sons of Plangôn, instead of calling himself Boiôtos, as he was registered, undertook to sport the name Mantitheos, and when sued under one name claimed to be somebody else. This is the meaning of the odd title of the speech: *Against Boiôtos in the matter of the name.*

From the *Menaechmi* of Plautus to *Box and Cox*, confusion of names and confusion of faces appear as recognised elements in the comedy of errors; and no new fun is to be extracted from the plea of Mantitheos for the sole ownership of his name. Indeed, the matter was too serious for merriment; and we find ourselves gradually won over to an interest in the lawful proprietor, especially as his suit seems to have fallen through. His enumeration of the discomforts which had ensued and would in all likelihood ensue from this community of name, is doleful enough. The Attic citizen who had any share of this world's goods was regarded by the people as a sort of trustee for them, and every now and then a more or less gentle squeeze was applied to the more succulent members of the community. Even in that cheap country it was no joke to pay and to feed a chorus of fifty men while they were rehearsing a play, and to foot the bills of musician, costumer and machinist, besides catching it from your tribe if your poet failed. The torch races must have been prettier to look at than to look after, and dining one-tenth of the citizens of Athens at a time must have been embarrassing to a modest host. These three services came round regularly with the revolving years to every

Athenian in easy circumstances. The thought makes Mantitheos uncomfortable, and he sadly reflects :

"If it is the turn of Mantitheos, the son of Mantias of Thorikos, to perform one of these duties, which of us will undertake it? You will say *me*, and I will say *you*. And so on with all the numerous services which the State exacts of her citizens, and all the offices to which she may assign them."

"Nothing easier," says Boiôtos to his slower brother. "I will add Plangôn's name to mine, and you can add your mother's name to yours."

Why this very reasonable proposition should not have been accepted by the plaintiff, I cannot imagine, except on the supposition which I hinted at before, that this paper is but too correctly named. The only response of the asinine Mantitheos is : Who ever heard of such a thing?

After he gets through the list of injuries that would befall the State in consequence of this confusion, and has conjured up all the disputes by which future juries would be bored, and even the abuse which the contending parties would heap on each other to the disgust of the audience, Mantitheos passes over to the consideration of the damage which he himself would suffer from the infringement of his right and title to the exclusive enjoyment of his shadow. Boiôtos, it seems, was a bustling fellow and had joined a ring of active politicians. Cleverness in speaking had its drawbacks as well as its advantages. "Many are the vicissitudes of human things," says the plaintiff with a sententiousness worthy of Euripidês—"many are the vicissitudes of human things ; and whenever such cocks crow too loud, you have a way of cutting their combs for them." The approved method of making politicians behave themselves properly was to fine them for unsuccessful or unpopular measures ; and Mantitheos asks in anguish, if his namesake comes to grief, which will have to pay the fines of Mantitheos the son of Mantias of Thorikos?

"Bo! you goose," responds the other ; "everybody will know which is which."

"But then," rejoins our anxious conservative, "time passes, the fine is not paid : what is to keep my sons from being responsible for your debts? If judgment is entered against you, it will be entered against me as well, and any bad odor you may get into will make my name an offence in the nostrils of the sweet people. And this is not a mere fancy, not a mere apprehension. Some time since this double-ganger of mine, instead of obeying an order to join the army, preferred to stay at home and perform in one of the public dances. When the soldiers returned from the campaign he was summoned to answer for skulking, and I—I—an officer of my tribe, had to respond, and if there had been any money to pay the juries I should have been brought to trial. Then there is another and a very serious risk. Everybody knows how he was foisted upon our family ; and as he is treading on everybody's toes, somebody is not unlikely to charge him with claiming to be a citizen, when he is not ; and if that is not a serious charge, according to our laws, what is? I am sure I should not like to be clapped in jail to begin with, and to be sold as a slave

to end with, all because a man chooses to steal my name and call himself Mantitheos the son of Mantias of Thorikos."

The whole speech is, in my judgment, a brilliant specimen of the dramatic power of Dêmosthenês. A good-natured, peaceful, weak-minded, excitable, timid cit was never better portrayed than Mantitheos in his own language. He is evidently as much afraid of his swaggering half-brother as Robert Faulconbridge is of Philip in *King John*. Now he hides himself behind the big Dêmos, and now he appeals to the "better feelings" of his opponent. The close of the speech is a master-piece of feeble fretting and plaintive entreaty, one of those incredible compromises, part whine, part yelp, part bark, by which human beings sometimes show their kindred with dogs. If Mantitheos was not put up to this suit by his wife, I am very much mistaken.

But it may be objected that such a view of the speech exalts the dramatic talent of Dêmosthenês at the expense of his skill, perhaps of his honesty, as an advocate. Not necessarily. The Dêmos was not unwilling to see men worried and fretted; and the feminine distress of the poor fellow would have been a commendation of his cause. A loud presuming tone jarred upon their sense of power; and in a case like this it was very advisable to pitch the appeal in a minor key. Dêmosthenês knew very well how to touch the chords so as to make the mobile grains of Attic sand marshal themselves on the judicial disk; and he did his best for Mantitheos, though he never procured the injunction. And even if he did make fun of his client, he is to be forgiven. There is a kind of mystification which is thoroughly pardonable, because it is consistent with the law of love. It is perfectly possible to line the mantle of Harlequin with the cloak of charity; and if we are not to let our humor play about those whom we love, much of the sunshine would fade out of our lives. Mantitheos is a man to be liked, if he is an ass, perhaps because he is an ass; and I cannot prevail on myself to get off my perch before he finishes what he has to say against his unnatural brother.

Long after the dispute about the shadow, arises a lawsuit about the substance, and as we have already seen, Boiôtos laid claim to his mother's dowry.

"Dowry forsooth! Her father died owing the Treasury five talents, and when his estate was sold there was not enough to pay his debts; and you can read his name for yourselves among the public debtors."

"Ay, but there was a remainder, and Mantias got what was left, some 100 minae or more."

"A remainder indeed! And if there was a remainder, would the brothers of Plangôn have allowed Mantias to appropriate what was theirs by rights?"

"My mother had no dowry? A likely story. She was the daughter of Polyaratos, who was a Right Honorable, and what is more to the point, a man of large property. It may be somewhat snobbish to talk of my mother's connections, but they were of the very best. Her sister married into the family of Chabrias, who gained the great victory off Naxos. And then my mother's own first husband

was Kleomedôn the son of Kleôn ; Kleôn, who was by far the foremost man of his time, commander in chief of the Athenian forces and the hero of the great capture of the Spartans in Sphaktéria. A lady of such a family was not likely to go dowerless to her husband ; and we are prepared to prove, moreover, that her brothers, men of ample means, added something to her original portion when she married a second time."

Chabrias, Kleôn ! What a reality it gives to the great figures of history to find them familiarly mentioned in a private lawsuit ! They come down from their pedestals and walk among us — men like ourselves. Unlike Augustan Rome, they cease to be marble and become — bricks. And these bricks have language, so that even for the grave historian this speech of Mantitheos is not without weight. When I read this passage, I turned to Mr. Grote's vindication of Kleôn, for vindication it may be called, to see if that eminent writer had made any use of this handsome mention of the illustrious tanner ; but he must have thought Mantitheos too great an ass, for he takes no notice of it. But even without Mr. Grote's help, we can see that it was not unsafe in the third generation to speak of that immortal Paphlagonian as a great general ; and who knows but some of Kleôn's rivals of the present day may be handed down to the twentieth century as great statesmen ?

Proud to be the step-grandson of such a hero as Kleôn, Mantitheos could ill brook the connection with the grandson of a man who died a bankrupt debtor to the state ; and we might have been sure that the old grievance would not be forgotten in the enumeration of the wrongs which he had suffered at the hands of "Boiôtos, or Mantitheos, or whatever he fancies to call himself." Nor does it appear that his exasperated feelings were in the least mollified by the kind endeavor of Boiôtos to simplify the problem by eliminating one Mantitheos, the one who was not the son of Plangôn.

In settling up the estate of Mantias it was agreed, as we have seen, that the bulk of the property should be sold and divided, and a portion reserved to meet the claims of the parties for dowry. This portion was the homestead. An unlucky arrangement ; for after the death of Mantias, Plangôn's sons came to live with Mantitheos, and the litigants must have been reminded of their difficulty at every turn. It may well be imagined that the modern convenience known as "hot water all over the house" was not lacking in that antique establishment. One of their wranglings wound up with a scuffle, and Boiôtos availed himself of the opportunity to cut a gash in his own head, charge Mantitheos with the crime, and bring the matter before the Areiopagos. In those days of strict politeness and lax police the punishment for such a misdeed as cutting an acquaintance was exile, and Boiôtos was on the verge of success ; a little more and there would be one Mantitheos the less in Athens. But oh ! the blessing of medical testimony. That irrefragable doctor Euthydikos, whom Boiôtos had asked to cut his head open professionally, came before the court and exploded the conspiracy.

But it cannot be definitely ascertained whether this particular squabble took place before or after Mantitheos had found it ex-

pedient to withdraw from the house, which he did before the second suit, and did, as it seems, on account of his daughter. This daughter, born a short time before the death of Mantias, was now of marriageable age, somewhere about fourteen or fifteen years old, and Manti-theos is in sore straits as to her dowry. If he cannot recover his mother's dowry, he does not see how he can provide a dowry for his daughter.

"Gentlemen," quoth he, in a burst of confidence, "I am her father, but if you could only see what a tall girl she is, you would take her for my sister; and as she owes her very existence to my filial piety, I hope that you will not refuse to give me for her what is fairly my own. We reserved the house from the sale of the estate to be held in common, but I cannot let my daughter live under the same roof with those dissipated scamps; and, to tell the truth, I should not consider myself safe from poison or some such villainy, in view of the trick which they played me before the Areiopagos. And so they have the house all to themselves; and not all to themselves either, for they have introduced a crowd of strangers, and have put forward a man who swears that he has bought of me the third part of the house—a graceless spendthrift, who squanders everything he has himself and everything he can get from others. He have money to buy even the third part of a house? Stuff! But that is not the question. My mother brought with her a dowry of a talent, and I demand that dowry. My opponent has stolen my name; he has blackened the memory of my father; he has made my house too hot to hold me; he has been the cause of my getting married so young; he has saddled me, the ass, with this preposterously big daughter; and if there is any law in the land I am going to have my mother's portion. A fig for his sophistries! He says that even if my mother did bring my father a dowry, I had my keeping and my education long, long years before he made my father acknowledge him, and hence he ought to have more. Gentlemen, the interest on my mother's dowry was sufficient to pay all the charges my father was at for me, ay, and pay handsomely too; whereas Plangôn was an extravagant piece and kept a host of servants, and made my father bleed freely to supply her demands and to support her brats, so that they have had a much larger share of my father's property than I."

Just before Mantitheos had held up his own reticence concerning his demi-semi stepmamma, in shining contrast with the unfilial conduct of Boiôtos towards the memory of a father whom he had been so anxious to get. But we must forgive the slip. Neither gods nor men require consistency in the utterances of any human being touching stepmothers or mothers-in-law.

B. L. GILDERSLEEVE.

THE RAILROAD QUESTION AT THE WEST.

THE agitation in the West against the conduct of railroads is formidable for several reasons, but the chief harm to be expected from it is in the check which it will give to the development of the principle of voluntary association. Upon the active agencies of that principle, as M. Guizot has well and clearly shown, are built not only all the signal triumphs of modern industry, but nearly all the hopes for a stable, harmonious and prosperous society in the future. Coöperation, whence capital: capital, whence organised and effective industry — such is the formula from which have resulted all the great public works of modern times, the efficient channels through which pour the various streams of contemporary industry, and through which returns the steady tide of human progress and development. It has been the dream and the hope of all who wish to see man continue to progress and develop himself in a geometric ratio with the increase and development of his resources, that the sphere of action of this principle of association, this coöperation, would continually spread and widen downward, until it embraced all the industries within its operations, and at one and the same time abolished the antagonisms of capital and labor, and made a proletariat impossible. But when the people of the West attack their railroads they assail the most striking outcome from this principle of voluntary association, and stab the coöperative tendencies of the day in their most vital part. And nothing can more forcibly illustrate the degree and extent to which these public works have been perverted from their original objects than the spectacle now presented to us of the creators of these great enterprises assailing them as if they were their bitterest enemies. The railroads of the West have been built precisely as coöperative stores or factories are founded, and for the same purposes of mutual benefit and associative advantage. They are the works of the people in the truest sense. In the East it might pay for capitalists to combine and complete roads to connect regions of country already developed and productive, but in the West no such thing could be done. The railroads there went before development, before capital, and they were built by the people themselves, who gave their lands or obtained from the Government grants of its lands, and taxed themselves heavily besides to obtain these means of communication. The people themselves built them, and built them at great cost to themselves, having to hire Eastern capital at high rates of interest and hypothecate their lands at very heavy discounts, in order to provide the ways and means of construction. Their present grievance is that after having built and paid for these roads themselves, they are compelled to pay (for the mere privilege of using them) not only a profitable margin above the costs of running the roads, but also a heavy rate of interest upon the costs of the roads themselves, which costs they have already paid in full. Their position

in fact is precisely that of the borrower in some States, who not only has to pay taxes on his land, but also upon the money for which he has mortgaged his land, so that while if he had, say \$15,000 worth of land unincumbered, he would only have to pay taxes on that; when he has borrowed \$10,000, and his property is only worth \$5000 nett to him, he has to pay taxes on \$25,000.

That this is the actual grievance of which the West now complains, and that it is a real and heavy grievance, can easily be shown. The Treasury bulletin on Commerce and Navigation for October 1872, recapitulates the aggregate receipts and expenditures for the four years 1868-71 of 165 railroads in the United States, aggregating 29,142 miles of road owned and leased as the average for the four years. The average aggregate receipts of these roads per annum were \$291,510,346; the average aggregate expenditures per annum were \$193,722,120, leaving an average annual aggregate of nett proceeds of \$97,787,964. Hence these roads received \$10,013 per mile, paid \$6655 expenses per mile, and made \$3358 nett profits per mile. This, an average of four years for all the roads in the country, represents an interest of 6.7 per cent. upon an average cost of \$50,000 per mile. But the Western railroads pay a larger margin of profits per cent. than the average of the whole country; their factitious cost per mile was much less than an average of \$50,000, and that cost has been paid by the people of the West in subscriptions of land, cash, and State and county mortgages, while the dividends accrue to the capitalists, who have paid scarcely ten per cent. in all towards the liquidation of the actual debt contracted in building the roads, and who yet have mortgaged them and watered their stocks so ingeniously that they seem to have cost five or six times the amount spent on them. So that, supposing them to pay an average nett profit of eight per cent. upon the face par value of their obligations, these roads are tolling the people who actually built them, and for their own benefit, not less than 40 or 50 per cent. upon their cost, and that toll goes into the pockets of men who actually spent less than 10 per cent. of the sums upon which they exact the tolls. In a word, the rates of charges upon these Western roads are such that they compel the people who built them to pay the capitalists who advanced them money on their bonds and shares and lands, an interest of 400 to 500 per cent. for every dollar actually so advanced. No class of people in the world can be expected to submit long to such a condition of things as this. Either the freights will be reduced until they reach living rates, when they will still pay a fair margin of profits on the actual costs of the roads (land subscriptions and tax subscriptions eliminated), or else certain securities now available will be legislated out of existence, and the first serious assault be made in this country upon the hitherto inviolable character of property.

But the grievance is not all stated yet. There is still another side to the evil, and this the Western people must chiefly blame themselves for. In their impetuous haste to open up their country and get communications, they not only taxed themselves within an inch of their lives, and gave away or mortgaged their lands, but they went to the General Government and coaxed and compelled Congress to

saddle them with the burden of land monopolies. They laid on taxes with a view to such a rapid expansion as would make their taxes sit lightly upon them, and then gave away their lands so as to keep them from being developed. The condition of the public land business, and the grasp of the great monopolies upon it, is scarcely realised in its vast proportions. Yet this is undoubtedly destined to be the most perplexing and dangerous question of the American future, and it must be grappled with much sooner than is generally anticipated. As soon as the good public lands become scarce and difficult to obtain, the battle will begin between the people who want cheap lands, and the great monopolies which hold those lands but insist upon keeping them dear. We shall then have an issue similar to but far more formidable than the great issue in Australia between the squatters with their league-wide ranges, and the small settler who needs but cannot get a patch for himself and family. How soon this will be, may be inferred from some statistics published in the report of the General Land Office, by which it appears that the total originally available public lands of the country, including Alaska, were 1,834,998,400 acres. These have been appropriated or squandered as follows: Sold, 161,766,426 acres; given in homesteads, 20,500,216; military bounties, 62,115,202; swamp lands given to States, 48,775,990; schools, internal improvements, etc., about 80,000,000 more; granted to corporations for railroads, canals, etc., 235,230,325 acres; reserved for Indians, and bestowed on various claims, scrip, etc., 44,869,667; add to this the 44,154,240 acres of the Indian Territory, and the 369,529,600 acres of Alaska not available for agriculture, and we have a total withdrawal of 1,076,048,110 acres, leaving for available remainder only 758,950,290 acres, and this includes all the desert and mountain region between the Missouri and the Sierra Nevada. Dividing this into homesteads of 160 acres each, and we have 4,753,439 farms, capable of supporting 23,717,195 people. Our agricultural population is now 12,000,000 in 38,000,000, and so before our population reaches 100,000,000 our public lands will be entirely exhausted. But actually this exhaustion will take place much sooner, since fully one-half of the remanent public land is not fit for cultivation. Thus we have practically only 379,000,000 acres of public land remaining for distribution among settlers, out of the original tract of 1,834,998,400 acres; in other words, we have but one-fifth of our great body of public lands wherewith to satisfy a demand that is more than twenty times as great as when our public land policy was initiated. On the other hand, the monopolists and their lessees, trustees, successors and assigns are now holding in large tracts, in the several States and Territories, and practically withholding from taxation and from improvement as well as from efficient settlement, not less than 400,000,000 acres of selected public lands, all of which are choice and valuable in respect both of quality and situation. Here then is a principality aggregating over 600,000 square miles of selected lands, an empire larger than Great Britain and Ireland, France, Spain and Italy taken together, which the people of the West have given away, or procured to be given away by the General Government, to get the benefit of these very railroads which are throttling

their industries and taxing their property out of existence ! A greater anomaly never existed than this, nor could there be a more striking instance anywhere of the pyramid attempting to stand upon its apex.

The capitalists who have secured these monopolies pretend that they have their side of the question also ; but it is a pretension that is utterly fallacious. They said to the Western people, "Give us your lands and we will build your railroads for you." The bargain was struck upon that basis ; but the capitalists had no sooner got the lands than they claimed that they were entitled to the railroads also, and the West was left entirely without its *quid pro quo*. This is aptly illustrated in the circular put forth by the directors of the Northern Pacific Railroad Company when they went to Europe to raise money to build the road. Reciting the fact that they had been endowed with an estate of 47,360,000 acres of public lands (the consideration for which they were to give the people a trans-continental railroad in exchange) they say : "These lands, when the road shall be built and the business fairly started, including town and station sites, would certainly average ten dollars per acre, making the sum of \$473,600,000. Supposing the construction of the road should cost \$60,000 per mile, the entire cost at this rate would be \$120,000,000, leaving to the shareholders an excess of clear profits from the lands alone of \$353,600,000." The case of the Western people could not be stated better nor with a more brutal frankness. They wanted a railroad through certain regions of country ; certain corporators say to them, "Give us the lands, and we will build a road for you." The lands are given, the corporators take the lands, realise from them a *nett* profit of 300 per cent. on the cost of the road, to build which they did not pay a single dollar out of their own pockets, and then—build a road for themselves and in nowise for the benefit of the people who have made them rich. The Northern Pacific, the land-grant roads in general, in nowise belong to the corporations building them, for these have been paid with the land grants, and paid three and four prices. These roads belong to the people. Yet, when the Northern Pacific road is finished, the people who built it, if they want to use it, will have to pay freights adjusted to meet not only the running expenses of the road, not only the interest on the \$120,000,000 bonds which are really a lien on the lands and not on the road, not only dividends upon the stock actually subscribed and its subsequent waterings in the interest of speculation, but also upon the extra charges foisted upon the roads by *Crédits Mobiliers* and "rings" got up by the management of stockholders. The people gave the corporation \$473,000,000 to build them a \$120,000,000 road, and they must pay the interest upon at least the amount of their original endowment before they can enjoy the privilege of using their property. If the monopolists had eyes they would not be long in realising the fact that this condition of affairs cannot subsist any longer than it takes the people to discover the truth. Monopoly property is enormously profitable, but it certainly is not held by a safe tenure.

EDWARD SPENCER.

ENCHANTED.

I KNOW a lady calm and white,
With eyes whose gray depths seem to hold
Strange thoughts and musings manifold;
Dim memories, half sad, half bright,
Of dead delight.

She seems to walk within a world
Of pleasures past, whose dust is strewn
Thickly around; whose sweetest tune
Is long played out; its last lance hurled,
Its banners furled.

I see her sometimes when the air
Is tremulous with hints of May,
And the soft south-winds seek to play
With softer folds of chestnut hair
So bright, so fair —

Look out with wistful tenderness
Across the sky, across the sea,
Into the vast immensity,
As one whom Nature's silences
Do sweetly bless.

But chiefly when the queenly moon
Rides up through voiceless solitudes,
And Spring sinks all her laughing moods
Into the long voluptuous swoon
And peace of June —

When from the spicy caverns far
O'er billowy sweeps of southern seas,
Borne landward on the scented breeze,
Come odors faint, and dreams that are
Dim as a star

Steal up from dusky distances
And lose themselves upon her cheek,
Or pale before those liquid, meek
Gray eyes of hers, which, whoso sees,
In charmèd ease

Rests ever, and does no more roam,
 But holds himself enthralled for aye,
 To love, to worship, to obey;
 Nor turns him back to his far home
 Beyond the foam.

Then all her soul seems filled with light;
 Wrecks of past things and fears long dead,
 All sorrows of the heart and head,
 In that sweet hour seem buried quite
 In Fate's despite.

And she and I sit then and know
 That bliss that comes not twice to man
 Or woman in life's wondrous plan;
 Yet silent sit, Love's joy-cup so
 Doth overflow!

No passion-thrilled delight is mine:
 That pale, proud face, those still, serene,
 Pure eyes of my anointed queen
 Enthral me in a hush divine;
 The anodyne

Of softest peace she pours on me;
 Her tender hand soothes all my moods
 Into mute rest; a silence broods
 Above our love; transfused is she
 With chastity.

I sometimes marvel as I sit
 And watch her face, why all my soul
 Turns to her as to its true pole;
 She cannot read my glance love-lit,
 Nor fathom it.

I think some deeper nature burns
 Within this complex spirit, hid
 Beneath my soul's sealed casket-lid;
 That the heart ever onward yearns,
 Nor e'er returns.

That life far upward through the vast
 Stretches forevermore, and is
 Full of vague possibilities,—
 Loves, like all human things, being cast
 Into the past.

That to each higher ground we win,
The shadows of all old desires
Come but as smokes of ended fires ;
Each lost endeavor, hope, and sin,
A discipline.

We part to-morrow : who can tell
What the fates hold for her and me
In the dim future ? It may be
I shall not own her subtle spell
Next time ! — ah well.

BARTON GREY.

JUST IN TIME.

“STOCKTON & STOCKTON, BANKERS” — Such was the brief legend borne by the small but heavy metallic plate, deep set in the granite entablature above the columned doorway of the massive, dingy-looking two-story building wherein, for something over twenty-five years, my father had been steadily augmenting the handsome capital with which he had begun the business. “All for you, friend Ralph,” he would say, resting his hand on my head caressingly, while every lineament of his striking and noble countenance — remarkably young and fresh-looking, despite gray hairs and his long drooping moustache — beamed upon me with love and confidence illimitable — “all for you, my boy, and may God help you to use His good gifts as beseems a Christian gentleman and the son of your sainted mother !”

Alas ! how little I merited such immeasurable love and trust as he gave me let the sequel show. Everybody declared that I was the wildest young scapegrace in town ; and for once, at least, it is highly probable everybody was right. Albeit not yet turned of eighteen, with dissipation and vice (of the genteeler sort) I was familiar as a roué of fifty ; the *bête noire* of pious and doting mothers, who neglected no opportunity to warn their boys against the dangerous contamination of my company and example ; the venerable copy-book in *c.*, Good Morals *vs.* Evil Communications, was hardly deemed complete without an *e. g.*, to wit, “*that* Ralph Stockton.” My mother having died in giving birth to me, an only child, I was

forthwith installed as the idol of a kind and over-indulgent father, who lavished upon me a boundless wealth of affection in inverse proportion to my deserts — as is generally the case with this sort of household deity — although, it is true, I loved him dearly in return, and would have died, if need had been, to save his gray hairs from harm. Being always liberally supplied with pocket-money, which I scattered among a circle of associates, none the better because *select*, with no niggard hand, tolerably handsome in face and form, dressing expensively, but with taste and elegance, and possessed of tact and address, which made my very superficial educational acquirements and reading pass current for many times their real value, it is not to be wondered at that I was the especial pet and “first-rate fellow” of just that class of people, young and older, whose society was dangerous, and whose applause was a thing to be deprecated by any well-governed youth with inherited wealth and its concomitant perils and temptations before him. My father, at the time of reference about sixty years of age, was, though a devoted man of business, most essentially and preëminently a type and model of the old school gentleman. His faith in blood and breeding was unbounded, the *idea* taking the place in his mind almost of a religious sentiment.

It not unfrequently happened that he was approached by our much-loved pastor, or some friend equally close and intimate, and therefore privileged, on the rather delicate subject of my ungoverned, reckless, rattle-headed life. On such occasions, taking the interference without umbrage, he was wont to listen patiently and in good humor to all they had to say. He would then reply by inquiring characteristically whether they had ever known me to be “guilty of an act unbecoming a young gentleman? When you do, Sir,” he would say, triumphantly helping himself to a pinch of snuff, “when you *do*, just let me hear of it, and I’ll disown him!” And so, with perhaps a jocular allusion to some madcap reminiscence of their own joyous youth, he would lightly change the subject. His indulgent policy of non-intervention toward myself and my pleasures — so long as their pursuit did not lead me outside the limits of good breeding and genteel associations — was in perfect accordance with, and sufficiently indicated and explained, if not entirely justified, by another frequent saying of his, namely, that it was a parent’s bounden duty to see to it that his child experienced in childhood and youth the greatest possible amount of innocent pleasure and happiness. “For,” said he, “the evil days of sorrow and suffering will surely come soon enough, without being hastened on their way by us who should retard them.”

Is the reader curious to know the significance of the *two* names, or rather the duplication of one, on my father’s sign? The style was a mere caprice or whim of his. Formerly it had been “Stockton and Co.,” but after I was born he had it changed to the form as given, the latter “Stockton” meaning me. Indeed, his design was to make me at my majority a real, active partner in the concern; and, in furtherance of this plan, he encouraged me to spend a considerable portion of my time in the bank, learning the ins and outs, the windings and twistings of the labyrinthine paths of business.

What need of further preface? The reader will now think it suffi-

ciently wonderful that with such limitless resources of happiness, such ever-present incentives to filial faith and gratitude, a son could ever dream of treachery to such a parent: yet I did. That I attempt no didactic moralising on the enormity of my own sin is due to the fact that I am strongly inclined to consider myself as having been exceptionally wicked, and am by no means willing to offer a gratuitous insult to human nature by homily based on the unwarranted assumption that in all the world another such unmitigated wretch could be found! Having thus stolen a march on the justly indignant reader, I proceed.

Thus it befell: about this time the pleasure-loving people of our town, which I may as well state here was a thriving, tight little city on the banks of a mighty river "out West," and boasted ten thousand inhabitants by the last census, were in a state of tremendous excitement about the wondrous beauty and consummate dramatic art of a certain young actress who was "starring it" in our new theatre just opened. M'amselle Toulemême was "a rising star of the dramatic firmament"—at any rate the newspaper critics of Westwater so declared, and they were presumed to know. I remember her as a grandly beautiful and dangerously allicient brunette of some twenty-five summers. The young men about town, and not a few who were "old enough to know better," quoth our Madam Grundy with her temper up, were unanimously smitten, furiously enamored of the queenly beauty. For myself, I was absolutely maddened by the woman. Ill prepared by temperament or education to withstand a temptation such as this, I fell before it at the first assault, without an effort at resistance. After my first entrée into her intoxicating presence in the green-room, there was nothing I would have hesitated to do or dare at her bidding. Now I do not propose to disgust the good sense of my reader, nor pander to the fancies of others not so sensible, by dwelling on the rampant follies of an addle-pated boy dancing a puppet-dance to the skilful manipulations of an artful woman at least five years his senior. Enough that I kept the track from all rivals, of whom there was a formidable array, that I showered upon her the most gorgeous and expensive bouquets, presented her with costly jewelry, indited to her sundry copies of spasmodic verses, called "Lines," and beginning "Thou beauteous one!" and paid heavily for the printing of them, and that my infatuation finally began to manifest itself in a manner so outrageous as to call down upon my devoted head more than one stern and severe rebuke from my father, usually so lenient, but now justly mortified and indignant. At length, mistaking my helpless and hapless infatuation—a passion utterly beyond my control—for wilful and stiff-necked contumacy, he resorted to extreme measures. He cut off my supplies pecuniary, and tried to outflank me by most positively forbidding my attendance again at the theatre. "Choose," said he, with a strange commingling of earnest tenderness and stern authority, "between your father's esteem and affection and the shallow blandishments of an actress: you cannot enjoy both." In adopting this measure he had a right to presume from my antecedents that no ordinary inducement would lead me to disobey his command so positively given; and, above all,

that I was not, nor ever could be, so fallen from pride and self-respect as to borrow money from my friends to lavish on my charmer. But he had not foreseen, perhaps, the tornado of conflicting passion and emotion excited in my turbulent and wayward spirit by what I could but deem an act of cruel tyranny on his part. However, with an exhibition of quiet resolve as surprising to me as it was unusual in him, he stood out against my passionate burst of remonstrance and entreaty, doubtless believing that my excitement would soon spend itself by force of its own inordinate violence. And so it did; but alas! it left a terrible track of moral devastation in its wake, the more salient features of which will sufficiently develop themselves in the course of this narrative.

In the first place, let us take a preliminary view of my father's bank, a sort of topographical survey or reconnoissance of the premises. The building belonged to my father, and was, as has been said, a two-story structure, with exterior walls of granite. Excepting two large rooms on the ground floor and the vault, which were occupied by the bank, the house, though a very desirable one for business, had for many years been tenanted by a quaint but worthy old bachelor, Mr. Elderby, who enjoyed the fullest confidence of my father and the community, otherwise he would not have occupied the house; for my father was, of course, careful as to whom he trusted so near his money-vault. About nine months before the date of my story, however, this worthy old gentleman was found one morning by his valet peacefully sleeping the long sleep of the just, his last will and testament clasped conspicuously in the cold hands that were decorously crossed upon his breast. Among the applicants for the lease after Mr. Elderby's demise was one who, though but slightly known to my father, had succeeded in obtaining the house by virtue of my voice and deciding influence in his behalf. He was a gunsmith and dealer in fire-arms and sporting apparatus, his store adjoining the bank. Craft was his name—"Major" Craft he was generally called, because of an understanding, originating nobody knew how or when, that he had formerly held that rank in some army somewhere. He had carried on business in Westwater for years, and was generally well-esteemed as a man of business, although extremely reticent, if not actually morose of manner. He had a wife—an extremely handsome woman, much younger than himself—but no children. What lent the Major importance and dignity in my estimation, however, was the fact that he held the legal relation of guardian to lovely Ruby Ringold, who in turn held the relation to me of my betrothed sweetheart, my wife that was to be, and—Aha! peeping over shoulder are you, Madam? Well, then, I'm tempted to punish you by giving an inventory of your charms as you now appear, *actat* fifty. Item—one pair antique silver-mounted spectacles, very convex; item—one white cap, with frills surmounting—the plumpest, cosiest, dearest old sweetheart-wife that ever kept perennial honeymoon—There! Thank you!—Heigh-ho! where was I? Forty years ago that was at least. Ruby was the orphan child of a well-to-do jeweller who had been in life one of my father's warmest friends; wherefore the latter looked with special favor on our betrothal.

Poor little Ruby! thy steadfast but coquettish and despotic heart was cruelly torn by my graceless defection from the radiant sunlight of thy smile and stormy worship of "the rising star!" [N. B.— She isn't peeping now.] Inasmuch as my betrothed was a member of the Major's family, it will not be difficult to surmise my motive in seconding his application for the lease of the bank building. It was much nearer my father's house than their former residence, and besides offered to Ruby and me many opportunities for putting our heads together. As regards the habits of the family, Mrs. Craft was seldom seen abroad, and in fact they both appeared averse to society; although their hospitality, while rather formal in character and undemonstrative, still left the recipient no hook on which to hang complaint of grievance. Notwithstanding his relation to Ruby, and the fact that he warmly favored my suit, I could never quite bring myself to like Major Craft, and my dislike — if such it could be fairly called — was not mitigated by a quarrel that occurred between us under the following circumstances. Being seated one unusually pleasant afternoon, a month or two before the time to which my story pertains, in the open window of the rear room of the bank, my hat fell off my head into Craft's back-yard. The window-sill was not more than six feet above the ground, and I leaped down to recover my hat, alighting directly in front of Major Craft's cellar-door, from which he was in the act of emerging. With an appearance of anger or surprise, or both combined, entirely uncalled for by the occasion I thought, he hurriedly closed and locked the door, at the same time demanding rudely to know "What the — I was doing there?" Unaccustomed to that eminently military style of address, I replied in a manner quite as angry, if less rude; whereupon he suddenly became abjectly apologetic, even deigning to excuse himself by the palpable falsehood that at first he did not recognise me. I was surprised and pained at this, but accepted his apology, and gave myself no further concern about the matter. Nevertheless, as may be supposed, I liked him none the better afterward. So much for the Major.

As regards the bank, its interior arrangements were admirably adapted to the purpose, having been made with an eye to convenience and security. Entering from the street, and making a half-circuit of an oval-shaped counter defended by lattice-work of stout wire surmounted by sharpened spikes of steel, within which enclosure the ordinary business of the bank was transacted, one passed through an arched doorway into the rear compartment, which was the private office of my father. On the left-hand side of this room was the entrance to the vault. Now this vault had been constructed under my father's immediate supervision, in accordance with a design of his own invention, and was deemed a very Gibraltar of vaults. Its outer door was of massive oak, heavily panelled, with appropriate carvings and a very peculiar lock, of which only my father and the cashier carried duplicate keys. Beyond this was an immense plate of solid iron, to move which on its hinges, even when unlocked, demanded a great exertion of strength. "Old Provocation" the bank employees dubbed it, on account of its irritating indifference to anything like hurry; certes, it did not answer to the talismanic name of *Sesame*,

but would yield only to "a long pull, a strong pull, and a pull all together." Having, however, gotten it open, one descended a short flight of iron steps to the iron floor of a small chamber or dungeon, walled and covered in with iron. Its dimensions as to width and length were five feet by ten, the height being a little under six feet. At the farther end of the vault, and built into it as a part thereof, was the safe, the *sacrum sanctorum*, which was in itself almost large enough to admit of a man's standing upright. The back of the safe was also the end wall of the vault. Surrounding this huge iron dungeon on all sides save the bottom, was a mass of cemented masonry fully three feet in thickness. Of the safe, as of the vault, my father and the cashier alone carried keys—the old-fashioned kind; for that burglar-puzzling device, the "combination lock," had not then been thought of. By permission of my father I habitually carried a key of the street-door; so likewise did old Tony Pincher, the trusty but eccentric watchman, who nightly mounted guard over the money vault. It was the old gentleman's standing boast that he "had kep' an eye on these precincts night in an' night out more'n fifteen year, and nobody hadn't never ketched *him* a nappin', come when they might." The fact is, in all that time no attempt had ever been made against the bank, and consequently the old man's vigilance had gone untested and unchallenged. Quite of a piece with this was a pleasant fiction, of the truth of which mere force of iteration had more than half persuaded him, that he was accustomed to pass the weary watches in the perusal of a prettily-bound copy of Young's *Night Thoughts*, with which my father had presented him. That he ought to have been perfectly familiar with page 1 of that enlivening production is certain; for it was as well, *i.e.* badly, thumbed as my copy of Maga when my neighbors have done with it. That his poetical excursions ever extended beyond that page, however, is greatly to be doubted, if one might judge by the "internal evidence" referred to, or more properly the absence thereof.

As the hour for shutting up for the night approached, this odd personage would put in an appearance, and after filling and lighting his pipe, which operation like all he did was performed with ponderous deliberation and methodical exactness, he would make a great ado of unlocking a little private drawer of his own little table, wherein he kept amid odds and ends innumerable his nocturnal literary companion above mentioned, a prodigious pair of brass-mounted spectacles, a half-pint flask (always exactly half full) of "somethin' for the stomick," and lastly a huge, impracticable-looking contrivance which with a sort of stumbling jocularly he called his "columbiad," but which might have been a cross between a bassoon and a blunderbuss. These articles being all taken out and arranged in a particular order on his own particular little table—excepting the flask of "something," which he made a transparent pretence of keeping secreted—he would settle himself in his arm chair and wait with manifest impatience for my father and the rest of us to leave. He would then lock himself in, put the key in his pocket, and settle himself for the night, spectacles on nose, *Night Thoughts* in hand, and "columbiad" within reach upon the table. There let us for a while leave him.

An hour or two after my father had so emphatically asserted the paternal authority, my grief and mortification were in some measure assuaged by the receipt of a billet-doux from my charmer, redolent of *bouquet d'amour*, and breathing a passion all-absorbing and reckless of possible consequences to herself, while manifesting the most tender solicitude for *my* reputation and welfare. In it I was informed that her engagement ending the following night, she would leave for New Orleans on the day thereafter, "carrying in her heart, as the dearest, the sweetest memory of her life, the ever-present thought of *me* and the precious moments passed in my society." At the same time, with consummate tact and delicacy, she hinted at the "Sicilian days" that might have been had not stern duty and a cruel fate decreed our separation. That missive was my *coup de grâce*: it finished me. My reply was prompt, and couched in language that rang the changes on the adjective "sweet" in a style that might have satisfied even Mr. Swinburne; and that night, though I did not disobey my father's injunction touching the theatre, and this not solely because I had tacitly implied a promise to him that I would not, but mainly because I lacked the means to take my usual box, and could by no means deign to put myself amid the "common herd," I nevertheless had a carriage in waiting for the fascinating Toulemême, and escorted her home after the performance. When I left her and betook myself homeward, it was with a resolute purpose, nothing less than grave crime, to be followed by reckless flight with a dangerous woman as much my superior in mental power as in age. That she entertained for me some degree of genuine passion, self-love and pride rendered it easy to persuade myself; but that all such sentiments and considerations were almost completely merged in stronger motive — the desire for notoriety at my expense, as being the involuntary object of such uncontrollable passion, reckless worship and romantic pursuit as mine — I can not now stultify myself by denying.

On reaching home I admitted myself by means of my latch-key; and without removing my boots, as was my custom when coming in late, I walked even more noisily than necessary to bed: I had to pass through my father's chamber to reach my own, and I half expected to find him awake, awaiting my return. Nor was I disappointed: he saluted me coldly, keenly scanning my countenance the while; a scrutiny which I endured with manifest impatience. I bade him "good night," and was passing through to my bed, when he arrested my steps by inquiring, sternly enough, whether it were "possible I had disobeyed his command?"

"No, sir," replied I, in a tone so nearly defiant that I blush to recall it — "but I have been in the company of a lady whom I esteem and admire despite your unjust and cruel aspersions!"

His face flushed deeply at the gross insult. "That is enough, sir, 'tis full time you were abed," said he; and to bed I went, omitting even the form of customary prayer, which I could but feel would be a mockery under the circumstances. Howbeit, I knew well that my father prayed for me in his chamber, while I lay love-mad in mine, plotting my own ruin and his dishonor.

No allusion, of course, was made to our difference in the servants'

presence at the breakfast-table next morning ; and throughout that day I took care to avoid my father. In truth I spent nearly the entire day in playing billiards ; though, toward nightfall, I entered Craft's store and made a singular purchase : I bought a half-pint flask, an exact counterpart or fac-simile of Mr. Tony Pincher's. At a neighboring saloon I had this a little more than half filled with the strongest French brandy. At a drug-store I procured a small vial of laudanum, telling the druggist that I had been suffering all day with a horrible toothache. I then dined at a restaurant, and was at home and abed before my father came in from the bank. On coming up to dress for dinner, "What ! my son, so soon abed ?" he exclaimed, betrayed by loving sympathy into his usual tone ; "I trust you are not ill ?" Had he but continued to speak thus kindly, of a surety I had relented and foregone my fell purpose ; but he checked himself on learning that I was but "slightly indisposed," and said no more.

On toward midnight, as I judged without consulting my watch, everything being still and silent throughout the house ; save my father's sonorous snore, proclaiming him asleep, I drew from beneath my pillow the flask of brandy which I have mentioned, and swallowed a portion of its fiery contents. The pain thus self-inflicted was so acute for a moment that I could with difficulty refrain from crying out. Nevertheless, I lay back on my pillow, and deliberately awaited the expected action of the stimulant ; nor had I long to wait. It coursed through my veins like liquid fire, and in less than thirty seconds I was so excited as to feel actually alarmed at my own boldness. The reader may debate the paradox : I state the fact. Getting out of bed, I crept to the door of my father's room and peeped in. He was reposing on his left side, his back being toward me, and the regular time kept by his nasal orchestra left no ground to fear his unseasonable awakening. My object, now, was to possess myself of the keys,—to wit, those of the outer vault door, "Old Provocation" and the safe,—and I knew they were lying beneath the pillow nearest me, while my father's head rested on the other. Creeping softly to his bedside (I recall a horrible, sickening thought that struck me, as to how like a certain princely parricide I must have looked, about whom I had been reading a few days previously) I slipped my hand under the pillow and cautiously grasped the keys, which were lying close together ; but despite my caution, they gave out a slight "click" as they were brought into contact. The sound, though scarcely louder than the ticking of my watch, or the tumultuous beating of my heart, smote with violence on my over-strung nerves, so that I shook and trembled like the guilty thing that I was. Nay, more ; moved as to the dormant senses, perhaps, by some occult and mysteriously sympathetic warning of the ever-wakeful spirit, the sleeper stirred uneasily in his sleep, and gave utterance to indistinct murmurings in which I caught the words "My son"—"My Ralph." However, I secured the keys without mishap, hastily dressed myself, and with boots in hand, and well-packed valise, moved stealthily down the stairs. In the dimly-lighted hall I drew on my boots, and consulting my watch, found the time to be three-fourths of an hour past midnight. On opening the street door, albeit I was muffled and "wrapped up" in a style to

satisfy "Old Joey Bagstock" or a professional burglar, I was almost blinded by a great swirl of snow. It lay deep in the streets and was still falling rapidly, drifting wildly before the fierce gusts of a strong nor'wester. The streets seemed utterly deserted, not even a policeman caring to face the biting wind for the sake of duty in the abstract. To my own fevered brow, overheated by the unwonted stimulant which I had swallowed, the cutting blast was not entirely ungrateful; and although the walk to the bank was a pretty long one, I was soon there, having met no one on the way. As I mounted the steps of the bank, key in hand, "the big clock" on the market-house struck the hour of one; but ere the dull and muffled clang had well left the giant throat that gave it but partial utterance, the sound seemed caught up and borne away southward on the wings of the storm. And then—but not till then—the minor and lesser brazen "voices of the night," from police stations and hotels, halls of justice and ivy-hung church belfries, took up the chorus and sent it on its round; for by immemorial custom of chronometrical etiquette, no clock in our city was permitted to tell the hour until "the big clock" had said it was so. Was it not a strange incongruity that at such a time, under such circumstances, I should stop to think of a poor conceit like that, and even smile at a certain concomitant idea, a comparison thereby suggested?

Depositing my valise in the deep shadow behind one of the columns flanking the doorway, I began to unlock the door, purposely making a great ado about it, and whistling merrily; because my policy was to conciliate Mr. Pincher, and to that end I wished to allow the old gentleman ample time to collect his probably drowsy ideas, and to gather up his "Night Thoughts" from the floor, whereon I made no doubt they—or it—had been lying undisturbed for hours. "Why, bless my soul! if it ain't Master Rafe! If it ain't you! I do declare!" and much more, in style interjectional, quoth he, meantime slowly and hesitatingly replacing the "columbiad" on the table, accompanying the action with a portentous shaking of head from side to side, intended to signify that I might consider myself extremely fortunate in my identity.

Now, while it was not without precedent my "dropping in o' nights" to smoke and chat with Mr. Pincher—a pleasant and companionable old fossil enough, and fond withal of "Master Rafe" as he would persist in calling me, despite my indignant protest of conscious and outraged manhood filed years ago—still the unusual lateness of the hour, coupled perhaps with something unusual in my manner, seemed to surprise him, and in so far demanded an explanation. "Had been visiting," I said; "sat later than I had thought; pleasant company indoors, stormy night out; so deuced bad, in fact, that I'd be shot if I felt inclined to face it again. Couldn't I pass the rest of the night with him?"

"Why, cert'ny, cert'ny, Master Rafe, you'll be good comp'ny to the old man; or if you feel sleepy, there's the sofy—I'll fix it for you;" and the kind, faithful old heart set himself with bustling activity to "fix" me comfortably, while I sat plotting mischief to him, puzzling my aching head to devise some plan, some trick to fix him with a dose

of drugged brandy. And yet, though I could but think of all this, seeing myself too as the very villain I was, not viewing my conduct through any glamor of self-deception, I felt no qualms of conscience, only a headstrong will to go my way—ay, even though it led to uttermost ruin. And even now, looking back on that strangest, saddest episode of a by no means uneventful life, I make to myself, the judge, in behalf of myself, the criminal, no plea of extenuating circumstances, save in this—the woman stood between me and my sense of honor—a childlike and unknighly plea that shall as little avail me as it did Father Adam of old time.

“The devil!”—an involuntary exclamation uttered by me at discovery of the startling fact that the flask of brandy was not in my pocket! Yes, I remembered now that after pouring into it a portion—about half—of the laudanum, I had set the flask on my toilet-table, where in the nervous haste of my guilty flitting I had left it. Still I had the remainder of the laudanum safe in my vest-pocket. I must manage with that somehow—but how? The will soon suggests a way (an aphorism of striking originality): I was seized with a sudden and violent fit of shivering—not a difficult thing to simulate, thanks to my state of nervous anxiety. “By Jove! old fellow,” said I, “I’m afraid I’m going to have a chill: I feel cold as the north side of a tombstone.” This tentatively. The bait was good: I could perceive that by the sympathetic interest elicited. Must try it a little stronger. “Ugh! (an anatomical earthquake) I tell you what would do me good: now if I had only about ‘forty drops’ of some old Hennessy brandy like that I’ve got in my room up home. Bought it to-day for you; fact. Fetch it down to-morrow night. Ah! but if it were here now, wouldn’t I enjoy a swig of it!”

Enough, my diplomacy was successful; the cherished flask, the hidden treasure, was produced, accompanied by a modicum of lump sugar and a running fire of apologetic deprecations of “miserics in the stomick” necessitating an occasional recourse to “licker.” After that much mixing and stirring, a clumsily executed but undetected feat of hocus-pocus, and a protest that I “couldn’t think of drinking by myself,” did the rest. In less than ten minutes the unsuspecting victim, the vigilant Pincher, was quite as insensible to all surroundings as the great arm-chair in whose cushioned depths he so comfortably reposed. Having satisfied myself of that by repeatedly passing a piece of burning paper in perilous proximity to his nose, and even calling him by name without eliciting so much as a grunt by way of response, I left him alone where he had been sitting as usual near a stove within the oval enclosure before mentioned, and passing through into the rear room, I turned on the gas. Then noiselessly, but not without much inward groaning and vexation of spirit, I succeeded in unlocking “Old Provocation” and swinging him open. The rest of my way was “plane sailing.” I knew exactly where lay a certain package of bank-bills, one thousand dollars in tens, fifties and hundreds, for I had seen my father place it there a few days before. This sum I thought would suffice for my wants, immediate and prospective, until I should obtain employment somewhere under an assumed name, and perhaps be able to return it to my father.

This package was transferred to my overcoat-pocket, together with a rouleau of gold pieces.

I was about to close the safe as noiselessly as I had opened it, when my ear was caught by a peculiar sound that seemed to proceed from the rear of the compartment in which stood the ponderous books of the concern. Was it the chirping of a cricket? Strange: what should a cricket be thinking of to get itself into such a "tight place" as this? Verily, not all the geological ages since cricket-creation were time enough for relays of crickets to pierce these walls! But stay! like a flash of light the truth breaks upon my mind, and I fall to trembling again—this time in earnest—for *that sound can only come from the mordant teeth of tempered steel eating its slow but resistless way through metal nearly as hard—the regular creak, creak, of a powerful drill!*

On the instant when I referred the sound in rear of the safe to its true cause I knew all about it, having no need of further surmise or conjecture. I knew who held and worked the drill that was cutting its way so steadily to my father's wealth; knew why he—Major Craft—kept his cellar-door so carefully locked, and comprehended well the secret of his strange demeanor on a certain occasion when, as the reader will recall, I met him issuing therefrom. And along with all this came to me a new revelation as to myself and my own conduct. A complete revulsion of feeling took sudden hold upon me. I shuddered and sickened at thought of my depravity, and the crime I had committed, or was committing, seemed doubly shocking by force of its reflection in the light of this man's infamous ingratitude; for I knew that to my father's favor Craft owed much; that but for my father's rare generosity, forbearance, and almost brotherly trust, he would, in short, have been utterly ruined in business. And well do I recall the devil that possessed me when I reflected that Ruby, my Ruby, my divinity, my "pearl beyond price" (for, strangely enough, she was already reasserting her benign but sovereign empire over my late rebellious heart), that she was in the house and family of this midnight thief, subject to his authority, perhaps even to some extent acquainted with his desperate character and ruled by his malign influence. But no; this last most horrible and unworthy suspicion was indignantly dismissed before half-formed. While these and like reflections coursed hurriedly through my brain the sound of the drill continued, save with momentary intermissions now and then, when it seemed to be withdrawn, either for the application of oil or that the operator might the better catch any sound betokening approach of danger. Retreating on tiptoe from the vault, I drew off my boots. Returning then to the safe, I first replaced the money I had taken—nay, *stolen* is the word—my face burning with newly awakened shame as I did so. I then removed the heavy books one at a time, and with great caution, and laid them on the floor. This done, a curious appearance met my eye. Extending almost entirely around the back of the compartment where the books had stood, was a row of tiny spots or points of light that glimmered and twinkled in the darkness of the vault like a constellation of far-away stars in a midnight sky. Certainly the "cracksman's" plan was cunningly conceived, and could

hardly fail of success. Having by patient nightly labor of many weeks' duration drilled a line of contiguous perforations all around the space selected for operations, a crowbar or "jimmy" would speedily effect a practicable breach, and that too with so little noise as not to force its way through the double walls of vault and safe and summon the redoubtable Pincher and "columbiad" to the rescue. As regards the intervening mass of cement and masonry between his cellar and the iron of the vault, it had been a mere question of time to remove or cut through that. Utterly unsuspected as he was, he might take his leisure about it.

Prompted by natural curiosity and a desire to double assurance by further reconnoissance of the enemy's besieging works, I cautiously crept forward on hands and knees and applied an eye to one of the shining holes. Being made by the extreme point of the drill, and consequently widening outward, after the manner of a circular embrasure or hollow cone, the aperture, tiny as it was, afforded a complete view of a rather remarkable tableau,—for it must be confessed that not often does so favorable an opportunity present itself for the study of the dark and ugly side of human nature. And "ugly" indeed did this man look—ugly as the incarnate genius of secret crime! As I watched with fascinated gaze the play—nay, not play, but workings—of his heavy, strongly marked features—ever repellent to me, even at best, when schooled to meet the scrutiny of men by day, but now thrown into strong relief and shadow in the light of a lantern by which he labored—I thought I had never seen anything so frightful, and could not repress a shudder of disgust and fear. "Surely," thought I, "robbery has been the least of the many dark deeds whose dread history is imprinted on this inhuman, hideous visage."

Hatless and coatless despite the bitter cold; his shaggy, tattooed breast exposed; dishevelled hair, dark and matted, tossing from side to side over a deeply corrugated and sweat-covered brow; with teeth set in a horrid grin of eager, almost triumphant greed, he tugged and writhed and groaned, catching his breath in quick hard gasps, bending and straining every nerve and muscle to the work before him. A revolver ready cocked, and a large murderous-looking knife, lay within his reach on a projecting stone of the remaining wall, he having excavated a space in which to work about four feet wide by as many in height. As he leaned forward to put his weight against the mechanism of the drill in turning it, his face was within twelve inches of mine. On a sudden something startled him. Stopping the drill, he listened intently. My heart thumped against my ribs so hard that I really imagined he had heard it, and was now puzzled by the sound, as I had been by the chirping of the supposititious cricket. Nor was I rendered more comfortable by his next proceeding; for, either by accident or in obedience to some occult influence, he turned his head slightly and fixed his startled but threatening eyes directly on mine. A cold sweat broke over me: I dared not even breathe, but returned his gaze, simply because I couldn't help it. Fortunately for my sanity this nightmare lasted but a few moments (very numerous and very long they seemed to me), when, apparently satisfied that his ears had deceived him, he turned and bent himself again to his work.

When I look back on the scene, considering the fact that even had the burglar detected my presence the danger was all on his side of the iron barrier, perfect safety on mine, I cannot repress a smile at remembrance of my groundless anxiety and alarm. But my nerves were not in the best condition, that is a fact: the reaction from two drinks of strong spirits and the stern chidings of a guilty conscience were enough to shake them.

Well, the ingenious Major Craft will hardly finish his "approaches" and be ready for his grand assault to-night; wherefore we may safely leave him to amuse himself till cock-crow, at which time, in common with all evil spirits, he must betake himself to quarters. So thinking—if I was not too scared to think at all—and by no means fancying a second ordeal of the "evil eye," I beat a retreat, and noiselessly closed the safe, without venturing, however, to spring the lock or replace the books. "Old Provocation" and the oaken door I closed and locked without making any sound likely to be heard by the burglar; then drawing on my boots, I turned down the gas and returned to the other room. Mr. Pincher was still asleep. Suddenly, and for the first time, I was seized with alarm, fearing the possible effects of his having imbibed too heavy a dose of laudanum. Under the exhibition, however, of vigorous pokings and shakings and pinchings, to my great relief the old fellow at length opened his eyes with a jerk that unseated his spectacles, and remarked that "he believed a little more'n' he'd a-been *almost asleep!*"

Somehow I did not feel at all inclined to continue my studies in the art of lying, in which I had taken my first lesson that night; so disregarding the old man's evident perplexity and hardly-concealed ill-temper at being so unceremoniously handled, I merely made some careless remark to the effect that there was no need for him to remain awake, that I was not sleepy, and would watch in his stead. Albeit Mr. Pincher wouldn't hear of such an arrangement, in a few minutes his heavy breathing told that he had acted upon it. Bethinking myself of my valise, I went to the street-door and fetched it in, then sat me down to ponder on the notable events of the night and form some plan of procedure for the morrow. As a matter of course I was to "make a clean breast of it" to my father; and on another point also I was no less resolved, namely, that in no event and under no circumstance was Ruby to remain another day in the house or family of this wretch Craft. As to himself, my father might do with him as he liked. These and a thousand other tumultuous thoughts and fancies whirled in giddy mazes through the "chambers of my brain," until at length I also lost myself in slumber. Strange situation!—two ostensible watchers and guardians of the treasure of the bank sitting wrapped in slumber, while the burglar—detected but undisturbed—is allowed to ply his busy tools against the walls of the money-vault.

Well, my story, if such it can be called, is almost done, and now I doubt not the reader will welcome a little rapid condensation of what remains to be told.

My father forgave me, then at once set his clear wits to work to devise some plan of educing order and harmony out of a situation so troublesome and painful. I thus characterise it for the reason that

in the nature of things one who was dearer to me than life itself was likely to be indirectly involved in the crushing dishonor and exposure of her guardian's crime. But for this I should have seconded my father in his first determination to bring the criminal to immediate trial, regardless of the disgrace to myself that must inevitably have resulted from the testimony of one so nearly *particeps criminis*. As it was I pleaded for him, or rather for Ruby, so earnestly and to such good purpose as to gain my point and prevent a public exposure. But at this point a new difficulty presented itself. Of late several other burglaries had been committed in Westwater, by one of which the loss had been heavy, some six or eight thousand dollars in fact. Might not Craft had to do with them? And what right had we to shield the robber at the expense of the robbed? Also my father bethought him of Ruby: who could tell now to what condition of beggary she might find herself reduced? And then Craft's frequent and sudden disappearances during the past twelve months—"Gone to Natchez, or to New Orleans, on urgent business," his wife was accustomed to state—what could they mean? "Let us first secure the man," said my father; "we will then act as circumstances and developments may indicate."

I entered the Major's store. He was apparently disengaged, and eyed me I thought with a glance of suspicion. I informed him in as careless a tone as I could assume that my father wished to speak with him a moment in the bank.

"What does he want?" Menace as well as fear and doubt were in the tone. It was the growl of the wild beast when he first sniffs the danger-tainted breeze and his ear catches the far-off tumult of horn and hound. On slightest provocation the man would take to instant flight: I saw it. How I could keep my countenance so well as to disarm suspicion I hardly know; but I must have succeeded in doing so, for he accompanied me into my father's presence. The latter rose, walked quietly to the door, locked it, and back to his seat in a moment.

Reader, did you ever by deftly using boot or broomstick drive an old rat into a corner? He was Craft in miniature, only not so ugly. He was allowed no time, however, to collect himself, but charged sternly and at once with his attempted crime. The knave succumbed immediately. Thoroughly "used up," crestfallen, trapped and caged, he attempted neither denial nor defiance, but awaited in silence his expected doom.

Such doggedness of demeanor did not at all suit my father's designs: he desired to make him the subject of an exhaustive course of "pumping"; and to this end endeavored to arouse in him both a measure of hope and curiosity and lead him into conversation. At last he did ask how long he had been suspected and why? "But," continued he, not waiting for an answer, "of one thing I'm almost certain: *somebody was looking on while I was at work, about two hours before daybreak this morning*. I knew it—I felt it at the time!"

Hereupon he turned his eyes on me, with an expression so like that of "the nightmare" that I again could not repress a shudder. "Yes," said I, "I saw you. I was within a foot of you, and you looked me straight in the eye, just as you are doing now."

"I could have sworn it, by all the ——!" He would have fallen to cursing himself for not heeding the warning, but my father checked him by opening the safe-door and explaining the means of his detection. He was then asked concerning the other robberies, especially the heaviest one, but he at first declined to answer.

"If you will restore the money you shall not be prosecuted for the crime," said my father. A long silence.

"You solemnly swear to that?"

"I 'swear not at all': I *promise*."

"Good enough; I can trust you. But what's the use of talking? I can't return what I haven't got."

"How much have you — half of it?"

"Yes — that is, my wife has it. But," he added hastily, "*she* don't know — she thinks it all right. You won't trouble her, will you? For God's sake —"

("So *this* man, too, has a heart," thought I, "and can love!")

"No, no," replied my father, "nor you neither, if I can help it, and you make restitution. But there is still another matter to be settled," continued he: "how stands the guardianship account with Miss Ringold? On that score I can promise nothing."

A hoarse, hissing curse broke from Craft's lips. He literally "bristled up," this rat in the corner, and began to look desperate and dangerous again, thinking he had been entrapped into the last admission. My father began to examine with critical interest the ponderous mechanism of Mr. Pincher's "columbiad," which I had borrowed for the occasion, and placed upon the table at his hand. I began to rattle something suggestively against the bottom of the open drawer at which I stood. "Well?" said my father, with resolute persuasiveness of manner. "Best speak out, tell the truth, for I do assure you I am earnestly desirous of avoiding your exposure, if it be possible. This is my principal object in questioning you."

The answer came at last explosively: "She *had* but twenty thousand — all gone — lost at cards — New Orleans and Natchez — d——n the luck!"

"And what is the value of your stock in store, household furniture and effects? Enough to repay her?"

"I believe so — almost. You yourself have got a thousand dollars of her money; that package of bills, tens, fifties, and hundreds, I deposited ostensibly for safe-keeping a few days ago, that was hers." [I knew that my father was looking at me, but I hung my head in shame and confusion unutterable.] Craft continued: "My real object was to enhance my credit with you and ward off possible suspicion. My dread of detection increased as I neared the end and object of my labor."

This conversation continued for more than an hour, but in obedience to my promise of condensation I have given only enough of it to indicate its general tenor and probable results. My father at length called the head book-keeper into the room, and after sufficiently acquainting him with the state of affairs, and cautioning him to silence, he left us two to "amuse" the Major (as Madame Fosco "amused" Walter Hartright) and went out. When at the expira-

tion of several hours he returned, it was evident from the expression of his countenance that his mission — whatever it was — had been successful, and that he saw a way clearly out of the difficulties surrounding him. His *ultimatum*, laid down and promptly accepted by the almost grateful thief, was as follows: *Imprimis*, he was formally to renounce his guardianship of Miss Ringold, which relation was to be assumed by my father. The stock in store and his household furniture were to be made over to my father in trust for the benefit of his ward. He and his wife — who had been informed of the condition of things, and had decided to go with him — were then to “pack up and leave,” all which was speedily carried into effect.

As regards Ruby — well, at this present writing she has got Ralph Number Two by the ear (he is the youngest of the *eleven* by the way), and is leading him away to suffer punishment (I’ll wager he doesn’t get it!) merely because the fine little man has managed with great dexterity to knock over the inkstand, spilling its entire contents on our best carpet. Enough remains in my pen to write that good old word, *good-bye*.

W. H. KEMPER.

A VISIT TO PARAGUAY.

THE forcible armed intervention of the English and French in the affairs of the Rio de la Plata rendered it a matter of moment that direct and immediate communication should be had by the United States authorities with Republics in South America likely to coöperate with them. The object of such communication was to prevent any aid or assistance being afforded by neighboring Republics to these European Governments, who were endeavoring to compel the Government of the Argentine Confederation to withdraw its forces from the *Banda Oriental*. The city of Buenos Ayres was now blockaded by the combined squadrons of England and France; a fleet of merchant vessels, under convoy of men-of-war, was ascending the river Parana, and there being no vessel of draught sufficiently small belonging to the U. S. squadron to ascend the Parana and Paraguay rivers, our only alternative was to make the attempt by land.

On making inquiry with a view of obtaining useful information with regard to this Paraguay country, we found it a *terra incognita*, even in Buenos Ayres. For some thirty years it had been closed to the outside world under the iron rule of José Gaspar de Francia. Ingress and egress were strictly prohibited under his government; but now

that he was dead it was generally believed that a more enlightened policy was adopted by his successor, but to what extent was not known, as no one could be found after diligent inquiry who had ever visited Paraguay. Not much time remained to us to make preparation; and after providing a few necessary articles which we stored on pack-horses, and being kindly provided with an armed cavalry escort, and orders from the Government of Buenos Ayres to the superintendents of the different post-houses to furnish us with necessary horses, we commenced our long and perilous journey on horseback. Our guard, although picked men, were few in number, and with their inefficient weapons might offer some resistance to an attack from a small body of Indians; but in passing through the provinces of the Argentine Confederation, which were then waging war against Buenos Ayres, they would rather prove an incumbrance. Through the provinces of Buenos Ayres, Santa Fé, and Entre Rios, ovations were offered, assistance was afforded, houses were placed at our disposal (there being no hotels in the whole country after leaving Buenos Ayres), and all went merry as a marriage-bell.

Many were the adventures, and sometimes ludicrous incidents, which befell us during our journey over the immense pampas of Buenos Ayres. Unfortunately for our comfort, the rainy season was at its height. Small streams, ordinarily of a few yards in width, were now past fording. The entrance of water into our stores of ground coffee, pepper, salt, etc., tended neither to improve their quality nor increase their quantity. Then at intervals a pack-horse would stampe with our stores, making a most confused jumble of the contents of his panniers. In the effort to head or retake him, sometimes our gallant Captain or other of the party, with clanking sabre, would be thrown over the head of his horse, which had unluckily put its foot into the hole of a prairie-dog. Despite these slight inconveniences and accidents our progress was rapid, and changing all our horses every ten or fifteen miles, we rode from sixty to one hundred miles a day. There was no road over the level monotonous pampa; we only followed our *vaqueanos* or guides, who knew the most direct way to the next post-house. When night overtook us, the master of the post-house would send out, and with the aid of the ever-ready lasso, have an ox killed for our supper, which cooked over the fire on a spit nearly upright, would be ready for us in as little time as it would take to catch and dress a fowl at home. Our supper ended, the hot cup of *maté* or Paraguay tea, sucked through a tube, was taken, and in a short time thereafter we were ready for bed. This was always at hand, for it was made from the various separate pieces of which our saddle was composed. Stretched at full length on the open pampa, covered with our *poncho* or South American cloak, with our feet to a fire made of dried thistles and the dried droppings from the cattle (the only fuel), we soon realised the Bible truth, "the sleep of the laboring man is sweet, whether he eat little or much." On leaving Santa Fé the Governor-General E—— insisted on accompanying us for some miles, and had a surprise and treat prepared for us. This was a dish, the most highly prized in the whole country, of "*carne con cuero*," literally meat with the skin on. A portion of a

young and tender ox, say a foot square, is taken from the animal's side with the hide on, this is then thrown into a large fire, the hair is burned off immediately, the hide turns inward, and on being taken from the fire the whole looks like a charred mass ; but cut away the burned parts and inside next the hide, which serves as the dish, and you get a repast that would delight an epicure. All the juices of the animal are retained, and it is a choice dainty indeed.

Obstacles were opposed to our progress through the province of Corrientes, then at war with Buenos Ayres. Our guard were dressed in the flaming red uniform of Buenos Ayres, while the dress of the Correntino troops was of a light sky-blue color. To make matters worse, our soldiers wore on their breasts red badges, with "Long life to the Argentine Confederation, and death to the opposing party," inscribed thereon. An interview was had with the Governor of the Province, explanations were given of the general character of our mission, when much to our surprise and regret, passports were refused us. The Governor explained that such was the bitter feeling between the sections, that unless the objectionable badge was removed, bloodshed might result. We then informed him that the badge should be no longer displayed in the Province of Corrientes. We informed him however that it was absolutely necessary for us to proceed to Paraguay, and that the whole expedition was under the protection of the American flag. We left the presence of his Excellency with a strong presentiment that we would be attacked by the Correntino troops. Raising our small American flag, and claiming its protection, we proceeded boldly forward, and all hostile demonstration was checked. At the various military posts of Paraguay, strict scrutiny was made of our passports and surroundings, and after some delay at each we were allowed to pass until we arrived at the town of Villa del Pilar, or Neembucu. Here we were politely informed we must remain, not indeed until our beards were grown, but until advices were had from the capital, which in this instance amounted to almost the same thing.

No one unacquainted with the tediousness and prolixity of Spanish diplomacy can imagine how our patience was tried at this most unexpected delay, couriers going constantly to and from the capital with no satisfactory result arrived at—the Government wishing to know the exact purport of our mission, and we as determined not to disclose it until after an interview with the President of the country, to whom our despatches were addressed. At first the manner of the people was somewhat distant and reserved, but in course of time this disappeared, and many were the kind invitations we received. One to attend a large party at the house of the captain of the post was promptly accepted, and the company and the surroundings can never be forgotten. In a house of one story, with tiled roof and dirt floors, two rooms were thrown open to visitors. The first or anteroom was for the reception of hats and wrappings ; in the second the band of native performers on home-made instruments were seated on an elevated platform, discoursing original music. The dress of the musicians consisted of long-waisted pantaloons, very short-waisted jackets scarce covering the shoulder-blade, and straw-hats eighteen

or twenty inches in height, with brims an inch wide, hats fitting close to the head and increasing in size until they were nearly twice as large at top as at bottom. These hats were worn during the whole evening. Then the dances. With some of these we were familiar — with the Spanish country-dance, and others, minuets, etc; but who can describe our amazement at seeing for the first time the *cadena* or chain-dance, the favorite of Paraguay? First you danced to your partner, then at the direction of the master of ceremonies, who called out the figures, you extended the little finger of your right hand which she touched with hers; you then danced and changed hands with each lady in the dance. For the second figure you clasped hands, and wound up as before. For figure third you give your partner a kiss. This we thought would be the end of it; but far from it. When we next came round, the words came from the master of ceremonies, "Give your partner an embrace," when real old-fashioned hugs were indulged in. This was hugging to music with a vengeance! We then believed that when in Rome you should do as Romans do, and accordingly when asked to participate we assented, only making this condition, that our partner should be a pretty girl and should have shoes on. Strange as it may seem, a young lady answering the description was hard to find. We at first felt that there was much more danger in treading on the toes of our partner when barefooted than when shod, but after some experience soon learned to know that it was a mere notion. At intervals refreshments were introduced. They were handed on two plates, on one of which lay cigars, and on the other were small glasses filled with *caña*, the gin of the country, made from the sugar-cane. The matrons seated in stately rows were soon enjoying the fragrant cigar, and in a short time with the dust from the dirt-floor and the smoke from the cigars, became well-nigh invisible at short distance. Despite these surroundings we never enjoyed ourselves more.

At last, after a delay of some twenty days, the desired permission came to ascend to the great capital. We were not to take our guard, however; this privilege was denied us, but in lieu thereof a guard consisting of a captain and some eight or ten men was furnished us by the President of Paraguay. A ride of some eighty or one hundred miles on horseback brought us to the city of Asuncion, the capital of Paraguay. Here we were then in the capital of a so-called American republic, which for thirty years had been as closely sealed to the world as ever Japan was; no one was permitted to enter, no one to leave the country. From its peculiar geographical position this was possible. A sort of inland peninsula, bounded on three sides by large rivers, the Paraguay and Parana, and on the north by Brazil, which is here only inhabited by roving tribes of Indians, a cordon of stockade-forts rendered escape from the country impossible. With fertile soil, well watered and lying just under the Tropic of Capricorn, in the centre of South America, there could scarcely be found a country where so little labor would supply the material wants of its population. Cotton, tobacco, sugar-cane, corn, rice, mandioca (from which a most excellent bread was made), oranges and other tropical fruits gave them all that was necessary for food and clothing. If a

surplus was raised there was no market, and so each farmer only grew sufficient for home consumption. The luxuriance of tropical vegetation and the bright plumage of the feathered inhabitants of the woods only gave beauty to the prospect; and looking at the different hamlets embosomed in orange groves on either side of us, with small and well cultivated farms on each of which were growing most of the crops mentioned, it seemed a terrestrial paradise.

Under a good government Paraguay certainly would possess many points of attractions to those whose lot is cast in thickly populated countries, where the great business of life is to supply food and clothing; but here all industries were paralysed, and the only article of export, the *maté* or Paraguay tea, was a Government monopoly. This beautiful country of Paraguay for the last twenty-five years had groaned under the most arbitrary government of modern times. The cold-blooded atrocities and cruelties of Francia equalled, if they did not exceed, any that we read of in ancient story. So great was the terror inspired in the hearts of all that even now, although he had been dead several years, he was never alluded to except in whispers and with an evident fear and dread. One of the Dictator's standing orders was that when he appeared on the streets they should be cleared, and I have been jostled while standing in the front-door of some shop, the owner of which was endeavoring to make good his retreat on hearing that the President was coming. His system of espionage was well-nigh perfect, and several discoveries of incipient plots to take his life caused the Paraguayans to believe that he was almost omniscient, and all such efforts to rid themselves of him were abandoned. His arbitrary confiscations and imprisonments were principally visited on the better portion of the community, the landed proprietors of Spanish descent. By means of his extortions he was enabled to pay his army well, and it became devoted to his service. We heard hundreds of accounts of his atrocious cruelties, but never one single instance in which he had relented. It was one of his rules that no one must intercede with him for a victim, no matter what the circumstances. His only sister, not knowing the rule to be inflexible, interceded for some one, when she was subjected to severe punishment, and was never allowed to see his face again. One instance of his cruelty shows his character and illustrates the vindictive malignity of his nature so well that we give it. Before his elevation to the Dictatorship he had been enamored with a young lady who preferred another suitor, to whom she was subsequently married. After some seven or eight years of married life, and with a large family of children, the husband, Señor M——, was sent for by the despot. The first question he was asked was, How long have you been married? He was made to tell the number of years, months, and days. He was then asked if he had been happy during that time; and on answering in the affirmative, the Dictator then told him that he intended to make him miserable for exactly that length of time. He was then ordered to be closely imprisoned in a loathsome dungeon, and when he had been confined for the exact length of time he had been married when sent for by the despot, he was ordered out to be executed, and his wife was made to witness it.

We obtained permission from President Lopez to visit the dungeons of his predecessor Francia, in which there were more than seven hundred of his victims imprisoned at the time of his death, and the names of fifty or more who were to be executed were on a list found among his papers. One of these dungeons was a mere recess in the wall five feet in height, four in width, and two and a half in depth ; here perhaps his successful rival had been immured, suffering a living death. Some of these prisoners had been confined for twenty years ; and we well remember the priest of Neembucu, who when asked his age always deducted therefrom the eighteen years he had been imprisoned by Francia ; he truly said that he had not lived during that time. And this Francia, the greatest despot of modern times, was permitted to die a natural death, and was dead some time before it was generally known and believed. The sentinel who guarded his door night and day, when told by the doctor and barber (the two callings were united in the same person) that he was dead, asked if the Dictator called him ; and being told no, that he could not, that he was dead, said in reply that no one should be allowed to enter unless the Dictator called. His death occurred on December 25th, 1840, and the government of his successor, Señor Don Carlos Antonio Lopez, passed a decree that his name should not be mentioned, and as far as possible pass into oblivion.

DON.

IN THE INFINITE.

[FROM THE FRENCH OF CAMILLE FLAMMARION.]

I HAVE come, said the Spirit, from a star, with a swiftness far surpassing anything known to you dwellers on the earth. I have travelled with a velocity of five hundred of your miles in every hour. At this speed, neither slackening nor quickening, I have maintained my onward flight for a hundred and thirty-eight billions, six hundred and ninety millions, three hundred and ninety-four thousand six hundred of your centuries. That is to say, that as your year consists of 8766 hours, I have traversed since my setting forth thirty quintillions, a hundred and fifty quadrillions, eight hundred and forty-eight trillions of your miles. I have come from a universe analogous to your own ; from a nebulous cluster of the same dimensions as the milky-way, and which appearing to your most powerful instruments

under an angle of ten minutes, is distant from you by a space equal to three hundred and thirty-four times the long diameter of the milky-way, which is about ninety thousand two hundred and seventy-two trillions of your miles, or seven hundred times the distance from here to Sirius. My journey has been made in a straight line.

The point of my departure lies in what to you are the farthest visible limits of the sidereal universe. By the aid of your instruments and your mathematical processes you have been able to extend your investigations even to those remote regions; you have discovered that the earth is a planet revolving with others round a central star; you have deduced the fact that every star is a self-luminous sun; you have found that the nearest star beyond your own system is distant twenty trillions of miles; you have perceived that all the stars visible from your earth form a single cluster; you have perceived that outside of this vast cluster lies an immense desert of empty space, beyond which are again far distant clusters like your own and not less numerous, the most remote of which lie at what is to you the limit of the universe. Beyond this limit even imagination can not bear you; and yet at this limit the creation is but begun.

This sidereal universe I am traversing from side to side. I come from a nebula which you would say was situated in the constellation of Orion, and I go to one which appears to you in the constellation of Ophiuchus. I have paused for an instant in your solar system, which lies about midway of my journey.

Notwithstanding your long studies and close meditations, you have but an imperfect idea of cosmical magnitudes. I, who move unfettered throughout space, see and comprehend them; and your ardent desire for knowledge has drawn me to stay my flight for a moment while I place before you some of these mighty truths, so far as you are now capable of receiving them.

And first, have you ever attained any idea of infinitude? Space is without end, without measure, and without dimensions. Do you seize that fact in its full meaning? *Without dimensions*: that is to say, that were you to start from your earth in any given direction and maintain your flight at any rate of velocity, after the longest series of ages that arithmetic can indicate by numbers you would have made *no* approach to the boundary of infinitude. Or suppose that your earth were to fall into space—which indeed is what it is doing together with your sun and the cluster of stars to which your sun belongs—suppose it to fall, in a straight or spiral line, during as many millions of ages as you can imagine—though it rushed down the abyss of vacancy with a velocity of millions of leagues in a day, and continued this descent for billions of billions of centuries, it would still be, in relation to infinite space, as if it had remained motionless.

In this awful space, infinite, eternal, uncreated, it might have been that nothing had ever existed, and infinitude remained vacant to all eternity. Why is it that anything “exists” in this space? Why is it that in it there are orbs, some bright, some dark, and upon these, elementary substances, living things, intelligent creatures? This is a mystery of which it is vain to seek the solution: we can but recognise the existence of such a creation, and study the modes under which it appears.

The most important conception for you is that of representing to yourself clearly this infinity of space, and within it these luminous globes suspended at varying distances. What force sustains these globes, do you ask? No force is necessary for this purpose. Suppose inert matter, devoid of all properties, of all forces: globes of this matter, however vast and massive, would remain immovable in the spot in which they were placed. The idea of *falling*, as you know, is purely relative: there is no *above* or *below* in the universe. But there are forces in this matter; and the most important, the most general of all, on which the whole movement of the universe depends, is *attraction*. This force, as you know, is one by which bodies tend to approach each other, with an energy which varies directly as the mass, and inversely as the square of the distance. If the mass be doubled, the attraction is doubled; if the distance is doubled, the attraction is diminished to one-fourth.

From this force it results that all the stars scattered throughout the universe attract each other mutually. If we suppose that they were all created at the points of space which they now respectively occupy, and then abandoned to the action of attraction, they would all have instantaneously put themselves in motion, each one obeying the attraction of its nearest neighbor, modified by the attractions of all the rest. Each orb would then have moved along its line of least resistance, and the tendency of the whole would be to a common centre. The heavier stars would draw the lighter to themselves, gathering them in as they approached the final reunion. Millions of years might elapse before two neighboring suns, borne toward each other in headlong flight, came into collision; but the final result would be the coalescence into one mass of all the celestial orbs.

For example: the moon is attracted by the earth; and if she fell from her height of 237,000 miles, she would occupy four days, nineteen hours and fifty-five minutes in falling. Starting with an initial velocity of $\frac{1}{1000}$ of an inch in the first second, her speed would rapidly increase until she reached the surface of the globe with a velocity a hundred times greater than that of a cannon-ball. Now the moon weighs a hundred and sixty-eight sextillions of pounds, and the earth twelve thousand nine hundred and twenty-five sextillions.

Again: if the earth, from its height of ninety-two million miles, should fall upon the sun, it would be sixty-four days, twelve hours, falling. Starting with an initial velocity of $\frac{1}{1000}$ of an inch in the first second, it would reach the surface of the sun with a velocity of two million feet per second.

Again: suppose there was a star sufficiently near to the earth to have one second of parallax (there is really none so near) and of equal mass with your sun: if that star and your sun were to approach each other, they would meet midway, after each had traversed 9,176,000,000,000 miles, and the journey would have taken more than a million of years.

The shock of their meeting would produce so intense a heat as to convert both masses into vapor, and they would then form a single gaseous star. Collisions of this kind have already occurred. Your astronomers have more than once observed a sudden splendor in the

distant regions of space, for which they could not account. More than once "new stars," as they have been called, have appeared, have blazed with dazzling lustre for awhile, and then after a few months or years of waning, have vanished from sight. This phenomenon has been caused by the collision of two suns, coalescing into a single star of flaming vapor.

If attraction were the solitary moving force of the universe, all motion would be a tendency to agglomerate round the common centre of gravity, and the final result would be the union of all the orbs into a single mass. But this is not the tendency nor the object of the universe. The stars move, not in straight, but in curved lines. Those whose course has been determined, move in closed curves, or orbits. To this law the only exceptions are certain comets, which, moving in parabolas, pass from system to system; while the solid orbs of the systems move in closed curves, the satellites around the planets, these around their suns, and the suns around other more important centres of gravity.

These closed curves give rise to a second force, which you call *centrifugal*, and which tends to carry the orbs away from the centre toward which they gravitate.* As the stone tends to fly off from the sling, so the planets tend to escape from solar, and the satellites from planetary attraction. If this force alone prevailed, or if it preponderated over attraction, all the celestial bodies would tend away from their respective centres of gravity, and instead of the convergence of our first supposition, there would be a dispersion, a flight of suns hurrying in all directions towards the outer regions of infinite space. And as space is without limits, this dispersion, continued indefinitely, would make a void in the regions where they now are, and drive the suns toward a circumference which would forever lie beyond them.

But these two forces act equally. By virtue of the attraction of the sun, the earth tends to approach it with a velocity of $\frac{118}{1000}$ of an inch in the first second; and by virtue of the centrifugal force it tends to fly off on the tangent of its orbit with a precisely similar initial velocity. From these two antagonist forces therefore there results a perfect equilibrium; and this equilibrium it is which sustains not only the earth, but all the orbs in space: a far more durable foundation than the pillars of adamant or chains of gold which some of your predecessors have dreamed of.

But this wondrous equilibrium is only rendered possible by one condition — that of unceasing and universal motion. For this reason not an atom of matter is at rest throughout the whole universe: all is motion — motion perpetual and everywhere. The earth turns upon its axis in 24 hours. The moon revolves around the earth in 29 days. At the same time the earth, carrying the moon with it, is flying along an orbit of which the sun is the centre, and which it circles in 365 days. Each planet in the same way describes about the sun an orbit proportioned to its distance; the nearest, that of Mercury, requiring but 88 days to accomplish, while Neptune completes its circuit

* It would be more correct and more logical to say that this other force, the origin of which is as mysterious as that of attraction, combined with the latter, gives rise to the curvilinear motion. — Tr.

in 165 years. And the sun, which seems immovable in the centre of the planetary system, turns upon its axis, from west to east, in 25 days and a quarter, and at the same time rushes through space, carrying with it all its attendant worlds. In its annual circuit round the sun, the earth moves with a mean speed of 1,597,120 miles in 24 hours, and each planet in like manner, with a motion proportioned to its distance and the length of its orbit. The flight of the sun and its attendant system through space, proceeds at a rate of 149,000,000 miles yearly, and this flight it has maintained from the time of its creation, its course at present carrying it toward the stars of the constellation *Hercules*. This, according to terrestrial measures, is a high velocity; but the space which it has to traverse is so vast that in a million of years it will not have reached the nearest star of that constellation, as the distance to be traversed is more than a hundred and fifty millions of millions of miles.

In a similar manner all the stars, which are suns, are speeding through space, carrying their systems with them. Your sun is one of those whose speed is least. The proper translatory movement of Arcturus is 4,500,000 miles in 24 of your hours. The star which you know as No. 1830 in Groombridge's catalogue rushes through space with a speed of seven millions of miles in one of your days. Yet these stars appear fixed immovably in the dark vault of heaven; and during all the ages in which they have been watched from your earth, they seem not to have stirred from their places. This is because the movements, rapid as they are, take place at such vast distances from the observer. If one of your astronomers were stationed upon the star nearest to the earth, the orbit of your planet, which measures 184,000,000 miles in diameter, would be hid by a grain of matter $\frac{1}{25}$ of an inch square, and placed four hundred and ten feet from the observer's eye.

Each of the seventy-five millions of suns belonging to the same stellar cluster with your own, has its own planetary system, and carries with it through the abysses of space, intelligent beings, incorporated spirits, upon its attendant worlds. But the aspects of nature, and the forms and conditions of life, differ enormously on these various planets. Upon that which you inhabit, the light of the sun is white, its mean heat does not exceed 30° C., the year is of 365 days, and the day of 24 hours; the average weight of a man is 132 pounds, his stature 5 ft. 9 in.; the temperature of his blood 36.5° C., he has an average longevity of 39 years, and reproduces at the rate of three generations in a century.

On another world the light of the sun is blue, and there are no other colors; its mean heat is 50 degrees below zero; the year is of 60,000 days, and the day of seven hours; the inhabitants average 3300 lbs. in weight, and 160 feet in height; in their veins circulates a fluid far colder than ice, and their average longevity is four of your centuries. Another world again is lighted by three suns, two red and one violet; around it move twelve moons, variously colored; the temperature of its inhabitants is 300 degrees, and these resemble spheres of gas, swimming or flying in the atmosphere like bubbles. Matter, weight, density, temperature, light, years, seasons, propor-

tions, all the elements are varied infinitely in the countless diversities of relations in the systems of worlds.

The stars are not suns of equal dimensions or of equal brilliancy, and their difference of apparent size is not altogether due to the difference of distance. The most brilliant stars, those which you term of the first magnitude, are not the nearest, nor are the smallest the most remote. The annual movement of the earth carrying you over an orbit of 184,000,000 miles diameter, produces a very slight apparent movement in the stars nearest to you; just as when you are proceeding along a road the trees on each side of you seem to move back along the horizon. Thus the stars nearest to the earth describe annually, as compared with the more distant stars, a small ellipse corresponding to the perspective of the earth's orbit. The nearest of all the stars, Alpha in the Centaur, describes an apparent ellipse, the long diameter of which is scarcely $\frac{1}{900}$ of the apparent diameter of the moon. If the sun were enlarged to such a size as to fill the whole orbit of Neptune, the radius of which is three hundred times greater than the radius of the earth's orbit, even this colossal globe, seen from this nearest star, would have but $\frac{1}{9}$ of its present apparent diameter. If the sun were removed to the distance of Alpha Centauri, the light the earth would receive from it would be but $\frac{1}{52,900,000,000}$ of what it now receives. But the light the earth receives from Alpha Centauri is $\frac{1}{16,650,000,000}$ of what it receives from the sun; consequently this star is a sun three times as luminous as yours. Its volume is in the same proportion, and its diameter as compared with the sun's, as 17 to 10.

The two most brilliant stars of your heaven are Canopus and Sirius. The former of these is thrice as brilliant as Alpha Centauri; and as the earth's movement in its orbit produces no apparent displacement in this star — as, in other words, it has no parallax — it follows that it is incomparably more remote, larger, and more luminous. Sirius is more than four times as brilliant as Alpha Centauri; but this star has a parallax ($0''23$) which enables your astronomers to calculate its distance as 897,000 times greater than that of your sun. From this it can be calculated that its light is 64 times as great as that of Alpha Centauri, and 192 times as great as that of your sun. Its diameter is 14 times that of your sun, and its volume 2688 times as great, the sun itself being 1380 times the bulk of the earth.

Again the star which is known on earth as 61 Cygni, less distant from you than Sirius, and more distant than the star in the Centaur, is a double sun, each of the orbs composing which sends you but $\frac{1}{100}$ part the light you receive from the latter. The star in the Centaur, removed to an equal distance, would appear to you but of one-ninth the brightness it at present shows, but would be eleven times as bright as either of these twin suns, the diameter of which is not the third of that of Alpha Centauri, and its volume not the thirtieth part. Compared with your sun, the volume of both together is about one-third.

By these examples you may judge of the differences between the suns. Sirius, for instance, is 2688 times as large as your own sun, which again is six times as large as either of the binary suns in the Swan, so that Sirius has a magnitude compared with either of these

as 16,000 to one. There are greater differences of magnitude between the suns of your stellar universe than between the planets of your solar system, in which you have a Jupiter, 1400 times as large as the earth, and telescopic planets, such as Sylvia and Camilla, scarcely equalling in area one of the departments of France.

But the quantity of light is not always an indication of volume, for there are suns of all splendors, of all chemical conditions, of all physical states, and of all densities. Some are vast and light, others small and dense. Some, of enormous bulk, are almost dark, others perfectly dark, emitting only heat-rays. Others, of smaller dimensions, blaze with inconceivable brightness, which traverses illimitable space. These different conditions, chemical, thermal, electrical, produce among the suns the greatest diversity of colors, some shining with golden light, others with the hue of the emerald, the sapphire, or the amethyst.

In journeying through these vast regions, the perspective continually changes. On my journey I have traversed three stellar clusters, which float like so many archipelagos in the ocean of space. These clusters are composed of millions of suns with their attendant systems of planets, and are surrounded by illimitable, unfathomable deserts of space. The first of these clusters which I traversed is situated at five quintillions of your miles from the point of my departure, the second at thirteen, and the third at twenty-three quintillions. When I had arrived within about ninety quadrillions of miles from your earth, I reached what I may call the first houses — the suburbs of your stellar city; and from that time to this, moving at the rate of five hundred miles an hour, I have been 415 millions of your centuries in reaching its centre; that is, your earth, between the time of my arrival at the outskirts of your cluster and the present moment, has circled your sun 41,500,000,000 times. On my journey I have passed double suns, triple suns, multiple suns, revolving around each other with their respective systems; solitary suns plunging into space with astounding velocity, dragging with them their attendant worlds; colored suns lighting up their planets with the most wonderful combinations of hues; systems entirely gaseous, and forming vast spheres of attenuated vapor.

The apparent arrangement of the stars in space varies with the place of observation. The constellations as seen from your earth, are the same as when seen from Venus, Mars, or Neptune, since a change of place of but a few hundred million miles has no effect upon celestial perspectives. But when the change of station varies by hundreds of trillions of miles, the forms of the constellations change, especially those which the observer is approaching.

Here the Spirit paused. After an interval of silence, he again spoke.

Let us now come to your own solar system, and its dimensions. The great comet which passed near the earth in your year 1680, has an aphelion distance twenty-eight times as great as that of Neptune, which, as you know, moves in an orbit having a radius thirty times as great as that of the orbit of the earth. We may take the aphelion distance of this comet as representing the radius of the solar system, and the distance of the star Alpha Centauri equals 270 of these radii.

Now to come from a distance equalling that of the nearest star, I have taken 9,800,000 of your years. To come from the aphelion distance of this comet, I have taken 36.300 years. Yet even at that distance of about 80,000,000,000 miles, the sun has the power to recall that faint nebulous mass, which even in that remote abyss of space trembles when the command of the sun compels it to close its curve and return, which, notwithstanding its ever accelerating velocity as it approaches the flaming throne of its sovereign, it can not do in less than 4400 of your years.

During the nine million seven hundred and sixty-four thousand years which I spent in traversing the space which environs the solar system and separates it from that of Alpha Centauri — and with such a void the system of every sun is surrounded, leaving each supreme in its own dominions — I met with no celestial body whose attraction could influence that of your sun upon the planets which it controls; I met only fragments of ruined worlds, falling into space with such extreme slowness as to seem immovable, for there is scarcely any astral attraction in these intermediate zones. At the aphelion distance of the comet of 1680, the solar attraction is but .000,000,008,333, and its velocity is only $\frac{1}{6250}$ of an inch per second. Thus it stands in the gloomy abyss, a faint, scarcely moving phantom; and the other comets that have wandered to these distances form a slow procession of sepulchral shades.

At a hundred times the aphelion distance of this comet, the attraction of your sun is but .000,000,000,000,8333; so that at a point between the two spheres of attraction, that of your sun and that of Alpha Centauri, the directive force of the celestial movements is virtually null, and a body placed at this distance would remain suspended for thousands of years without perceptible change of place. The traveller through space feels as if he had entered the realm of nothingness, or of primeval chaos, until, after traversing these solitudes, new systems begin to appear upon his horizon.

When I had crossed the paths of several planets, unknown to your astronomers, I reached the orbit of Neptune, distant 2844 millions of miles from your earth. This was, as you reckon time, thirteen hundred years ago.

Here the Spirit was silent for a brief space, as if to give me time for reflection. In truth, his discourse had brought before my mind the whole fabric of the starry heavens, from the cluster to which our system belongs, and even from far distant and alien systems, down to our own. I had carefully impressed upon my mind the vast steps by which his synthesis moved from the depths of the abyss to the region in which we live, and when he spoke of having reached Neptune, thirteen centuries ago, I remembered that that must have happened in the sixth century of our era.

"We are now," I said, "in the year 1872 of the Christian era. You must then have passed the orbit of Neptune at the time of the reign of Chilperic and Fredegonde."

In space, replied the Spirit, there is no computation of time, as I have explained to you before. The history of your planet and of its political dynasties is nothing there. But I must speak to you in a

language that you can understand ; and so I say that since I passed Neptune your planet has circled its sun 1308 times. But these 1308 terrestrial years are but eight years of Neptune. And a year of Neptune is no longer to its inhabitants than an earthly year is to you. But to an incorporeal spirit these two durations are *nothing*, and consequently equal in their nothingness. Understand well : the idea of time arises from the periodical motions of material bodies, and material bodies alone are subjected to it. There is no absolute length or shortness in duration : it is only relative to the laws of motion to which the body is subjected. To an incorporeal spirit there is no long or short — there is no time.

“How is it then, O Spirit,” I asked, “that you spent so many ages in reaching the boundaries of our stellar system?”

I must use a measure which you will understand, though it has no value for me. I tell you the numbers of times your earth has revolved around your sun, just as I tell you how many radii of the earth's orbit would measure from here to Alpha Centauri. This time is neither long nor short to me, just as this distance is neither far nor near. It is hard for you to comprehend ; but years and ages have *no* duration, miles and aphelion distances have *no* length, for a spirit. And I have been no longer on my journey than if I had arrived in an instant.

Know that the soul has no age at the time when it enters a material body. It has no age at the moment when life ceases, and it throws off its corporeal vesture. It is no older when it is again incarnated on another planet. It grows not old throughout eternity.

But it is otherwise with material bodies, animate or inanimate, combinations of atoms, aggregations of molecules, all the worlds and suns which constitute the physical universe. These being submitted to the law of change, time exists for them. The suns have no nights, but they have movements, modifications of temperature, and other variations which give them a measure of time. They are subject to change, and so cannot endure forever, but grow old and perish. The planetary worlds have days and nights, months, seasons, years. But in pure space, between the celestial bodies, there is no time and no measure ; nor have these any existence for pure spirit.

So the hundred and thirty-eight billions of your centuries which I have spent on my journey, have no duration for me as they have for the material worlds, and I am no older than at the moment of my setting forth. This is the great truth on which I wish you to fix your thought : The material universe is the changing habitation of spirits, who do not themselves grow old in it. In one phase of the life of a spirit, a world such as your earth, Saturn, or Jupiter, might come into being, accomplish its history, and perish ; its humanity appear, progress, reach their culmination, and disappear, while each of the spirits that inhabited it remained intact, passing from planet to planet, while dwelling in space, without growing old.

For know that there are two distinct universes : the spiritual universe, for which material conditions, such as time, distance, volume, weight, density, attraction, color, and the rest, have no existence, and in which exist the principles of truth, virtue, justice, beauty, which are

coeternal with God ; and the material universe, for which there is neither good nor evil, justice nor injustice, truth nor falsehood, but which rests upon the material conditions of which I spoke before.

"Spirit," I said, "if the principles of the physical universe have no existence for the spiritual, how can spirits know this universe, behold the worlds, pass from star to star? How, in its incarnation, can the soul attain a perception of the physical world?"

By the intermediate principles. These principles, which are neither matter nor spirit, are the *forces*, of which those that you recognise are attraction, repulsion, light, heat, and electricity. The spirit, even when clothed with matter, can have no direct action on matter, nor even knowledge of it. If your mind can occupy itself with astronomy, physics, chemistry, it is not by direct intuition or by its own power, but by means of the intermediate principles. On the other hand your body can not act without these forces; they are the substratum of the universe, pervading all things and occupying all space in which the atoms but float. The constituent atoms of a mass of metal, or a volume of gas, are not in contact as you would suppose, but isolated, separated, as the worlds are in the systems. Nothing is solid: between the atoms constituting any substance there are interstices—spaces of immense size relatively to the atoms themselves; and to this it is due that force, heat for instance, can bring them nearer or thrust them apart, and by expanding or contracting the volumes produce the solid, the liquid, or the gaseous state. An eye which could see the atomic structure of an object, would not see the object itself: the vision would traverse it. Thus of your stellar universe you can only see the atoms, the stars: another percipient being recognises it as a body of definite form. Now when you receive a ray of light, this ray, traversing the structure of your eye, strikes upon a nerve and communicates its vibration. Your soul, placed by the laws of your organism in relation with the nerve, interprets these vibrations into perception. Thus between the object and your soul comes the intermediate principle, force, here in the form of light, without which your soul could not be placed in communication with, or have any perception of, the object.

But for this purpose it is not absolutely necessary to have the special organism that you possess. Light, heat, electricity, and other forces of which you have no knowledge, may be perceived by souls having none of the senses that you have. An eye is not absolutely necessary for sight, though it is necessary for you as your body is constructed. But an organ might replace it which would be sensitive to the slow heat-wave, or the rapid chemical waves, or others of the infinite diapason of motion, of which but the smallest part is appreciable by you; and thus the soul might have a distinct perception of objects entirely different from yours, yet equally true. Your perception of an object, remember, is only your interpretation of, so much of the intermediate force as you have faculties to perceive—no more. That which you have no organs to perceive exists not for you, and yet it exists. You live in an invisible world, in which spirits with other faculties than yours perceive an indefinite number of realities which you have not only no faculties to perceive, but no power to imagine.

You must therefore recognise in the universe, first, the material element, subjected to the finite conditions of space, composed of excessively minute atoms unchangeable in volume and mass; second, the dynamic element, not subjected to finite conditions; third, the spirit individualised in space, and incompatible with any idea of form or definite limits.

"Spirit," I again said, "I have listened to you with reverent attention, and I think that I have attained some comprehension of this strange knowledge. I see the stars and the atoms, the forces which sustain and move the material universe, the spirits which inhabit the worlds or dwell in space: the whole universe is illuminated to my eyes with a new splendor, and I am dazzled by its grandeur and its beauty. But, Spirit, you have not yet shown me God."

Because, replied the voice with solemnity, not even the greatest spirits can comprehend the awful majesty of the Almighty.

He does not exist in any place; or rather He is nowhere more visible, more comprehensible, than here. There is not anywhere in the infinite a definite place where is fixed the throne of the Most High. The empyrean of your middle ages has no more existence than the Greek Olympus. Heaven, as a place, has no existence. The Almighty is a pure Spirit — or rather *the* pure Spirit, self-conscious, and conscious of every particle of the entire universe, without limitations, infinite, eternal, as really present at this moment here where I speak to you, as in the most brilliant stars.

The Infinite Being, the Cause of causes, the source of all that is, the author and sustainer of the universe, absolute, eternal, is incomprehensible to all His creatures. We may conceive that for Him there is neither space nor time, neither a Here nor a There, neither Past, Present, nor Future; that He sees all things that have been, are, or shall be. But all attempts to comprehend Him are vain: we can only bow in awe before His infinite majesty.

The Spirit paused long, as if in solemn reverence. Then he resumed his discourse.

Your mind has now received some idea of the infinity of space. But have you formed any adequate conception of the infinity of duration? Do you comprehend the grandeur of the idea represented by the word *Eternity*?

"Endless duration," I replied, "seems to me more difficult of conception than endless space. I can easily imagine myself arriving at a supposed barrier in immensity, perceiving space beyond this barrier, fixing a limit still further, and discovering space still beyond this again, without ever being able to attain a boundary which has no existence. But I confess, indefinite time, unbounded eternity, is an idea which appals and paralyses my imagination whenever I attempt to grasp it."

And yet, replied the Spirit, your fancy of a barrier perpetually advanced, is equally applicable to the idea of eternity. Let a period of duration be as vast as you can imagine, you can conceive it to have elapsed, and you must feel that duration will still continue. But remember that these are only ways of presenting the truth in a form that your mind can grasp; and that eternity as well as infinity is without measure.

In an eternity without beginning, without end, and without measure, the material universe produces measure and time by its movements. But these measures are relative only — they belong not to the absolute. If the earth revolved twice or a hundred times more slowly, your days and your years would be twice or a hundred times longer than they are ; but *to you they would be the same*. If the earth were to become a hundred or a thousand times smaller than it is, and your buildings and your stature were reduced in size a hundred fold, all things would remain the same to you : your standard of measure would still be the ten-millionth part of a quadrant of the meridian, you would see all objects under the same angle, and so forth. All your ideas, which seem absolute to you, are merely relative to your perishable planet.

In the measureless infinite, in the motionless eternity, material things pass — spirits remain.

The Spirit again paused — then resumed.

I am about to renew my flight and continue my journey. I have told you that I am traversing the sidereal universe from side to side, and my course is toward the constellation Ophiuchus. I shall return again to this point of space, and then back to my original place of departure.

But when I return to the region of space in which the solar system now floats — when my voyage shall have brought me back to this port where I have paused for an instant to commune with you — this port will no longer exist. To arrive at the furthest boundary of the sidereal universe, I have to travel a distance equal to that which I have traversed in coming thus far. When I have accomplished the object of my journey, I shall return in a straight line to the point from which I set out.

Now when I pass this region again, two hundred and seventy-seven billions, three hundred and eighty millions, seven hundred and twenty-nine thousand three hundred centuries — as you compute time — will have elapsed. At that epoch the earth will no longer exist.

Yes, this beauteous planet, now so teeming with life, so radiant with activity, on whose surface generation succeeds generation with such rapidity of change, this planet will be dead — more than dead — destroyed. Just as now she holds in her bosom the elements and marks of her origin, so she contains the germs of her decadence and her death. And not only the earth, but her companions: Venus, her younger sister, so like herself, and now the theatre of wondrous activities ; Mercury, ardent and swift ; Mars, whose conformation is so strange ; Jupiter, majestic in size and in motion ; Saturn, girt with a triple zone and attended by eight satellites ; Uranus, slow and venerable ; Neptune, whose years are centuries ; — all these worlds will have ceased to live. They will have lost all heat : water, air, liquids, gases, cohesion, affinity, principles of life and existence will all have vanished. Silent deserts circling through gloomy space, they will present nothing but masses of ice and naked rocks to the enfeebled rays of the sun. Winds, rains, falls of meteors, will have levelled the mountains with the plains, raised the ocean-beds, until the waters cover almost the whole face of the planet. The spots on the sun

will have increased in number, and that giant orb will have grown cool by its long radiation into space. First it will be noticed that the spots extend themselves into two zones on either side the equator, and men of science will have verified a sensible diminution of the solar light and heat.

After long ages this cooling-down will reach such a point that existing organisms will perish, making way for new creatures so organised as to live in the low temperature. But a time will come when the sun having changed in hue from white to yellow, and to dusky red, will cease to be the source of life to its attendant planets, and will shed upon inanimate masses a faint, pallid, sickly light. Days will then be nights; and summers and springs will be no more. The dead and dark worlds will still circle, like spectres, around the dying sun. Universal night will have fallen upon the system. During this time other suns, now blazing, will have been extinguished like your own, and new stars will have been kindled. Those which remain will have changed their place, and the constellations taken new forms. The seven stars of the Great Bear will no longer have the form of a wagon: by their relative motion they will have changed position so as to form a trapezium, then a triangle, and then a broken line: Orion, the glorious constellation of the south, will have been dismembered; the Three Kings separated; Rigel will be extinct, Aldebaran will have flown far from the Pleiades, Sirius will have lost his sceptre, and the stars of Hercules risen to the first magnitude. The heavens will have utterly changed their aspect, and the earth, decrepit, desiccated, will have crumbled into fragments which, scattered along its orbit, will still continue to circle around the corpse of the sun. Tiny skeletons revolving about a giant skeleton, aerolites bearing through the night the last ruins of a once inhabited world, they may chance to be crossed by some comet moving in a hyperbolic path, which catching up some fragments may scatter them in some far-distant system, whose inhabitants may regard them with wonder, but with no conception of their origin or history, as you regard the aerolites which fall upon your own planet.

This will have been the fate of the earth and its inhabitants when I pass this point of space on my journey back. All will have returned to dust.

As the Spirit thus spake, a shudder of horror shook the very depths of my soul. I saw the future—the stars strayed from their accustomed places, the constellations deformed, the solar system destroyed, the sun extinct, the earth—our fair and dear habitation—annihilated, and her place vacant in space. And as the Spirit spoke of these wondrous ages as one to whom time and age were unknown, I thought of my own soul, and atom though I was, I could not repress the terrified cry of my own personality—"And I?"

You? You are like myself, immortal, indestructible.

"*Indestructible!*" I cried, for the first time perceiving the wondrous greatness of this privilege. "But where shall I be a hundred years from now?"

In space: no one can leave it; it is infinity. You will probably still be in your own system.

"And in a thousand years?"

You will still exist.

"O Spirit," I said, "at the thought my soul trembles within me! And where shall I be in a million years?"

You will still exist in infinite space. And after a hundred millions of years you will be no older than now. You will then begin another hundred millions of years.

"Without the power of dying?" I faltered, appalled by the calm tone in which the Spirit announced these awful truths.

Immortal, indestructible, for all eternity. Do you now feel the worth of this divine privilege? Know that millions of millions of ages are *nothing* in eternity, in which *time is not*; and know that your existence is henceforth without possible end.

"Eternal life — without possible end!" I said, aghast, my spirit fainting within me. And I fell to the earth like a dead man.

THE PERIOD OF TRANSITION FROM THE ROMAN EMPIRE TO THE FRANKISH.

THE overthrow of the Roman Empire by the northern races of Europe, though it can hardly be said to constitute the real beginning of modern history, brought about those conditions under which alone that development of many social forces and independent nationalities which produced the present civilisation of Europe, became possible. Had the salutary influences of the new forces thus infused into civil organisation not been imparted to European life; had the whole of Europe been brought under the Roman yoke; had that dreary mass of inert despotism into which the great Roman State had gradually sunk, continued to prey upon itself and to stereotype, as it were, its evil tendencies: there could have been no further progress in civilisation, and Europe would have presented to this day the spectacle of another China. Or an Arabian tide of conquest might eventually have rolled over her and left her a great Mohammedan empire, somewhat in the condition of the many countries now ostensibly ruled from the court of Istamboul. Instead of either of these forms of stagnation we have a great diversity of governments, institutions, manners and customs, variety in the forms of national life and national character, difference in race, difference in language, and difference in literature, all tending to the greatest freedom and breadth of development in the human family at large, and to indi-

vidual independence of thought, if not of action. This we owe to the spread of the Germanic races, with some influences from the Keltic, over the face of Europe. The Greeks had given the world intellectual enlightenment; the elder Romans, social organisation, civic virtues, and the great principles of law. The Christian Church had brought into the life of the human family the hope of a better life for the individual when death should cut short the present, and along with this hope clearer and purer views of moral duty than the old creeds and the old schools of philosophy had ever taught, sanctioned with a sanction they could not give. The newly-settled races were to bring with them a fresh vital force, a strength of individual life, and a sense of individual responsibility, which neither of the great southern races had known.

But before treating of the overthrow of the Roman Empire and the settlement of the northern races in the countries Rome had once ruled, it is necessary to take a brief survey of the former history of these conquering tribes, of that condition of decay in the Empire which made its downfall so easy, and of those wars between the Germanic races and the degenerate Romans which ended in the destruction of the Empire.

The northern tribes who so long withstood the conquering arms of the Romans, and finally, in the time of the Empire's internal weakness, overthrew them and overran their territory, had emigrated at an early period, which history cannot definitely fix, from that extensive highland of Asia, marked by the Altai, the Ural, and the Himalaya ranges of mountains. They were a branch of that great stock of the human family called by philologists and ethnologists the Indo-European or Aryan. The Indian branch, using the Sanskrit language, migrated southward; the Pelasgian and Hellenic branches went directly westward, settled Asia Minor, the isles of the Mediterranean, Greece, and Italy, and gave birth in process of time to the Commonwealths of Greece and the mighty State of Rome; the Iranian or Persian branch remained in the parent country, and became in after days the vast unwieldy force which gave to the Greek world motive for activity and occasional unity; the Keltic and the Teutonic or Germanic branches passed into Europe by a northwesterly route; while at some obscure period, hard to trace out, the Slavic or Slavonic branch, the parent of the modern Russians, Poles, and the Lithuanian families, settled the north of Europe.

At the time then of Roman contact with the wandering tribes beyond the limits of the Republic, Europe was thus divided: the Kelts held Upper Italy and a large part of France, had amalgamated with the Iberians of Spain (a non-Aryan race), and were there called Keltiberians, possessed the Alpine region along with the Ligurians (also non-Aryan), and held the British Isles along with the Silurians (another non-Aryan people); the Germans held what is now Germany, Denmark, Sweden, and Belgium; the Slavic races held all the north-eastern part of Europe. With the Keltic tribes the Romans waged long wars through all the earlier part of their history, and subdued them so completely as thoroughly to incorporate their territory into the domain of the Roman Empire, with the exception of a few

remote, outlying countries, such as what is now known as Scotland. But they did not gain such large advantages over the Germans, though they conquered from them some provinces on the Danube and established border fortresses along the Rhine. The mountains and forests which interlaced and surrounded ancient Germany thoroughly protected her even from Roman discipline and Roman valor. But much of the credit of their freedom is undoubtedly due to the martial character and the passion for liberty of the Germans themselves. They were by no means mere barbarians. They understood the use of iron, and possessed money and the art of writing, three great elements of civilisation. They occasionally built forts; they dressed in furs and linen; they never disfigured their persons with tattooing; and in other respects they exhibited traits of character which indicate a considerable advance beyond the condition of savages. They worshipped the sun, fire, and water, and Odin or Woden as the Supreme Being, had no temples and made no images. To woman they paid a peculiar reverence. Some of the arts they had probably brought with them from their Asian home; others were probably derived from Greek and Etruscan traders. The Etruscans, before they were driven out by the Kelts and confined to that comparatively narrow territory which they held when the Romans first came in contact with them, held the entire valley of the Po, and there is now reason to believe that they carried on an extensive overland trade with the tribes who dwelt on the Baltic.

At the time of the final corruption and degeneracy of the Romans, the Teutonic race received Christianity from the great missionary bishop Ulfilas, who translated the Bible, or rather a large portion of it, into the Mæso-Gothic tongue. This was the first written record of the Teutons which has come down to modern times; and it exercised a great influence upon the condition and destinies of the race. The fact that they adopted the doctrines known by the Athanasian Christians of the Empire as the Arian heresy, had an important effect in determining their attitude toward the great Roman State.

Now let us examine the internal structure of the great Mediterranean State established by the arms and policy of the Roman Republic. When the anarchy which preceded Cæsar's day and indicated the passing away of those principles to which the Republic owed its existence and its energy, had been itself removed by the strong will and consummate statesmanship of that typical Roman, whose very military fame, great as it is, was only won that he might use it for the larger ends he had in view, that revolution in the Roman world was already consummated which we are accustomed to think of as resulting from the rivalry between Octavianus and Antonius. The Empire was established long before Augustus triumphed at Actium; and the death of Julius was but an accident in its relation to the character of the government. The new ruler was fitly styled *Imperator*, the name previously borne by the commander-in-chief of the army; for the government was now a military empire, the soldiers no longer citizens, and the once august Roman Senate a debating society, still majestic and dignified in outward aspect, but powerless for either

good or evil. Whether the Emperors were good or bad, the vices of the system went on increasing ; and the Empire took more and more under each succeeding prince the shape of an Eastern despotism. The Emperor was in fact a Sultan ; and the network of official plunder and extortion which surrounded the court had connecting links extending into every province in the Empire. Of course the exhaustive character of this peculiar curse of centralised governments increased in geometrical ratio from the centre to the farthest circumference : the weight of the burden rested most heavily upon the lowest round of the ladder.

Professor Seeley points out the fact that Roman generalship and Roman soldiery had suffered no decay at the time of the closing struggles of the Empire with the encroaching nations beyond its limits. "As in better times, the Roman arms were still commonly victorious. Julian, fighting at great odds, defeated the Alemanni ; Theodosius quelled the intruding Goths ; Stilicho checked Alaric and crushed Rhadagaisus ; the great Tartar himself, the genius of destruction, Attila, met his match in Aetius, and retreated before the arms of Rome." What then was the cause of the failure of Rome to hold its own against the races that beset it ? Seeley's answer is : "Men were wanting ; the Empire perished for want of men." He shows that this was the case from what we know of the composition of the armies, and even the tillage of the fields, under the later emperors. Even as early as the time of Julius Cæsar there was an alarming thinness of population in the Roman commonwealth. The cause of this remarkable phenomenon (other than decrease in population from incessant wars carried on by the Roman people, to which some significance must be attributed) was the growing distaste of the Roman gentry for marriage, caused by an extravagant estimate of what was necessary for comfort, and the natural accompaniment of such a repugnance for entering upon marital relations, excessive facility of divorce. Along with these evils, and as a consequence of them, came pestilence and famine. Official rapacity, proconsular tyranny, social vices, scant population, luxurious habits, and the easy distribution of entire populations from their homes to any part of the Empire, brought in their train a succession of plagues. Wasted by these, the Empire became more and more denuded of men. The spirit of Christianity offered only a passive resistance to the tyranny of the emperors ; and in all things not touching religious faith it gave passive obedience. It was on the whole an element of strength to the Empire, and probably prolonged its days ; for it gave unity to the Empire at a time when there was no other unifying element, and it helped the moral strength of the Empire by its work in purifying society. In fact, the mission of the Empire was accomplished when it had by its centralised forces given full extension to Christianity. It was not the office of Christianity to preserve it, but simply to use it. Such was the condition of the Roman world when the Teutons came down upon it, finding, it must be remembered, large bodies of their kindred already settled on Roman soil and incorporated among the subjects of the Empire.

In advance of the sketch I mean to give of this change from

Roman to Teutonic rule, I wish the reader distinctly to understand that the term Teutonic is always used here in its widest sense, and includes the larger part of those nations which have developed the civilisation of modern times. Europe may be said to hold but three dominant races at the present time, the Teutonic, the Keltic, and the Slavic or Slavonic. The British Isles are Teutonic, with the exception of the Keltic element in the Highlands of Scotland, in Ireland, and in Wales; for the Normans were Teutons, as well as the Angles, Jutes, Frisians, Saxons, and Danes, who settled England and the Lowlands of Scotland before the invasion of Duke William. France is half Teutonic, since the Franks were Teutons; the rest of it is partly Keltic, partly Latin. Spain and Portugal are Teutonic, with the exception of the Iberian and Latin blood which the Visigoths found there, and the Moorish blood which in later times was grafted on the Visigothic stock. Italy may be broadly stated to be half Italic and half Teutonic. The Germans and their immediate kindred cover all the rest of Europe up to the borders of the Slavonic peoples, whose head Russia claims to be. The Turkish grasp still clinging to the seat of the Byzantine emperors, and the mixed Hellenic, Turkish, and Slavonic blood of the eastern Mediterranean countries, are all that remain after this count. It will be seen that the Teutonic element immensely preponderates in the nations which have guided the destinies of Europe since the time of the last emperors of Rome.

When the weakness of the Roman Empire invited the Teutonic races to take possession of its rich provinces, and finally of the Eternal City, and the Empire itself, those races had already acquired stable internal organisation, much of the civilisation of the waning Empire, and the vitalising and ennobling influences of Christianity.

Marius had beaten back the first Teutonic power that swept southward. But in the reign of Augustus, the Romans under Varus had suffered a terrible defeat in the heart of the Teutoburger Wald at the hands of the Germans under their great chief Hermann. Yet the brother of Hermann, Tacitus tells us, had sought service under the Roman eagle, and risen to distinction as a Roman soldier. Thus, even at this early period, the Teutons were at the same time proving their prowess against the disciplined Romans, and themselves acquiring, in individual instances, that discipline which had hitherto made the Romans masters of the world. Through the reigns of successive emperors there were wars again and again with the Germans, incorporation of large bodies of Germans with the subjects of the Empire going on simultaneously with the warfare against the rest. In the time of the later emperors the army was almost exclusively composed of foreigners; and many of the most eminent generals of the Empire were Teutons.

During the reign of Valens the incursion of that race known as Scythians, Huns, or Tartars, always terrible to a people with any tincture of civilisation, induced the Romans to grant the prayer of the Goths and admit them as fugitives within the boundaries of the Empire. But these fugitives became in their turn formidable to the Romans, and the great battle of Adrianople resulted in the total discom-

future of the Roman army. Theodosius by his valor and policy somewhat retrieved the fortunes of the Empire; but the disastrous effects of the defeat of Valens at Adrianople were never removed from the shaken State. The Goths had found their way into the Empire, had gazed with curiosity and awe on the magnificent structures of the great cities, with eyes of desire on the wealth and splendor of the palaces and villas, and with scorn on the frivolous lives and luxurious habits of the Roman people. Henceforth they made inroad after inroad into the richest portions of the great domain of the Emperors.

The last Emperors of the West had the seat of their empire as often at Ravenna — then a great seaport city — as at Rome; and when Alaric was sacking Rome, Honorius was keeping empty state at Ravenna; and it was at Ravenna that his able general Stilicho (himself a Vandal), who had again and again contended with success against Alaric and Rhodogast, was put to death in consequence of a miserable court intrigue. Again, when Odoacer overthrew the boy Emperor Romulus Augustulus, of ominous name, and contemptuously gave him life and sent him to pass the rest of his days in Campania on a pension of six thousand *solidi*, because he pitied his youth and admired his beauty, it was in Ravenna that the Empire, as distinctively Roman, perished, and the rule of the Teutonic race in the south began. Yet Odoacer did not assume to rule in his own right. The idea of the Roman Empire was still respected by the race which was practically overthrowing it, and its unity was preserved in form. The Senate entreated Zeno, the Emperor of the East, to make Odoacer Patrician, and confer on him the government of the Italian provinces. Although the Teutonic leaders had repeatedly plundered the provinces, and Rome had been again sacked by one of them (Genseric at the head of his Vandals), the Roman Empire was not only obliged to regard their people as part and parcel of itself from having them within its limits, but it was even obliged to rely upon them for aid against the more terrible Huns, the Tartar tribe pressing down from the north and east. It had been only with the aid of the more civilised members of the great Teutonic family that Aetius had been able to stem the torrent of the fierce Slavonic irruption under Attila (the Etzel of the *Nibelungenlied*). The Emperor of the East was therefore compelled to accept the Herulian Odoacer, who, whether Teuton or Scythian, was at the head of confederate nations the greater part of whom were Teutonic, as his nominal deputy in the west.

Odoacer was himself, however, overthrown at last by the great Theodoric (the Dietrich von Bern, or Theodoric of Verona, of the *Nibelungenlied*, though his capital was really Ravenna). Theodoric, brought up as a hostage in the court of Byzantium, though afterwards taking his place as chief of his people on the banks of the Danube, had acquired both the hardy virtues of the Teutonic prince and the civilisation of the Roman courtier. He came into Italy as Patrician, a dignity conferred by the Emperor of the East, and was commissioned by the Byzantine court to deliver Italy from the tyranny of Odoacer. Getting possession of Ravenna, and slaying Odoacer with his own hands, he became, as Jornandes styles him, *Gothorum Romanorumque regnator*. Now it was that the Teutonic race began to

show how worthy it was of the new place it had taken in the world's history.

Under the rule of Theodoric the Goth, Arian though he and his Gothic subjects were, the Church enjoyed peace, protection, and even the bounty of the prince. The words of his minister Cassiodorus were in the very spirit of the philosophy of toleration: *Religionem imperare non possumus, quia nemo cogitur ut credat invitus*. [Religion we cannot command, since no man is compelled to believe against his will.] The old Roman law was maintained in its integrity, and was administered by natives. Of the two annual consuls, one was named by the Emperor at Byzantium, and the other by Theodoric. The study of letters revived, and the productions of the age long remained the representatives of Roman literature to the whole of Europe. Both Cassiodorus and Boëthius, the statesmen of the age, cultivated literary tastes and ably supported the literature of the ancient tongue. Cassiodorus wrote a history of the Goths; and Boëthius the famous *Consolation of Philosophy*, which was so great a favorite in the middle ages. Sidonius Apollinaris, the poet, also belonged to this age, and was befriended by the great Gothic prince. The art in which the Teutonic race reached the highest perfection, the princely art of architecture, which in the so-called dark ages was cultivated with such magnificent results as to make it alone a standing protest of the greatest force against the ignorant contempt with which that wonderful period of growth is commonly regarded, was even at this early day illustrated by the noble basilican churches with their rich mosaics which were reared by Theodoric in Ravenna, and still remain to attest the genius of the Goths—to say nothing of the numerous other architectural works, such as palaces, castles, aqueducts, and so forth, which history records him to have built.

After the death of Theodoric, hostilities sprang up between the Ostrogoths of Italy and the Eastern Empire. The military genius of Belisarius gave glory to the rule of the Byzantine Emperor Justinian, won back the Western Empire from the Goths, and gave another, though brief, period of power to the Italic race. The peninsula was divided into dukedoms and counties (territorial domains taking their designations from the military titles of their rulers), while Ravenna still remained the capital and was ruled by Byzantine Exarchs, until in the middle of the sixth century the Lombards (a Teutonic race) under Alboin conquered Northern Italy, which has ever since borne their name. The Exarchs, however, long ruled in Ravenna and over Southern Italy, after the establishment of this race in Lombardy.

As the Empire now gradually broke into pieces and fell apart in the west, though the east still remained subject to the court of Constantinople, the Church and the old Roman law (lately under Justinian codified by Tribonian and other learned jurists) alone kept alive the sentiment of unity among the nations of the west. The authority of the Bishops of Rome grew stronger than ever in the absence of imperial authority; the jurisprudence, which no Teutonic codes ever wholly superseded, remained in force for ages, partly under the forms of the canon law of the Church, to revive at a later period as the civil law, partly under the municipal forms which remained in force in

the many free or chartered cities of mediæval life, also to exercise their influence in aid of the revival of the civil law, which to this day prevails in most European countries, and has been largely introduced into the legislation of all English-speaking countries ; and, lastly, the municipal system itself, considered apart from its share in preserving the principles of Roman jurisprudence, exercised a mighty influence as a system of civil organisation wholly distinct from that of the northern races, and indeed antagonistic to it, resisting the yoke of the feudal system, and surviving to furnish in modern days the germs of constitutional government.

Among the Teutonic races, which had established states in the Roman domain, the Franks were at this disordered period the favorite of the Roman clergy on account of their adherence to the Athanasian creed. The Arian Vandal kingdom in Africa and the Arian Ostrogothic kingdom in Italy had perhaps perished the more easily from the fact that the ruling races were regarded as heretics by the subject population. The Franks were looked upon as true Christians, and hence were readily welcomed by the Roman Bishop and his whole Italian flock. They had, besides, under their leader, Charles Martel, beaten back on the plain of Tours the new enemy of Christian Europe, the Moors of Spain, then but lately masters of the old Visigothic kingdom of the peninsula. The Mohammedan people, of whom these conquerors of Spain were the African branch, partly Arab and partly Berber in blood, were then molesting every frontier of the Empire ; and the Byzantine Emperors found themselves so hard beset by the Saracens of the east, that they could give no aid to their nominal subjects in the west. The sword of Islam had by this time mastered Syria, Persia, all Northern Africa, the most important islands of the Mediterranean, and the Spanish peninsula, besides having besieged Constantinople and only been driven back by the terrible Greek fire.

Just about this time the Byzantine Emperor Leo began his attack against the worship of images, and at the same time that he raised a great tumult in the eastern church, he completely alienated that of the west. Pressed on the one hand by the Exarch of Ravenna, the Viceroy of the iconoclastic Emperor, and on the other by the Lombard king, Lindprand, the Roman pontiffs turned for aid to the Franks, as the only deliverers they could look to in this peril. The real head of this Teutonic race also needed the help of the western church at this juncture. He was not the nominal ruler of his people, and he wished to remove the feeble prince of the Merovingian (or Merwing) line from his throne with such sanction as Roman and pontifical authority could give to the act. This was done ; Childeric was formally deposed, and Pepin (or Pippin) elevated to the throne ; and to the old Frankish ceremonial of raising the chief on a shield amid the clash of arms was added the priestly anointing and the crowning with the Roman diadem. His investiture was complete, as far as Teutonic, ecclesiastical, and Roman form were concerned. For rule over his own people he did not need the Imperial sanction. In return, also, for the services which the Frank performed for him in freeing Italy from the power of the Lombard, the Pope gave him the title of Patriarch, a prerogative heretofore exercised by the Emperors alone.

Pepin's son, Karl the Great (or Charlemagne), subjugated the Saxons, completely destroyed the Lombard kingdom and made it a part of the Frankish Empire, and crushed the power of the Ávars on the Danube. Marching to Rome from the great domain which he had consolidated by victories on all its frontiers, he was welcomed by Pope Adrian and the Roman people as their deliverer. Still the nominal supremacy of the Byzantine Emperor was long acknowledged by both parties. At length, however, the hour seemed ripe for throwing off this empty allegiance. Charles by his conquests was ruler over all the nations of the west; the Pope of this period (this was after the campaign into Spain and the conquest of the Avars in Hungary), Leo the Third, was eager to have the Roman Church associated with a truly Roman Empire; and the Byzantine throne was filled by the beautiful, brilliant, and wicked Empress Irene. Charles, at the invitation of the Pope, marched to Rome with his army just victorious over the Saxons, and on Christmas day in the year 800 he heard mass in the basilica of St. Peter, and was there crowned by the Pope with the diadem of the Cæsars. The multitude shouted "Life and victory" to their Emperor; the nominal allegiance to the Eastern Empire ceased; and the Teutonic Empire of the West began. Read Mr. Bryce's fine description of this scene in his *Holy Roman Empire*.

Let it be remembered, however, that by the people of that age Charles was considered the immediate successor of the deposed Emperor, Constantine the Sixth. The throne of Augustus was, by the theory of the Roman people, vacant, since it could not be lawfully filled by a woman. They could not acknowledge the supremacy of the usurping Irene. They therefore resumed their old right of election, without impairing the continuity of the Empire. Such was the reasoning of the time, and such was the theory of jurists, scholars, princes, and the popular mind throughout the mediæval period. The theory of the continuity of the Empire was the great political fact of those days.

It was not until the time of Frederick Barbarossa that it was styled the Holy Roman Empire, a title which has been objected to as false in every particular, inasmuch as it was not holy, being often at enmity with the Church of the age; nor Roman, being ruled by Teutonic emperors sometimes not even crowned at Rome; nor an empire, since it was never universal in authority, but always disclaimed and treated as a nullity by the Byzantine emperors, who asserted themselves to be the true representatives of the Roman emperors. Besides which, nationalities soon sprang up in Europe independent of it; and perhaps at no period after Karl the Great's death were its claims to the universal allegiance even of western Christendom wholly undisputed. Yet it was, though incomplete and illogical in practice, as an idea a potent one through the whole mediæval period; and the mediæval theory of the unity of Christendom under one spiritual head at Rome, and under one temporal head whose capital was Rome and whose coronation generally took place there, was undoubtedly of immense value in counteracting the feudal tendency to split the many Teutonic peoples into separate tribes and innumerable independent baronies. The two principles were indeed com-

bined in the Empire itself, as is shown by the fact that most of the German emperors of the Holy Roman Empire were crowned four times, once at Aachen (or Aix-la-Chapelle), Karl the Great's Frankish capital, as "King of the Franks," and in later days "King of the Romans, always August"; the second time at Pavia, or Monza, or Milan as "King of the Lombards" or "King of Italy"; the third time at Rome as "Emperor of the Romans"; and sometimes, though not always, a fourth time at Arles as "King of Burgundy and Arles."

Seldom a complete and perfect Roman Empire, even in Western Europe, it still tended to give unity to the civilisation which the Teutonic races had received from the old Roman world, and unquestionably did a great work in preserving Europe from conquest by the Saracens.

At this point I leave the subject, having traced in its general outlines the history of Europe from the disintegration of the Roman Empire to the establishment of a new unity under Karl the Great. In the words of Mr. Freeman, I wish to make it clear that "as long as people are taught to believe that the Empire came to an end in the year 476, a true understanding of the next thousand years becomes utterly impossible."

With the great qualities of Karl, his achievements and his vast plans, his courteous and friendly intercourse with the illustrious Caliph of the East, Haroon-er-Rasheed (or Aaron the Orthodox), the schools he established, and the men of learning, Alcuin, Angelbert, Peter of Pisa, and Eginhard, he gathered about his court, I have nothing to do in such a sketch as this. It is enough to say that, as Theodoric the Goth was a prince worthy to be the first to exercise Teutonic power in the domain which became in time the true Christendom of the world, so Karl the Frank was a prince worthy to be the first to exercise that Teutonic power in conjunction with the name and authority of Emperor.

C. W. H.

NON DIU.

WOULD thou wert here! The evening shades are falling:
It is the hour so oft I've spent with thee:
And my fond fancy flies, beyond recalling,
From where I am to where I ought to be.

Yon distant vale appears a mimic ocean,
A mimic ocean with a rock-bound shore;
And in the pines the wind with solemn motion,
Breaks like the billows in unceasing roar.

How low man seems beneath yon argent planet;
How frail beside the everlasting hills
That plant their feet on the eternal granite,
And feed the rivers from a thousand rills !

Yet, while I gaze, the star stoops from the zenith,
The rocks are lichen-crustcd, scarred and gray,
The mountain wastes, the tottering pine-tree leaneth —
All claim our sympathy for their decay.

Earth's image and her superscription bearing,
We all to Earth alike our debt must pay :
O Love, O Truth, while all things else are wearing,
Are ye then all that will not pass away ?

I hold your hand, and while I hold, 'tis gone ;
Your form glides subtly from my vain embrace :
I can not choose but feel the skeleton
Beneath the soft and smoothly-rounded face.

Nothing abides ; all is in change diurnal ;
No anchor holds, no beacon marks the land :
Truths we thought graven on the rock eternal,
Are but the shifting wave-marks on the sand.

For that which is, is but a fleeting fancy,
And that which may be, bids us stand aghast,
And what has been — 'tis well no necromancy
Calls from its tomb the spectre of the past.

And all we feel is — One alone abideth ;
And all we know is — all things pass away ;
Until the time when all Earth's shadow hideth
Shall pass beyond to that Immortal Day !

THE STORY OF KATHERINE HOLLIS.

IN TWO CHAPTERS.

I.—HER DIARY.

AT HOME, *Sept. 9th.*

I HAD a letter yesterday from my Cousin Beatrice. It contained a series of surprises. First, it brought word that she was engaged, and earnestly too ; for in all the course of her four-and-twenty years of life and eight of flirtation she has never had her heart touched but once before, and that once seems very long ago, very far away ; far away, indeed, to Beatrice, who vows that it was not a real awakening in her life, only a passing dream, soon forgotten.

The second surprise is that Douglas Wallace is the accepted lover ; Douglas, the farmer, a tolerably well-educated, good-looking young fellow, as Beatrice had described him before, with nothing at all remarkable about him, unless an honest heart and ready hands are remarkable : let us hope they are not ! Not rich either ; few of our Virginia boys are nowadays, since the war. He is the nephew of Mrs. Thorpe Wallace, that old friend of Beatrice's father, who thinks so much of her, and who took her to the Springs with her this summer and last. The old lady is charmed at the match, and, surprises third and fourth, Beatrice is not only going to marry Douglas Wallace, but in one month's time, and at Mrs. Thorpe Wallace's in Richmond. She asks me to tell Mamma for her, and to say that she could not ask "Cousin Virginia" to trouble herself about her wedding, especially as Mrs. T. W. is so anxious to be "troubled" ; and she moreover implores, insists and demands that I shall come and be first bridesmaid. She says I *shall* put this household, "its duties and ways and hosts of children," behind me for a brief season, and rejoice in the days of my youth. It *does* seem like "hosts of children" sometimes, when Georgie wants a finger tied up, Mamie a doll's-head fastened on, Charley an assortment of rags for a kite-tail, Lou and Harry my assistance in algebra and French composition, while Jo at school is writing for boxes and frequenter letters from home. However, I am going to Beatrice's wedding. To think that she has lived with us so long, and now is not to be married from here ! To think that I must give her up, who has been a wise, funny, elder sister, caressing cousin so long ! Yet I am glad of what she says in her letter :—"I want to end this frivolous, flirting life, not by a brilliant, wealthy match ; I consider it a brighter, nobler end to marry a man because I like him, and not for any selfish consideration. We are not going to be rich, we are going to live in his five-roomed house, on a farm ; but I am determined to be happy, and I will be happy, and I ought to be happy, for there is no wrong or mean

motive for my marriage with him. I like him really and truly best of all men ; I am too cold-hearted, I suppose, to truly say I *love* him."

I can imagine the whole scene from the hints of their conversation and the place of it which Beatrice gave me. I can see her leaning over the gate in the moonlight, so pretty, with the prisoned, shining, golden gleam in her waving hair, her beautiful dark-gray eyes, her perfect face and form ; and I hear her saying, "Wait a little ! Liberty is sweet ; give me a little time in which to bid it good-bye. Oh, Douglas, you know if I put out my hand to you and say 'Keep it,' that I will never draw it back. Let me have time, then, before I do so ; only till the moon touches the topmost twig of that tallest tree — wait a little."

Then again, when he asked her if the "liking" she so simply professed for him was the best her heart had ever given, she said, "I *fancied* I loved somebody once : it was more than three years ago. I liked him in this turbulent, passionate way some people call love, but it was only a fancy. Now, I like you better than any one else ; you are almost the only man whose friendship I cannot willingly relinquish, and I am glad and willing to be with you always ; and all of this is real, and none of it fancy — are you satisfied?"

Yes, he is satisfied. Any man could be happy to call Beatrice his own, and take for his own the kiss of her rosebud mouth ; and I hope for them all happiness.

RICHMOND, VA., Oct. 5th.

Last night Beatrice was married. I was first bridesmaid, and waited with one of Mr. Wallace's cousins. Mr. Wallace is tall, well-featured, bronzed, and manly altogether. I like him very much indeed. Beatrice was beautiful. They were married in church ; and against the wall in one of the first pews I noticed, before the ceremony was half over, a gentleman standing and regarding us all with a half-cynical smile that could not mar the striking beauty of his face. I recognised him almost immediately. It was Dr. Jasper Kingsley, Beatrice's old lover and kinsman. He had visited her soon after she first came to live at my mother's ; it was three years ago, and I was quite a child then, but we knew each other at the first glance. I used to like "Dr. Jasper" very much. I never quite knew how Beatrice and he broke their engagement, or if it was not intended for a mere flirtation by one or both ; but he went away, and took some position on a ship bound for a three years' voyage, a friend of his being captain. Now that he has returned, I suppose he will settle down in his profession.

As we left the church after the ceremony, I looked at him and smiled in recognition. A bright look came to his eyes and lips in a flash ; and half an hour later, during the reception at Mrs. Thorpe Wallace's, he made his way to me and said, "See how far a smile has drawn me ! That greeting given to a wanderer by so sweet a familiar face has given me more pleasure than you imagine."

He talked to me very often during the evening ; he is staying in Richmond for a few days, and is coming to see me. How Beatrice

could forget *such* a lover, if he loved her, is wonderful to me. If he once loved her, and exercised all his powers of fascination, I should think that she would love him forever.

— COUNTY, VA., *December 18th.*

I have been staying with Beatrice and Douglas for a little while. Their home is twenty miles from mine, across country. I came in our carriage, and Dr. Jasper Kingsley, whom Beatrice had told of my coming, met me half way, and rode at the carriage-door the ten miles to my destination. He lives in Aytch village, two miles from here, where he has a fair practice already; and he comes to see me every day.

I am so glad he prefers me to Beatrice, full in her presence, so that I can be sure that he does not seek me because he cannot be with her. And oh! I am sure, sure, sure that he likes me, and I am as happy as a queen.

I think Beatrice behaves beautifully. She is devoted to Douglas, and follows him about with her charming, worshipful eyes; and indeed he is very good, oh, very good, so honest and noble — one's idea of man God made. She is very sweet and kind to me. I think she sees — woman's eyes are quick to see — that Jasper and I are going the way she walked with him before. Oh, sweet old way! Oh, love, divine and ever young — one of the fair immortals!

AT HOME, *January 17th.*

I noticed when I came home that Mamma received with disfavor my glowing accounts of Cousin Beatrice's charming home, and my talk of Jasper Kingsley. She remarked coldly that Beatrice might have presented to me some escort and knight better than her cousin the doctor, and that she had never heard any particular good of him.

And now — and now! Was it only yesterday morning that he came? I did not know that he was coming; and glancing out of the window as I sat sewing, I saw the well-known horse tied at the gate, and my heart gave a great leap, even before I saw the manly figure walking up the path.

I was all alone in the room; he came in and I rose up to meet him, feeling my face glow. He looked, oh, so handsome, oh so gentle and tender as his eyes met mine; and it was not five minutes before I knew his errand, how he loved me, and wanted me to be his wife.

He told me he thought I was good — I! — and sweet-tempered and affectionate and innocent — it is so dear to me, every word of his praise! He said he was irreligious and worldly-minded, and loved me all the more for the difference; and when, after all my contradictions, my trembling, hopeful words, we stood there with hands clasped, looking deep into each other's eyes, with flushing faces, the door was opened, and very pale and white my mother came in.

We both started, but he did not relinquish my hand, and I said: "Mamma, you remember Dr. Kingsley?" And she answered coldly and drily —

"I remember an old lover of Beatrice Kent's, a Dr. Kingsley."

"Madam," said Jasper, his handsome face flushed, "I must announce myself as your daughter's suitor. I love her most tenderly, and will truly honor and cherish her to the best of my ability. I hope you will not lightly refuse us what we *both* desire to make us happy."

Twice as well he said, twice as well.

My mother had seated herself, and she replied without rising —

"I cannot hope to make my daughter's happiness by giving her to you. You will pardon me that I naturally desire her happiness than yours. I can hope no good from such a union, and I decidedly and finally refuse my consent."

"Will you give your reasons, Mrs. Hollis?" he asked.

"I cannot give my daughter to an unbeliever," said my mother; "I could not hope for the blessing of God."

"But I am not an unbeliever," said Jasper, with wide-opened eyes.

"You are not a Christian," said my mother.

"But I believe in Christianity," said Jasper. "My life perhaps has not been faultless, but it has not been foul; in everything but experimental religion I consider myself on a footing with even yourself."

"You are not of us," said my mother, shaking her head, "therefore you are against us. This is a matter of duty and conscience, Dr. Kingsley,"—and I truly believe it was, and my mother is a good woman—"and with the conscience no man intermeddleth."

What else was said was vain and brief. My mother, with trembling hands but determined, pale face, kept her seat and began to work; and seeing that she would leave us alone together no more, Jasper walked to the door, and I at his side—our hands had never unclasped. As we reached the door, fearing that he was going forever on account of his anger at my mother, I lifted my eyes, and he asked softly —

"My dearest, when shall I see you again?"

"Come for me this afternoon, and I will go to walk with you," I answered; and then and there, before my mother, Jasper kissed me for the first time upon my forehead. My mother started, but did not speak. When I turned back into the room—oh, if she had only opened her arms to me, and let me talk it all over with her! But her ideas of duty were outraged, and she would not look at me.

She did not prevent my going out with him. The air was crisp and bracing, and we walked long, and came home when the horizon was burning dim and red, and the first faint stars shining in the pale sky. Why should I write all he said?

He is coming again to-day week; in the meantime I must try to move my mother. But to-day has been so miserable—so chilling on her side, so rebellious on mine; and the worst of it is, I know she is praying to God about it, against me.

AT HOME, *January 25th.*

Before Jasper came my mother and I had a long talk. Once she asked me if I thought I could ever do him any good if I proved myself inconsistent to my Christian profession in disobeying her, and

if I thought my conduct would have a good effect on him ; and I said : " Quite as good, Mamma, as to assume that phase of Christianity which cries out on all the people of the world, 'Unclean ! unclean !' which is ready to cast the first stone, being without sin ! " To think that I should have said that to my mother !

Then she asked too, " Katherine, I would like to know, for curiosity, just what you would do if I forbade you to speak or walk with him to-morrow."

" I — I should try to do my duty, Mamma," I said in a low voice. " It would be a cruel experiment. I am very weak ; I would recommend you to avoid the test " ; and I went to my room and frightened myself with my own pale face in the glass.

Oh, it was a dreary battle, ceaselessly waging in my heart all that day and night, and on the next morning I rose pale and wan, conquering, conquering myself.

Oh, sweet ! oh, sad ! to put my hand in his that day before I said good-bye ! And it was so hard ! The winsome face, the dear face, the pleading voice that said " Katherine, Katherine ! " He was angry, he was sarcastic, he was tender, he was compassionate ; for when he went away sore-hearted, he knew so well he left behind a love as deep as his own, a heart as sorrowful ; and neither of us is sorry or ashamed that we saw each other's faces for the last time, blurred through the mist in the eyes of both.

Once more I shall see him, once more ; in six months he is coming for my final answer. If it and my mother's are the same, if by that time she relents, then how happy we may be ! " But mine and my mother's will agree," I told him, " at any cost." And he said, " I care not a jot whether they agree or no, sweetheart, so that yours is yes." Ah, me !

II.—A LEAF IS TURNED.

A shaded light on a table ; Beatrice Wallace, with one hand supporting her head, reading thereby, and glancing from time to time towards the bed where her husband was lying in the same troublous sleep into which he had fallen an hour or two ago. A companionable, happy-hearted wife Beatrice had been during their brief wedded life, but scarcely a tender, devoted one until to-day, when Douglas had come in complaining of illness for the first time since she had known him, and after laughing off her anxious entreaties to send for a doctor, had gone to bed. She watched him as he slept with anxious love in her usually calm dark-gray eyes, uneasy at the feverish color burning on his bronzed cheek, his tossing sleep and suffering moans. At last she crept from the room, and opening the back-door, went across the yard to the kitchen, above which were the sleeping apartments of their limited corps of house-servants.

" Aunt Libby ! Aunt Libby ! " she said, calling and knocking ; and presently the feeble old cook put her head out of the window, saying, " What you want, honey ? I 'se just in bed."

" I want some one to go for the doctor for your master."

"Laws, my honey, I'd go myself dis blessed minute, but I's too ole and rheumaticky to walk dat far ; my ole bones-aint—is Mas' Dougkis sick much?"

"Yes, very sick, I'm afraid. Where's Jason?"

"He gone over to Mas' Jeemes Bradley's ; ain't going to be back fore morning. Mas' Dougkis let him go ; there's a wedding frolic going on. You let me come down and see my Mas' Dougkis myself ; I'se nust him sence he was a baby. I'll come right in and look at him, and see if he's so sick."

"Can't Liza go?"

"Laws, my mistis, Liza she's as scary as a nussing hen. She wouldn't go for nothing ; and she's got a toothache, and jes got asleep."

In a moment Aunt Libby had come down and opened the kitchen door, accompanying her young mistress to the house.

"He is sick, bress you," muttered the old crone in a mysterious voice ; "his Ma went off just so, took just that way. But laws bress you, my honey," seeing her mistress pale, "he ain't gwine to die 'fore morning ; you jest wait tell day, and Jase or Liza they'll go for you."

The sick man turned in his broken sleep and called his wife. Beatrice went to him, waving the old nurse back.

"What do you want, my darling?" she asked.

"What time is it?"

"About ten o'clock."

"I think you'd better send Jase for the doctor."

"Very well. Lie still and be quiet, you can drop asleep again presently. Aunt Libby," in a whisper to the old woman sitting on a stool near the door, "I'm going for the doctor myself. You stay here and watch my husband, and if he asks for me tell him I'm gone to see about the doctor ; don't tell him I'm gone for him myself. He will sleep nearly all the time."

"But laws bress me, my mistis, you can't go by yourself all the way to town," said Aunt Libby, excitedly, following her mistress into the hall. "'Tain't proper, nohow, black night and everything ; jest you wait tell morning. A lady wouldn't go after the doctor this away, my chile ; you come back."

"A lady does it if I do it," saith Madam Beatrice, throwing up her chin. "Stay there and be quiet, Aunt Libby ; I'm not at all afraid. If it'll ease your mind, you can *pray* for me while I'm gone, if you can pray without groaning. Good-bye. Take care of your master."

And she walked away.

"Of course I'd rather not," she said to herself as she stepped out into the dark road ; "but oh ! my Douglas, how good he has been to me ! How happy and good he makes me be ! Yes, I love him ; oh, I do love him, better than all the world ! Yes, I would do anything for him, and I will stop tormenting myself with these doubts, and doubts, and doubts." Her steps fell firmly as she walked the long brown road, a tall, fair woman, with uplifted head, set mouth, and eyes piercing the darkness before her. The two miles of country road were dreary and dark, but no nervousness attacked her until

she entered the village streets, passing one or two drinking saloons, and the flaring lights of a chemist's window, and fearing above all things to meet the wondering eyes of an acquaintance. She passed the swinging little sign before Jasper Kingsley's office, and rang the bell at Dr. Allen's, the oldest and most popular practitioner in town; and that gentleman, just returned from paying a visit, having seen Mrs. Wallace, took her with him in his buggy and set out once more.

That was the beginning of Beatrice's sorrow: a week of increasing illness followed, and fever-worn and wan, Douglas lay dying. His wife clung to hope in an agony, and his compassionate eyes turned to her in the lucid intervals between the delirious hours.

"Have I made you happy, dear?" he would ask. "You have been a sweet wife, and I have had you such a little time; it is hard to abandon you."

Again: "'Tis a weary and troubled world, at best, my dear, and full of parting and pain; but I am young, and love is sweet, and you will be all alone in the world. Still, if it be God's will, it is best, and I shall be happy with my Lord; he loved me, and gave himself for me; I trust him—only—poor little Beatrice!"

At last it was all over. Douglas lay calm and dead; the funeral train stood by his grave, and earth lay over the gallant, gentle breast.

After the first day or two had passed, Jasper Kingsley, in all kindness, stopped one day at his cousin's house, and went in to see her. In her deep mourning, pale and wan, Beatrice lay on the sofa, sobbing at intervals, with a half-braided slipper in her hand which she had meant to finish for Douglas's next birthday; and Jasper came in and found her so.

He lifted her from the sofa, and sitting beside her, took her hand in his, talking to her as comfortingly as he could. When Katherine's name was mentioned, Beatrice gave him her last letter to read. It contained no message to him, no hint of his name; her letters never did; the six months were to pass in silence. Still he looked with pleasure at the dainty handwriting, the loving, trustful words, until the silence was broken by a passionate cry from Beatrice.

"Ah me! ah me! my heart! To think that you two are going over that sweet, sweet old walk of love and happiness together, and I walk all alone forevermore!"

"It is not such a way of happiness," Jasper said, ruefully; "to think I cannot see her!"

"But you love each other, and all will be well at last: and I—I am left desolate! Oh, Douglas loved me! And ah me! if he could only come back to me!"

"He is happy where he is, dear Beatrice," began Jasper, feeling himself very little capable of administering the consolations of religion; but he was not called upon to say more, for Beatrice interrupted him.

"Do not tell me those cold, heartless things. Why did you not say, 'I am sorry for you, poor Beatrice!' That would have twice the reality in it. But you do not really feel for me. Just the old, selfish way of the world! You do not care for a soul but little Katherine now. Ah me, times change, times change!"

"Times change indeed," quoth Jasper, glancing at her. "You can remember that you used to be all the world to me, Beatrice; but you cast me off, and now all the world to me you cannot expect to be, however I care for you and sorrow for your sorrow."

"I wouldn't be all in all to you if I could!" cried Madam Beatrice, passionately. "Ah, my Douglas, tender and true, there is no one like him! I shall never have love or comfort from any soul again, such as he gave me. Ah, my cousin, be gentle with me! I am a weak, broken, foolish woman, and there is nothing in me worth your tenderness now; but be kind to me in remembrance of my own old bright winsome self of past days—days when I liked you, Jasper, remember, as well as you liked me!"

"This strange woman!" thought Jasper, as he drove slowly away. "Who ever heard of such odd talk? Yet no one can accuse a woman of flirting three days after her husband's funeral." And he whistled away care.

Yet Beatrice was a curious study; he kept going to see her again and again, trying to comprehend her; he could not understand her state of mind in regard to himself: she bitterly and passionately and tenderly deplored Douglas; she accused Jasper, flouted him, pleaded with him, talked tenderly to him. The old, mad, whirling days of excitement were over for both of them; Beatrice was a widow, Jasper engaged, and both four years older since their love affair, and yet they found their only delight now in each other's society, and were always together.

At length: Mrs. Hollis looks up from her plate at the dinner table, and remarks in a contemptuous tone: "They say over in Aytch village that the widow is being speedily consoled."

"What a mean, contemptible thing rumor is!" cries Katherine. "Poor, dear Beatrice, she is perfectly broken-hearted! Who do 'they' say is the consoler?"

"Her old flame, Jasper Kingsley."

Mrs. Hollis probably intended this for a painful but healing lancet stroke; it was instead only a heavy-handed blow, and Katherine paled and winced a little, though she spoke up bravely.

"Now I know that it is doubly false," she said.

"Take care, my dear: men are not models of constancy; he isn't going to mourn forever because you were overruled by your mother to send him away. You ought to thank me now. See how fickle he is—only five or six months ago and he was pretending to be wild over you."

Katherine smiled with a strong effort; but as soon as the meal was over she went away by herself.

"Do I not know that he loves me? Is not to-morrow evening the time appointed that I shall see him again? He will be here with his sweet, pleading words, and calling me 'Katherine, Katherine,' over and over, and entreating me to make up my mind to go away with him. Dear love! dear love! Oh, my Father, is the path of duty that little narrow thorny one? Ah, let me believe that the path leads to a golden, restful heaven, where this little life's sorrows will seem nothing worth."

A dreary lifetime the future appeared to little Katherine if she bade her lover good-bye. Her mother, all unsoftened by her submission, so long as that foolish tenderness she scorned remained in her heart: Jo's teasing, Georgie's and Charley's boyish mishaps, Loulie's prim, proper behavior always reproaching hers, Harry's demands on her pocket-money and patience.

This very afternoon Beatrice Wallace stood talking to Jasper Kingsley. It was a sultry August evening, a sunset of stormy cloud and crimson glory faded in the west, and the stars were twinkling forth, and by an open window in the dusk Beatrice, five months widowed, was talking.

"You are going to see Katherine to-morrow?"

"Yes."

"Have you loved her all this time then?"

"Of course I have."

"Ah, me! I wish to Heaven my own time could only come once more!"

"Do you remember our old time, Beatrice?" he asked, won on by the glamour of the wistful, fair face.

"Why should I, when you have forgotten?" she asked.

"And if I have not?" he asked, tempted to be foolish, and salving his conscience with the reflection that she must know that he was not in earnest after what he had said of Katherine.

"Tell me so then!" she said vehemently.

"I remember, of course," he said, more coldly, "and I shall never forget how untrue to me you were."

"I loved you, Jasper, I loved you more than I ever loved any one! And I—I have never forgotten!"

"Beatrice!" he cried, staggered and not over-pleased. But Beatrice had thrown her head upon his shoulder with passionate weeping, and after a pause Jasper recklessly put his arm around her and put his face down to kiss her.

"No, no!" she cried, burying her face in his coat-sleeve. "No man shall ever take Douglas's last kiss."

Jasper felt no inclination to press the matter, and held her very loosely in his arm. An overpowering sense of the humor of the situation made him bear it with far more equanimity than a man of a nicer sense of honor could have done. But he could not but feel that matters were approaching a crisis when the lovely widow raised her head at last, and said softly:

"Are you angry, Jasper? It was a foolish impulse. Kiss me."

One look into the dusky eyes, and resolve melted. That one kiss, and his fate was sealed.

"Oh, Beatrice!" he cried, the old passion for her asserting itself, "I would give heaven and earth to call you my own!"

"I have given myself to you," she said.

"But Katherine, poor little Katherine?"

"Poor little Katherine!" said Beatrice, mockingly. "Obedient, cold little Katherine! Do you imagine she can hold out against my Cousin Virginia? You don't know Madam Hollis. I lived with her before—before I was mar—you know! And you can't imagine

what it was to escape from her in the summer with Aunt Wallace. No, go to meet her to-morrow. She will reject you ; give her that poor little triumph, and then come back to me."

"And if she loves me?"

"She will not, I tell you. Oh, if she stands in my way I will hate her as never before one created being hated another. But if she loves you, dissemble, and return to me."

"I told her if her mother had not consented by this time that she must run away with me. Suppose she is all prepared?"

"Jasper, you will not leave me? You will not be untrue to me? Oh, if you marry her it will kill me! Promise me, promise—nay, I hate the very thought of her for crossing our minds. It will not come to *that*! Think of her no more now, think only of me."

Troubled as the fickle heart was, it cast off its burden easily, looking for a moment on the bewitching face on his breast ; and Katherine was forgotten.

A sultrier day than even the last, but a thunder-shower is coming up to cool the air. Ragged and dark the threatening cloud widens and deepens. Little Katherine Hollis stands under an immense pine tree watching the clouds and hearing the muttering thunder, and wondering if it will rain very soon, and if Jasper is near by now. She stands at the appointed trysting-tree, half a mile from home, on a seldom travelled road.

Yes, the storm breaks, the great drops patter slowly, the wind rises ; but the dense pine embowers her, and she does not fear to be wet. Ah! a long, loud peal of thunder and a quivering lightning flash, and the floods of rain descend. The old pine-tree is riven in twain by the lightning, and Katherine — only one thrill, so sharp, so short as not to be decided pain, and the elements have done their merciful work.

White and still she lies to keep the tryst, Jasper. The clouds have broken, the young moon shines through the trees, the birds are singing in the freshened twilight.

And no man knoweth what words she would have said ; and in no one's way does she stand longer, and no one's will may she cross ; and Madam Hollis mourns silently, and never quite decides in her own mind whether or no her little daughter's feet walk the streets of the golden city.

HENRIETTA HARDY.

SAN ANTONIO DE BEXAR.

IF peculiarities were quills, San Antonio de Bexar would be a rare porcupine. Over all the round of aspects in which a thoughtful mind may view a city, it bristles with striking idiosyncrasies and *bizarre* contrasts. Its history, population, climate, location, architecture, soil, water, customs, costumes, horses, cattle, all attract the stranger's attention, either by force of intrinsic singularity or of odd juxtapositions. It was a puling infant for a century and a quarter, yet has grown to a pretty vigorous youth in a quarter of a century ; its inhabitants are so varied that the "go slow" directions over its bridges are printed in three languages, and the religious services in its churches held in four ; the thermometer, the barometer, the vane, the hygrometer, oscillate so rapidly, so frequently, so lawlessly, and through so wide a meteorological range, that the climate is simply indescribable, yet it is a growing resort for consumptives ; it stands with all its gay prosperity just in the edge of a lonesome, untilled belt of land one hundred and fifty miles wide, like *Mardi Gras* on the austere brink of Lent ; it has no Sunday laws, and that days finds its bar-rooms and billiard-saloons as freely open and as fully attended as its churches ; its buildings, ranging from the Mexican *jacal* to the San Fernando Cathedral, represent all the progressive stages of man's architectural progress in edifices of mud, of wood, of stone, of iron, and of sundry combinations of those materials ; its soil is in wet weather an inky-black cement, but in dry a floury-white powder ; it is built along both banks of two limpid streams, yet it drinks rain-water collected in cisterns ; its horses and mules are from Lilliput, while its oxen are from Brobdingnag.

San Antonio de Bexar, Texas, had its birth in 1715. It was, indeed, born before its time, in consequence of a sudden fright into which its mother, Spain, was thrown by the menacing attitudes of certain Frenchmen, who, upon other occasions besides this one, were in those days very much what immortal Mrs. Gamp has declared to Mrs. Harris "these steam-engines is in our business," a frequent cause of the premature development of projects. For Spain had not intended to allow any settlements, as yet, in that part of her province of the New Philippines which embraced what is now called Texas. In the then situation of her affairs, this policy was not without some reasons to support it. She had valuable possessions in New Mexico : between these possessions and the French settlements to the eastward, intervened an enormous breadth of country, whose obstacles against intruders, appalling enough in themselves, were yet magnified by the shadowy terrors that haunt an unknown land. Why not fortify her New Mexican silver-mines with these sextuple barriers, droughts, deserts, mountains, rivers, savages, and nameless fears ? Surely, if inclosure could be made impregnable, this would seem to be so ; and accordingly the Spanish Government had finally determined, in 1694,

not to revive the feeble posts and missions which had been established four years previously with a view to make head against the expedition of La Salle, but which had been abandoned already by soldier and friar, in consequence of the want of food and the ferocity of the savages.

But in 1712, Anthony Crozat, an enterprising French merchant, obtained from Louis XIV. a conditional grant to the whole of the French province of Louisiana. Crozat believed that a lucrative trade might be established with the northeastern provinces of Mexico, and that mines might exist in his territory. To test these beliefs, young Huchereau St. Denis, acting under instructions from Cadillac, who had been appointed Governor of Louisiana by Crozat's influence, started westward, left a nucleus of a settlement at Natchitoches, and proceeded across the country to the Rio Grande, where his explorations, after romantic adventures too numerous to be related here, came to an inglorious suspension with his seizure and imprisonment by the Spanish Vice-regal authorities in Mexico.

It was this expedition which produced the premature result hereinbefore alluded to. Spain saw that instead of surrounding New Mexico with inhospitable wastes and ferocious savages, she was in reality but leaving France free to occupy whatever coigns of vantage might be found in that prodigious Debatable Land, which was claimed by both and was held by neither.

Perhaps this consideration was heightened by Spain's consciousness that the flimsiness of her title to that part of the "New Philippines" which lay east of the Rio Grande, really required an actual occupation in order to bolster it up. Pretty much all that she could prove in support of her claim was, that in 1494 Pope Alexander VI., acting as arbitrator between Portugal and Spain, had assigned to the latter all of the American possessions that lay west of a meridian running three hundred and seventy miles west of the Azores; that De Leon, De Ayllon, De Narvaez, and De Soto, in voyages made between the years 1512 and 1538, had sailed from Cape Florida to Cape Catorce; and that Philip II. had denounced the penalty of extermination against any foreigner who should enter the Gulf of Mexico or any of the lands bordering thereupon.

These were, to say the least, but indefinite muniments of title; and to them France could oppose the unquestionable fact that La Salle had coasted the shore of Texas westward to Corpus Christi inlet, had returned along the same route, had explored bays and rivers and named them, and had finally built Fort St. Louis on the Lavaca river in 1685. Here now, in 1714, to crown all, was this daring young Lord Huchereau St. Denis traversing the whole land from Natchitoches to the Rio Grande, and thrusting in his audacious face like an apparition of energy upon the sleepy routines of post-life and mission-life at San Juan Bautista.

This was alarming; and in 1715 the Duke of Linares, Viceroy of Mexico, despatched Don Domingo Ramon to Texas with a party of troops and some Franciscan friars, to take steps for the permanent occupation of the country. Ramon established several forts and missions: among others he located a fort, or *presidio* (Spanish, "a

garrison"), on the western bank of the San Pedro river, a small stream flowing through the western suburbs of the present city of San Antonio de Bexar, about three-fourths of a mile from the present Main Plaza. This *presidio* was called San Antonio de Valero. In May, 1718, certain Alcantarine Franciscans, of the College of Queretaro, established a mission under the protection of the *presidio*, calling it by the same invocation, San Antonio de Valero. It was this mission whose Church of the Alamo afterwards shed so red a glory upon the Texan revolution. It had been founded fifteen years before, in the valley of the Rio Grande, under the invocation of San Francisco Solano; had been removed to San Ildefonso in 1708, and again removed back to the Rio Grande in 1710 under the new invocation of San José. It had not indeed yet reached the end of its wanderings. In 1722 both the *presidio* and mission of San Antonio de Valero were removed to what is now known as the Military Plaza, and a permanent system of improvements begun.

Here then, with sword and crozier, Spain set to work at once to reduce her wild claim into possession, and to fulfill the condition upon which Pope Alexander had granted her the country — of christianising its natives. One cannot but lean one's head on one's hand to dream out, for a moment, this old Military Plaza — most singular spot on the wide expanse of the lonesome Texan prairies — as it was a hundred and fifty years ago. The rude buildings, the church, the hospital, the soldiers' dwellings, the brethren's lodgings, the huts for the converted Indians (*Yndios Reducidos*) stand ranged about the large level quadrangle, so placed upon the same theory of protection which "parks" the wagon-train that will camp this night on the plains. Ah, here they come, the inhabitants of San Antonio, from the church-door; vespers is over; the big-thighed, bow-legged, horse-riding Apache steps forth, slowly, for he is yet in a maze — the burning candles, the shrine, the genuflexions, the chants, are all yet whirling in his memory; the lazy soldier slouches by, leering at him, yet observing a certain care not to be seen therein, for Señor Soldado is not wholly free from fear of this great-thewed Señor Apache; the soldiers' wives, the squaws, the catechumens, the children, all wend their ways across the plaza. Here advances Brother Juan, bare-footed, in a gown of serge, with his knotted scourge a-dangle from his girdle; he accosts the Indian, he draws him on to talk of Manitou, his grave pale face grows intense and his forehead wrinkles as he spurs his brain on to the devising of arguments that will convince this wild soul before him of the fact of the God of Adam, of Peter, and of Francis. Yonder is a crowd: alas, it is stout Brother Antonio, laying shrewd stripes with unsparing arm upon the back of a young Indian — so hard to convince these dusky youths and maidens of the wide range and ramifications of that commandment which they seem most prone to break. Ha! there behind the church, if you look, goes on another flagellation: Brother Francis has crept back there, slipped his woollen gown from his shoulders, and fallen to with his knotted scourge upon his own bare back, for that a quick vision did, by instigation of the devil, cross his mind even in the very midst of vespers — a vision of a certain señorita as his wife, of a warm all-day

sunned *hacienda*, of children playing, of fruits, of friends, of laughter — “O blessed St. Francis of Assisi, fend off Sathanas!” he cries, and raises a heavier welt.

Presently, as evening draws on, the Indians hold meetings, males in one place, females in another; reciting prayers, singing canticles: finally it is bed-time, honest Brother Antonio goes round and locks the unmarried young male Indians into their sleeping apartments on one side, the maidens on the other side into theirs, casts a glance mayhap towards Mexico, breathes a prayer, gets him to his pallet, and the Plaza of San Antonio de Valero is left in company of the still sentinel, the stream of the San Pedro purling on one side, that of the San Antonio whispering on the other, under the quiet stars, midst of the solemn prairie, in whose long grass yonder (by all odds) crouches some keen-eyed Apache *bravo*,* who has taken a fancy that he will ride Don Ramon’s charger.

The infant settlement soon begins to serve in that capacity which gives it a “bad eminence” among the other Texan settlements for the next hundred years: to wit, as the point to which, or from which, armies are retreating or advancing, or in which armies are fighting. Already, in 1719, before the removal to the Military Plaza, the scenes of war have been transacting themselves in the young San Antonio de Valero. On a certain day in the spring of that year, the peaceful people are astonished to behold all their Spanish brethren who belong to the settlements eastward of theirs, come crowding into the town; monks, soldiers, women and all. In the confusion they quickly learn that in the latter part of the year before, France has declared war against Spain; that the Frenchmen at Natchitoches, as soon as they have heard the news, have rushed to arms with Gallic impetuosity, and led by La Harpe and St. Denis, have advanced westward, have put to flight all the Spanish at Adaes, at Orquizaco, at Aes, and at Nacogdoches; and that these are they who are here now, disturbing the peaceful mission with unwonted sights and sounds, and stretching its slender hospitalities to repletion. The French do not attack, however, but return towards Natchitoches. In a short time enter from the opposite side of the stage, that is to say from Mexico, the Marquis de Aguayo, Governor-General of New Estremadura and the New Philippines, with five hundred mounted men. These march through, take with them the men of Orquizaco, of Adaes and Aes, re-establish those settlements, and pursue the French until they hear that the latter are in Natchitoches; De Aguayo then returns to San Antonio and sets on foot plans for its permanent improvement.

About this time occurs a short and spicy correspondence, which for the first time probably announces the name of the State of Texas, and which explicitly broaches a dispute that is to last for many a year. The Spanish Viceroy in Mexico appoints Don Martin D’Alarconne Governor of Texas. Soon afterwards La Harpe leaves the French post of Natchitoches and busies himself in advancing the French interests among the Nassonite† Indians. In beginning this

* Sp. *Yndios Bravos*: Unconverted Indians.

† A tribe, or set of tribes, whose seat of government seems to have been a village called *Texas*, on the east bank of the Neches River.

enterprise La Harpe sends "a polite message" to the Spanish Governor, who thereupon writes :

"Monsieur:— I am very sensible of the politeness that M. de Bienville and yourself have had the goodness to show to me. The orders I have received from the King my master are to maintain a good understanding with the French of Louisiana ; my own inclinations lead me equally to afford them all the services that depend upon me. But I am compelled to say that your arrival at the Nassonite village surprises me much. Your Governor could not be ignorant that the post you occupy belongs to my government, and that all the lands west of the Nassonites depend upon New Mexico. I counsel you to inform M. Bienville of this, or you will force me to oblige you to abandon lands that the French have no right to occupy. I have the honor, etc.

D'ALARCONNE.

"Trinity River, May 20, 1719."

To this La Harpe makes reply :

"Monsieur:— The order from his Catholic Majesty to maintain a good understanding with the French of Louisiana, and the kind intentions you have yourself expressed towards them, accord but little with your proceedings. Permit me to apprise you that M. de Bienville is perfectly informed of the limits of his government, and is very certain that the post of Nassonite does not depend upon the dominions of his Catholic Majesty. He knows also that the Province of Lastekas,* of which you say you are Governor, is a part of Louisiana. M. de la Salle took possession in 1685, in the name of his Most Christian Majesty, and since the above epoch possession has been renewed from time to time. Respecting the post of Nassonite, I cannot comprehend by what right you pretend that it forms a part of New Mexico. I beg leave to represent to you that Don Antonio de Minoir, who discovered New Mexico in 1683, never penetrated east of that province or the Rio Bravo. It was the French who first made alliances with the savage tribes in this region, and it is natural to conclude that a river that flows into the Mississippi and the lands it waters belong to the King my master. If you will do me the pleasure to come into this quarter I will convince you I hold a post I know how to defend.

I have the honor, etc.,

"Nassonite, July 8th, 1719."

DE LA HARPE."

For several years after the permanent location round the Military Plaza no important events seem to be recorded as happening in San Antonio ; but the quiet work of post and mission goes on, and the probable talk on the Plaza is of the three new missions which De Aguayo establishes on the San Antonio River, below the town, under the protection of its garrison ; or of the tales which come slowly floating from the northward concerning the dreadful fate of a Spanish

* Lastekas, *i. e.* Las Tekas: *Texas*. The Frenchmen in those days appear to have great difficulty in inventing orthographies for these odious Indian names. The Choctaws, for instance, appear in the documents of the time as "*Tchactas*," the Chickasaws as "*Chicachats*," the Cherokees as "*Cheraguais*," and they can get no nearer to "Camanches" than "*Choumans*," or "*Cannensis*!"

expedition which has been sent to attack the French settlements on the Upper Mississippi, and which, mistaking the hostile Missouris on the way for friendly Osages, distributes fifteen hundred muskets, together with sabres and pistols, to the said Missouris to be used against the French, whereupon the Missouris next morning at day-break fall upon the unsuspecting Spaniards, butcher them all (save the priest, whom they keep for a "magpie," as they call him, to laugh at), and march off into the French fort arrayed in great spoils, their chief wearing the chasuble and bearing the paten before him for a breastplate; or of Governor De Aguayo's recommendation to the home government to send colonists instead of soldiers if it would help the friars to win the Indians; or of the appointment of a separate governor for Texas in 1727; or of the withdrawal of ten soldiers in 1729, leaving only forty-three in garrison at San Antonio. About 1731, however, an important addition is made to the town. Under the auspices of the home government—which seems to have accepted De Aguayo's ideas—thirteen families and two single men arrive, pure Spaniards from the Canary Islands, also some Tlascalans, and a party from Monterey. These set to work around a Plaza (the "Plaza of the Constitution," or "Main Plaza") just eastward of and adjoining the Military Plaza, and commence a town which they call San Fernando. They are led, it seems, to this location by the same facility of irrigation which had recommended the Military Plaza to their neighbors. The new colonists impart vigor to affairs. The missions prosper, Indians are captured, and brought in to be civilised whether or no, and on the 5th of March, 1731, the foundation is laid of the Mission of *La Purísima Concepción de Acuña*, on the San Antonio River, a mile or so below the town.

Meantime a serious conspiracy against the welfare of San Antonio and San Fernando is hatched in the northeast. The Natchez Indians wish to revenge themselves upon the French, who have driven them from their home on the Mississippi. They resolve to attack St. Denis at Natchitoches, and to prevent the Spaniards from helping him (the French and Spanish are now friends, having united against England), they procure the Apaches to assail San Antonio. St. Denis, however, surprises and defeats the Natchez; and the Apaches appear to have made no organised attack, but to have confined themselves to murdering and thieving in parties. These Apaches, indeed, were dreadful scourges in these days to San Antonio and its environs. The people of the *presidio* of San Fernando and of the missions on the river complained repeatedly (says the *Testimonio de un Parecer** in the archives of Bexar) that they cannot expand (*sin poder estenderse*) on account of "*las frequentes hostilidades que experimentan de los Indios Apaches.*" This great tribe had headquarters about the Pass of Baudera, some fifty miles to the northwestward, from which they forayed not only up to Antonio, but even as far as to Coahuila. Moreover, they manage (says the *Testimonio*) horses, firearms, and arrows *con mucha destreza y agilidad*. Finally the men of San Antonio and San Fernando get tired of it, and after some minor counter-

*Testimony of a witness: this document is hereinafter described.

forays, they organise an expedition in 1732 which conquers comparative peace from the Apaches for a few years.

Nothing of special interest is recorded as happening in San Antonio from this time until 1736. In September of that year arrives Don Carlos de Franquis, who immediately proceeds to throw the town into a very pretty ferment. Franquis had come out from Spain to Mexico to be Governor of Tlascala. On arriving, he finds that some one else is already Governor of Tlascala. Vizarron, Archbishop of Mexico, and acting Viceroy since Casa Fuerte's death, disposes of him—it is likely he made trouble enough till that was done—by sending him off to Texas to supersede Governor Sandoval, a fine old veteran, who has been for two years governing the Province with such soldierly fidelity as has won him great favor among the inhabitants. Franquis begins by insulting the priests, and follows this up with breaking open people's letters. Presently he arrests Sandoval, has him chained, and causes criminal proceedings to be commenced against him, charging him with treacherous complicity in certain movements of St. Denis at Natchitoches. It seems that St. Denis, having found a higher and drier location, has removed his garrison and the French Mission of St. John the Baptist some miles further from Red River towards the Texas territory, and built a new fort and settlements; that Sandoval, hearing of it, has promptly called him to account as an intruder on Spanish ground; and that a correspondence has ensued between St. Denis and Sandoval, urging the rights of their respective governments in the premises, which has just been brought to the point of a flat issue upon which to go to the jury of war when Sandoval is ousted by Franquis. The Viceroy sends the Governor of New Leon to investigate the trouble; and the famous law-suit of Franquis *versus* Sandoval is fairly commenced. The Governor of New Leon seems to find against Franquis, who is sent back to the *presidio* on the Rio Grande. He gets away, however, and off to the Viceroy. But Sandoval is not satisfied, naturally, for he has been mulcted in some three thousand four hundred dollars, costs of the investigating commission. He pays, and in 1738 files his petition against Franquis for redress of his injuries. Franquis, thus attacked in turn, strengthens his position with a new line of accusations. He now, besides the French business, charges Sandoval with living at San Antonio instead of at Adaes, the official residence; with being irregular in his accounts with the San Antonio garrison; and with peculation in the matter of the salaries of certain paid missionaries, whom Sandoval is alleged to have discharged and then pocketed their stipends. The papers go to the Viceroy, and from the Viceroy to Attorney-General Vedoya. In 1740 Vedoya decides Sandoval guilty of living at San Antonio, though it was his duty to be there to defend it against the Apaches; guilty of irregular book-keeping, though through memoranda it is found that there is a balance in his favor of thirteen hundred dollars; not guilty of stealing the missionary money. Upon the French matter Vedoya will not decide without further evidence. With poor Sandoval it is pay again; he is fined five hundred dollars for his "guilt." Meantime, some months afterward an order is made that testimony be taken in Texas with regard to the French

affair, said testimony to embrace an account of pretty much everything in, about, and concerning Texas. The testimony being taken and returned, the Attorney-General, in November, 1741, entirely acquits Sandoval. But alas for the stout old soldier! this is in Mexico, where from of old, if one is asked who rules now, one must reply with the circumspection of that Georgia judge who, being asked the politics of his son, made answer that *he knew not, not having seen the creature since breakfast*. Vizarron has gone out; the Duke de la Conquista has come into the Viceroyalty; and Sandoval has hardly had time to taste his hard-earned triumph before, through machinations of Franquis, he finds himself in prison by order of the new Viceroy. Finally, however, the rule works the other way: in December, 1743, a new Viceroy, Count Fuenclara, gets hold of the papers in the case, acquits Sandoval, and enjoins Franquis from proceeding further in the matter.

It was in the course of this litigation—a copy of the proceedings in which, “filling thirty volumes of manuscript,” was transmitted to Spain—that the old document hereinbefore referred to as the *testimonio de un Parecer* had its origin. In this paper San Antonio is called *San Antonio de Vejar ó Valero*: Vejar being the Spanish orthography of the Mexican *Bexar* (pronounced Váy-har). This name, San Antonio de Bexar, seems to have attached itself particularly to the military post, or *presidio*; its origin is not known. The town of San Fernando was still so called at this time; and the town and mission of San Antonio de Valero bore that name. In 1744 this latter extended itself to the eastward, or rather the extension had probably gone on before that time and was only evidenced then. At any rate, on the 8th of May, 1744, the first stone of the present Church of the Alamo was laid and blessed. The site of this church is nearly a quarter of a mile to the eastward of the Military Plaza, where the mission to which it belonged had been located in 1722. From an old record-book purporting to contain the baptisms in “the Parish of the Pueblo of *San José del Alamo*,” it would seem that there must have been also a settlement of that name. San Antonio de Bexar, therefore—the modern city—seems to be a consolidation of the *presidio* of San Antonio de Bexar, the mission and *pueblo* (or villa) of San Antonio de Valero, and the *pueblos* of San Fernando and San José del Alamo.

For the next forty years after the foundation of the Alamo in 1744, the colonists and missionaries seem to have pursued the ordinary round of their labors without unusual events; in point of material prosperity San Antonio seems to have led but a struggling existence. Yoakum* estimates the whole European population of Texas in 1744 to have been fifteen hundred, which, together with about the same number of converted Indians, “was divided mostly between Adaes and San Antonio.” The same author again† estimates the population of Adaes and San Antonio in 1765 to have been “hardly five hundred” Europeans, besides converted Indians, of whom he adds that there were only about seven hundred and fifty in the whole province of Texas. It was impossible indeed during these years

* *History of Texas*, vol. 1, p. 87.

† Vol. 1, p. 97.

that any legitimate prosperity could have been attained. Up to the year 1762, when France, to save Louisiana from the clutches of England, ceded it to Spain, trade had been prohibited by the latter between her Texan colonists and the French settlers in Louisiana, though some intercourse always went on in a smuggling way between the two, whenever they could get a Spanish official to wink his eye or turn his back; and even after the cession of Louisiana matters were little better in point of commercial activity. There were also restrictions even upon the agricultural energies of the colonists: they were, it is said, prohibited from cultivating the vine and the olive, and also from the manufacture of many articles. Indeed, the immediate necessity of settlements having passed away with the removal of the danger of French occupation, the old policy of Spain seems to have been resumed in full force, that of keeping her provinces around New Mexico and Mexico impenetrable wastes, as barriers against enterprising neighbors.

Nor was the spiritual prosperity much greater. The arduous toils and sublime devotions of the Franciscan brethren bore but moderate fruit. Father Marest had declared in 1712 that the conversion of the Indians was "a miracle of the Lord's mercy," and that it was "necessary first to transform them into men, and afterward to labor to make them Christians." These noble brothers too had reason to believe in the inhumanity of the Indians. They could remember the San Saba Mission, where, in 1758, the Indians had fallen upon the people and massacred every human being, lay and clerical; and here, in 1785, they could see for themselves the company of San Carlos de Parras driven by the fierce Camanches to place their quarters within the enclosure of the Alamo.

In 1783-5 San Antonio de Valero ceased to be a mission. For some reason it had become customary to send whatever captive Indians were brought in to the missions below the town for Christianisation. The town, however, which had been built up about the mission buildings, remained, having a separate alcalde, and an organisation politically and religiously distinct from that of San Antonio de Bexar and San Fernando for some years longer. In 1790 the population around the Alamo was increased by the addition of the people from the Presidio de los Adaes; this post was abandoned, and its inhabitants were provided with lands which had been the property of the mission of San Antonio de Valero, lying in the neighborhood of the Alamo, to the north. "The upper *labor** of the Alamo," says Mr. Giraud, the present mayor of the city, in an interesting note which constitutes Appendix iv. of Yoakum's *History of Texas*, "... is still commonly called by the old inhabitants the *labor de los Adaesños*." These mission lands about the Alamo seem to have ceased to be such about this time, and to have been divided off to the mission-people, each of whom received a portion, with fee-simple title. In 1793 the distinct religious organisation of the Mission of San Antonio de Valero terminated, and it was aggregated to the curacy of the town of San Fernando and the *presidio* of San Antonio

**Labor*: a Spanish land-measure of about one hundred and seventy-seven acres.

de Bexar ; as appears by the following note which is found on the last page of an old record-book of baptisms in the archives of Bexar :—

“On the 22d day of August, 1793, I passed this book of the records of the *pueblo* of San Antonio de Valero to the archives of the curacy of the town of San Fernando and *presidio* of San Antonio de Bexar, by order of the most illustrious Señor Dr. Don Andres de Llanos y Valdez, most worthy bishop of this diocese, dated January 2d, of the same year, by reason of said *pueblo* having been aggregated to the curacy of Bexar ; and that it may be known, I sign it.

“FR. JOSE FRANCISCO LOPEZ, *Parroco*.”

In the year 1800 San Antonio began to see a new sort of prisoners brought in. Instead of captive Indians, here arrived a party of eleven Americans* in irons, who were the remainder of a company with which Philip Nolan, a trader between Natchez and San Antonio, had started out, and who, after a sharp fight with one hundred and fifty Spanish soldiers in which Nolan was killed, had been first induced to return to Nacogdoches, and there treacherously manacled and sent to prison at San Antonio. Again, in 1805, three Americans are brought in under guard. In this year, too, matters begin to be a little more lively in the town. Spain's neighbor on the east is not now France ; for in 1803 Louisiana has been formally transferred to the United States. There is already trouble with the latter about the boundary line betwixt Louisiana and Texas. Don Antonio Cordero, the new Governor of Texas, has brought on a lot of troops through the town, and fixed his official residence here ; and troops continue to march through *en route* to Natchitoches, where the American General Wilkinson is, menacing the border. Again, in 1807, Lieutenant Zebulon M. Pike, of the United States army, passes through town in charge of an escort. Lieutenant Pike has been sent to explore the Arkansas and Red rivers, and to treat with the Camanches, has been apprehended by the Spanish authorities in New Mexico, carried to Santa Fé, and is now being escorted home.

At this time there are four hundred troops in San Antonio, in quarters near the Alamo. Besides these, the town has about two thousand inhabitants, mostly Spaniards and Creoles, the remainder Frenchmen, Americans, civilised Indians, and half-breeds. New settlers have come in ; and what with army officers, the Governor's people, the clergy, and prominent citizens, society begins to form and to enjoy itself. The Governor, Father McGuire, Colonel Delgado, Captain Ugarte, Doctor Zerbin, dispense hospitalities and adorn social meetings. There are, in the evenings, levees at the Governor's ; sometimes Mexican dances on the Plaza, at which all assist ; and frequent and prolonged card-parties.

But these peaceful scenes do not last long. In 1811 the passers across the San Antonio river between the Alamo and the Main Plaza behold a strange sight : it is the head of a man stuck on a pole, there, in bloody menace against rebels. This head but yesterday was

*Americans, *i. e.* United States people ; in which sense, to avoid the awkwardness of the only other equivalent terms, I shall hereafter use the word.

on the shoulders of Colonel Delgado, a flying adherent of Hidalgo, in Mexico: Hidalgo, initiator of how long a train of Mexican revolutions! having been also put to death in Chihuahua. It was not long before this blood was (as from of old) washed out with other blood. Bernardo Gutierrez, a fellow-rebel of the unfortunate Delgado, escaped to Natchitoches, and met young Magee, an officer of the United States army. In a short time the two had assembled a mixed force of American adventurers and rebellious Mexican republicans, had driven the Spanish troops from Nacogdoches, marched into Texas, captured the fort and supplies at La Bahia, enlisted its garrison, and sustained a siege there which the enemy was finally compelled to abandon with loss. It was in March, 1813, that the Spanish besieging force set out on its retreat up the river to San Antonio. Gutierrez — Magee having committed suicide in consequence of mortification at the indignant refusal of the troops to accept a surrender which he had negotiated soon after the beginning of the siege — determined to pursue. On the 28th of March he crossed the Salado, *en route* to San Antonio, with a force consisting of eight hundred Americans under Colonel Kemper, one hundred and eighty Mexicans led by Manchaco,* under Colonel James Gaines, three hundred Lipan and Twowokana Indians, and twenty-five Cooshattie Indians. Marching along the bank of the San Antonio river, with the left flank protected by the stream, this motley army arrived within nine miles of San Antonio, when the riflemen on the right suddenly discovered the enemy ambushed in the chaparral on the side of a ridge. Here the whole force that Governor Salcedo could muster had been posted, consisting of about fifteen hundred regular troops and a thousand militia. To gain time to form, the Indians were ranged to receive the opening charge of the Spanish cavalry; the enemy meantime having immediately formed along the crest of the ridge, with twelve pieces of artillery in the centre. The Indians broke at the first shock; only the Cooshatties and a few others stood their ground. These received two other charges, in which they lost two killed and several wounded. The Americans had now made their dispositions, and proceeded to execute them with matchless coolness. They charged up the hill, stopped at thirty yards of the enemy's line, fired three rounds, loaded, then charged again, and straightway the slope towards San Antonio was dotted with Spanish fugitives, whom the Indians pursued and butchered regardless of quarter. The Spanish commander, who had pledged sword and head to Governor Salcedo that he would kill and capture the American army, could not endure the sting of his misfortune. He spurred his horse upon the American ranks, attacked Major Ross, then Colonel Kemper, and while in the act of striking the latter was shot by private William Owen. The Spanish loss is said to have been near a thousand killed and wounded.

Next day the Americans advanced to the outskirts of San Antonio and demanded a surrender. Governor Salcedo desired to parley, to delay. A second demand was made — peremptory. Governor Salcedo then marched out with his staff. He presented his sword to Captain Taylor; Taylor refused, and referred him to Col. Kemper.

*A promiaent Mexican, of Texas, of strong but uncultivated intellect.

Presenting to Col. Kemper, he was in turn referred to Gutierrez. No, not to that rebel! Salcedo thrust his sword into the ground, whence Gutierrez drew it. The victors got stores, arms, and treasure. Seventeen American prisoners in the Alamo were released and armed. The troops were paid—receiving a bonus of fifteen dollars each in addition to wages—clothed and mounted out of the booty. The Indians were not forgotten in the distribution; they “were supplied,” says Yoakum, “with two dollars’ worth of vermilion, together with presents of the value of a hundred and thirty dollars, and sent away rejoicing.”

And now flowed the blood that must answer that which dripped down the pole from poor Col. Delgado’s head. Shortly after the victory, Captain Delgado, a son of the executed rebel, falls upon his knees before Gutierrez, and demands vengeance upon the prisoner, Governor Salcedo, who apprehended and executed his father. Gutierrez arrays his army, informs them that it would be safe to send Salcedo and staff to New Orleans, and that it so happens that vessels are about to sail for that port from Matagorda Bay. The army consents (we are so fearfully and wonderfully republican in these days: *the army* consents) that the prisoners be sent off as proposed. Capt. Delgado, with a company of Mexicans, starts in charge, ostensibly *en route* for Matagorda Bay. There are fifteen of the distinguished captives: Governor Salcedo of Texas, Governor Herrera of New Leon, Ex-Governor Cordero, whom we last saw holding levees in San Antonio, several Spanish and Mexican officers, and one citizen. Delgado gets his prisoners a mile and a half from town, halts them on the bank of the river, strips them, ties them, and cuts the throat of every man: “some of the assassins,” says Col. Navarro, whetting “their knives upon the soles of their shoes in presence of their victims.”

The town of San Antonio must have been anything but a pleasant place for peaceful citizens during the next two months. Col. Kemper, who was really the commanding officer of the American army, refused further connection with those who could be guilty of such barbarity, and left, with other American officers. Their departure left in the town an uncontrolled body of troops who feared neither God nor man; and these immediately proceeded to avail themselves of the situation by indulging in all manner of riotous and lawless pleasures. With the month of June, however, came Don Elisondo from Mexico with an army of royalists, consisting of about three thousand men, half of whom were regular troops. His advance upon San Antonio seems to have been a complete surprise, and to have been only learned by the undisciplined republican army in the town, together with the fact that he had captured their horses, which had been out grazing, and killed part of the guard which was protecting the *caballada*. If Elisondo had marched straight on into town, his task would probably have been an easy one. But he committed the fatal mistake of encamping a short distance from the suburbs, where he threw up two bastions with a curtain between, on a ridge near the river Alazon.

Meantime the republican army in the town recovered from the confusion into which they had been thrown by the first intelligence of

Elisondo's proximity, and organised themselves under Gutierrez and Captain Perry. It was determined to anticipate the enemy's attack. Ingress and egress were prohibited, the sentinels doubled, and all the cannon spiked except four field-pieces. In the darkness of the night of June 4th the Americans marched quietly out of town, by file, to within hearing of the enemy's pickets, and remained there until the enemy was heard at matins. The signal to charge being given—a cheer from the right of companies—the Americans advanced, surprised and captured the pickets in front, mounted the enemy's work, lowered his flag and hoisted their own, before they were fairly discovered through the dim dawn. The enemy struggled hard, however, and compelled the Americans to abandon the works. The latter charged again, and this time routed the enemy completely. The royalist loss is said to have been about a thousand in killed, wounded and prisoners; and that of the Americans, ninety-four killed and mortally wounded.

For some reason Gutierrez was now dismissed from the leadership of the army (we republican soldiers decapitate our commanders very quickly if they please us not!), and shortly afterwards troops and citizens went forth in grand procession to welcome Don José Alvarez Toledo, a distinguished republican Cuban who had been forwarding recruits from Louisiana to San Antonio; and having escorted him into town with much ceremony, elected him commander-in-chief of the Republican Army of the North. Toledo immediately organised a government; but the people of San Antonio enjoyed the unaccustomed blessing of civil law only a little while.

In a few days enter, from over the Mexican border, Gen. Arredondo, with the remnant of Elisondo's men and some fresh troops, about four thousand in all, *en route* for San Antonio. Toledo marches out to meet him with about twenty-five hundred men, one-third of whom are Americans, the balance Mexicans under Manchaco; and on the 18th of August, 1813, they come together. Arredondo decoys him into an ingenious *cul de sac* which he has thrown up, just south of the Medina River, and has concealed by cut bushes; and pours such a murderous fire of cannon and small arms upon him, that in spite of the gallantry of the right wing where the Americans are, the retreat which Toledo has ordered too late becomes a mere rout, and the republican army is butchered without mercy. One batch of seventy or eighty fugitives is captured by the pursuing royalists, tied, set by tens upon a log laid across a great grave, and shot!

On the 20th Arredondo enters San Antonio in great triumph, and straightway proceeds to wreak fearful vengeance upon the unhappy town for the massacre of his brother governors. Seven hundred citizens are thrown into prison. During the night of the 20th eighteen die of suffocation out of three hundred who are confined in one house. These only anticipate the remainder, who are shot, without trial, in detachments. Five hundred republican women are imprisoned in a building on the present site of the post-office, derisively termed the *Quinta*, and compelled to make up twenty-four bushels of corn into *tortillas* every day for the royalist army. Having thus sent up a sweet savor of revenge to the spirits of the mur-

dered Salcedo, Cordero, Herrera, and the others, Arredondo finally gathers their bones together and buries them. In all this blood the prosperity of San Antonio was drowned. To settlers it offered no inducements; to most of its former citizens it held out nothing but terror; and it is described as almost entirely abandoned in 1816.

In December, 1820, arrived a person in San Antonio who, though not then known as such, was really a harbinger of better times. This was Moses Austin, of Connecticut. He came to see Governor Martinez, with a view of bringing a colony to Texas. The two, with the Baron de Bastrop, put in train the preliminary application for permission to Arredondo, Commandant-General at Monterey. Austin, it is true, died soon afterwards; but he left his project to his son Stephen F., who afterwards carried it out with a patience that amounted to genius and a fortitude that was equivalent to the favor of Heaven.

On the 24th of August, 1821, Don Juan O'Donojú and Iturbide entered into the Treaty of Córdoba, which substantially perfected the separation of Mexico from the mother-country. When the intelligence of this event had spread, the citizens of San Antonio returned. Moreover, about this time a tide of emigration began to set towards Texas. The Americans who had composed part of the army of Gutierrez had circulated fair reports of the country. In 1823 San Antonio is said to have had five thousand inhabitants; though the Camanches appear still to have had matters all their own way when they came into town, as they frequently did, to buy beads and other articles with skins of deer and buffalo. One would find this difficult to believe, but reasoning *a priori*, it is rendered probable by the fact that in the decree of the Federal Congress of Mexico of the 24th of August, 1826, to provide for raising troops to serve in Coahuila and Texas as frontier defenders, it is ordered that out of the gross levies there shall be first preferred for military service "*los vagos y mal entretenidos*," vagrant and evil-disposed persons; and *a posteriori*, it is quite confirmed by the experience of Olmsted in San Fernando (a considerable town west of the Rio Grande) so late as 1854, where he found the Indians "lounging in and out of every house . . . with such an air as indicated they were masters of the town. They entered every door," adds Olmsted, "fell on every neck, patted the women on the cheek, helped themselves to whatever suited their fancy, and distributed their scowls or grunts of pleasure according to their sensations."

In the year 1824 a lot of French merchants passed through San Antonio *en route* to Santa Fé on a trading expedition. Some distance from town their pack-animals were all stolen by Indians; but they managed to get carts and oxen from San Antonio, and so conveyed their goods finally to Santa Fé, where they sold them at an immense profit. In 1831 the Bowie brothers, Rezin P. and James, organised in San Antonio their expedition in search of the old reputed silver mines at San Saba Mission. In the course of this unlucky venture occurred their famous Indian fight, where the two Bowies, with nine others, fought a pitched battle with one hundred and sixty-four Indians who had attacked them with arrow,

with rifle, and with fire from sundown to sunset, killing and wounding eighty-four. They then fortified their position during the night, maintained it for eight days afterwards, and finally returned to San Antonio with their horses and three wounded comrades, leaving one man killed.

It is related that in 1832 a Camanche Indian attempted to abduct a Shawnee woman in San Antonio. She escaped him, joined a party of her people who were staying some thirty-five miles from town, and informed them where the Camanches (of whom five hundred had been in town for some purpose) would probably camp. The Shawnees ambushed themselves at the spot indicated. The Camanches came on and stopped as expected: the Shawnees poured a fire into them, and repeated it as they continually rallied, until the Camanches abandoned the contest with a loss of one hundred and seventy-five dead.

Early in 1833 (or perhaps late in December 1832) arrives in San Antonio for the first time one who is to be called the father of his country. This is Sam Houston. He comes in company with the famous James Bowie, son-in-law of Vice-Governor Veramendi, and holds a consultation with the Camanche chiefs here, to arrange a meeting at Cantonment Gibson with a view to a treaty of peace. Meantime trouble is brewing. Young Texas does not get on well with his mother. What seems to hurt most is the late union of Texas with Coahuila. This we cannot stand. Stephen F. Austin goes to the City of Mexico with a memorial on the subject to the federal government. He writes from there to the municipality of San Antonio, Oct. 2d, 1833, informing the people that their request is likely to be refused, and advising them to make themselves ready for that emergency. The municipality hand this letter over to Vice-President Farias, who, already angry with Austin on an old account, arrests him on his way home and throws him in prison, back in the city of Mexico.

In October, 1834, certain people in San Antonio hold what Yoakum calls "the first strictly revolutionary meeting in Texas;" for Santa Ana has *pronounced*, and got to be at the head of affairs, and he refuses to separate Texas from Coahuila. So, through meetings all over the State; through conferences of citizen deputations with Col. Ugartochea, Mexican Commandant at San Antonio, for the purpose of explaining matters; through confused arguments and resolutions of the peace party and the war party; through confused rumors of the advance of Mexican General Cos with an army; through squabbling and wrangling and final fighting over the cannon that had been lent by the Post of Bexar to the people of Gonzalez; through all manner of civic trouble consequent upon the imprisonment of Governor Viesca of Texas by Santa Ana, and the suspension of the progress of the civil law machine, we come to the time when the committee of San Felipe boldly cry: "*Let us take Bexar and drive the Mexican soldiery out of Texas!*" and presently, here, on the 28th of October, 1835, is General Cos with his army in San Antonio, fortifying for dear life, while yonder is Austin with a thousand Texans, at Mission Concepcion, a mile and a half down the river below town, where Fannin and Bowie with ninety men in advance have a few

hours before waged a brilliant battle with four hundred Mexicans, capturing their field-piece, killing and wounding a hundred or more, and driving the rest back to town.

General Austin believes, it seems, that Cos will surrender without a battle; and so remains at Concepcion till November 2d, then marches up past the town on the east side, encamps four or five days, marches down on the west side, displays his forces on a hill side *in terrorem*, sends in a demand for surrender—and is flatly answered *no*. He resolves to lay siege. The days pass slowly, the enemy will not come out though allured with all manner of military enticements, and the army has no “fun,” with the exception of one small skirmish, until the 26th, when “Deaf” Smith* discovers a party of a hundred Mexican troops, who have been sent out to cut prairie-grass for the horses in town, and reporting them in camp, brings on what is known as the “grass-fight.” Colonel James Bowie attacks with a hundred mounted men; both sides are quickly reinforced, and a sharp running fight is kept up until the enemy get back to town; the Texans capturing seventy horses and killing some fifty of the enemy, with a loss of but two wounded and one missing. Meantime discontents arise. On the day before the “grass-fight” Austin resigns, having been appointed Commissioner to the United States, and Edward Burleson is elected by the army to the command. General Burleson, for some reason, seems loth to storm. Moreover, one Dr. James Grant seduces a large party with a wild project to leave San Antonio and attack Matamoros, when he declares that the whole of Mexico will rise and overwhelm Santa Ana; and on the 29th of November it is actually announced that two hundred and twenty-five men are determined to start the next morning.

But they do not start. It is whispered the town will be stormed. On the 3d of December, Smith, Holmes, and Maverick escape from San Antonio, and give the Texan commander such information as apparently determines him to storm. Volunteers are called for to attack early next morning; all day and all night of that December 3d the men make themselves ready, and long for the moment to advance: when here comes word from the General’s quarters that the attack is put off! Chagrin and indignation prevail on all sides. On the morning of the 4th there is open disobedience of orders; whole companies refuse to parade. Finally, when on the same afternoon orders are issued to abandon camp and march for La Bahia at seven o’clock, the tumult is terrible, and it seems likely that these wild energetic souls, failing the Mexicans, will end by exterminating each other.

Midst of the confusion here arrives Mexican Lieutenant Vuavis, a deserter, and declares that the projected attack is *not* known (as had been assigned for reason of postponing), and that the garrison in town is in as bad order and discontent as the besiegers. At this critical moment a brave man suddenly crystallised the loose mass of discordant men and opinions into one compact force and one keen purpose. It is late in the morning, Col. Benjamin R. Milam steps

* One of the most celebrated and efficient scouts of the revolution.

forth among the men, and cries aloud: "Who will go with old Ben Milam into San Antonio?" Three hundred and one men will go.

A little before daylight on the 5th they "go," Gen. Burleson agreeing to hold his position until he hears from them. Milam marches into and along Acequia Street with his party; Johnson with his along Soledad Street. Where these debouch into the Main Plaza, Cos has thrown up breastworks and placed raking batteries. The columns march parallel along the quiet streets. Presently, as Johnson gets near the Veramendi House (which he is to occupy, while Milam is to gain De la Ganza's house), a Mexican sentinel fires. Deaf Smith shoots the sentinel. The Mexicans prick up their ears, prick into their cannon-cartridges; the Plaza batteries open, the Alamo batteries join in; spade, crowbar, rifle, escopet, all are plied, and the storming of Bexar is begun.

But it would take many such papers as this to give even meagre details of all the battles that have been fought in and around San Antonio, and one must pass over the four days of this thrilling conflict with briefest mention. It is novel fighting; warfare intramural, one might say. The Texans advance inch by inch by piercing through the stone walls of the houses, pecking loop-holes with crowbars for their rifles as they gain each room, picking off the enemy from his house-tops, from around his cannon, even from behind his own loop-holes. On the night of the 5th with great trouble and risk the two columns succeed in opening communication with each other. On the 6th they advance a little beyond the Ganza house. On the 7th brave Karnes steps forth with a crowbar and breaks into a house midway between the Ganza house and the Plaza; brave Milam is stricken by a rifle ball just as he is entering the yard of the Veramendi house and falls instantly dead; and the Navarro house, one block from the Main Plaza, is gained. On the 8th they take the "Zambrano Row" of buildings, driving the enemy from it room by room; the enemy endeavor to produce a diversion with fifty men, and *do*, in a sense, for Burleson finds some diversion in driving them back precipitately with a six-pounder; at night those in the Zambrano Row are reinforced, and the "Priest's House" is gained amid heavy fighting.

This last is the stroke of grace. The Priest's House commands the Plaza. Early on the morning of the 9th General Cos sends a flag of truce, asking to surrender, and on the 10th agrees with Gen. Burleson upon formal and honorable articles of capitulation.

[CONCLUDED IN NEXT NUMBER].

SMOKED OUT.

WHO does not love to linger over the memories of college days? Green slopes where the deep hue of the blue-grass mingled softly with the purpled-blossomed clover; calm moonlight views, with the silvery haze sleeping idly on the meadows, and the shadowy mountains looming vaguely beyond, and the mournful plaint of the whip-poor-will invoking punishment upon that mythical culprit whose poverty seems to be his only crime; outline sketches of rugged crags cut sharply against the gorgeous sunset sky; scenes of joyous confusion in the frosty morning air, as the crisp ice rocked and cracked beneath the gliding skates; manly voices swelling the chorus of some merry song; stout hands joined in that firm, strong grasp which almost brought the blood from the finger-tips;—these are some of the thoughts which come sweeping back with the reminiscence of my university life. Books, lectures, honors? Not now, my friend! we are culling only flowers, and though they be somewhat withered on the stem, the fragrance is all the sweeter for that. And where is it all now? The everlasting mountains still shadow those learned halls; the perpetual hills still smile in their flowery verdure; the moonlight rests as of old upon the sleeping glades, and the evening splendor rivals Italian heavens. But the men? The seven hundred seekers after knowledge who came from the timbered wilds of Maine and the orange-groves of Florida, from the storied soil of Virginia and the vine-clad hills of California—all these *were* there. But now? Well, well! this is not the strain in which my recollections started, and they shall not follow it any farther. Memory, you know, is at times a vicious hack, and not always bridle-wise; but I have her under the curb to-night, and I think she will be willing to frisk for awhile in the green pastures into which I am going to guide her.

I wonder if the old "Ivy House" is still standing where I left it, and the "Castle," protected by that deep railroad cut which served as a dry-moat (except when it rained), rendering access difficult to all but the initiated? And just here let me recall a scene of not infrequent occurrence in that same railroad cut. Exactly between the Ivy and the Castle was a rather heavy grade, and just beyond this lay the university wood-yard; now this wood, be it known, the best of oak and hickory, was reserved for the lecture-rooms and the professors' houses, with such of the students as chose to deposit in advance a sufficient amount to cover a rather limited quarterly allowance, all others having to supply their own fuel. Well, sometimes it would happen in sleety weather that the wood-trains would "stall" at this point, the engine-wheels slipping round on the ice-glazed rails without sufficient friction to carry them forward. In a moment the alarm would be raised, and the doughty champions from the Castle (they had a terrible reputation) come swooping down upon the devoted

train, and while the road-hands were busy scattering sand upon the track, each man would seize as large a log as he could shoulder, and with shouts of triumph bear it away "to his eyrie aloft." Now fuel is intended for fire, and fire begets smoke, and you may imagine, kind reader, that you now have some idea of the bearing of the caption of this article. Not exactly, and you must bear with a few wayward caperings on the part of the jade which we are riding together. But we are coming to it now.

One morning a messenger arrived in breathless haste from the Castle to announce the important fact that the vacant room was occupied, and that the new matriculant was a good-humored, jovial fellow, and *did not smoke*. This last item settled his fate, and by the old law of the University he must be "smoked out." Accordingly the preliminaries are soon arranged, and it was decided that on Thursday night the performance should take place. A trusty corps of old and skilful performers on the pipe were enlisted, whose duty should be to "drop in" separately, and without any appearance of collusion, to pay their respects to Smith, and offer him a hearty welcome to our academic shades; each man was to be fully provided with a new "Powhatan" with cane stem of the regulation length, and twenty rounds of Lynchburg fine-cut in his pocket, and the rest of the plan was to be carried out substantially as shall be presently related. When Thursday morning arrived, however, a new and startling feature appeared unexpectedly in the programme. Smith had determined to make a shining *début*, and we were met at breakfast, to our no small astonishment, with a general invitation to a sort of house-warming celebration that night in the shape of a *petit souper* at his room. Grave doubts arose hereupon as to the strict propriety of eating a man's supper and then smoking him out, but it was finally decided that while the supper was an unavoidable accident, the smoking out was an inevitable necessity, and that there was no sufficient reason why both should not take their courses. No doubt mine host of the Ivy observed with marvelling satisfaction the unusually feeble assault which was made that day upon his homely cheer, for there was a general holding of "reserved seats" for the good things anticipated that night. At length the leaden-footed hours dragged away, and the little assembly of choice spirits was "gathered at the festive board." There was Colin M'Crae with his tales of marvellous adventure, and Jordan, full of Carlyle and Macaulay; there was rollicking Ben Neal, and Moses of the flowing flaxen beard, and there was Charlie Wert with that inimitable banjo. Tell me not of Joe Sweeny, so-called champion of the sheepskin-thrummers! Tell me not of Vieuxtemps or Parepa! You never heard music unless you heard that banjo:—

"And now 'twas like all instruments,
Now like a lonely flute!"

The latter resemblance was the result of the grand whistling solo accompaniment; the former was produced by that frenzied ecstasy which none but the true banjoist knows, in which fingers, head, feet, elbows, knees, everything assaults the unhappy instrument, and forces

from it an agonised *mélange* of melody, which must be seen as well as heard to be appreciated.

The supper was a brilliant success ; Old Daniel, the Ethiopian purveyor of these "*cœnic* effects," clinched the last nail in his great reputation by that night's catering. Smith was a noble manly fellow, and as the dishes were cleared he remarked to his guests (with only two of whom he had been previously acquainted): "Gentlemen, I hope you find everything in abundance *except* that punch? I never drink myself, and I hope that small jug is mixed to your taste, as there will be no more of it."

A single glass round was pledged to the health, wealth, and happiness of our jovial host, and then, with significant glances at each other, the conspirators seized every man his pipe. With nine large Powhatans in full blast in a room 13 by 14½, the effect may readily be imagined. By the time that the rich sweet tenor of our banjo-master had finished "*Sweet Kitty Clyde*," friend Smith suggested that we open the window for a breath of pure air ; but Moses stroked his beard and objected on the plea of a rheumatic shoulder. Our host wiped his eyes and smiled a resigned assent. But when M'Crae had completed his description of the mahogany grove which shaded his plantation residence near Pass Christian, and told of the white black-fish which he often caught in the Gulf, the cloud of smoke had become so thick that it "might almost be cut," and everything "reeked horribly of vile tobacco." Smith could stand it no longer, and rising, informed his guests that they must excuse him for a while, as he wished to go into the adjoining room. But Ben Neal was leaning his chair against the door, and "really was so delighted with Mr. Smith's society that he could not for a moment dispense with it." The victim glanced for an instant round the room in undisguised astonishment, and then, as the true condition of things broke upon him, a shade began to gather on his handsome brow ; but it was only momentary. With a bow he turned towards his chair by the fire-place, and in an instant the poker was in his powerful grasp. "Gentlemen," remarked he, with a quiet smile, "I hope you will make yourselves at home. *I am going into the next room ;*" and as he moved towards the door, the dangerous weapon cut rapid circles around his head. There was something about the corners of his smiling mouth and under the merry twinkle of his eye which meant "take care!" and the door opened very quietly. The smokers unanimously voted themselves "sawed," and nobody took out a pipe in Smith's room after that night without being asked to do so.

Let me give you one more picture which rises to my mind. Just at the foot of the stairway which led to my dormitory stood a little shed-room, occupied by a nervous, studious, modest little man whom we all called Mac. The room had but one window and one door, opened directly on the yard, and had a chimney rising about twenty feet from the ground. One bitter cold day, when the keen wind was whirling the snow down in clouds from the mountains, I chanced to pass Mac's window in company with Ferg — the unique Ferg, who might readily have passed for the great original Ned Brace himself. Glancing through the tightly-closed sash, we saw the little man poring diligently

over his Logic, while a roaring hickory-fire flashed and crackled up the chimney. The snug, cosy look of the interior contrasted pleasantly with the driving snow and bleak wind without, and I was just passing on, when Ferg touched me and said softly, "Let's smoke out Mac!"

"How? when?" I asked in astonishment, for I could not see the drift of the suggestion.

"Now," answered Ferg; and he pointed to a ladder which stood most temptingly against Mac's chimney, and then to an old door-mat at its foot, all wet and sodden with snow. In five minutes the mat was over the flat chimney-top, and we under cover to watch for developments; nor did we have long to wait. First the door was set ajar to assist the draught, but the smoke and soot only whirled into the room more thickly; then the window went up with a bang, but the outpouring cloud was dashed back by a gust of snow.

"Hallo, Mac!" shouted Ferg as we ran over, "is your room on fire? what's the matter?"

"Why, I can't think what has got into the chimney!" replied Mac, who was now on his knees pulling the fire to pieces.

"Maybe your wood is too green."

The fire was re-arranged, but that seemed to make it worse. Then it was put out entirely, and poor little Mac sat shivering over his Logic, with never an ember to keep him warm. This could not last long on such a day, and he was soon busy with "selected" fuel, endeavoring to kindle a manageable flame, but not a flame of any sort could he induce to ascend that flue. Mac seemed to be satisfied now that the chimney was bewitched, and came out bare-headed into the storm to make an outside observation. Suddenly his eyes fell upon the suggestive ladder, and he surely was an artist's study as they followed it up to the chimney-top, and rested on the unconscious cause of his troubles, placidly reposing on its airy perch! Not a word did he utter, but with cautious and unsteady step he mounted, like a felon ascending to the fatal drop. The little red-and-blue study-gown was fluttering like a banner in the breeze, and Mac had seized the offending foot-cleanser with dire intent, when his funny little figure caught the eye of noisy Chan Joins, who stood upon the distant Castle steps. Chan was an uproarious youth, with a keen appreciation of the ludicrous, who made yelling a specialty; and forthwith there burst upon the morning air a shout worthy of a Camanche. And to this day Mac believes that it was Chan Joins who put that mat over his chimney!

R. W.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF UGLINESS.

THE title of his essay is by no means inviting, yet Charles Lamb contrived to write an attractive and almost pathetic commentary on the extraordinary plainness of Mrs. Conrady's face. This apology for hazarding such a subject is, however, as apt to mislead the reader in regard to the aim of the proposed inquiry as the subject itself is calculated to repel him. It might readily occur to him that such a topic might furnish occasion for quaint observations, unexpected turns of fancy, and capricious oddities of speculation; but nothing is further from our present design than humorous quibbles. Our purpose is serious, and it is in sober earnest that we have connected philosophy with ugliness, hoping to extract from the study of "the ugly" the same sort of instruction which has so often been drawn from the investigation of "the beautiful."

At first sight it might appear that no philosophy could be involved in ugliness, or extracted from it; but the outer integument certainly gives no promise of the milk in the cocoanut. In deformity, in incongruity, in disproportion, in disorder—in these and other accompaniments or causes of ugliness—there may seem to be little room for the existence or the manifestation of principles. In this light the subject has been apparently regarded by the writers of systematic treatises on beauty; for they have carefully avoided its discussion, and they have scarcely accorded to it a passing remark in their elaborate and ingenious theories. Nevertheless, the nature of beauty is only imperfectly apprehended when ugliness is left altogether without consideration. Opposites are fully appreciated only by contrast; the science of contraries is one, and the knowledge of good and evil is obtained from the fruit of a single tree.

Ugliness is not simply the privation of beauty, but the presence of a quality directly opposed to it. There is an intermediate character—a *mezzo termini*—which is neither beautiful nor ugly, which neither charms by excellence nor repels by defects. It compels no praise, it provokes no censure. It is good in its kind, but it possesses no pre-eminent goodness. The ugly has positive qualities of its own. There is a principle of ugliness as well as of beauty; and laws of the one as well as of the other, though they have not received the like attention. Nor is it difficult to account for this disparity of treatment: beauty fascinates, delights, and rivets attention; ugliness revolts, annoys, and discourages observation. Yet the one explains the other, and any exposition of this difficult branch of speculative æsthetics is incomplete which does not furnish the interpretation of both.

We will not overload this inquiry by entering into a formal discussion of the nature of beauty; but will suppose the Platonic theory, as developed by Victor Cousin, and others of like opinions, to be both known and accepted. If then, beauty is the finite representation of creative wisdom, goodness, and design, it might be expected

to inhere in all the works proceeding from the hands of the Creator, and not to be the special ornament of a few. At the close of each day, God looked upon his work and saw that "it was good." Such was the case in the beginning; but does it always continue to be the case? Many inquirers have thought so; and the doctrine was strikingly expressed by Marsilius Ficinus in his running commentary on the Enneads of Plotinus—"animalium formæ deformes formosæ sunt in cælo" (the shapes of unshapely creatures are shapely in heaven). This view has been entertained by some of the most acute minds which have engaged in these speculations, and have displayed their ingenuity—

"—in vain endeavors to derive a beauty
From ugliness."—[Browning, *Paracelsus*.

Thus Dr. McVicar remarks:

"The fact of the existence of the ugly in nature may be admitted, yet without disparagement to the doctrine that ultimately, and to the eye of intelligence, all nature is beautiful. . . . The ugly and the offensive has, in fact, its office, its theory, as well as the beautiful; and let us not scruple to affirm that that theory, that office, is beautiful. . . . If a just view be taken, either of those sensibly offensive objects which have been noticed, or of any which appear to us to be ugly, it will invariably be found that their ugliness is relative merely."—*Philosophy of the Beautiful*, C. I. pp. 5, 10.

There is so much confusion here, such an intricate intermixture of truth and error, that it would be tedious to unravel the tangled skein. If the doctrine enounced were entirely true, there would be no absolute distinction between beauty and ugliness; and the union of Beauty and the Beast would receive a philosophical justification. We may acquiesce in the sentiment of St. Augustine, that all things were beautiful in their original creation, at least in their relation to the entire economy of the universe; and yet this would not necessitate the identification of the beautiful and the ugly. Injustice would not be less opposed to justice if all moral agents were just. Everything, each in its own order, might have been beautiful before the taint of sin rested upon the the soul of man, and the shadow of evil fell upon all the glories of the temporal creation. But it is just in consequence of the cloud thus brought upon the moral and intellectual nature of man, that the practical distinction of things good and evil, and the important difference and diversity of aspect of the beautiful and the ugly, arise. It is vain to say that, to a higher intelligence, and in the sight of God, all things are good and all are beautiful. The Divine vision, as the Divine intelligence, is denied to us. The poet's paradox may be true:

"All discord's harmony not understood;
All partial evil, universal good,"

and yet it cannot affect our recognition of the contradiction of things opposed. We see with human eyes, we know only with human understandings, and the opposition of beauty and ugliness is addressed to our finite apprehensions; yet it may be found to exist eternally in the realm of the intelligible, whatever changes in the application of

the terms may be hereafter produced by a higher and purer faculty of discernment. Good and evil are not less immutably separated because all the works of God's hands were good ; and beauty and ugliness are not less irreconcilably opposed because all those works may be found to be beautiful in the sight of disembodied intelligence. We do not, however, accept the position that all ugliness is beauty not understood.

Beauty consists in conformity to an ideal type or pattern, which is supposed to constitute the essential character and perfection of every member of the species to which it is appropriate. In proportion as the ideal is attained, and made manifest in the concrete realisation, does the beauty of the individual object become more manifest, more impressive, and more charming. The beauty itself springs from the more lively exhibition of the eternal model in the individual existence. The particular members of the same class in which the specific form is present in merely average excellence, make no extraordinary impression on the sentiment, though they may be equally valuable for daily use or for the customary purposes of the reason. It is the excess of the specific excellence, or its more vivacious exhibition, that constitutes beauty. When there is a positive defect of this excellence, and a consequent incapacity of revealing at once to the intuitive perception the eternal plan or type latent in the temporal form ; or when the defect suggests to the intuitive sentiment the incomplete or imperfect realisation of the archetypal form, the absence, or the inadequate attainment of an eternal design, then ugliness arises. As beauty is proportioned to the approximation of the object to the primordial idea, so ugliness is proportioned to the deflection from this idea. Neither the approximation nor the deflection need be absolute or real ; it is sufficient that they be apparent — that they make this impression on the instinctive apprehension of the sentiment. Reason may reject either or both as assumptions, and disprove their presumed character by irrefragable evidence or by invincible arguments. It matters not. The assumptions, the pre-judgments, the intuitions, the prejudices, if you will, are all that is necessary or appropriate ; for these bear the same relation to the sentiment that demonstrations do to the reason. Their function is not to convince, but to persuade ; not to prove, but to delight and guide ; not to establish the truths of the finite intelligence, but to lead the heart to realms above the finite understanding of man,—

“In climes beyond the solar road.”

It is not requisite that the excellence or defect noted should be confined to superiority over or inferiority below the average of the class or species. There are many flowers, all the individual specimens of which are beautiful, except in cases of manifest lesion or accidental malformation. There are some kinds of animals of which all the species, and all the members of each species, are ugly, notwithstanding any unusual perfection in their kind. A rose and a violet are always beautiful ; a toad and a maggot are always ugly and repulsive. It is the latter class of cases which furnishes a delusive foundation for the hypothesis that ugliness is due simply to

the insufficiency of our knowledge. We might render the discussion more obscure as well as prolix by any attempt in this place to extend the doctrine of beauty to generic as well as specific types, and to carry it into even wider generalisations. We must be content to remark here that this extension is practicable, and to repeat that the essence of beauty consists in conformity to an eternal ideal — the thought or purpose of God — which is necessarily pure, perfect, and without spot or blemish, and which must be so conceived by us. Everything, therefore, which does not possess, or which fails to manifest these transcendent excellences, is not beautiful. Everything which seems to exclude them, or exclude their instantaneous apprehension, is *ipso facto* ugly.

Again, it is the unfailing characteristic of beauty to occasion immediate and unreflecting delight. Whatever produces the opposite feeling, or involuntary repugnance, is ugliness. Of course this must be understood as limited to the domain of the faculties of æsthetic perception. Indeed, as the essence of ugliness is opposed to the essence of beauty, the antagonism pervades all the characteristics, properties, and conditions of the two; and the opposite of every thing which ministers directly or indirectly to the production of beauty, characterises or produces ugliness. Hence disorder, imperfection, irregularity, disproportion, apparent inutility, maladaptation, deformity, incongruity, discordance, disagreeability, want of intelligible purpose, etc., are the several or variously connected accompaniments of everything that is ugly.

This antagonism extends to the higher significances and to the spontaneous effects of these widely contrasted qualities. As beauty always indicates and aims at higher good, and more than earthly perfections, so ugliness reveals, but less distinctly, descending grades of evil, and more than earthly corruption. A remarkable confirmation of this view is afforded by the fact that *ug-ly* is descended from the same root as the Greek *ag-os*, *pollution*, *guilt*, *curse*, and the Sanskrit *ank-as*, *sin*, with which the English words *ang-uish* and *awe* are connected.

The influence of ugliness is less forcible and suggestive than the influence of beauty, because the function of the former is to repel instinctively from evil, while the function of the latter is to attract unconsciously towards higher excellence. The repugnance which ugliness provokes is designed to induce immediate resilience from evil, and is therefore incompatible with close attention and protracted contemplation. The fascination of beauty induces love and habitual meditation. If beauty partially unveils the infinite perfections of the Divine Architect, and invites us to the imitation of the unattainable graces of the Divinity, ugliness faintly discloses the horrors of whatever is opposed to the Divine will, and clothes it with disgust so as to save us from its perils and contaminations.

“Thou shalt be an Idea to all souls,
A monumental, melancholy gloom —
Seen down all ages, whence to mark despair,
And measure out the distance from the good.”

If beauty, according to the expansion of St. Augustine's doctrine,

indicates the lost excellence of man, and his struggling aspiration towards the higher excellence for which he is destined, ugliness discloses the consequences of his fall, and the deeper ruin which awaits all intentional aberration from divinely ordained goodness. The blessing slighted, but still offered in other modes; the curse incurred, from which escape is provided by Divine mercy, are characterised throughout the whole order of creation. One of the old schoolmen, Alain De L'Isle, *Doctor Universalis*, anticipating Richard Henry Wilde, thus sings in the wailing Latinity of the monastic ages:—

Omnis mundi creatura,
Quasi liber et pictura
Nobis est, et speculum:
Nostræ vitæ, nostræ mortis,
Nostræ status, nostræ sortis,
Fidele signaculum.

Which may be rendered into accordant English verse, as follows:—

Every marvel of creation
Is a book, or presentation,
Mirroring our life:
Both our doing and our dying,—
All our joy, and all our sighing,
All our earthly strife.

We are like the bloom of roses,
(Which our fleeting state exposes
In a painted page:)
Opening with the early hours,
With the eve the flowering flowers
Are disflowered by age.

Thus of mortal life the morning,
Youth with all its sweets adorning,
Flourishes awhile!
With the day the bud unfolds it,
With the sunset earth enmoulds it,
Scattered every smile!

The earth is full of beauty, yet “the trail of the serpent is over it all!”

If we would repudiate the record of revelation which publishes the sin and the sentence of man, shall not all nature, corroded by the effects of that sin, and participant in that sentence, bear a silent testimony, which the heart must instinctively accept, even if it refuse to recognise it, to both the fact and the penalty of the transgression?

The mystic hydromel is spilt, and staining
The whole earth through;
Most ineradicable stains, for showing
(Not interfused!)
That brighter colors were the world's foregoing,
Than shall be used.

I think the earth
Is crazed with curse, and wanders from the sense
Of those first laws affixed to form and space
Or ever she knew sin.

This is not merely the dream of poets, but a dogma of the grave

theologians. George Syncellus — and no one will accuse him of originality in the promulgation of the sentiment — speaks of “the prayers sent up to the Divinity every hour of the night and of the day from all created things, through the intervention of Uriel, the Archangel of the repentance.” That wondrous Spanish statesman, orator, and theologian, Donoso Cortes, exclaims: “The disorder which commenced at the summit of the scale of created beings, gradually encroaching on the other parts of the universe, soon left nothing in the order and in the place in which the sovereign Creator had disposed it. The aspiration, innate in every creature, to raise itself that it might re-ascend to the throne of God, became an aspiration to lose itself in the void of some nameless abyss; for turning the eyes away from God is seeking death, and is the renunciation of life.”

Nor is this a wild fantasy of philosophy. It simply turns into earthly accents the remarkable declaration of Scripture :

“For we know that the whole creation groaneth and travaileth together until now.”

This again is only the announcement of the actual accomplishment of the curse that followed upon man’s original sin :

“Cursed is the ground for thy sake ; in sorrow shalt thou eat of it all the days of thy life :

“Thorns also and thistles shall it bring forth to thee.”

Leaving the theological aspect of these topics out of the question, and employing these strong utterances simply as corroborative of conclusions otherwise obtained, we find that the presence of ugliness is a necessary compensation for the presence of beauty in a finite and imperfect state of existence. Both subserve the same general purpose, though in dissimilar modes, and with a beneficent difference of potency. Each reflects light upon the other — upon its nature and upon its function.

But if beauty, or the concurrence of conditions which produces the sentiment of beauty, has a real and objective existence in things beautiful, as we believe to be the case, it may fairly be concluded that a similar reality appertains to ugliness. Hence ugliness will not be purely relative to the human mind, but will be indissolubly connected with all aberrations from ideal excellence. It may well be that in a higher sphere of intelligence, and to a larger capacity than ours, things which are now regarded as ugly from our ignorance of their part in the grand economy, may be discovered to possess appropriate uses and ends which their apparent defects subserve. But utility is not beauty ; nor is adaptation alone. Subsequent discovery or illumination cannot make that beautiful which was not beautiful before, because the instantaneous effect is the distinction of beauty. Moreover, even if these objections be waived, ugliness, as a quality, or an attribute, is not dissipated because a larger comprehension may discover that it had been previously ascribed to things to which it is now seen to be inapplicable. However the range of beauty may be augmented, or that of ugliness contracted, in the wider and more perspicacious glance of ampler illumination, they ever remain equally opposed in character ; and they ever continue to excite contrasted sentiments in the mind, and to mark contradictory qualities in the

things in which they may be discerned. Doubtless many misconceptions may result from the inaccuracy of human knowledge ; but there is just as little reason for supposing that ugliness is merely relative to the percipient mind, and that it will disappear universally with increase of penetration and comprehension, as there is for the assertion that beauty is wholly due to individual fantasy, or that there is no immutable distinction between good and evil. Circumstances may preclude, derange, or alter the perception ; but they do not affect the thing perceived, or change its nature. It is only Lucifer who ventures the imprecation, "Evil, be thou my good !"

Let us not be misconceived. We do not mean to say that ugliness, *sub hac forma*, is inherent in objects ; but that the conditions which produce this impression are embodied in the objects which are regarded as ugly. Ugliness, like beauty, is a secondary quality ; it is a perception of the mind, the intellectual consequence of a suitable exciting cause. So far it is purely subjective ; but the qualities which produced the sentiment are objective. They have a fixed existence and a determinate effect, and the occurrence of these qualities in various combination is what we understand by ugliness in objects. There may be delusions in our judgments of the ugly as in our judgments of the beautiful. To the jaundiced eye everything is distained by the hue of its own disease. The perception is a real one so far as the percipient is concerned ; it is erroneous in regard to the object. This, however, is a transient aberration ; it will be corrected by the return of health, that is to say, when the conditions under which the judgment is formed are altered. But that which produces the conviction of ugliness, according to the patristic canon, *semper, ubique et ab omnibus*, does so in consequence of its congenital adaptation to produce that impression.

Many interesting vistas of speculation are opened to the view by the reflections which have been hazarded on the nature of ugliness. To yield to the temptation of examining them closely would be to wander in too numerous and too divergent paths. It is proper, however, to observe that in the wide interval between beauty and ugliness lies the undefined domain of the ludicrous in its innumerable forms. The moderns have often overlooked this ; the ancients distinctly recognised it. Aristotle, or the author of the poetics which pass under Aristotle's name, truly declared "the laughable to be a division of the shameful" ; for, says he, "the ludicrous is a sort of aberration and painless shame of no ruinous character. Thus a ludicrous personage exhibits something shameful and distorted without exciting the impression of pain." Cicero remarks even more distinctly, in his treatise on The Orator, that "the place and region of the ridiculous are in some sort bounded by shamefulness and a certain deformity." Yet, though the laughable is contained between the beautiful and the ugly, it is not found in the *punctum indifferens*, or mid-point between the two. It is found mainly below the line passing through that point of indifference which represents the common, the ordinary, and the average. It crosses the line of division, taking part of its essential characteristics from the upper region and part from the lower, and blending the two into a discordant novelty. The

ridiculous, with its indefinable species — indefinable because always essentially the negation of order — as the witty, the humorous, the sarcastic, the ironical, the ludicrous, the grotesque, is the intentional combination of beauty and ugliness, and partakes of both in varying proportions. The form of the humorous and of the grotesque always appertains to ugliness; the substance usually to beauty. The form of the witty is generally brilliant and beautiful; the matter is generally, but by no means universally, malignant, and therefore partakes of the character of ugliness. The ludicrous is so vague and so unsettled that it may possess any of these characteristics in all the variety of their combinations. It is, indeed, impossible to discriminate rigidly between the different species of the ridiculous. Isaac Barrow attempted it and failed, for he had to content himself with an incomplete enumeration. Their boundaries are fluctuating and impalpable like those of a mirage. They make incursions into the territory of each other. They blend together, or readily undergo transformation. There is one pure white light; there are many colors, and endless shades and combinations of color. Truth is simple and one; error is multiform and complex. Beauty is distinct, regular, symmetrical, definite; ugliness is vague, disorderly, amorphous, and indeterminate. "Many are the forms of false divinities."

To enter, however, into the details of these conjunctions of the beautiful and the ugly would be to write a treatise on wit, humor, etc., longer and perhaps more abstruse than the present essay. We conclude, therefore, by repeating that there is a very serious philosophy of ugliness, and that the ugly has an important office to discharge in the economy of the intelligible universe. If beauty attracts us by an irresistible fascination towards realms of more than earthly glory and perfection, ugliness repels us from those shapes which reveal the horror of our fallen condition, and the greater horrors hazarded as the consequences of our fall.

REVIEWS.

Liberty, Equality, Fraternity. By James Fitzjames Stephen, Q. C.
New York: Holt & Williams. 1873.

"THE object of this work," says the author, "is to examine the doctrines which are rather hinted at than expressed by the phrase 'Liberty, Equality, Fraternity.'" And, we may add, rarely has any doctrine or set of doctrines been subjected to a more

vigorous, fearless, and thorough scrutiny. While directing his arguments chiefly against those of Mr. Mill, whom he regards as the ablest and clearest exponent of the views he is examining, he carries his investigation beyond the logical into the practical field—he inquires what are the nature and tendencies of these doctrines, not merely as they appear to the philosopher in his study, but as they are and must be when put in practice by a community composed as communities really are composed at the present day. To legislate, or to philosophise for men as they ought to be, is one thing; to do either for men as they are, is another. And the two propositions which he sets himself to demonstrate, are these:—"First, that in the present day even those who use these words [Liberty, etc.] most rationally—that is to say as the names of elements of social life which, like others, have their advantages and disadvantages according to time, place and circumstance—have a great disposition to exaggerate their advantages, and to deny the existence, or at any rate to under-rate the importance, of their disadvantages.

"Next, that whatever signification be attached to them, these words are ill-adapted to be the creed of a religion; that the things which they denote are not ends in themselves, and that when used collectively the words do not typify, however vaguely, any state of society which a reasonable man ought to regard with enthusiasm or self-devotion."

The essence of Mr. Mill's theory with reference to liberty, is this:—"No one is ever justified in trying to affect any one's conduct by exciting his fears, except for the sake of self-protection." But he qualifies this doctrine by saying that it applies "only to human beings in the maturity of their faculties," and not to backward states of society or undeveloped races. Now these two qualifications go very near of themselves to overthrow the whole doctrine. For who can tell when a human being is in the maturity of his faculties, can define the necessary maturity, or draw, except arbitrarily and illogically, the line at which the right to exemption from coercion commences? Again, who in like manner can decide what race or state of society is sufficiently developed to be entitled to this liberty? Mr. Mill might say the English, French, and German races; or he might say the English race alone. In any case where is his authority? And where is the proof that the development which he thinks so advanced, may not appear to the better judgment of more advanced posterity a state of semi-barbarism to which liberty was the very last thing to be granted? His exceptions are arbitrary, and his claim rests on a mere assumption.

But waiving these points, Mr. Stephen meets the main proposition with a distinct denial, and shows not only that all great gains of the individual or of the race have been procured by, or attended with, coercion in some form or other, but that without some exercise of coercion the very objects which Mr. Mill thinks so desirable, and the well-being, and even the very existence of civilised society, are not possible. He argues that coercion, on the individual or the mass, in some form or other is justifiable whenever (1) the object aimed at is good; (2) when the mode of coercion employed is adapted to attain

it; (3) when this process is not accomplished at a cost disproportionate to the advantage gained.

Thus in reference to the liberty of expression and discussion, while he would condemn persecution in general, under his 2d and 3d principles, he holds that there must be a restraining power on these, and limits fixed by law or social influence which they shall not exceed. *Some* general principles, be they ever so broad, must be held by every society, and it must be forbidden, in this society, to call these openly in question, if the society wishes to maintain its existence as an organic body. Those who venture to do this, should be compelled to desist, or to quit the society they would destroy; and if this be persecution, Mr. Stephen is perfectly ready to defend it; and if "liberty" will not allow this, then "liberty" is an evil thing and not a good one.

When he comes to treat specifically of political liberty, our author's remarks are so striking and so directly to the point, that we must allow ourselves an extended quotation, to show how thoroughly he explodes the idle bombast, or unreasoning sentimentality, that either rants or grows maudlin over "liberty."

"People who talk of liberty mean, as a general rule, democracy, or some kind of government which stands rather nearer to democracy than the one under which they are living. Now democracy has, as such, no definite or assignable relation to liberty. The degree in which the governing power interferes with individuals depends on the size of the country, the closeness with which people are packed, the degree in which they are made conscious by actual experience of their dependence upon each other, their national temper, and the like. The form of the government has very little to do with the matter.

"It would, of course, be idle to suppose that you can measure the real importance of the meaning of a popular cry by weighing it in logical scales. . . . When used quite generally, and with reference to the present state of the political and moral world, liberty means something of this sort:—The forward impulses, the energies of human nature are good; they were regarded until lately as bad, and they are now in the course of shaking off trammels of an injurious kind which had in former ages been imposed upon them. The cry for liberty, in short, is a general condemnation of the past, and an act of homage to the present in so far as it differs from the past, and to the future in so far as its character can be determined from the character of the present.

" The main point is that enthusiasm for liberty in this sense is hardly compatible with anything like a proper sense of the importance of the virtue of obedience, discipline in its widest sense. The attitude of mind engendered by continual glorification of the present time, and of successful resistance to an authority assumed to be usurped and foolish, is almost of necessity fatal to the recognition of the fact that to obey a real superior, to submit to a real necessity and make the best of it in good part, is one of the most important of all virtues—a virtue absolutely essential to the attainment of anything great and lasting. Every one would admit this when stated in general terms, but the gift of recognising the necessity for acting upon

the principle when the case actually arises, is one of the rarest in the world. . . . Practically, the effect of the commonplaces about liberty has been to raise in the minds of ordinary people a strong presumption against obeying anybody, and by a natural rebound to induce minds of another class to obey the first person who claims their obedience with sufficient emphasis and self-confidence. It has shattered to pieces most of the old forms in which discipline was a recognised and admitted good, and certainly it has not produced many new ones.

"The practical inference from this is that people who have the gift of using pathetic language ought not to glorify the word 'liberty' as they do, but ought, as far as possible, to ask themselves before going into ecstasies over any particular case of it, Who is left at liberty to do what, and what is the restraint from which he is liberated? By forcing themselves to answer this question distinctly, they will give their poetry upon the subject a much more definite and useful turn than it has at present.

" . . . It surely needs little proof that, whatever our present condition may be worth, we are what we are by virtue of protection as well as by virtue of skepticism. . . . Unless a man is prepared to say that all the existing evils of society are due to our having moved too slowly—that the clock is wrong solely because it has a pendulum, and that to take off the pendulum and allow the wheels to pull the weights round with no restriction at all will ensure universal happiness—he has no right to regard the forward impulse as an unmixed good. It appears to me that the *erreur mère*, so to speak, of most modern speculations on political subjects, lies in the fact that nearly every writer is an advocate of one out of many forces, which, as they act in different directions, must and do come into collision and produce a resultant according to the direction of which life is prosperous or otherwise."

We do not see how the fallacies which cluster around the phrase "liberty" could be more clearly exposed than in the pages from which these extracts are taken; nor can we imagine a more ludicrous collapse than that of one of the familiar declaimers about freedom, when punctured by the shrewd questions, "Who wants to do what? By what restraint is he now prevented from doing it? For what reasons is it proposed to remove that restraint?"

In this country thinking men are specially liable to be persecuted with the iteration of these absurdities about freedom, equality, etc., and chiefly because Mr. Jefferson, in drawing up the Declaration of Independence, conceived that it would not do simply to recite the grievances of the Colonies, and declare that they were of such a nature and magnitude as to justify a separation; but infected with the mania for generalising after the manner of Rousseau, he felt bound to dig down to *à priori* principles, and formulate the rights of man; and the result was one of the absurdest preambles ever affixed to any really memorable document.

Taking but the single sentence,—“We hold these truths,” etc., any one who analyses it will find that it contains more absurdities than clauses. No truth is “self-evident” unless it necessarily contains its demonstration in its statement—that is, unless the mind of

man cannot conceive the contrary possible. That a part is less than the whole is a self-evident truth, because it follows from the meaning of the words "part" and "whole," that the mind cannot conceive the possibility of the former ever being greater than or equal to the latter; and beyond this involuntary recognition, the truth of the statement has no other possible demonstration. But the propositions which are declared in the sentence we are referring to to be *self-evident* truths, are very far from holding this axiomatic rank. The mind of man can very easily conceive them to be false; and no inconsiderable portion of the human race hold them to be false at this very moment. The first of them is that "all men are created equal." Now putting aside the obvious objection that in the current period of the world's history men are not created but born, comes the question wherein are all men equal at birth? In health, strength, beauty, rank, wealth, prospects, mental vigor—what? For the life of us we can think of but one thing in which all men are equal at birth, and that is *age*. Every infant that has been born a minute, is a minute old: but this fact has nothing to do with the separation of the Colonies, and could not be what Mr. Jefferson meant; though what he did mean would probably have puzzled himself to explain. "They are endowed," it continues, "with certain unalienable rights," and these rights are stated to be "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness." Now what liberty here means, is again not so easy to say: it may mean freedom to move about from place to place, or it may mean freedom to do and say without restraint whatever may seem good in their sight. The "pursuit of happiness" is a still vaguer formula: to Ahab happiness meant the possession of Naboth's vineyard; and the phrase will require a vast amount of narrowing down before even the wildest communist will class it among universal rights. However, we will assume that he has reference to those kinds of happiness and those modes of pursuit which are regarded in civilised countries as praiseworthy or at least allowable. To these then, and to life and liberty, every man, we are told, has a right which is "unalienable," that is, which cannot under any circumstances be forfeited. Therefore the vilest murderer cannot rightfully be hung, he cannot be imprisoned, he cannot be fined, since his right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness are by the "great charter of human freedom" declared *unalienable*.

Of course the true vitality and significance of the Declaration lay in the simple statement that "we have endured such and such things: we are resolved to endure them no longer, even though resistance shall cost us our lives." And we should not have made allusion to it here, were it not that the ornamental fallacies which have been tacked on to its radical truth, have taken firm hold of the popular mind, and form the basis, not only of much sophistry and idle vamping, but of some legislative and other action, which is of considerable importance.

Under the head of "Equality," Mr. Stephen brings a searching analysis to bear on Mr. Mill's views as expressed in his essay on the Subjection of Women. He shows, unanswerably, as we think, (1) that the *à priori* argument is absurd; (2) that the proposed change in the status and treatment of women would not have the results an-

ticipated by its advocates ; (3) that it would have no beneficial result, but a distinctly injurious one ; (4) that it would be specially injurious to those whom it is proposed to benefit. We should be glad to give a synopsis of his argument, did our space permit ; though rather for the pleasure of showing how flimsy theories shrivel away before masterly reasoning and healthy common-sense, than for any practical necessity. Fortunately, so far as we know, these views are not held in our section by any one whose opinions are entitled to notice.

With regard to political equality, Mr. Stephen's views are quite as clear, and powerfully maintained. The idea, he shows, is absurd, because it rests upon an absolute fallacy. Distinctions of sex, race, moral and intellectual character, etc., actually exist, and can not possibly be ignored, because they are essential factors in the problem. If we ordain by law that x shall equal $x+1$, we do not establish an equation, we simply renounce mathematics. "To try to make men equal," says our author in one of his pithy sentences which stick in the memory, "by altering social arrangements, is like trying to make the cards of equal value by shuffling the pack."

"Legislate how you will," he continues a little further on ; "establish universal suffrage, if you think proper, as a law which can never be broken. You are still as far as ever from equality. Political power has changed its shape but not its nature. The result of cutting it up into little bits is simply that the man who can sweep the greatest number of them into one heap will govern the rest. The strongest man in some form or other will always rule. If the government is a military one, the qualities which make a man a great soldier will make him a ruler. If the government is a monarchy, the qualities which kings value in counsellors, in generals, in administrators, will give power. In a pure democracy the ruling men will be the wire-pullers and their friends ; but they will no more be on an equality with the voters than soldiers or Ministers of State are on an equality with the subjects of a monarchy. Changes in the form of a government alter the conditions of superiority much more than its nature. In some ages a powerful character, in others cunning, in others powers of despatching business, in others eloquence, in others a good hold upon current commonplaces and facility in applying them to practical purposes, will enable a man to climb on to his neighbors' shoulders and direct them this way or that ; but in all ages and under all circumstances the rank and file are directed by leaders of one kind or another who get the command of their collective force. The leading men in a trade-union are as much the superior and rulers of the members of the body at large, and the general body of the members are as much the superiors and rulers of each individual member, as the master of a family or the head of a factory is the ruler and superior of his servants or work-people.

"In short, the subdivision of political power has no more to do with equality than with liberty. The question whether it is a good thing or a bad one stands on its own ground, and must be decided by direct reference to its effects. They are infinitely numerous and complicated, and it would be idle to try to describe them fully, or even to give full illustrations of their character. The point to which

I wish to direct attention is one which is continually overlooked because it is unpleasant — namely, that whatever may be the strong side of popular institutions as we know them, they have also a weak and dangerous side, and by no means deserve that blind admiration and universal chorus of applause with which their progress is usually received.

“If I am asked, What do you propose to substitute for universal suffrage? Practically, What have you to recommend? I answer at once, Nothing. The whole current of thought and feeling, the whole stream of human affairs, is setting with irresistible force in that direction. The old ways of living, many of which were just as bad in their time as any of our devices can be in ours, are breaking down all over Europe, and are floating this way and that like haycocks in a flood. Nor do I see why any wise man should expend much thought or trouble on trying to save their wrecks. The waters are out and no human force can turn them back, but I do not see why as we go with the stream we need sing Hallelujah to the river-god. I am not so vain as to suppose that anything that I can say will do either good or harm to any perceptible degree, but an attempt to make a few neutral observations on a process which is all but universally spoken of with passion on one side or the other may interest a few readers.

“The substance of what I have to say to the disadvantage of the theory and practice of universal suffrage is, that it tends to invert what I should have regarded as the true and natural relation between wisdom and folly. I think that wise and good men ought to rule those who are foolish and bad. To say that the sole function of the wise and the good is to preach to their neighbors, and that every one indiscriminately should be left to do what he likes, and should be provided with a rateable share of the sovereign power in the shape of a vote, and that the result of this will be the direction of power by wisdom, seems to me to be the wildest romance that ever got possession of any considerable number of minds.”

We come finally to the word Fraternity, and here a good deal of irrelevancy must be cleared away to reach a ground for argument. If by the word Fraternity it be meant that all men spring from a common origin, or owe their existence to one Creator, this is merely a statement in regard to a matter of fact. But Fraternity, as a doctrine, means something more than this: it means that we owe to all mankind something more than that vague good-will which all but misanthropists (if a misanthropist be possible, which is to be doubted) admit; that we owe them love. But love is a sentiment, and profitless to its object unless expressed in action, that is in the attempt to promote the happiness of that object. Therefore Fraternity as a doctrine of conduct means the duty of promoting the happiness of the human race.

Again a distinction must be drawn: is this doctrine held as the creed of a revealed religion — Christianity for instance — or not? In the former case, it being announced and accepted as the command of God, it passes out of the scope of this argument altogether, which is dealing with doctrines that claim no such specific authority. But as a doctrine of human origin, we must inquire, when told that it is our

duty to promote the happiness of all mankind,—why? Two answers are possible. One is that it will be to our personal advantage so to do. This is common utilitarianism, resting on selfishness, a doctrine certainly not of a nature to inspire any enthusiasm or to be a “watch-word of progress,” and open, moreover, to the objection that the instances in which the individual can see his own personal interest promoted by his zeal for humanity at large, are exceedingly few in the best cases, and to most men absolutely *nil*. On the other hand, if the ground be taken that it is the duty of the individual to postpone or even sacrifice his own happiness to that of mankind—which is what Mr. Stephen calls Transcendental Utilitarianism—the question again arises, why? The answer is of the vaguest. It amounts to this: that by looking upon and treating men as brothers, we shall gradually (in centuries or millenniums?) get them to feel like brothers; that thereby their happiness will be promoted, and the happiness of the individual so doing will be promoted in helping to this result.

Mr. Stephen replies, essentially, that men are not brothers in any sense here implied, nor are likely to be; that it is foolish to regard them as what they are not, more foolish to treat them as what they are not, and doubly foolish to found a social system and a creed upon this double fallacy. Secondly, that the needs, possibilities, etc., of the human race are so vast and various that it is not possible (apart from religious questions) for any individual to decide what will really be for their happiness. Hence the schemes of humanitarians are mostly crotchets, impracticable, if not positively pernicious, and “love for Humanity generally means zeal for MY notions as to what men should be and how they should live.” “A man who has a disinterested love for the human race—that is to say, who has got a fixed idea about some way of providing for the management of the concerns of mankind—is an unaccountable person with whom it is difficult to deal upon any well-known and recognised principles, and who is capable of making his love for men in general the ground of all sorts of violence against men in particular.”

And thirdly the question arises, What is happiness? Can it be defined? Can any people be pointed to as enjoying it? Can it be seen to have been promoted by the spread of these doctrines? Is America, from its republican form of government, any happier than England? Is England of to-day happier than England of the fourteenth or sixteenth centuries? These are questions which no man can answer with authority, or with demonstration of his views; and so on every side we find the humanitarian cobweb floating loose in the inane.

We may conclude that Liberty, in the sense of the Republican formula, is an impossibility, Equality an absurdity, and Fraternity a word to which no rational meaning can be attached; and that to take these for the foundation of a creed or a social system, is to attempt to build a palace upon unsubstantial mist, to stretch out the line of confusion and lay the stones of emptiness, that there may be a court for the humanitarian owls and a habitation for the communist dragons, and in the shadow of which may be gathered the satyrs of licentiousness and the vultures of anarchy.

W. H. B.

Cape Cod and All Along Shore : Stories. By Charles Nordhoff. New York : Harper & Bros.

WE are about to commit an innovation upon the practice of reviewers, in venturing to notice a book of much merit which is neither very new nor old enough to have any claim on the score of rarity.

Cape Cod and All Along Shore, by Charles Nordhoff, which was published four or five years ago, has probably found few readers in this city, and we do not remember to have seen the book reviewed or quoted in any of the Northern magazines or reviews ; but we venture to say that during many years there have appeared in this country few volumes of stories so original and striking in treatment, so delicate in execution, so discriminating in the delineation of life and character, as are the tales which make up this book. They are moreover relieved by wise reflections of the author, and by touches of satire, directed now at some peculiar American traits, now at those paltry maxims of shopkeeping sagacity which from the time of Benjamin Franklin have been made to do duty as morality. We find in these stories instead of cheap sentiment a real elevation of tone, a dramatic, not a melodramatic, representation of life ; and the plots generally reach their climax, not in a theatrical *coup*, where false heroism meets a showy fate or reaps a conventional reward, but in a situation which calls for self-sacrifice in the performance of some simple duty, grand subjectively, insignificant perhaps objectively. The scene of the stories is a new one to fiction, and the life of the brave and laborious Cape Cod fishermen which they describe is eminently unique, and rather interesting from its essential conditions than picturesque from accidental surroundings. These fishermen, as described by Mr. Nordhoff, with some heroic and manly qualities, have some of the rather hard and unlovely traits of the Yankee character, are in fact very much like the farmers one usually meets with in New-England, grafted, however, with the sailor's qualities — an important modification, for these give us in the sailor's love of the sea and devotion to his seafaring life, an element to offset that migratoriness so characteristic of the New-Englander, and, in fact, of Americans generally, which makes us change from one home to another and from one calling to another, as caprice or lucre dictates ; and that the Cape Cod fishermen with their Yankee genius for money-getting should still remain Cape Cod fishermen from generation to generation, should be content with a life of hardship on their remote hook of land, should be content to forego the railroads, daily newspapers, and march of civilisation generally, which are second nature to the New-Englander, and pass their lives laboriously fishing for cod in the summer and shoemaking in the winter — all this shows in them a marked individuality worth studying, and which has been admirably portrayed in these stories.

Let us take one of them, "Elkanah Brewster's Temptation" ; the very simplicity of its plot will make it the easier to give an abstract of it. The hero is a young man who has been brought up to his father's business of cod-fishing ; but though he has plenty of luck, skill, and courage in prosecuting it, his heart is not in it, because he

has found that he has talent as a painter, and he longs to leave his narrow career at home, for one in which he may attain fame and position. An artist from New York, who had visited the Cape to sketch there, encouraged him to come to the city and make art his profession; and the story opens at the time when the young man, having saved a small sum of money, turns his back upon his old life, to tempt fame and fortune in a new career. His uncle, Shubael, typifying worldly wisdom of a rather sordid and timid description, does his best to dissuade him by a copious citation of prudent maxims; and a more formidable barrier to his ambitious plans is opposed by his love for his old playmate and neighbor, Hepzibah Ann; but his resolution rising above these obstacles, he goes to New York, and works at his new profession with brave self-denial and a genuine enthusiasm for art. After five years of faithful study, though success seems not far off, he is only beginning to earn a little money, and has as yet found no specialty which calls out a real genius within him. And now comes news from the Cape home which he had pushed as far back in his memory as possible. The father of Hepsy Ann, a bold and successful fisherman, had ventured out to the Banks earlier than usual one spring, was spoken at the fishing-grounds filling his boat fast, and was never heard of again. The suspense of the daughter, left at home in charge of her little brothers and sisters, is thus described:

Vainly poor Hepsy Ann waited for the well-known signal in the offing, daily walking to the shore, where kind old uncle Shubael, now long superannuated, and idly busying himself about the fish-house, strove to cheer her fainting soul by store of well-chosen proverbs, and yarns of how, aforesaid, schooners not larger and not so stout as the "Miranda," starting early for the Banks, had been blown southward to the West Indies, and when the second-fare men came in with their fish, had made their appearance, laden with rich cargoes of tropical molasses and bananas. Poor Hepsy Ann! what need to describe the long-drawn agony which grew with the summer flowers, but did not wane with the summer sun? Hour after hour, day after day, she sat by her pantry-window, looking with wistful eyes out over the sand, to that spot where the ill-fated "Miranda" had last been seen, but never should appear again.

Elkanah, hard at work in New York, hears nothing of it till some time after, when he receives a short and solemn letter from his mother, telling him the news, and that Hepsy Ann was alone in the world.

That was all. Elkanah sat on his stool before his easel, looking vacantly at the unfinished picture as one stunned and breathless. For the purport of this message was not to be mistaken. Nor did his conscience leave him in doubt as to his duty. O God! was this indeed the end? Had he toiled and hoped and prayed and lived the life of an anchorite these five years only for this? Was such faith, such devotion so rewarded?

But had any one the right to demand this sacrifice of him? Was it not a devilish temptation to take him from his calling, from that work which God had evidently intended him to work for the world? Had he a right to spoil his life, to belittle his soul for any consideration? If Hepsy Ann Nickerson had claims, had not he also, and his art? If he were willing, in this dire extremity, to sacrifice his love, his prospects of married love, might he not justly require the same of her? Was not Art his mistress?

But he decides in favor of his betrothed, and goes home, where he is greeted in the undemonstrative New-England way by his family.

"Well, Elkanah, glad to see you, boy!" said his father, looking up from his corner by the stove; "how's things in New York?" Father and son had not met for three years. . . .

How to take his sad face over to Elijah Nickerson's house? But that must be done too. Looking through the little sitting-room window as he passed, he saw pale-faced Hepsy Ann sitting quietly by the table, sewing. The children had gone to bed. He did not knock; why should he? but walking in, stood silent on the floor. A glad surprised smile lit up the sad wan face as she recognised him, and stepping to his side, said, "Oh, Elkanah! I knew you'd come. How good of you!" Then, abashed to have so committed herself and him, she shrank to her chair again.

Let us not intrude further on these two. Surely Elkanah Brewster had been less than man had he not found his hard heart to soften and his cold love to warm as he drew from her the story of her long agony, and saw this weary heart ready to rest upon him, longing to be comforted in his strong arms.

The next day a small sign was put up at Abijah Brewster's door—"Boots and Shoes made and mended by Elkanah Brewster."

It was arranged that he should work at his trade all the winter. In the spring he was to have his father's vessel, and the wedding would be before he started for the Banks.

Now we maintain that this picture of self-sacrifice, painted in quiet and homelike colors, is truer, and therefore to the reflective mind more satisfying, than most of the popular renderings of the same virtue by some of our favorite authors, for instance in Bret Harte's powerful sketches, or in John Hay's clever but rather lurid and sensational poem of *Jim Bludso*.

But let us finish this bare outline of the story by following Elkanah's fortunes in his old calling:

As he sat one evening high on the quarter, smoking his pipe in that calm contemplative mood which is the smoker's reward for a day of toil, the little vessel pitching bows under in the long tremendous swell of the Atlantic, the low drifting fog lurid in the light of the setting sun, but bright stars twinkling out one by one overhead in a sky of Italian clearness and softness, it all came to him, that which he had so long, so vainly toiled for, prayed for in New York—his destiny. Why should he paint heads, figures, landscapes, objects with which his heart had never been really filled? But now, as in one flash of divinest intelligence, it was revealed to him. This sea, this fog, this sky, these stars, this old, old life which he had been almost born into, O blind bat indeed, not to have seen that this was your birthright in Art!

In that sunset hour was born a painter.

Here let us say that we think the author ought to apply to himself the passage last quoted as having an allegorical meaning. His speciality, too, is with the sea, with vessels beset by fogs or by the storms, which he describes with extraordinary success, as for instance in "Mehetabel Rogers's Cranberry Swamp"—we are aware that these names grate upon the sensibilities of some of our Southern readers—and though he could with as much truth and humor describe characters in a different setting, the background of the ocean suits him best. We have not seen his new book on California, but we have a feeling that he had better leave its mines to be worked by Bret Harte, and continue to cast his net into the Atlantic.

The mention of this author naturally provokes some comparison of his stories with Nordhoff's, as both writers have much in common; but there is only one point of difference to which we will call attention now, and that is that while Nordhoff produces his effects by a

skilful handling of every-day characters in every-day scenes, Bret Harte is to some extent indebted for his success to the novelty both of the wild scenes where his stories are laid, and of the rude upheaval of society which he describes. That the new and wild scenes of themselves help a writer's power over his readers, is attested by Joaquin Miller's success, for we maintain that if that poet gave up his Southwestern specialties, confined himself to scenes which could not be described by such sonorous words as cordillera and cañon, where he would have to call a hat a hat, and not a sombrero; in short, where nature as well as human nature gets itself up generally in a less theatrical way, he would find his occupation gone, or nearly so. And as to the second accidental aid to Bret Harte's popularity, the fact namely that the characters he describes are the lawless miners, the ruffians, gamblers, and prostitutes of the frontier, is it not the fact that the sympathies of our reading public have a perverse way of going out to such people, that we are particularly gratified when the easy-going self-indulgent sinners come out strong in some emergency, quite as strong as if they had been in moral training all their lives? Now we do not care to raise the question whether this is a misplaced sympathy or not, we merely assert that it was easier for Bret Harte to produce his effects, working in these materials, than if he had taken the colder and quieter colors of the familiar type of human nature, and that it is the proof of a great writer to be able to dispense with adjuncts of a sensational or even of an exceptional kind.

The canon of criticism here indicated may be applied with equal justice to other works of literature, and we may add of art, and teaches us to prefer the harmonious working of natural characters in real situations, to the spasmodic action of abnormal characters in impossible situations. It is not so much the materials one works with as the skill in using them which calls forth the praise of the really judicious, whatever the whole theatre-full of others may think about it. Take *Middlemarch* as an instance of this, or *Cranford*; the meagreness of the material is part of the triumph of the author. Or take as an instance the pencil of John Leech or Richard Doyle, or the pen of Thackeray or Lewis Carroll. Is it not part of the triumph of Leech especially, as Thackeray has hinted in one of his "Early and Late Papers," that he excites our inextinguishable laughter, not by ferociously and coarsely pillorying the political scape-goats and social follies of the period, after the manner of Gilray and the earlier English caricaturists, but by a portrayal of human nature so true that all can recognise it, so delicate that none are ashamed to own kin to it? Success in coarse caricature is easily enough attained, but society may have to wait long for another Leech to amuse it with "Sketches of Life and Character." In the same way we think that to make a child's fairy-tale the vehicle for first-rate satire or humor, as Thackeray and Lewis Carroll have done in *The Rose and the Ring* and *Alice's Adventures*, is a far greater and rarer power than is needed to construct such stories as Gustave Droz for instance writes for the *Vie Parisienne*. The merest boor can tell a broad story well enough to raise a laugh in an after-dinner conclave, but when viands are peppered so high as to have all taste extinguished except the pepper taste, they lose their attractions for the discriminating palate.

But to return from these somewhat digressive remarks to the matter in hand, we do not, of course, find fault with Bret Harte because he has, as he says himself in the preface to his stories, abstained from pointing any positive moral, after the style of Hogarth's cartoons of the Industrious and Idle Apprentices. We approve the spirit of his preface where he says, "I might have painted my villains of the blackest dye,—so black indeed that the originals thereof would have contemplated them with the glow of comparative virtue. I might have made it impossible for them to have performed a virtuous or a generous action, and have thus avoided that moral confusion which is apt to arise in the contemplation of mixed motives and qualities," etc. We agree with his theory entirely, and would by all means have a picture of human nature as it is, not as it ought to be ; but we venture to criticise his practice, and we say that he contradicts the usual experience of human nature, when, for instance, in the "Outcasts of Poker Flat" he represents one of the worst of those outcasts starving herself to death that a chance companion in misfortune may have more food ; when he represents Miggles, in the most beautiful of his stories, living in the wilderness with her former paramour grown paralytic and childish, and giving herself up entirely to nursing and caring for him ; or when he makes the rough miners and desperadoes of Roaring Camp change their wild habits, subdued by a sentiment for the baby which has been left to be brought up among them ; and that although we forget these improbabilities while we give ourselves up to the charm of the humorous and pathetic narration, constant repetition of this inconsistent view of human nature is a blemish. The Mother Shiptons and Miggleses of real life are distinguished by qualities the very reverse of the self-sacrifice and devotion attributed to them in these tales ; the gamblers of real life are less likely than are more commonplace sinners to exhibit the heroism, tenderness and generosity of Oakhurst and Jack Hamlin ; and Bret Harte's idealisations may be very cleverly, even grandly done, but are they quite true?

Now in Nordhoff's stories there is nothing of this rather sensational kind of contrast, unless perhaps in the first story in the volume, "Captain Tom." His characters are consistent with themselves, and we have but little of that sudden amendment sometimes seen towards the close of a fifth act, just in time for the convert to obtain by a judicious expression of moral sentiments the applause of the galleries before the curtain goes down.

It has seemed to us a rather curious caprice of fortune by which, of two writers so much alike in many of their qualities as Bret Harte and Nordhoff, one should have reached the pinnacle of popularity, and the other remain almost unknown beyond the circle of the readers of the magazines for which his stories were originally written. But an explanation of part at least of the disproportionate, though by no means undeserved, success of the more popular writer was suggested to us by an incident in the career of the poet Cowper, which was mentioned in a critique in a late number of *Temple Bar*. It is mentioned there that Cowper failed to make any marked impression with his first poems, though they were imbued with the

qualities which have given him a lasting fame; but that after he wrote his famous *jeu d'esprit* "John Gilpin," he grew into sudden popularity, and people read eagerly everything he had written. In the same way Bret Harte's prose was read by comparatively few until he set the whole country laughing with his "Heathen Chinee," and then his stories reached popularity with one bound.

The most striking of Nordhoff's tales is perhaps "Mehetabel Rogers," but they are all well worth reading, and will bear the crucial test of a good story, being interesting as well as clever.

F. J. B.

THE GREEN TABLE.

THERE was an ancient person by the name of Welles, and rejoicing in the baptismal, or, as he probably would call it, the "given" name of Gideon, who was a member of the Cabinet of Mr. Lincoln. How or why he came to be there, or managed to remain after he got there, has always been among the mysteries of those mysterious days. How or why, of all things in the world, he was made Secretary of the Navy—except upon the ground that he knew less of naval affairs than of any of the numerous things of which he was ignorant—nobody has ever been able to tell. It was perfectly notorious that his Assistant Secretary, who was a man of knowledge and professional experience, was really the head of the Department, and that the nominal chief was only what his Jack-tars would have called its "figure-head." Mr. Lincoln, who understood men pretty well, used, in his pleasant and descriptive way, to speak of him as "Daddy Welles"; and from this, and the fondness of the second Washington for a jest, and particularly for an improper one, it was commonly surmised that he kept Mr. Welles in his Cabinet, because he thought that such a Secretary of the Navy was the completest joke he knew. Be all this as it may, however, Mr. Welles disappeared from view in due course, becoming less and less conspicuous the longer he remained in place, so that without making more elaborate historical researches than the occasion justifies, we are not able to say, with accuracy, at what precise time he passed back from public to private obscurity. Before his translation, however, he acquired that singular propensity, which appears almost universal in extinct politicians who have been long in Washington. We mean the intense desire to make themselves out as politically alive, after they are to all outward appearance politically dead and buried. Consigned to his native New England somewhere, and to a rest as deep as that of the Pharaohs, he has been ever and anon entertaining himself and the readers of the *Galaxy* with *post mortem* exhibitions of what he supposes to be vitality. Absolutely unconnected, in fact or desert, with any of the real achievements or triumphs of his section, he publishes every now and then some scrap of what he would call history,

in order to show how large a part the sword of Gideon had in them all. His last effort in that direction appears in the *Galaxy* of May, *à propos* of "The Capture and Release of Mason and Slidell." His avowed purpose is "to relate facts connected with governmental proceedings, some of which have not in all respects been correctly stated or rightly understood." His real and manifest object is to explain away the snubbing which he received, when the Government disavowed the conduct of Captain Wilkes, after Mr. Welles, as Secretary of the Navy, had made a grand flourish over it, and not only had congratulated Captain Wilkes officially upon it, but had announced that it had "the emphatic approval of the Department." Nay, the venerable Secretary had gone so far, in his congratulatory letter to Capt. Wilkes, as to intimate that it had been a piece of unnecessary "forbearance," and a bad precedent, on his part, not to capture the Trent as well as "the rebel Commissioners" who were on board of her.

We do not propose discussing Mr. Welles' "facts," which do not much concern anybody but himself. It seems to us extraordinary, however, that neither he nor Mr. Adams appears to realise, that the Trent case is about the last subject which people of their way of thinking can afford to recall to the public memory. Messrs. Mason and Slidell were seized and captured from a ship bearing the flag of Great Britain. The Secretary of the Navy applauded and approved the outrage, and Congress tendered its thanks to Captain Wilkes for having committed it. The British Government peremptorily demanded the restoration of the prisoners and an apology for their capture. The Federal Government surrendered the prisoners, disavowed the act of Wilkes as unauthorised, and got out of the apology by insisting that no insult had been intended. Instead of doing this frankly and like a man, Mr. Seward did it as he did everything else, in a cloud and fog of prevarications, pretences, sophistications and twaddle, which concealed from nobody the perfectly patent fact, that he was in no condition to fight Great Britain and therefore ate his humble pie. That Mr. Adams should have glorified Seward for this "dodge"—our readers will pardon the use of the only word that really describes the thing—is scarcely more astonishing, than that prominent friends of Mr. Lincoln should have deemed it so great an achievement as to justify them in claiming it as his thunder, not Seward's. It is the first historical quarrel that we remember, over the patent-right of a trick of which everybody ought to be heartily ashamed. Still there is no disputing about taste; and if Mr. Welles is anxious to prove that he was a fly on the wheel in question, he is welcome, for us, to the glory of it. But he might have been decent, if he must needs be silly. He need not have gone out of his way to insult and defame the dead. It would be impossible for us to describe one-half so well as his own language has disclosed, the petty malignity and spite with which he speaks of the captives whom he was compelled to surrender. The following are the concluding paragraphs of his story:

"They accomplished nothing," he tells us, "at the courts by which they strove to be recognised, but were slighted and avoided. Each lingered a suppliant near the government to which he had been sent, unrecognised and disregarded. When the rebellion was suppressed they found themselves homeless and aliens. Mason left England and had a vagabond residence of two or three years in Canada. Some time after the war closed he came quietly and humbly to Virginia, a broken-down old man, and finding his once pleasant home in the valley of the Shenandoah desolated by war, he retired to the vicinity of Alexandria, where he died an obscure and miserable death in April, 1871. Slidell, disappointed, worn down and mortified, sought from President Johnson pardon and safe passport to revisit this country, but was told he could have no special privileges, and if he returned he must not expect exemption above others. He therefore spent the rest of his days in exile, passing the remnant of a vicious and intriguing career in reading French fictions, and finally died in London in July, 1871—three months after his associate, Mason, had been entombed."

This is what an aged man, himself not far off from the grave into which his victims have fallen, is not ashamed to say of gentlemen, whose worst offence was only that they differed from him in opinion. This is what a people who are always crying "Forgive and forget!" will not only permit Mr. Welles to say without reproach, but will make it his interest to write and the interest of publishers to publish.

That either of the Confederate Commissioners was "slighted or avoided," Mr. Welles cannot possibly help knowing is untrue. That they had no official recognition everybody knows; but it is a notorious fact — conspicuous in the columns of the Northern journals of that day, and recorded in the very correspondence of the State Department itself — that the kindness and courtesy and social attention and respect which they received abroad, excited the intense and jealous resentment of the Union government and Northern people. That Messrs. Mason and Slidell were "suppliants," in any other or less honorable sense than the diplomatic agents of the American Colonies, in Europe, in the days of our first Revolution, is equally false. If they were "homeless and aliens," or had "a vagabond residence" anywhere after the war, it was simply because they durst not or would not rely on the faith of a faction, which had enthroned itself by brute force, respecting no pledge and keeping no troth. If Mr. Mason returned, to find his pleasant home desolated and his wife and children without a hearth to weep by, it was because brutal passions, stimulated by Mr. Welles and men like him, had taken revenge, for the humiliation of the Trent affair, upon the hapless and unresisting stones of his dwelling. That Mr. Mason ever abated one jot or tittle of his manhood or his independence; that he ever abandoned, or shrank for an instant, in defeat and adversity, from the principles and opinions for which he had sacrificed everything, is a slander which every man who knew him will repel with scorn and indignation. His death may have been "obscure," for he had neither plunder nor power to give it notoriety or circumstance; but it was the tranquil death of a Christian and a brave and kindly gentleman, whom men could praise without lying and love without being bought. If it was "miserable," it was of a misery which his persecutors and traducers will not be apt to share — a misery of a very different sort from that which has haunted some deathbeds of theirs already.

That Mr. Slidell sought "privileges and exemptions" from President Johnson, different from those conceded to other Southern men less obnoxious than he, is simply ridiculous. His worst enemies never charged him with being a fool, and the veriest idiot would have known that to be folly. He may possibly have read "French fictions" in his latter days. We have known that to be done by very loyal people, who like Mr. Slidell, had the advantage of Mr. Welles in understanding the French language. If Mr. Slidell was really guilty of it, we trust it will be considered as no worse than writing American "fictions," which Mr. Welles clearly regards as not an unpardonable sin.

We are sorely tempted to say other things which this diatribe of our Ancient Mariner suggests. On the whole, however, we do not know that we could say anything much worse of him and his, than that they made Cabinet Ministers of such as he, while they called Mason and Slidell "rebels," and Lee and Jackson "traitors." Of our contemporaries of the *Galaxy* it might perhaps be permitted us to inquire, in the kindest spirit, whether they can do nothing better for the literature of the country and the reconciliation of its discords than —

"Dropping buckets into empty Welles,
And drawing nothing up."

THE BAGGAGE-SMASHER.

Sometimes, by luck, at dock or train,
When helping, I have found
The baggage of a long campaign
Snug in an iron-bound,
A monstrous trunk, a high three-decked,
Stout linen-wrapped affair,
Some belle's or widow's wardrobe packed
With most painstaking care.
Ah, blessed vision ! in a trice
Upon that trunk I dash,
And toss, bang, twist, and ne'er desist
Till all within is mixed to hash !

How sweet the ladies' looks that see
Me handle thus a trunk ;
The cry, half rage, half agony :
"Oh, Charles, the man is drunk !"
My heart beats high within me then,
I slam the baggage worse and worse ;
My strength grows as the strength of ten
To hear their husbands curse.
The husband swears, the lady weeps,
And should the trunk wide open spring,
And silks, lace, flowers, fly out in showers,
For rapture I could sing !

Sometimes in Dodd's great wagon borne
Through all the town I go ;
I ring some bell at early morn,
Plunging through slush and snow ;
And when the door is oped to me,
Into the nice clean hall I tramp,
And everywhere, on floor and stair,
My muddy footprints stamp :
I mount the steps, I snatch the trunks,
I wrench and jerk them half apart ;
I bump them down, I sling them round,
And chuck them in the cart.

With glee I lift each parcel high
And fling it down again ;
To smash the biggest trunks I try
With all my might and main.
Their wretched insides I shake up,
And mix and stir in endless coil,
Till boxes shiver and bottles pop,
And silks and cambrics soil.
And when the nice and costly things
Are all besmirched and mussed,
Like a school-boy I laugh with joy
Till I am fit to bust.

THE June No. of this Magazine was already in type when the sad news reached us of the death of one of the best known and most esteemed representatives of Southern literature and culture — JOHN R. THOMPSON.

We will not intrude upon our readers the expression of personal feeling at the loss of a friend; nor will we here recapitulate the incidents of a life which has already received due record in the many affectionate tributes to the memory of the deceased. But we have a few words to say on a point connected with the career of Mr. Thompson, which has not, we think, been brought into sufficient prominence.

It has been for many years a grave misfortune for the South — far graver and more important than our people generally imagine — that we have had among us no recognised body of literary men. Authors we have had, scholars, novelists, essayists, poets; but for the most part their literary work has been supplementary to some other calling, and not the serious business of a life. Hence among them there has been no harmony of purpose, no unity of effort, no combined influence for good — in a word, we have had Southern writers, but no Southern literature, no distinctively Southern culture.

A consequence of this isolation has been that we have had no authentic criticism in the South. And by criticism we are as far as possible from meaning the special individual opinion expressed by any one touching any particular work. What we mean is the influence exercised by a body of qualified and acknowledged leaders of thought and letters, acting in harmony; an influence fostering, guiding, teaching, encouraging, as well as repressing, with a weight and authority that no individual can possibly have.

So far as this influence could be exerted by one man, it was exerted by Mr. Thompson during his long editorship of the *Southern Literary Messenger*, and in this, we think, lies his chief claim to be gratefully and affectionately remembered by his countrymen. No pettiness, no perversities, no crotchets, ever obscured his artistic judgment: to one aim, the culture, cherishing, and guidance of Southern letters, all his powers were devoted. Utterly free from self-seeking, he was quick to recognise modest merit, and foster it by judicious commendation; and — a far harder task — he was as prompt to recognise the presence of genius superior to his own. Never wilfully derelict to his duties, while he had often occasion to censure, he had always hosts of friends, and, so far as we know, not an enemy. As has been well said by one of his friends, who knew his worth: — “Whatever may be the award of time, he has at least left behind him to those who loved him a legacy which time cannot touch: the remembrance of his stainless honor, of duty scrupulously fulfilled, and of all those sweet and gracious lessons which were illustrated by a pure and blameless life.”

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ON THE STEPS OF THE BEMA.

No. V.

PHILONEOS, OR THE FATAL PHILTRE.

AS all the speeches of Isaios pertain to inheritance and succession, so all the speeches of Antiphôn have to do with murder and homicide. Antiphôn, the oldest orator of the Attic canon, was a man of high intellect and ambitious aims, who worked his way up by persevering self-culture, and attained great eminence in the art of oratory and fatal prominence in the trade of politics. One of the leaders of the conservative reaction in the latter part of the Peloponnesian war, he perished miserably, if indeed he can be said to have perished miserably who had such a pupil and such a chronicler as Thukydidês. Of course the extant speeches of Antiphôn have not escaped the fate of other masterpieces of antiquity; and one absurd Dutchman has pronounced them all spurious; but, if internal evidence is worth anything, they all belong, if not to Antiphôn, to Antiphôn's time. Be that however as it may, such questions of authorship do not concern us here, and, so long as this speech or that speech bears the stamp of actual life, it is good enough for our purposes. Unfortunately, twelve out of the fifteen speeches that are attributed to Antiphon lack this requisite. They are mere school-exercises on imaginary themes: four to each case, two to either side. Of such pieces there is no end in the later literature of Greece, and it must be confessed that great ingenuity is often displayed in the

construction of the problems ; but the utter artificiality of theme and argument is as wearisome as utter stupidity would be. The three remaining speeches of Antiphôn's are actual speeches, and I expected to build on them an altar to the three Furies ; for in order to make sure of the sympathies of my readers in at least one of these papers, I had in advance solemnly dedicated the fifth to the Erinyes. But comparative mythology has exploded the Erinyes,—

Those vengeful deities that wont to move
With rapid sweep of storm in fateful quest
Of guilty man, their brows all black with wrath,
Their tresses likened unto fiery snakes,
Their giant stride puffed with noiseless wool,

—have they not long since been resolved into clouds and vapor ? We fear them no longer, and if by any chance they should visit us, we can borrow a newspaper umbrella to keep off the rain, and tip our lightning-conductors with gold to guide the thunderbolt to a verdict of “ not proven.” This being the case, there is no use in dealing ceremoniously with the fallen dignitaries ; and I have no hesitation in turning Alêctô and Megaira out of doors, and asking Tisiphonê to take a seat with me on the Steps of the Bêma. “ Read me the first oration of Antiphôn, Tisiphonê.” She reads, and as she reads, the story runs itself into dialogue. To be sure the characters talk a little disjointedly, but nothing better could be expected of skeletons.

THE FATAL PHILTRE.

A Dialogue of the Dead, or, what is not the same thing, a Dead Dialogue.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ :

PHILONEOS, a country gentleman, formerly lodger in the house of Chlôros. CHLOROS, an Athenian Merchant.	TYNDARIS, rib to Chlôros. NEAIRA, demirib to Philoneôs. AIAKOS, Policeman.
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Philoneos. Whither away, Chlôros ?

Chloros. Whither away yourself. So far as I can see, there is no place to go to now. We are settled here for life — I meant to say for death.

Philoneos. It is not half a bad place when you get used to it. I have been here a matter of three weeks, and I consider myself an old citizen. One comfort is that I am spared the company of Neaira, a good, faithful creature, but so fond of me that she is tiresome to a degree.

Chloros. Faithful ! Why, man, the last thing I heard was that she had confessed her crime.

Philoneos. Crime ! What crime ?

Chloros. She poisoned both of us. I lingered a long time, but you turned black in the face and toppled over at once. You could not have suffered much.

Philoneos. No. I felt a little giddy, but that is not unusual when a fellow drinks freely of Chian wine ; and the next thing I knew I was uncommonly sick over the side of Charon's boat.

Chloros. You were lucky. I had a much more weary time of it. Twenty long days and nights I endured the most racking pains. My wife, Tyndaris, was all kindness and attention, and showed her real goodness of heart by endeavoring to soothe my last hours ; but the physicians could not relieve me, although I was dosed and drugged until all my little cash went for medicines. The poison was supposed to be aconite, and they tried one thing after another — gypsum and abrotonum, and balm, and dwarf-olive, and rue — and —

Philoncos. Oh bother ! I haven't been here long, and yet every son of a skull that I have met undertakes to entertain me with all the miseries and medicines of his last illness. I have picked up some little knowledge of physic, and if I am any judge of symptoms, the long and short of it is this, I died of fulminating cerebro-spinal meningitis and you died of *delirium tremens*.

Chloros. I stick to the aconite ; that fulminates fast enough, and old Pharmacobystês knows what's what, and told Tyndaris it must be aconite.

Philoncos. If there was any foul play about it I suspect your wife rather than Neaira. I never saw her without thinking of the monkey wife in old Simonides's *Mirror of Women* :—

The monkey-wife's a plague of special magnitude,
In fact, the greatest Zeus hath ever sent on men ;
Her visage is the foulest : such a wife as that
Goes through the town a laughing-stock to human kind.
Her neck is next to nothing, and can scarcely bend ;
A bag of bones, she sits on thorns where'er she sits ;
Ah ! sadly to be pitied he that kisses her.
She knows full well the ins and outs of every wile,
Just like a monkey — yet no hearty laugh has she,
No thought of doing good to any, but she plans
And plans, and plans and watches, all the livelong day
What is the greatest damage she can do the world.

You must have been slightly cracked, Chlôros, when you married such a wife, despite her dowry.

Chloros. And so that's your way of showing your gratitude to me for letting you have my room for nothing. What harm did my wife ever do you ? Suppose I were to talk as rudely about Neaira ?

Philoncos. I wouldn't suffer it, that's all. I would tweak your nose for you, if you had any to tweak ; for although I treated her harshly myself, and threatened to send her packing more than once, I had all the time a sneaking kindness for her. Did I ever tell you the circumstances of our first meeting ? It was the time of the great plague.

Chloros. I know more about the great plague than most people living. I had it myself.

Philoncos. I can readily believe that. It began in the head, and with some people it never did entirely leave that part of the body.

Chloros. It is very unbecoming in a man who lived so long for nothing in my upper story to make fun of it. Go on with your tale and get through with it.

Philoncos. You remember how the people thronged in from the country just before the pestilence began ? The doctors said that the

crowd made the disease much worse, if it did not cause it. Every nook and corner was crammed with men and women and children. Shelter there was none, except such booths as could be put up out of such scant material as was to be had, and these were narrow and stifling. Indeed, for want of something better, numbers of these strangers begged or borrowed or bought large wine-jars and set up housekeeping in them.

Chloros. Humph! It seems to me that family jars have never been entirely out of fashion.

Philoneos. Humph! It seems to me that you have too lively a recollection of decayed puns. A draught of L  th   would do you a world of good.

Chloros. It would take more than one draught of L  th   to make me forget your interminable yarns. You remind me of the old picture in the primer, "Lazybones plaiting a rope —"

Philoneos. Very much so, "and a donkey devouring it as fast as it is made."

Chloros. To show you how your comparison halts, halt yourself. I am no donkey to take in your tasteless stories.

Philoneos. Death has not improved you as I thought it would. You are a worse listener now than you were then, and I have half a mind not to tell you how, walking out early one morning to get a little fresh air, and how turning a corner rapidly, I stumbled on a dead body, how the shock threw me against a large wine-jar, how the jar jostled from its props, began to roll over and over on the pavement, for the street was very steep. Out of the jar peeped two little bare feet that danced convulsively on nothing, and a girlish voice kept crying plaintively for help. I made shift to stop the jar and helped the tenant out. It was Neaira, then a young girl of twelve. She had crept into the jar the night before, she said, and the corpse against which I stumbled was her father. Her mother died a few days after the family reached Athens, and the husband and daughter, unwilling to throw the body on other people's funeral pyres, as so many were doing, made a fire of a wagon which had served them as a house; and by this act of piety they had deprived themselves of a shelter. The father then got this wine-jar as a place of refuge for his daughter, for you remember there was hardly anything like shame or self-restraint in all Athens, and the pestilence seemed to have wrought a fever of crime into the veins of the whole population, so that no young girl was safe from insult; and the father, a hard-fisted old Acharnian, an honest man no doubt, did well to keep guard before the mouth of the wine-jar.

Chloros. If his wife was anything like mine, it must have been a familiar pastime to him. Watching wine-jars seems to be a husband's chief end in this life — I meant in that life. Our women in Attica drank terribly, Philone  s.

Philoneos. If I had died of *delirium tremens*, I should not have alluded to drink; but "tortoise calls ox slow-foot" — will you ever let me finish? The little maid was disconsolate when she found her father was dead, and I took her away unresisting. You divine the rest. She was a comely woman when you first knew her, Philone  s,

but she was much fairer as a child ; and I always did admire the "unripe-grape" style, the sharper outline, the coy beauty, and those deer eyes — not yet womanly, hardly human.

"Thracian jennet, why dost eye me with a slanting glance of love-light?"

Chloros. Oh, that I could pucker up my lips for a good whistle! Stop at "sharp outline," my good fellow ; if sharp outline is what you want, I will back you against any "unripe grape" in Hellas. Are you not ashamed, as a settled citizen of Hades, to repeat these nonsensical phrases and ridiculous scraps of poetry that you learned a thousand years ago when you were a boy? You gentlemen of the rural districts have queer tastes. As a judge of beauty, I will back Aristophanes against Anakreôn any hour in the day, and he leans to plumpness.

Philoneos. I lean to plumpness too, for I make no bones of telling you that since you have lost your flesh you have become very waspish. Never mind, everybody is out of sorts at first ; you have to get used to your bones here just as you had to get used to your false teeth up yonder. But to return to Neaira.

Chloros. There's no use of returning to Neaira, for as I live — I meant to say, as I am dead — here is Neaira returning to you.

Philoneos. Hide me, Chlôros, there's a good fellow.

Chloros. I thought you were so fond of her. Oh yes, I remember, it was a sneaking kindness.

Philoneos. So I was fond of her while she was living and I was dead, and I should have continued to be fond of her if she were dead and I were living ; but when we were both living I found her affection cloying, and now that we are both dead — body o' me, hide me!

Chloros. Body o' me! a pretty oath for a bundle of bones. Hide you, indeed! I am as much of a lattice-work as you are. Step out like a man and look at Neaira. She has recovered her old style, sharp outlines, coy beauty, eyes that are not womanly, nay, hardly human.

Neaira. Boohoo! boohoo! A good cry would be a great satisfaction, but it's no use, I can't cry. All that I can do is to chatter my teeth, and that is so unbecoming. And to think that I had a sweet voice! Indeed I must have had a sweet voice, for Philoneôs said so, and Philoneôs was not given to complimenting me. And now what a squeak! Why, Philoneôs!

Philoneos. Excuse me, Madame ; I haven't the advantage, you mistake your skeleton.

Neaira. Oh no, Philoneôs, not I ; I should know you by your bandy-legs anywhere — as the poet Asymptôtus says,

None but themselves can be their parallel.

Chloros. Ill quoted, Neaira. Bandy-legs and parallels are as ill-assorted couples as Philoneôs and yourself. But you ought to have come in a moment sooner to have heard Philoneôs in rapturous recollection of you and the plague.

Neaira. Ah! Philoneôs, you were kind to me then ; and if you had only kept kind to me, we might all three have been alive and well

in Athens this day, instead of shivering here in this damp place which has given me the rheumatism already in all my bones. Tyndaris could never have persuaded me to do what I did if you had not been so harsh.

Chloros. Tyndaris! I prick up my ears—I meant to say—what do people say when they have no ears to prick up? This thing of being a skeleton interferes seriously with a man's flow of language. What of Tyndaris?

Neaira. Why, Tyndaris is at the bottom of all our trouble. You know, Chlôros, when I first came to your house to lodge, your wife would take no notice of me, because, forsooth, I had no marriage certificate. But one day I was sitting alone in my room and crying a little, for Philoneôs had been cross to me and had threatened to send me adrift, when I heard a knock at my door, and who should come in but Madame Tyndaris. "Crying," says she, without any further preface; "a young and pretty woman like you crying! What is the matter?" "Matter enough," says I; "my master says he is going to turn me off, and I haven't a friend in the world." "Have you no kinsfolk?" says she. "It's hard work finding poor folks' kin," says I. "I do think," says she, "these men they are all built after the same pattern." "Surely," says I, "you haven't anything to complain of; Chlôros is a perfect lamb of a man, and as good-natured as good-natured can be. How kind he has been to me and Philoneôs, and let us have this attic room for nothing." "Very kind," says she with a sidelong look; "but everybody knows where his own shoe pinches. Chlôros is all the time talking about his first wife this and his first wife that, and he pets that lout of a son of his and neglects my precious boy; and then—to tell the truth—I am a wee bit jealous. These merchants are away from home so much that they are not to be trusted, and Chlôros spends too much of his time in the Peiræus." "So we are, after all, in the same boat," says I. "Yes," says Tyndaris, "and I must confess that I came to you thinking that we could be of some help to one another. I had gathered from something Chlôros let fall that you and Philoneôs were not getting on very smoothly, and I felt sorry for you, and a little curious besides, and I was not so very much surprised when I found you crying." "But the help?" "The help is this: I have a Thessalian friend who understands white magic, and she gave me the recipe for a love-potion that is said to be unfailing. I have been looking for an opportunity to mix the things, but the draught requires a deal of pounding and brewing, and Chlôros is one of your restless, fussy men—goes off and stays for hours, and then pops in on you when you least expect him; and besides, the children never leave me a moment, so that I have not been able to prepare the philtre myself. Now you have this upper room all to yourself for at least half the time, as Philoneôs is running about town all day. The directions are very simple, and you can make it yourself, or I can come up here and mix it. Then the first time that you are with the two men on one of their drinking-bouts, you can give them the potion in their wine. It would not answer for me, as an Athenian matron, you know, to go to such frolics—but you—you know—" I could have choked her for that last speech,

but I was too eager to regain the love of Philoneôs to stand on trifles, and I consented to help her. So she left the drugs in my room, for she had brought them in her bosom, and the next day we made the mixture. The very day after that Philoneôs said to me quite friendly like, "Come, Neaira, our friend Chlôros is going to sail for Naxos to-day, and as he has been very civil to me, I have ordered a tip-top dinner in the Peiraieus, and we are going to have a jolly blow-out by way of farewell."

Philoneos. Hold there, chatterbox, we know the rest. I see now that I am indebted to your love for my hasty departure.

Neaira. Yes, indeed. At first I intended to divide the philtre equally between Chlôros and you.

Chloros. Much obliged.

Neaira. But then I remembered Tyndaris's high and mighty manner, and I said to myself, "Never mind, you old sarcophagus, I'll pay you off for sneering at me." And so I gave you a double share, Philoneôs.

Philoneos. Much obliged.

Neaira. Of course Chlôros has told you, Philoneôs, how I was arrested and tortured. They say I confessed, but who would not confess? Such nonsense as men talk about torture being the surest way of getting at the truth! I had rather tell a thousand lies than mount that fearful, fearful wheel. Hanging is nothing to it, though the rope did give me a crick in the neck and make my voice husky. The executioner was a love of a man and let me have my choice—that's how I came to be hanged. It is such a lady-like way—and I had the comfort of dying like Iokastê and Antigônê and all the other heroines.

Chloros. Ay, and like the maid-servants in the *Odysseia*. But whom have we here?

Tyndaris. "Foolish is he that killeth the father and leaveth the children." If I had only put that miserable boy, Mêtrodôros, out of the way first, I might have buried Chlôros without any trouble. But he must needs set about avenging his father's death—his father's, forsooth!—and yet why do I blame the simpleton? He was put up to it by Antiphôn. I never could abide that Antiphôn, and like him less than ever now. The idea of that little speech costing a woman her life! He spoke just twenty minutes, and called me a Klytaimnêstra, sweet innocent! If I am Klytaimnêstra, I know who tried to play Aigisthos. But never mind, Mr. Criminal Lawyer Antiphôn has begun to dabble in politics, and the democrats will avenge me yet. Who are these? By Lêda, it is my precious husband and his rustic lodger, and that malapert minx of a Neaira! "Malapert minx" is good; I heard that phrase from a poet. If we were not all dead I should be a little afraid, but, as the proverb says, "Dead men don't bite,"—and if they did, they would hardly bite me, a poor lone woman without any flesh on my bones. I wonder if Neaira has told. Well, at any rate I will put a good face on it and salute them. How d'ye do, Chlôros?

Chloros. Bye-bye, Tyndaris.

Tyndaris. Have you forgotten your manners?

Chloros. Up-stairs manners are of no use here. There is no morning, no evening greeting in Hades ; morning and evening are one night. And besides I said "bye-bye" ; that is hint enough. Indeed you ought to be thankful for that civility.

Tyndaris. As rude as ever. As the saying is, "One cannot make a dice-board out of an ass's tail," and death has not polished you at all.

Neaira. Can't you see, Tyndaris, that your room is better than your company?

Tyndaris. I found it so, Miss, when you occupied my attic. So you have been blabbing, have you? Yes, I did it ; as the girl in the play says —

I do confess I did it, and deny it not.

If we women can't have the excitement of poisoning, life will not be worth living for ; and I confess I shall miss the pastime. Oh, it is glorious to feel that you have such power over nuisances ! If you don't like a woman's looks, or a man doesn't like your looks, a pinch of powder in the broth, a dash of liquid in the wine, and the next day they are swept off like dead flies. The first time I poisoned anybody, I poisoned my mother-in-law. She was an old hag, and didn't want Chlôros to marry me, in spite of my money. She didn't like the Thessalian blood, she said. Now Chlôros was no brilliant match, it is true, but he had the recommendation of being a great fool. I suppose you retain this feature, Chlôros ? If you do, it is the only feature you do retain. Do you pun as much as ever, Chlôros ?

Chloros. No, 'pon honor.

Tyndaris. That will do. Well, shortly after I was married, the old woman fell sick, and I had to nurse her. I did not poison her exactly, but I overdosed her, and she went off much more quietly than she deserved ; and oh, I had such a nice time at the funeral ! A funeral was always my dear delight, for that is one of the rare opportunities we Athenian women have to pick up lovers. Don't you remember the scandal about Euphilêtos's wife and that young fellow Eratosthenês ? She made his acquaintance at her mother-in-law's funeral, and I can't think of a more joyous occasion.

Chloros. It was anything else but a joyous occasion for Eratosthenês, as he found out afterwards when Euphilêtos found him out.

Tyndaris. Oh yes, because an old woman mixed herself up in the matter ; and then Euphilêtos was not so sweet a simpleton as you, my dear.

Chloros. Nay, nay, I will not believe that my confidence in you was abused. You were simply too ugly, my love. Ho, Philoneôs ! repeat those verses again about the monkey-wife.

Philoneôs. —

The monkey-wife's a plague of special magnitude —

Aiakos. Silence ! I am come to arrest one Tyndaris, a fugitive from justice. The said Tyndaris having been found guilty of sundry high crimes and misdemeanors, and having insulted the court by quoting stale proverbs and worn-out bits of poetry, and having broken jail in utter contempt of the keeper, Kerberos, hath been condemned

to be chained by the fibula of her left leg to the block on which Theseus sits, to take all the antidotes that the doctors prescribe for all the poisons that she hath administered, and to learn by heart all the poor poets, Greek and barbaric, from Euênos of Paros to Walt Whitman of Washington.

Tyndaris. My punishment is greater than I can bear; but as the proverb says, "The dough that you have kneaded you must eat."

Aiakos. Take care, you will have another age added to your punishment.

Tyndaris. I can stand anything but the poetry. Will there be none to redeem, good Aiakos? [The apparition of a Bêma rises.]

Aiakos. Seest the Steps of the Bêma? Art able, O woman, to count them?

Tyndaris. La, no! they are uncountable.

Chloros. You should say unaccountable.

Tyndaris. Hush, dotard! Aiakos is about to speak again.

Aiakos.—

When a barbarian stranger shall rise from the fifth of the Bêma,
Tyndaris shall be released from the terrible thralldom of Whitman.

As these studies are strictly confidential, I don't mind letting my readers know a little incident that shook my faith in my vocation as a popular expositor of the antique. If the incident is not true, it ought to be.

I had finished copying this number in that neat handwriting which always secures me my full share of typographical errors, and "*Philonêôs*, or the Fatal Philtre," lay on my desk ready for the fatal envelope, when I seemed to myself to see the familiar form of a flourishing teacher in a flourishing school enter my study. With the freedom of an old friend, he picked up my manuscript and scanned it. "H'm, No. V. Steps to the Bêma. Greek exercise book, I suppose. Glad to see you are getting out one. We need such a book very much. Let me run through it. H'm, h'm. Like the general plan very well. Seems to be fairly graded. Good syntactical points. Good notion that of introducing metrical bits. Got a key ready?"

"No," said I, meekly. "I had not thought of preparing a key. Anybody who is competent to teach Greek can make a key for himself." ("Confound the fellow," thought I, "I really believe he takes my dialogue for a mere patchwork of Greek phrases. It will puzzle him to find my originals.")

"Well," said he, "if you will not make a key yourself, let me do it. It will help the sale of your book, and it will be an amusement to me. I can extract amusement out of anything."

"You are more fortunate than I am," I replied, and resigned the manuscript.

In a few days I received from my friend a table of references, which I at once kicked to the foot of the Bêma. Nine-tenths of the allusions existed only in the imagination of my correspondent, or—in his lexicon.

B. L. GILDERSLEEVE.

SAN ANTONIO DE BEXAR.

II.

THE poor citizens of San Antonio de Bexar, however, do not yet enjoy the blessings of life in quiet; these wild soldiers who have stormed the town cannot remain long without excitement. Presently Dr. Grant revives his old Matamoras project, and soon departs, carrying with him most of the troops that had been left at Bexar for its defence, together with great part of the garrison's winter supply of clothing, ammunition and provisions, and in addition "pressing" such property of the citizens as he needs, inso-much that Col. Neill, at that time in command at Bexar, writes to the Governor of Texas that the place is left destitute and defenceless. Soon afterward Col. Neill is ordered to destroy the Alamo walls and other fortifications, and bring off the artillery, since no head can be made there in the present crisis against the enemy, who is reported marching in force upon San Antonio. Having no teams, Col. Neill is unable to obey the order, and presently retires, his unpaid men having dropped off until but eighty remain, of whom Colonel Wm. B. Travis assumes command. Colonel Travis promptly calls for more troops, but gets none as yet, for the Governor and Council are at deadly quarrel, and the soldiers are all pressing towards Matamoras. Travis has brought thirty men with him; about the middle of February he is joined by Colonel Bowie with thirty others, and these, with the eighty already in garrison, constitute the defenders of San Antonio de Bexar. On the 23d of February appears General Santa Ana at the head of a well-appointed army of some four thousand men, and marches straight on into town. The Texans retire before him slowly, and finally shut themselves up in the Alamo; here straightway begins that bloodiest, smokiest, grimiest tragedy of this century. William B. Travis, James Bowie, and David Crockett, with their hundred and forty-five effective men, are enclosed within a stone rectangle one hundred and ninety feet long and one hundred and twenty-two feet wide, having the old church of the Alamo in the southeast corner, in which are their quarters and magazine. They have a supply of water from the ditches that run alongside the walls, and by way of provision they have about ninety bushels of corn and thirty beef-cattle, their entire stock, all collected since the enemy came in sight. The walls are unbroken, with no angles from which to command besieging lines. They have fourteen pieces of artillery mounted, with but little ammunition.

Santa Ana demands unconditional surrender. Travis replies with a cannon-shot, and the attack commences, the enemy running up a blood-red flag in town. Travis dispatches a messenger with a call to his countrymen for reinforcements, which concludes: "Though this call may be neglected, I am determined to sustain myself as long as

possible, and die like a soldier who never forgets what is due to his own honor and that of his country. Victory or death!" Meantime the enemy is active. On the 25th Travis has a sharp fight to prevent him from erecting a battery raking the gate of the Alamo. At night it is erected, with another a half-mile off at the *Garita*, or powder-house, on a sharp eminence at the extremity of the present main street of the town. On the 26th there is skirmishing with the Mexican cavalry. In the cold—for a norther has commenced to blow and the thermometer is down to thirty-nine—the Texans make a sally successfully for wood and water, and that night they burn some old houses on the northeast that might afford cover for the enemy. So amid the enemy's constant rain of shells and balls, which miraculously hurt no one, the Texans strengthen their works and the siege goes on. On the 28th Fannin starts from Goliad with three hundred troops and four pieces of artillery, but for lack of teams and provisions quickly returns, and the little garrison is left to its fate. On the morning of the 1st of March there is doubtless a wild shout of welcome in the Alamo: Captain John W. Smith has managed to convey thirty-two men from Gonzales into the fort. These join the heroes, and the attack and defence go on. On the 3d a single man, Moses Rose, escapes from the fort. His account of that day* must entitle it to consecration as one of the most pathetic days of time.

"About two hours before sunset on the 3d of March, 1836, the bombardment suddenly ceased, and the enemy withdrew an unusual distance. . . . Colonel Travis paraded all his effective men in a single file, and taking his position in front of the centre, he stood for some moments apparently speechless from emotion; then nerving himself for the occasion, he addressed them substantially as follows:—

"My brave companions: stern necessity compels me to employ the few moments afforded by this probably brief cessation of conflict, in making known to you the most interesting, yet the most solemn, melancholy and unwelcome fact that humanity can realise. . . . Our fate is sealed. Within a very few days, perhaps a very few hours, we must all be in eternity! I have deceived you long by the promise of help; but I crave your pardon, hoping that after hearing my explanation you will not only regard my conduct as pardonable, but heartily sympathise with me in my extreme necessity. . . . I have continually received the strongest assurances of help from home. Every letter from the Council, and every one that I have seen from individuals at home, has teemed with assurances that our people were ready, willing and anxious to come to our relief. . . . These assurances I received as facts. . . . In the honest and simple confidence of my heart I have transmitted to you these promises of help and my confident hope of success. But the promised help has not come, and our hopes are not to be realised. I have evidently confided too much in the promises of our friends; but let us not be in haste to censure them. . . . Our friends were evidently not informed of our perilous

*As transmitted by the Zuber family, whose residence was the first place at which poor Rose had dared to stop, and with whom he remained some weeks, healing the festered wounds made on his legs by the cactus-thorns during the days of his fearful journey. The account from which these extracts are taken, is contributed to the Texas Almanac for 1873, by W. P. Zuber, and his mother, Mary Ann Zuber.

condition in time to save us. Doubtless they would have been here by the time they expected any considerable force of the enemy. . . . My calls on Colonel Fannin remain unanswered, and my messengers have not returned. The probabilities are that his whole command has fallen into the hands of the enemy, or been cut to pieces, and that our couriers have been cut off. [So does the brave simple soul refuse to feel any bitterness in the hour of death.] Then we must die. . . . Our business is not to make a fruitless effort to save our lives, but to choose the manner of our death. But three modes are presented to us; let us choose that by which we may best serve our country. Shall we surrender and be deliberately shot without taking the life of a single enemy? Shall we try to cut our way out through the Mexican ranks and be butchered before we can kill twenty of our adversaries? I am opposed to either method. Let us resolve to withstand our adversaries to the last, and at each advance to kill as many of them as possible. And when at last they shall storm our fortress, let us kill them as they come! kill them as they scale our wall! kill them as they leap within! kill them as they raise their weapons and as they use them! kill them as they kill our companions! and continue to kill them as long as one of us shall remain alive! . . . But I leave every man to his own choice. Should any man prefer to surrender . . . or to attempt an escape . . . he is at liberty to do so. My own choice is to stay in the fort and die for my country, fighting as long as breath shall remain in my body. This will I do, even if you leave me alone. Do as you think best; but no man can die with me without affording me comfort in the hour of death!’

“Colonel Travis then drew his sword, and with its point traced a line upon the ground extending from the right to the left of the file. Then resuming his position in front of the centre, he said, ‘I now want every man who is determined to stay here and die with me to come across this line. Who will be first? March!’ The first respondent was Tapley Holland, who leaped the line at a bound, exclaiming, ‘I am ready to die for my country!’ His example was instantly followed by every man in the file with the exception of Rose. . . . Every sick man that could walk, arose from his bunk and tottered across the line. Colonel Bowie, who could not leave his bed, said, ‘Boys, I am not able to come to you, but I wish some of you would be so kind as to remove my cot over there.’ Four men instantly ran to the cot, and each lifting a corner, carried it across the line. Then every sick man that could not walk made the same request, and had his bunk removed in the same way.

“Rose too was deeply affected, but differently from his companions. He stood till every man but himself had crossed the line He sank upon the ground, covered his face, and yielded to his own reflections. . . . A bright idea came to his relief; he spoke the Mexican dialect very fluently, and could he once get safely out of the fort, he might easily pass for a Mexican and effect an escape. . . . He directed a searching glance at the cot of Colonel Bowie. . . Colonel David Crockett was leaning over the cot, conversing with its occupant in an undertone. After a few seconds Bowie looked at Rose

and said, 'You seem not to be willing to die with us, Rose.' 'No,' said Rose; 'I am not prepared to die, and shall not do so if I can avoid it.' Then Crockett also looked at him, and said, 'You may as well conclude to die with us, old man, for escape is impossible.' Rose made no reply, but looked at the top of the wall. 'I have often done worse than to climb that wall,' thought he. Suiting the action to the thought, he sprang up, seized his wallet of unwashed clothes, and ascended the wall. Standing on its top, he looked down within to take a last view of his dying friends. They were all now in motion, but what they were doing he heeded not; overpowered by his feelings, he looked away and saw them no more. . . . He threw down his wallet and leaped after it. . . . He took the road which led down the river around a bend to the ford, and through the town by the church. He waded the river at the ford and passed through the town. He saw no person . . . but the doors were all closed, and San Antonio appeared as a deserted city.

"After passing through the town he turned down the river. A stillness as of death prevailed. When he had gone about a quarter of a mile below the town, his ears were saluted by the thunder of the bombardment which was then renewed. That thunder continued to remind him that his friends were true to their cause, by a continual roar with but slight intervals until a little before sunrise on the morning of the 6th, when it ceased and he heard it no more."*

And well may it "cease" on that morning of the 6th; for after that thrilling 3d the siege goes on, the enemy furious, the Texans replying calmly and slowly. Finally Santa Ana determines to storm. Some hours before daylight on the morning of the 6th the Mexican infantry, provided with scaling-ladders, and backed by the cavalry to keep them up to the work, surround the doomed fort. At daylight they advance and plant their ladders, but give back under a deadly fire from the Texans. They advance again, and again retreat. A third time—Santa Ana threatening and coaxing by turns—they plant their ladders. Now they mount the walls. The Texans are overwhelmed by sheer weight of numbers and exhaustion of continued watching and fighting. The Mexicans swarm into the fort. The Texans club their guns; one by one they fall fighting—now Travis yonder by the western wall, now Crockett here in the angle of the church-wall, now Bowie butchered and mutilated in his sick-cot, breathe quick and pass away; and presently every Texan lies dead, while there in horrid heaps are stretched five hundred and twenty-one dead Mexicans and as many more wounded! Of the human beings that were in the fort five remain alive: Mrs. Dickinson and her child, Colonel Travis' negro-servant, and two Mexican women. The conquerors endeavor to get some more revenge out of the dead, and close the scene with raking together the bodies of the Texans, amid insults, and burning them.

The town did not long remain in the hands of the Mexicans.

* Rose succeeded in making his escape, and reached the house of the Zubers, as before stated, in fearful condition. After remaining here some weeks, he started for his home in Nacogdoches, but on the way his thorn-wounds became inflamed anew, and when he reached home "his friends thought that he could not live many months." This was "the last" that the Zubers "heard of him."

Events followed each other rapidly until the battle of San Jacinto, after which the dejected Santa Ana wrote his famous letter of captivity under the tree, which for a time relieved the soil of Texas from hostile footsteps. San Antonio was nevertheless not free from bloodshed, though beginning to drive a sharp trade with Mexico, and to make those approaches towards the peaceful arts which necessarily accompany trade. The Indians kept life from stagnating, and in the year 1840 occurred a bloody battle with them in the very midst of the town. Certain Camanche chiefs, pending negotiations for a treaty of peace, had promised to bring in all the captives they had ; and on the 19th of March, 1840, met the Texan Commissioners in the Council-house in San Antonio, to redeem their promise. Leaving twenty warriors and thirty-two women and children outside, twelve chiefs entered the council-room and presented the only captive they had brought — a little white girl — declaring that they had no others. This statement the little girl pronounced false, asserting that it was made solely for the purpose of extorting greater ransoms, and that she had but recently seen other captives in their camp. An awkward pause followed. Presently one of the chiefs inquired, How the commissioners liked it? By way of reply, the company of Capt. Howard, who had been sent for, filed into the room, and the Indians were told that they would be held prisoners until they should send some of their party outside after the rest of the captives. The commissioners then rose and left the room. As they were in the act of leaving, however, one of the Indian chiefs attempted to rush through the door, and being confronted by the sentinel, stabbed him. Seeing the sentinel hurt, and Capt. Howard also stabbed, the other chiefs sprang forward with knives and bows and arrows, and the fight raged until they were all killed. Meantime the warriors outside began to fight, and engaged the company of Capt. Read ; but, taking shelter in a stone-house, were surrounded and killed. Still another detachment of the Indians managed to continue the fight until they had reached the other side of the river, when they were finally despatched. Thirty-two Indian warriors and five Indian women and children were slain, and the rest of the women and children were made prisoners. The savages fought desperately, for seven Texans were killed and eight wounded.

The war between Texas and Mexico had now languished for some years. The project of annexation was much discussed in the United States ; one great objection to it was that the United States would embroil itself with a nation with which it was at peace — Mexico — by annexing Texas, then at war. The war, however, seemed likely to die away ; and to prevent the removal of the obstacle to annexation in that way, Mexico made feeble efforts to keep up such hostilities as might at least give color to the assertion that the war had not ended. Accordingly in the year 1842 a Mexican army again invested San Antonio. After a short parley Col. Hays withdrew with his small force, and the Mexicans, numbering about seven hundred men under Gen. Vasquez, took possession of the place and formally reorganised it as a Mexican town. They remained, however, only two days, and conducted themselves, officially, with great propriety, though

the citizens are said to have lost a great deal of valuable property by unauthorised depredations of private soldiers and of Mexican citizens who accompanied the army on its departure.

Again on the 11th of September, 1842, a Mexican army of twelve hundred men under Gen. Woll, sent probably by the same policy which had despatched the other, surprised the town of San Antonio, and, after having a few killed and wounded, took possession, the citizens having capitulated. Gen. Woll captured the entire bar of lawyers in attendance on the District Court, then in session, and held them as prisoners of war. He did not escape, however, so easily as Gen. Vasquez. The Texans gathered rapidly, and by the 17th had assembled two hundred and twenty men on the Salado, some six miles from town. Capt. Hays, with fifty men, decoyed Gen. Woll forth, and a battle ensued, from which the enemy withdrew at sunset with a loss of sixty killed and about the same number wounded, the Texans losing one killed and nine wounded. It is easy to believe that the honest citizens of San Antonio got little sleep on that night of the 17th of September, 1842. Gen. Woll was busy making preparations for retreat; and the Mexican citizens who intended to accompany him were also busy gathering up plunder right and left to take with them. At daylight they all departed. This was the last time that San Antonio de Bexar was ever in Mexican hands.

After annexation, in 1845, the town began to improve. The trade from certain portions of Mexico — Chihuahua and the neighboring States — seems always to have eagerly sought San Antonio as a point of supplies whenever peace gave it the opportunity. Presently, too, the United States Government selected San Antonio as the base for the frontier army below El Paso, and the large quantities of money expended in connection with the supply and transportation of all *matériel* for so long a line of forts have contributed very materially to the prosperity of the town. From a population of about 3500 in 1850, it increased to 10,000 in 1856, and has now about 15,000.

Abandoning now this meagre historical sketch, and pursuing the order indicated in the enumeration of contrast and eccentricities given in the early part of this paper: one finds in San Antonio the queerest juxtaposition of civilisations, white, yellow (Mexican), red (Indian), black (negro), and all possible permutations of these significant colors. The Germans, the Americans, and the Mexicans are not greatly unequal in numbers; besides these there are probably representatives from all European nationalities. At the Commerce Street bridge over the San Antonio river, stands a post supporting a large sign-board, upon which appear the following three legends:

Walk your horse over this bridge, or you will be fined.

Schnelles Reiten über diese Brücke ist verboten.

Anda despacio con su caballo, ó teme la ley.

To the meditative stroller across this bridge — and on a soft day when the Gulf breeze and the sunshine are king and queen, any stranger may be safely defied to cross this bridge *without* becoming meditative — there is a fine satire in the varying tone of these inscrip-

tions—for they are by no means faithful translations of each other ; a satire all the keener in that it must have been wholly unconscious. For mark : “Walk your horse, etc., *or you will be fined !*” This is the American’s warning : the alternative is a money consideration, and the appeal is solely to the pocket. But now the German is simply informed that *schnelles Reiten* over this bridge *ist verboten*—*is forbidden* ; as who should say : “So, thou quiet, law-abiding Teuton, enough for thee to know that it is forbidden, simply.” And lastly, the Mexican direction takes wholly a different turn from either : Slow there with your horse, Mexicano, “*ó teme la ley,*”—or “*fear the law !*”

Religious services are regularly conducted in four languages, German, Spanish, English and Polish.

Perhaps the variety of the population cannot be better illustrated than by the following “commodity of good names,” occurring in a slip cut from a daily paper of the town a day or two ago :

MATRIMONIAL.—The matrimonial market for a couple of weeks past has been unusually lively, as evidenced by the following list of marriage licenses issued during that time : Cruz de la Cruz and Manuela Sauseda ; Felipe Sallani and Maria del R. Lopez ; G. Isabolo and Rafaela Urvana ; Anto. P. Rivas and Maria Quintana ; Garmel Hernandez and Seferina Rodriguez ; T. B. Leighton and Franceska E. Schmidt ; Rafael Diaz and Michaela Chavez ; Levy Taylor and Anna Simpson, colored ; Ignacio Andrada and Juliana Baltasar ; August Dubiell and Philomena Muschell ; James Callaghan and Mary Grenet ; Albert Anz and Ida Pollock ; Stephen Hoog and Mina Schneider ; Wm. King and Sarah Wilson, colored ; Joseph McCoy and Jesse Brown ; Valentine Heck and Clara Hirsch ; John F. Dunn and E. Annie Dunn.

These various nationalities appear to take great pains in preserving their peculiar tongues. In all the large stores the clerks must understand at least English, German, and Mexican ; and one medical gentleman adds to his professional card in the newspaper that he will hold “consultations in English, French, Italian, and Spanish.”

Much interest has attached, of late years, to the climate of San Antonio, in consequence of its alleged happy influence upon consumption. One of the recognised “institutions” of the town is the consumptives, who are sent here from remote parts of the United States and from Europe, and who may be seen on fine days, in various stages of decrepitude, strolling about the streets. This present writer has the honor to be one of those strolling individuals ; but he does not intend to attempt to *describe* the climate, for three reasons : first, because it is simply indescribable ; second, if it were not so, his experience has been such as to convince him that the needs of consumptives, in point of climate, depend upon two variable elements, to wit, the stage which the patient has reached, and the peculiar temperament of each individual, and that therefore any general recommendation of any particular climate is often erroneous and sometimes fatally deceptive ; and third, because he fortunately is able to present some of the *facts* of the climate, which may be relied upon as scientifically accurate, and from the proper study of which each intelligent consumptive can make up his mind as to the suitableness of the climate to his individual case. For the past five years, Dr. F. v. Pettersén, a Swedish physician and ardent lover of science, resident in San Antonio, has conducted a series of meteorological ob-

servations with accurate apparatus; and the results which follow have been compiled from his records:

MEAN THERMOMETER.

				<i>Spring.</i>	<i>Summer.</i>	<i>Autumn.</i>	<i>Winter.</i>
Seasons of	1868	.	.	74.33	84.33	71.33	54.66
"	1869	.	.	66.43	83.10	67.53	52.93
"	1870	.	.	68.70	83.43	70.66	51.30
"	1871	.	.	71.28	87.45	68.38	54.31
"	1872	.	.	70.58	83.13	68.96	49.75

MEAN HYGROMETER.

Seasons of	1868	.	.	.	65*	78	64	49
"	1869	.	.	.	62	77	62	49
"	1870	.	.	.	60	77	65	46
"	1871	.	.	.	64	73	63	50
"	1872	.	.	.	64	76	61	46

TOTAL RAINFALL.

For the year	1868	46.60 inches.
"	1869	49.03 "
"	1870	35.12 "
"	1871	24.86 "
"	1872	31.62 "

These are averages, but the view which they present of the climate, although strictly accurate as far as it goes, is by no means complete. For the consumptive is specially interested in the uniformity and equableness of temperatures, and it remains therefore to supplement the above table with some account of the nature, extent and suddenness of the *changes* of the thermometer in the climate under consideration. These at San Antonio are very peculiar, very great, and very rapid. They mostly occur under the influence of those remarkable meteorological phenomena called "northers," which are peculiar to a belt of country that may be roughly defined as bounded on the east by the second tier of Texan counties from Red River, on the west by the Sierra Madre in Mexico, and on the north by a line drawn through the Indian Territory not far above the northern boundary of Texas. The northers are known as of two sorts: the wet and the dry. To know what a norther is, let one fancy himself riding along the undulating prairie about San Antonio on a splendid day in April, when the flowers, the birds and the sunshine seem to be playing at a wild game of which can be maddest with delight, and the tender spring-sky looks on like a young mother laughing at the antics of her darlings. Presently you observe that it is very warm. An hour later you cannot endure your coat; you throw it off and hang it about the saddle, and soon the heat is stifling, thermometer at ninety degrees, which on a windless prairie with the Gulf moisture in the air, is greatly relaxing. Standing on an elevation in the hope of getting some breath of air, suddenly you observe a bluish haze in the north, which has come no one knows when or whence. In a few

* Fractions omitted.

moments a great roar advances ; then you observe the mesquit grow tremulous, and presently the wind strikes you, blows your moist garment against your skin with a mortal chill ; and if you are prudent at all you make for a house as fast as your horse can carry you, or in default of that for some thicket of mesquit in a ravine under the lee of the hill. In an hour the thermometer may have sunken to forty degrees from ninety degrees ; this range of fifty degrees in an hour was noted by Dr. Pettersén during the observations before alluded to. This is the "dry norther" ; for the wet norther, add a furious storm of rain, of hail, or of snow, to the phenomena just described. The norther may last but twelve hours ; it may also last nine days, the usual duration being probably about three days. Dr. Pettersén's records show that in the year 1868 there were at San Antonio twelve northers, of which nine were dry, two wet, and one with hail ; in 1869 twenty northers — eighteen dry and two wet ; in 1870 twenty-four northers — seventeen dry, seven wet ; in 1871 twenty-six northers — twenty-two dry, three wet, one with hail-storm ; in 1872 thirty northers — twenty dry, nine wet, and one with hail. These occurred during all months of the year except June, July and August ; less frequently in May than during the other months. There is also besides the genuine norther, a wind which the inhabitants call a "gentle norther." This is rather a northwesterly, or sometimes westerly wind, and its prevalence creates what, in this present writer's experience, is by far the finest winter-weather in Texas. One came up two days ago. The night had been sultry, though in February ; a nameless oppression was in the air, and a heavy mist rolled along over the river. After an uneasy half-slumber I woke at dawn, and immediately heard a pleasant *drawing* sound in the air, greatly like the noise made by the water against the prow of one's boat when after a calm the sail has caught the steady breeze and she begins to cut swiftly and smoothly along. In a few moments the wind was howling about the house, but when I came out for breakfast I found that its bark was worse than its bite ; for this was a typic "gentle norther," the air crystalline, brittle and dry, the sun shining brightly, the sky clear, the wind strong but balmy, the temperature soft yet bracing. In about three months of residence, commencing near the middle of November 1872, there have occurred not more than three of these, lasting about two days each. I have no authentic data upon which to base a conclusion as to their average frequency. Any one who discovers a land where such weather prevails for two or three months at a time, will have found the place where consumption can be cured.

It is proper to add that the city of San Antonio is situated in the valley of the San Antonio river, and that malarious mists creep down this stream, when not blown away by contrary winds, which subject the stranger to liability to those diseases which require quinine, such as remittent fevers, fever and ague, epidemic colds, etc. These are however of mild form, and can probably be prevented by taking small quantities of quinine each day in anticipation.*

* Perhaps it may be mentioned here for the benefit of consumptives that the climates of Boerne (30 miles above) and of Fredericksburg (80 miles above) are said to be better in this particular than that of San Antonio, and also cooler.

While the thermometer cuts such capers as leaping over 50° in an hour, the hygrometer, in whose motions invalids are no less interested, often seems to behave with equal want of dignity. During one of the "gentle northers" above alluded to, the hygrometer has shown the relative moisture of the atmosphere to be as low as 18, full saturation being 100; but again the same instrument has shown, during the month of August, 1872, a state of moisture represented by 101; a period when rain must have been actually exuding from the air like water from a sponge. Frequently the writer has seen remarkable examples of complete saturation of the air in the strange aspect of the river which runs a few yards from his window. All day long a great cloud of mist sometimes goes steaming up from the surface of the stream to such an extent that its milky-green water will be completely obscured, and as standing at a short distance one seems to have arrived at some long rift in the earth from which the smoke of the nether fires is continually pouring up. I have seen this uprising of thick mist go on day and night for several days together. The water of the stream is said to be at 72° the year round. This high temperature must keep up a rapid evaporation; and when the vapor-capacity of the superincumbent air has been surcharged, with at the same time sufficiently cold air to condense the vaporous mist, the evaporation becomes visible and produces the effect described.

The following table, which will conclude this account of the San Antonio climate, will give to the invalid a very important, and at the same time authoritative and accurate series of facts upon which to project his preparations for weather-defence in the way of clothing, etc. This table is calculated from the records for the four years beginning with 1868 and ending with 1871. The plain interpretation of it is, taking the month of February for instance, that on this present 10th day of that month neither I nor any other man can tell whether the temperature to-morrow may be 84° , when we shall yearn to throw away our coats and to burn all our flannel goods, or whether it may be 26° , when we shall desire to stand all day with our arms clasped affectionately round our respective stove-pipes.

	Jan.	Feb.	Mch.	Apr.	May.	June.	July.	Aug.	Sept.	Oct.	Nov.	Dec.
Maximum Thermometer during the four years above-mentioned for each month.	75	84	82	87	95	106	102	104	99	90	89	79
Minimum do.	27	26	29	46	63	71	75	75	57	43	22	14

San Antonio is at an altitude of 564 feet above the level of the sea, in latitude $29^{\circ} 28'$, longitude $98^{\circ} 24'$. It is placed just in the edge of a belt of country one hundred and fifty miles wide, reaching to the Rio Grande, and principally devoted to cattle-raising. One can sit on one's horse, in the western suburbs of the city, and mark where the line of the rude Mexican *jacals* (huts) abruptly breaks off, and yields place to the vast mesquit-covered plain, over which the eye ranges for great lonely distances without detecting any traces of the occupancy of man. No gardens, pastures, scattered houses, or the like are there to break the sudden transition: it is the city, then the plain; it is home cheek by jowl with desert. Inside, the location of the city is no less picturesque. Two streams, the San Antonio and

San Pedro rivers, run in a direction generally parallel, though specially as far from parallelism as capricious crookedness can make itself, through the entire town. The San Antonio is about sixty feet wide ; its water is usually of a lovely milky-green. The stranger, strolling on a mild sunny day through the streets, often finds himself suddenly on a bridge, and is half startled with the winding vista of sweet lawns running down to the water, of weeping-willows kissing its surface, of summer-houses on its banks, and of the swift yet smooth-shining stream meandering this way and that, actually combing the long sea-green locks of a trailing water-grass which sends its waving tresses down the centre of the current for hundreds of feet, and murmuring the while with a palpable Spanish lisping, which floats up among the rude noises of traffic along the rock-paved street, as it were some dove-voiced Spanish nun out of the convent yonder praying heaven's mitigation of the wild battle of trade. Leaving this bridge, walking down the main ("Commerce") street, across the Main Plaza, then past the San Fernando Cathedral, then across the Military Plaza, one comes presently to the San Pedro, a small stream ten or fifteen feet in width, up which the gazing stroller finds no romance, but mostly strict use ; for there squat the Mexican women on their haunches, by their flat stones, washing the family garments, in a position the very recollection of which gives one simultaneous stitches of lumbago and sciatica, yet which they appear to maintain for hours without detriment. If it had been summer-time we would most likely have seen, before we left the bridge over the San Antonio, the black-locked heads of these same ladies bobbing up and down the surface of the river ; for they love to lave themselves in this tepid water, these sleek, plump, black-eyed, olive-cheeked *Mexicanas*.

Crossing the San Pedro we are among the *jacals*. Here is surely the very first step Architecture made when she came out of the cave. A row of stakes is driven into the ground, in and out between these mesquit-twigs are wattled, a roof of twigs and straw is fastened on somehow, anyhow, and there you are. Not only you, but your family of astonishing numbers are there, all huddled into this kennel whose door has to be crawled into. Of course typhus-fevers and small-pox are to be found among such layers of humanity. People are *not* sardines.

Now we come to a step in advance in the matter of houses. A row of stakes is put down, this is enclosed by another row, leaving a space between of about a foot's width, which is filled in with stones and mud, a thatched roof of straw is then put on, and the house is complete. Still more pretentious dwellings are built of *adobes*, or sun-dried brick. The majority of the substantial houses of the town are constructed of a whitish limestone, so soft when first quarried that it can be cut with a knife, but quickly hardening by exposure into a very durable building material. The prevailing style of dwelling houses is low, windows are few and balconies scarce, though in the more pretentious two-storied dwellings there are some very good Moorish effects of projecting stone and lattice-work.

By far the finest and largest architectural example in the town is the San Fernando Cathedral, which presents a broad, varied and im-

posing façade upon the western side of the Main Plaza. Entering this building, one's pleasure in its exterior gives way to curious surprise ; for one finds inside the old stone church, built here more than a century ago, standing, a church within a church, almost untouched, save that parts of some projecting pediments have been knocked away by the builders. In this inner church services are still regularly held, the outer one not being yet quite completed. The curious dome, surrounded by a high wall over which its topmost slit-windows just peer—an evident relic of ancient Moorish architecture, which one finds in the rear of most of the old Spanish religious edifices in Texas—has been preserved, and still adjoins the queer priests' dormitories, which constitute the rear end of the cathedral building.

There are other notable religious edifices in town. Going back to Commerce Street, one can see a fine large church just being completed for the German Catholics (San Fernando Cathedral is Mexican Catholic). Crossing a graceful iron foot-bridge, down an alley that turns off to the north from Commerce Street, one glances up and down the stream, which here flows between heavy and costly abutments of stone to protect the rear of the large stores whose fronts are on the Main Street, and whose rear doors open almost immediately over the water. Across the bridge the alley widens into a street, and here in this odd nook of the stream is St. Mary's, the American Catholic Church, its rear adjoining a long three-storied stone convent building, and its yard sloping down to the water. Strolling up the river a quarter of a mile, one comes upon a long white stone building, which has evidently had much trouble to accommodate itself to the site upon which it is built, and whose line is broken into four or five abrupt angles, while its roof is varied with dormer-windows and sharp projections and spires and quaint clock-faces, and its rear is mysterious with lattice-covered balconies and half-hidden corners and corridors. This is the Ursuline Convent ; and standing as it does on a rocky and steep (steep for Texas plains) bank of the river, whose course its broken line follows, and down to which its long stern-looking wall descends, it is an edifice at once piquant and sombre, and one cannot resist figuring Mr. James' horseman spurring his charger up the white limestone road that winds alongside the wall, in the early twilight, when dreams come whispering down the current among the willow-sprays.

There are notable places about the town which the stranger must visit. He may ride two miles along a level road between market gardens which are vitalised by a long *acequia*, or ditch, fed from the river, and come presently upon the quaint gray towers of the old Mission Concepcion,* whose early location has been incidentally mentioned in the foregoing history. The old church, with its high-walled dome in the rear, is in a good state of preservation, and traces of the singular many-colored frescoing on its front are still plainly visible. Climbing a very shaky ladder, one gets upon the roof of a long stone corridor running off from the church building, and, taking good heed of the sharp-thorned cactus which abounds up there, looks over upon a quaint complication of wall-angles, nooks, and small-

* The Mission of Our Lady of the Concepcion de Acuña.

windowed rooms. The place ceased to be used for religious purposes some years ago, and is now occupied by a German with his family, his Mexican laborers, and his farm animals. This German tills the fertile mission lands. Heaven send him better luck with his crops than he had with his English !

Further down the river a couple of miles one comes to the Mission *San José de Aguayo*. This is more elaborate and on a larger scale than the buildings of the first Mission, and is still very beautiful. Religious services are regularly conducted here ; and one can do worse things than to steal out here from town on some wonderfully calm Sunday morning, and hear a mass, and dream back the century and a half of strange, lonesome, devout, hymn-haunted and Indian-haunted years that have trailed past these walls. Five or six miles further down the river are the ruins of the Mission San Juan in much dilapidation.

Or the visitor may stroll off to the eastward, climb the hill, wander about among the graves of heroes in the large cemetery on the crest of the ridge, and please himself with the noble reaches of country east and west, and with the perfect view of the city, which from here seems "sown," like Tennyson's, "in a monstrous wrinkle of the" prairie. Or, being in search of lions, one may see the actual animal, by a stroll to the "San Pedro Springs Park," a mile or so to the northward. Here, from under a white-ledged rocky hill, burst forth three crystalline springs, which quickly unite and form the San Pedro. Herr Dürler, in charge, has taken admirable advantage of the ground, and what with spreading water-oaks, rustic pleasure buildings, promenades along smooth shaded avenues between concentric artificial lakes, a race-course, an aviary, a fine Mexican lion whom burly Herr Dürler scratches on the head, but who does not seem to appreciate similar advances from other persons, a bear-pit in which are an emerald-eyed blind cinnamon-bear, a large black bear, a wolf and a *coyote*, and other attractions, this is a very green spot indeed in the waste prairies. Or one may drive five miles to northward and see the romantic spot where the San Antonio river is forever being born, leaping forth from the mountain, complete, *totus*, even as Minerva from the head of Jove. Or one may take one's stand on the Commerce Street bridge and involve oneself in the life that goes by this way and that. Yonder comes a long train of enormous blue-bodied, canvas-covered wagons, built high and square in the stern, much like a fleet of Dutch galleons, and lumbering in a ponderous way that suggests cargoes of silver and gold. These are drawn by fourteen mules each, who are harnessed in four tiers, the three front tiers of four mules each, and that next the wagon of two. The "lead" mules are wee fellows, veritable mulekins ; the next tier larger, and so on to the two wheel-mules, who are always as large as can be procured. Yonder fares slowly another train of wagons, drawn by great wide-horned oxen, whose evident tendency to run to hump and fore-shoulder irresistibly persuades one of their cousinship to the buffalo.

Here, now, comes somewhat that shows as if Birnam Wood had been cut into fagots and was advancing with tipsy swagger upon

Dunsinane. Presently one's gazing eye receives a sensation of hair, then of enormous ears, and then the legs appear, of the little roan-gray *bourras*, or asses, upon whose backs that Mexican walking behind has managed to pile a mass of mesquit firewood that is simply astonishing. This mesquit is a species of acacia, whose roots and body form the principal fuel here. It yields, by exudation, a gum which is quite equal to gum arabic, when the tannin in it is extracted. It appears to have spread over this portion of Texas within the last twenty-five years, perhaps less time. The old settlers account for its appearance by the theory that the Indians — and after them the stock-raisers — were formerly in the habit of burning off the prairie-grass annually, and that these great fires rendered it impossible for the mesquit shrub to obtain a foothold; but that now the departure of the Indians and the transfer of most of the large cattle-raising business to points further westward, have resulted in leaving the soil free for the occupation of the mesquit. It has certainly taken advantage of the opportunity. It covers the prairie thickly, in many directions as far as the eye can reach, growing to a pretty uniform height of four or five feet — though occasionally much larger — and presenting with its tough branches and innumerable formidable thorns, a singular appearance. The wood when dry is exceedingly hard and durable, and of a rich walnut color. This recent overspread of foliage on the plains is supposed by many persons to be the cause of the quite remarkable increase of moisture in the climate of San Antonio which has been observed of late years. The phenomena — of the coincident increase of moisture and of mesquit — are unquestionable; but whether they bear the relation of cause and effect, is a question upon which the unscientific lingerers on this bridge may be permitted to hold themselves in reserve.

But while we are discussing the mesquit, do but notice yonder Mexican in gorgeous array, promenading, intent upon instant subjugation of all his countrywomen in eye-shot! His black trowsers with silver buttons down the seams; his jaunty hussar-jacket; his six-inch brimmed felt *sombrero*, with marvellous silver filigree upon all available spaces of it, save those occupied by the hat-band, which is like two silver snakes tied parallel round the crown; his red sash, serving at once to support the trowsers and to inflate the full white shirt-bosom — what *Mexicana* can resist these things? And — if it happen to be Sunday afternoon — yonder comes the German *Turnverein*, marching in from the San Pedro Springs Park, where they have been twisting themselves among the bars, and playing leap-frog and other honest games what time they emptied a cask of beer. Walking too, as tired men will walk, one sees sundry sportsmen returning from the prairies, where they have been popping away at quail and donkey-rabbits all this blessed Sunday. In especial notice that old German walking lustily in the middle of the street. He has a rusty gun on his shoulder; his game-bag is bloody and full; his long white beard and white moustache float about a face determined, strong, yet jovial. It is Rip Van Winkle in person. "But where is Schneider?" said one, the day we saw this man — "what a pity he hasn't a Schneider with him!" "By jove, there *is* Schneider!" in a moment

cried another of the party ; and veritably there he was. He came dashing round the corner, and ran and trotted behind his grizzled master, bearing an enormous donkey-rabbit tied by its legs around his neck.

And now as we leave the bridge in the gathering twilight and loiter down the street, we pass all manner of odd personages and "characters." Here hobbles an old Mexican who looks like old Father Time in reduced circumstances, his feet, his body, his head all swathed in rags, his face a blur of wrinkles, his beard gray-grizzled — a picture of eld such as one will rarely find. There goes a little German boy who was captured a year or two ago by Indians within three miles of San Antonio, and has just been retaken and sent home a few days ago. Do you see that poor Mexican without any hands? A few months ago a wagon-train was captured by Indians at Howard's Wells ; the teamsters, of whom he was one, were tied to the wagons and these set on fire, and this poor fellow was released by the flames burning off his hands, the rest all perishing save two. Here is a great Indian-fighter who will show you what he calls his "vouchers," being scalps of the red braves he has slain ; there a gentleman who blew up his store here in '42 to keep the incoming Mexicans from benefiting by his goods, and who afterwards spent a weary imprisonment in that stern castle of Perote away down in Mexico, where the Mier prisoners (and who ever thinks nowadays of that strange, bloody Mier Expedition?) were confined ; there a portly, handsome, buccaneer-looking captain who led the Texans against Cortina in '59 ; there a small, intelligent-looking gentleman who at twenty was first Secretary of War of the young Texan Republic, and who is said to know the history of everything that has been done in Texas from that time to this minutely ; and so on through a perfect gauntlet of people who have odd histories, odd natures or odd appearances, we reach our hotel. It is time, for the dogs — there are far more dogs here than in Constantinople — have begun to howl, and night has closed in upon San Antonio de Bexar.

SIDNEY LANIER.

DISENCHANTED.*

ONCE more together — you and I !
June's myriad whispers throng the leas ;
The drowsy hum of brooding bees
Rises, recedes ; the swans float by
In stately ease.

How lightly Time's dread touch has pressed
On all the scene ! — the lake, the grass,
The path where down the slow kine pass,
The nook where we were wont to rest,
We who — alas !

I do not think our natures are
Dull, shallow, like the souls of those
Whom earth-born sympathies enclose ;
No distance could our spirits bar
Of Love's repose.

The days are many, it is true,
Since underneath blue skies of June
The wanton air thrilled to the moon,
And you and I sat here and knew
Love's magic swoon.

The days are many : Time has flowed
In waves of change more black than doom,
Rolling o'er many a pleasure's tomb :
The hopes our youthful fancies sowed
Have had their bloom.

I look on life with soberer eyes,
I scan the heavens with larger view,
Seeing old secrets hid from you ;
The fruit desired to make men wise
I have gathered too.

Strange mysteries of earth and air
Have come to me, while late and long
I toiled deep Nature's cells among,
And heard around me everywhere
Her under-song.

* See SOUTHERN MAGAZINE for July, page 27.

The riddles of the vanished days
I have read out; the wide expanse
Of earth sought o'er; with subtle glance
Probed and explored the tangled maze
Of circumstance.

Have learned how all the dust and jar
Of Earth is worked into the loom
Of Time; how Beauty's fairest bloom
And Love's decay but one thing are,
Heirs of one doom.

Have drunk the dregs of that strange cup
Whose foam is love, and lust its lees;
Have caught the breath of perilous seas,
And gathered, from Earth's lap plucked up,
Blossoms of ease.

Through every gate that men call fair
My steps have passed, along the path
Whose dust the lone wayfarer hath
Laid with his tears, and won from Care
Her aftermath.

Into deep-delved mines of thought
My eyes have pierced; and, seeking rest,
Through barren places I have pressed,
And found her not for whom I sought
Or east, or west.

And I have dallied with strange joys
In strange abodes,—wild, passionate
Desires, dark love and darker hate,
And have not shrunk ere now to poise
My lance with Fate.

The world smiled on me, but I said:—
Go to! more faintly falls the light,
Yet there is rest beyond the night:
Surely in vain the net is spread
In the bird's sight!

And now I come and look on you:
"The days are long," you said, "since we
Looked out beyond the changing sea."
Ay, long: but were they many or few,
This could not be.

They are the same pure eyes of yore ;
No bitter tears have marred their grace ;
No care has found abiding-place
On that calm brow, no change come o'er
The perfect face.

Perchance you trusted ; ay, perchance
You thought : " What matter though the sea
We looked on then, 'twixt him and me
Rolls pitiless ? Time hath no lance
For such as we."

Perchance dim shadows on the wall
From my wild life, so passion-tossed,
Your heart's sweet stillness sometimes crossed,
In menace drear prefiguring all
Your life had lost.

It is not that I do not dare
To touch your hand, nor that above
I cannot look : Love doth remove
All earth-stains ;—'tis a darker care—
I do not love !

The hand is cold that lies in yours ;
The pulse beats steady near your own ;
I thrill not to your tenderest tone ;
There is Time that wounds, and Time that cures
All wounds—save one.

What fellowship between us now ?
Did we sit here beneath the moon,
What echoes of the old sweet tune
Would come to us ? What whispered word ?
What cherished boon ?

I ween we are no more the twain
Who in the old days swore such faith ;
Hope is a ghost, and Love the wraith
Of her dead self ; all things are vain,
The wise man saith.

Ah, dear, I can but pity you,
And bless you still, and softly say :—
Behold, old things are passed away
Forever ; lo ! all things are new,
And changed for aye.

O faithful to the buried days !
Behold, I cannot tell the why :
Naught rests us now, 'tis done — and I —
I breathe farewell in all sad ways,
Farewell ! Good-bye !

BARTON GREY.

MY PRETTY MAID.

CHAPTER I.

"Where are you going, my pretty maid?"
"I am going a milking, Sir," she said.
"May I go with you, my pretty maid?"
"Yes, if you please, kind Sir," she said.
"What is your father, my pretty maid?"
"My father's a farmer, Sir," she said.

IF Gilbert Randal had been a cow, and could have stood knee-deep in the clover, he might have felt some pleasure in the contemplation of it. But to be on the other side of the fence, casting impatient glances over the lush green field to the house beyond, in hopes of seeing something human, and to spend full fifteen precious minutes in the vain effort, was, to say the least, a little irritating.

Not that Gilbert was keeping tryst, and so feeling all a lover's impatience. Indeed, he was ignorant even of who lived in the house he was watching, for he was a stranger in that part of the country, and, unfortunately, he had lost his way; so no wonder he was anxiously looking for some one to direct him to the right road.

His watch told him that the dinner-hour was near, and experience reminded him that his hostess was punctual to a fault; so it was not surprising that the somnolent old house with its closed window-shutters, suggestive of shut eyelids, annoyed him.

Gilbert was watching the old house so intently that he only saw by a mere chance that some one was crossing the clover-field. There was no doubt it was a girl; and he was almost equally sure she was a milkmaid, for something she carried in her hand flashed brilliantly in the nearly level sunbeams; and what could it be but a bright tin milk-pail? To vault over the fence and set off in rapid pursuit, heedless of the pink heads of clover he was crushing under his feet, and the myriads of white and yellow butterflies he was disturbing at their afternoon dew-sipping, was the result of Gilbert's discovery.

It was no common milkmaid Gilbert Randal found in the clover-field ; but a pretty, rosy girl, tripping along with an old-fashioned silver tankard in her hand, to be filled, perhaps, at some hidden spring the narrow pathway led to.

Gilbert had gained what he had been impatient to find but a few minutes before : an ear to hear his question and a mouth to give the needed directions. Yet for some cause his impatience had vanished. He was no longer anxious to discover the road which would lead him home, nor annoyed at keeping dinner waiting. Perhaps he was afraid of startling the girl by a sudden question, for his footstep was so muffled by the thick-growing clover that she was unconscious that she was followed. Or he may have forgotten to feel anything but admiration for the light, graceful carriage of the supposed milkmaid, unless there was some curiosity also about the sort of face the little hat shaded.

Gilbert might have walked silently to the end of the field if the girl, impelled perhaps by that subtle influence which tells us often that some one is watching us, had not turned her head and so caught sight of him. She was not in the least discomfited at finding she was followed, though she turned out of the path to let him pass her, giving him the simple good-evening which betokens country courtesy. It may be that she saw at a glance Gilbert was a gentleman, or she knew she was not as unprotected as she appeared to be. It was possible that she had strong nerves, and saw nothing so very frightful in a rather good-looking man, but, on the contrary, felt a little natural curiosity to know who the stranger was, and why he had left the public road to tread down the clover.

But Gilbert soon explained his position.

"You should have turned down the last cross-road you passed. Yet if you do not mind a couple of fences to climb, and a rough stubble-field to cross, you have really shortened your distance by coming here."

"Two fences will not dismay me, nor the rough field, if by crossing them I am in time for dinner," said Gilbert, relieved to find he was not miles out of the way.

"You will scarcely make even that short distance before Mrs. Stanley's dinner-hour. Do not let me stop you. Follow this path to the fence ; then go across the field to the orchard. You can't miss your way very well."

"Do not our paths lie together to the end of this field? Perhaps I am stupid, but I shall not know whether to turn to the right hand or to the left, when I climb the fence."

"But you are not to turn to the right hand nor to the left, but keep on straight before you. No doubt, though, apple-trees are poor guides to one who is used to a finger-post."

"They are perplexing a whole field off, but I doubt if a finger-post would be less so at that distance. Will you not lead the way through this path, which by its narrowness at least strongly reminds one of the traditionary one to heaven?"

"Mrs. Stanley ought to feel flattered, as the path leads to her place," the girl said, laughing.

"You know Mrs. Stanley?" asked Gilbert.

"Oh yes; she is our next neighbor."

"Then you must also know my friend Charley."

"I know Mr. Stanley for the same reason," she answered curtly.

"Poor Charley! his pretty neighbor does not like him," Gilbert concluded; but he did not tell her his inference, made from the slight stress she had put upon *Mr.* Stanley in contradistinction to his informal Charley. In truth, he was glad to find they had one common acquaintance — some one to help them over awkward pauses or stupid trite remarks upon the weather.

The young men were not only friends, but fellow-travellers on the same road to wealth and reputation as lawyers. Their hopes as well as their small success as yet, were so identical that it was very much like talking of himself to descant upon his friend. Besides, his pretty companion proved a good listener, so no wonder Gilbert wore his subject a little threadbare, as he could think of nothing else to talk of, and the path through the clover was a circuitous one.

The field was not illimitable, and at last Gilbert found they had reached its boundary, even a fence, and that his guide was about renewing her directions as to his road.

"Where are you going?" Gilbert asked, not understanding where her road lay, now that it diverged from his.

"I am going a-milking," she answered, holding up the empty tankard. "Do you not see my milking-pail?"

"Then, according to the old song, it is orthodox for me to ask, 'May I go with you?'"

He did not finish the quotation, though his eyes may have done so; for the girl blushed as she said: "To keep Mrs. Stanley's dinner waiting would be decidedly heterodox in one who knows her love of punctuality."

"But I lost my way, you know. One is unfortunate, but not to blame, who is late under such circumstances. Besides I feel the greatest interest in cows."

She did not stop to argue the point with him, thinking perhaps that the best way to keep Mrs. Stanley's dinner from being spoiled was to hurry to the end of her own walk, especially as it was but a few yards off. The path lay quite close to the fence, and was still too narrow for them to walk side by side. In sight was the pen, where the meek cows were being milked in provoking proximity to the clover they loved so much.

If the girl had had no companion, there was small doubt as to which side of the fence she would have chosen; but she had to content herself with handing the tankard to the old woman, who was the real milkmaid. She took the can silently, casting suspicious glances at Gilbert, who had quite forgotten his interest in cows in the greater one of a pretty face which was watching the white foam of the milk bubbling up to the top of the tankard as the old woman milked into it. Certainly she was the most rapid milker Gilbert ever saw, but then his experience was limited.

"You must cross the field, keeping yonder clump of trees in view. At the end of it you will find the orchard. Once in it, your way is too plain for you to lose yourself again."

With these words the girl intended to dismiss him ; but she made such a pretty picture as she stood poising the silver flagon brimful of milk on the topmost rail of the fence, and pointed out his way with her disengaged hand, that Gilbert, who was a connoisseur in such things, was loth to lose it.

"Is it not country courtesy to offer a stranger a draught of milk?" he asked, not heeding her directions as to where his road lay.

"If you like it. I did not think you would."

He had no liking for the fluid, even held that a drop of it spoiled his coffee. Yet, nevertheless he took the proffered tankard, and if he did not drain it at a draught, he managed to find the bottom of it in time. And Gilbert was in no haste, for if he was not sipping "nectar from the bowl," he was beauty in the laughing eyes which were watching his feat of absorption.

"You must fill the tankard again, Netty," the girl said, handing the now empty mug over the fence.

"He's an awful drunkard, whoever he is, and wherever you picked him up," the old woman grumbled.

"I thought the milk was harmless," Gilbert began, fearing perhaps he was intoxicated, though not from the effects of milk.

"It is in quality. It's the quantity I meant—"

But the girl cut her short by announcing the gentleman was a friend of Mr. Charley Stanley's.

"Calls himself one maybe. It's not every one who names the name who understands the meaning of it. It's an easy thing to swear, and a hard thing to stand up to."

"You ought not to condemn me before you know me," said Gilbert, laughing.

"One can judge well enough by the glint of the eye," the old woman averred, proving she had not been so busy milking that she had not seen his glances of admiration at his pretty companion. "Here's your mug, Miss Lillian. Don't waste any more of the milk, or your father will miss his draught. I've no more to give you."

"Netty has sent me home," the girl said, laughing. "Good-bye. You will not lose your way again if you keep yonder clump of trees in sight."

This time Gilbert had to go, unless he lingered with old Netty ; for his guide had walked away down the path by the fence, and the trees she pointed out were in the contrary direction.

When he had climbed the fence and was half-way across the field he looked back and saw the girl had returned. She was standing by the pen, and was probably making her peace with cross old Netty. Though Gilbert could not hear a word which was said at that distance, yet he had no doubt that he was the subject of their conversation. A stranger is such a godsend in the quiet country, not only pleasant to talk too, but equally so to discuss afterwards. Thinking this, Gilbert continued his walk, not ill-pleased at the idea of being talked of behind his back.

Of course Gilbert was late for dinner. There were some of those infallible signs which even the best-tempered housekeepers cannot

keep altogether in the background. It was well he could fill up an awkward pause caused by the appearance of a saddle of mutton burnt to chips, by an account of his adventure. Could Mrs. Stanley guess who his pretty guide was?

It was not in the least difficult, Mrs. Stanley assured him. Mr. May lived on the next farm, and his daughter Lillian was pretty enough to warrant his enthusiasm.

Lillian — what a pretty name! And then Gilbert remembered that old Netty had called her "Miss Lillian." Had she any sisters? And no mother? Only her father? It must be doleful for her to live all alone with an old man, even if he did dote on her. Poor little girl! Certainly she was not very doleful-looking, if her life was lonely.

In such a sympathetic mood Gilbert was not at all sorry to be commissioned next day by Mrs. Stanley to walk over the clover-field again, this time in search of Lillian. His hostess desired to see her, and Gilbert was to carry a message which was sure to bring her back with him to luncheon.

The walk over the stubble was not unpleasant, now that there was a sufficient recompense at the end of it. There was a red spangle of pimpernel here and there over the field, and great patches of May-weed which had much gold at its heart to show. Gilbert beheaded the pretty weed absently with his cane, thinking of something fairer than its white petals and golden heart. If Lillian had been there she would have cried out at the destruction, and he would have laughed at her perhaps, yet he would have kept his cane for its legitimate use, whatever that may be in the hands of a young man — certainly not the discrowning of flowers. He would not have understood the girl's indignation, however, as the field was all a-bloom with the weed.

Through the clover Gilbert kept in the narrow path. City-born as he was, he knew that the clover was not to be trampled upon. Man had labored to cover the acres with the red blossoms, which, unlike the May-weed, had not sprung up where last year's seeds had happened to drop.

There was no one in the field, and yet before Gilbert went a vision of a fair young girl, half-shy, half-forward, leading him on into the pleasant dreamland where, for a time at least, all mortals can find fulfilled their desires.

But we must not linger too long there, but pass on through the small gate Gilbert found at the end of the path. It opened into "the yard," as it was called in that part of the country, though for its size and the number of trees it enclosed, the name of lawn would not be too imposing.

Certainly the house was out of the region of fresh paint and green window-shutters. Like a fine-looking woman who had outlived the freshness of her youth, and would not cheat herself and others into the belief that she belonged to the present generation, so the old house, marred and seamed, with scarce a hint of her youthful comeliness, yet withal wearing a certain home-like look about her, as she should, seeing she had held many generations in her keeping, and was made

of such stout stuff that she could well promise to hold many more — the old house, I say, stood amid the great oak-trees, which appeared much younger than she did in their bright summer dressing, though in truth they were a couple of centuries her seniors.

Near the house were huddled the stables and barn; an arrangement which was convenient if not sightly. From the farm came the not unmusical sound of the fan winnowing the wheat.

The stupid negro boy, thinking a strange gentleman could only call to see "the master," led the way to the barn, where Mr. May was standing watching the patient mules walking round and round the dizzying ring, working as mortals are forced to do sometimes — not for themselves, but for others.

Mr. May was a hale old gentleman with a slight stoop in his broad shoulders, such as a man who is most of the day in the saddle jogging over distant fields, is sure to gain. A hospitable old man, glad to have a guest, and never questioning where he came from, until Gilbert told his errand.

"Mrs. Stanley wants Lillian? Where is the child? She was here a minute before you came. She must have gone to the house. Shall we go in search of her?"

They might have looked all through the house, searching in all the corners and odd closets our grandfathers delighted in. How they hated to waste a corner even under the eaves! and what could our grandmothers have used the unhandy nooks for? Perhaps they shut up their skeletons in the uncanny closets, only permitting them to grimace at them when they were alone and unlocked the door. With our four smooth walls, covered in by a flat roof, what chance have we to hide our ghosts from our next neighbor? *

The two men might have searched all day for the lost Lillian, if the man who was busy raking the straw from under the fan, and heaping it in a huge stack which promised soon to touch the rafters, had not showed his white teeth in noiseless laughter.

"Where is your young mistress, Juba? In the straw, is she?" Mr. May said, seeing Juba's sidelong glance. And Lillian, finding her hiding-place was discovered, pelted them with her merry laugh.

Unlike thriftless Margery Daw in the nursery jingle, Lillian was contented with her bed of straw, and would not have descended to the dirt, *i. e.* her mother-earth, if Mr. May had not called out in stentorian tones Mrs. Stanley's invitation. That brought Lillian to her feet, but the descent was not accomplished on the side of the great straw-stack where Gilbert stood watching for her.

"So here you are," Mr. May called out laughing, as Lillian emerged decked with some of poor Ophelia's ornaments. "I wonder if Mr. Randal expects to see the like come forth from every one of my straw-stacks?"

"Don't try to cheat him into the belief that they all are so valuable, papa," Lillian said, shaking hands quite coolly with Gilbert. "Have you lost your way again?" she asked.

"No; I think I can pilot you through the field now. Mrs. Stanley has sent me to bring you over for luncheon."

"Did she send no message?" asked Lillian, using both hands to pluck the straws from her dress that would not be shaken off.

"She seemed to think her wish to have you would bring you," Gilbert answered.

"She's got something more than a bit of chicken to tempt you," Mr. May said good-humoredly; "don't spoil your appetite with Mrs. Stanley's sweet things, Mr. Randal, and bring Lillian home to dinner. We will know each other better when we have eaten our mutton together."

That first visit of Gilbert's to Mr. May's was the precursor of many more. Mr. May took a fancy to the young man, and urged him to stay whenever he called. Not that he would not have pressed his hospitality upon him as Mrs. Stanley's guest and Charley's friend, even if he had not fancied him. So at last a day never passed without Gilbert's finding himself, some time in the course of it, walking through the clover-field, until he knew as well as the owner did how each day it ripened and when it was quite ready for the scythe.

The death of the clover and the ending of Gilbert Randal's visit came within a week of each other. The clover bore its doom silently, yet never did expiring saint breathe on the still summer-air a sweeter, more subtle odor, though it were the odor of sanctity, than the dying clover gave forth. Gilbert was sure that the happiest month of his life was dying too; but he did not let it go silently.

Lillian and he had been out in the field all the long summer-day. The girl had followed the mowers, watching them cut the heavily perfumed clover, mourning over each bird's nest discovered where the foolish things had hidden them, as they thought, safely away. Juba had brought her his hat full of partridge eggs, and Lillian had refused to receive them, until he pleaded that if he had not taken them some one else would — a convincing argument, often used in more important matters than robbing birds' nests.

There were more secrets laid bare that afternoon than the partridge's mode of housekeeping. They had eaten their dinner in the field, somewhat to Mr. May's discomfort, though he had given in to Lillian's whim without any loss of appetite. After dinner he left the haymakers, to look after some work on a more distant part of the farm.

It was so very warm under the afternoon's sun that Lillian found shade and comfort beneath the great willow-tree in the midst of the field. The mowers were near the end of their long day's work, and their droning monotonous song as they made longer, slower sweeps with their scythes betokened weariness.

Gilbert had brought some of the sweet clover-hay for a cushion for Lillian, and he had stretched himself at her feet. A pleasant sensation of lazy happiness crept over him, which he had never experienced before in his stirring city-life. Yet, after all, it was not a mere physical feeling; for if Lillian had not been there, he would not have felt the desire the lover in the song had, to "grasp Time's wings and furl them altogether."

"This time next week," Gilbert said, in answer to his thoughts; and with a sigh he gave a tender little glance at Lillian's averted face.

"The hay will all be made then, and the field will look for weeks

bare and ugly," Lillian replied, conscious of the tender glance, though it was by no means a known fact that she had eyes in the back of her head.

"The field will not be the only thing blank and ugly: my life will be no better," said Gilbert, with Byronic gloom.

"If you had only made as good a crop as papa has," Lillian returned, laughing in his face. "So many tons to the acre, so much pleasure to the day. Oh, if we were only clover-fields, what sweet profits we would make for ourselves!"

Gilbert did not like to be laughed at, that afternoon of all others, although he had often borne it before with placidity. Just now he wished Lillian to feel sorry at the mention of his leaving. He was sorry for himself, and it was but fair she should feel with him; so he said a little sulkily:

"I suppose it makes but little difference to you whether I go next week or not."

"Indeed it will make a great deal of difference to me," Lillian replied quite frankly. "Having had a companion for a whole month has quite spoilt me for —"

"Nero's society," Gilbert interrupted. "Are you very sure though you give me precedence of the dog?"

"You are not so good-tempered. Nero never snarls at me."

"You never tried to make him perhaps."

"It is rather humble in you to compare yourself to poor Nero."

"If I thought you cared for me as you do for your dog it would be proud humility on my part."

"Don't you like to hear the mowers sing?" Lillian asked irrelevantly, and for the third time that day.

"There is something else I like better to hear."

"One of the new opera-singers, no doubt," she said, with a shrug for his bad taste.

"No; it is the music of your voice," Gilbert replied, speaking almost in a whisper.

Lillian rose hastily; perhaps she was angry. But Gilbert was on his feet just as quickly, and by her side.

"Why must I not tell you I love you?" he asked vehemently. "I shall be away next week where you cannot hear me. Is it wrong in me to love you? How can I help myself? Seeing you as I have done every day, what chance was there for me not to care for you?"

"Hush!" Lillian exclaimed imperiously. "You have no right to talk such nonsense, just because papa has happened to leave me alone with you."

"Yet if it is not nonsense, but the truth, why should I not say it?" Gilbert said soothingly.

"Because — ah! there is papa at last; I am sure he wants me," and so she left him with his love-tale only half told.

Gilbert watched Lillian walk across the field to join her father. He saw her put her hand through Mr. May's arm as if glad of his protection. She had abundant time to tell him Gilbert's foolish speech; indeed it seemed an interminable age before they came to where he stood.

That Lillian had told nothing Gilbert was very sure, from the way Mr. May pressed him to come to the house with them. He never dreamed, innocent old man, that Gilbert had striven to make hay while the sun shone, and had brought up a thunder-cloud for his pains.

But now the storm had blown over; and though Lillian did not repeat her father's invitation, yet she looked pretty and penitent, with tears in her eyes, either because she was sorry for having been rude, or was it for the naughty act of making Gilbert her lover? Girls seldom think lovers and matches are made in heaven, but are sure to take a little credit to themselves for the creation of both. Therefore Lillian was gentle and contrite, though she said nothing to make Gilbert care to linger any longer in the clover-field.

CHAPTER II.

"What is your fortune, my pretty maid?"

"My face is my fortune, Sir," she said.

"Oh, then I can't marry you, my pretty maid!"

"Nobody asked you, Sir," she said.

GILBERT RANDAL felt much annoyance as he walked by himself over the now bare field—for the cut clover was raked up into small hay-cocks, ready to be scattered in the morning when the dew had dried.

Gilbert felt some chagrin, and yet there was also a little feeling of relief to soften it in a measure. The beauty of the summer afternoon, and being alone with Lillian, had provoked the mischief, if any were really done. Certainly, if he had intended to make a serious proposal, he would have spoken in much more definite terms. To tell a girl you love her, and to ask her to marry you, are very different things with some men, though there are girls obtuse enough not to see the difference. Lillian was evidently both wise and discreet, much wiser and far more discreet than Gilbert had expected a country maiden to be; and he was glad she chose to treat what he said as nonsense, even if he did resent it at the time.

But was it nonsense? Did not Gilbert really love Lillian? Would he not willingly give up all that he heretofore had been toiling for? ay, would he not be willing to live in a clover-field, if he could have pretty Lillian? But unfortunately they were not bees to live on clover-honey. There was no place for a nest for them in the bare field, any more than for the partridges. Gilbert had only his love to offer, and it was not strong enough to carry him over all impediments, or rather over the one great impediment.

It was not fair to Lillian, Gilbert had said more than once to himself as he had walked back to Mrs. Stanley's. Indeed it was worse than unfair, it was actually wrong to ask the girl to be an indefinite time engaged to him. He had often expressed his opinion upon long engagements, and he had argued the question with Charley Stanley, who held the heresy that a little patient waiting did no harm to either party. He had not been convinced by his inexperienced friend, nor would he be by the first temptation, even if it came in the

guise of pretty Lillian May. Gilbert had lost his head during the long summer-day's haymaking ; but he found it again as he walked home alone in the twilight, and then he was glad Lillian had given him no better answer than she had done. He had no desire to carry on his conscience the full weight of her sweet, coy confession of love for him. He would go back to his plodding work-day life in the city, without lingering out his one week more of holiday, and strive to forget this pleasant summer-day's dream.

So Gilbert thought the evening after the haymaking, when he was heart-sore and repentant. But next morning he was by no means so eager to go away and forget Lillian. So far from it, he never hinted to Mrs. Stanley his decision of last night, and was glad when she told him she intended to walk over to see Mr. May on a little private business, and asked him to go with her.

During most of the walk Gilbert was wondering how Lillian would receive him, whether she would be shy and ill at ease, or expectant of more wooing. He was on his guard now, so there would be no love-passages ; though perhaps if he had the opportunity, it would be as well to show Lillian he was sorry he had to leave her.

It was well Mrs. Stanley talked on and never noticed how silent Gilbert was. Just as he had determined to say something a little tender to Lillian, he found his hostess was directing his attention to a dense wood of pines, which the sun, great alchemist that he is, was turning into gold.

"Could anything be finer than Mr. May's pines over there?" Mrs. Stanley was asking.

"He seems to own a great many acres," Gilbert remarked, thinking much more of the Mays than of the setting sun and the golden-topped pines.

"Yes, the property is large, and would be valuable if judiciously managed. Farming has made some gigantic strides, even for this progressive age. But Mr. May will not hear of modern improvements. He has his wheat cut with cradles, and threshes it with his father's old machine. Of course such slow work does not suit these rapid days, and he is a comparatively poor man, though he owns a thousand acres. There is no doubt that my old friend is a trifle obstinate." Perhaps Mrs. Stanley was thinking of the business matter she had walked over to see the old-fashioned farmer about, and was fearful she might not carry her point.

A small thing often changes the whole tenor of our thoughts, as well as of our hopes for the future. Mrs. Stanley's careless strictures on Mr. May's mode of farming had that effect upon Gilbert. Heretofore he had thought only of his own prospects, not of Lillian's. Certainly he was not a man to marry for money ; but now that he was leaving, somewhat ruefully because of his love for Lillian, he was not sorry to learn she was heiress of so much land, which, if managed judiciously, would be valuable.

The thought gave Gilbert the pleasant sensation of hope, and his last night's prudence was quite forgotten, when, looking up after his short reverie, he saw Mr. May and Lillian walking towards them. A half-hour before he might have been embarrassed at the certainty of

having Lillian for his companion for the rest of the way ; now he found it difficult not to show his felicity to Mrs. Stanley and Mr. May, though heretofore he had not given either of them any grounds for suspicion.

"You must let me have your father's arm ; I have a word to say to him in private," Mrs. Stanley said to Lillian.

"My game is a difficult one," Mr. May said to Gilbert. "Two queens on the board, and both opposed to me — what chance have I against a checkmate?" Yet he gave his arm gallantly to Mrs. Stanley, and walked on with her beyond all chance of eavesdroppers.

Lillian watched them at the distance they chose to put between them with a pink flush on her cheeks and a far-off look in her eyes, as if she had quite forgotten the present in the anticipations of the future. Or perhaps Gilbert was right in accounting for the blush and pretty thoughtful look as souvenirs of yesterday's haymaking.

"I cannot tell you how glad I was just now when I caught sight of you. Every minute I am not with you seems a cheat, now that I have to leave so soon," Gilbert said sentimentally.

"You have been dreadfully swindled, I fear," returned Lillian. "I have not seen you for nearly twenty-four hours. It is beyond my arithmetic to calculate the minutes in all that time."

"They have seemed hours to me. But how did I know how you would receive me, after you had so unkindly left me yesterday in the clover-field?"

"Don't talk nonsense again," Lillian said bluntly.

"Is it such nonsense to tell you I love you?"

"Yes, the veriest in the world."

"I am sorry you think so," Gilbert said, certainly hurt by Lillian's plain speaking, though perhaps she only meant to be discreet, and last night he had rather admired it in her.

"I have no doubt in the city the girls like and expect you to say such things," Lillian went on, not heeding his wounded tone, "but here it is not usual."

"Indeed ! May I ask, for mere curiosity of course, how they manage such things?"

"What things? Flirtations? I am sorry, but I know nothing about them, and to tell the truth, I do not care just now for a lesson."

"I did not mean flirtations. I have no doubt you could teach me more in that line, country lassie as you confess yourself to be, than I could you, for the reason that all women come by it naturally. What I mean is, how does a man let you know he loves you if he does not tell you?"

"He does tell if he is really in earnest, but —"

"But why do you think I am not in earnest? What right have you to doubt me?" asked Gilbert, interrupting her.

"I thought you were sorry for what you said yesterday, and would not repeat it. I am sure I wish you were," Lillian answered.

"If I was sorry, it was not for the reason you think. Not because I do not care for you — I have no doubt about that — but —" Lillian stooped to gather a flower which grew in her path, and Gilbert waited

until she walked on before he finished the sentence, which he did somewhat differently than he intended when he began it.

"But of course you know I am a poor man, with only rather fair prospects as to my future."

"I suppose I ought to congratulate you upon your prospects then," Lillian said.

"And you will be rich some day," he went on to say. "Do you wonder I am a little fearful that many will think me mercenary, now that I ask you to marry me? You will not, I am sure, do me that injustice; but —"

"Certainly not," Lillian interrupted him. "That is, I will certainly not let you think I am rich. There is some mistake."

"I said, would be rich. Are you not your father's only child?"

"That only makes me better loved by him, as he has no one else."

Gilbert did not like to say, "at your father's death the place will be yours": girls are so sensitive to the word death. He could only say instead, that as her father's only child the farm must necessarily be hers in time.

"It will never be mine," Lillian said, quite frankly. "My father only holds it for his life; at his death it is Mr. Stanley's."

"Charley Stanley's? What possible claim can he have? Certainly not one of blood!" exclaimed Gilbert.

"Oh no; a mere business matter, a mortgage, or something of the kind," Lillian answered carelessly.

Charley Stanley! No wonder Lillian disliked him, and was shy of talking of him. That, then, was the important business Mrs. Stanley walked over to discuss, and which Mr. May would fain put off. This bit of information explained much to Gilbert, and suggested some unpleasant truths.

"Then you have no fortune," said Gilbert, far more sadly and bitterly than he meant to express. He had been propping himself up with a false hope; no wonder he staggered as it fell from him.

"Only my face," Lillian said, with a wicked little curtsy. "Who knows, though, that it may not be valuable in time to some one?"

Why did not Gilbert say something pretty, something to turn off neatly his stupid, awkward question? Lillian had given him the opportunity; the commonest platitude would have done. But he was hopelessly stunned under the blow, utterly unable to collect his ideas. When he did find his wits, Mrs. Stanley was waiting for him, shaking hands with Mr. May and making telegraphic signs to Lillian, who was blushing rosy-red as she smiled back at her.

Gilbert had to go through the hand-shaking too. First with Mr. May, whom he could have beaten for begging unconsentingly Lillian, and then with the girl. His fingers tightened on Lillian's, and held them fast for a moment. Poor child! those she trusted most were unworthy of her, and yet he would not snatch her from them. Did Gilbert hurt her, that she grew so pale under his grasp; or did she take it for his leave-taking?

Gilbert Randal was an honorable man according to his light. We know his opinion of long engagements, that a man had no right to fall in love unless he could afford to marry, and to ask a girl to wait to marry him was sheer idiotcy. Yet unwittingly he had both fallen in love with Lillian and had asked her to marry him.

Seeing Lillian so frequently had done the mischief. Mrs. Stanley was constantly sending him for the girl, or going over to Mr. May's herself, and naturally Gilbert went with her. An hour's ramble over the fields did more to make him sentimental than a dozen waltzes could, for the simple reason that he was too used to the waltzes to grow dizzy by them, but the walks were altogether novelties. His speaking to Lillian in the clover-field, and then again that evening, were his great mistakes. If he was sure Mrs. Stanley had guessed he was in love, he would have thought it was malicious in her to mislead him as she had done; but she evidently never suspected anything of the kind.

Fortunately Lillian had never made a confession of her love for him; perhaps because he had never urged her to it. He was glad he had not, for now he must leave her, and he hoped she would forget him after a while. She was young, and he did not flatter himself that he had made a life-long impression. The only question was whether he should go away without seeing Lillian again, in the hope that her wounded pride might help to work her cure, or should he see her and explain his position? Gilbert rather inclined to the leave-taking, not only because it seemed less cowardly, but also it would be kinder. The fault was not in him, but in the poverty which separated them. Besides, he was anxious to see Lillian again, for painful as the farewell would be, he could not bear the thought that he had seen her for the last time.

A man in love likes to speak of it; but a woman is shy of confessing it even to herself. This revealing is an infatuation with most men. Like murder, it will out; so Gilbert Randal would not leave the neighborhood until he had made his last dying speech and confession to Lillian.

Their meeting happened in this way. Gilbert started to go over to Mr. May's to bid Lillian good-bye; but to put off the evil hour, as well as to determine what it was best to say, he turned into the pines, instead of across the field. Twice he had let impulse and the desire born of the moment guide him, and we have seen the result; now, only sober second-thought was to have full sway.

The pines were darkened with the sombre evening light, and full of soft solemn music the breeze was making in their branches. It was as if the sea were breaking in monotonous waves on a near shore. The thickly-strewn pine-tags which had dropped year after year, deadened the sound of Gilbert's footfall as a carpet would, so that Lillian had no hint of his approach until he was at her side. No wonder she was startled, and a little vexed perhaps, for she turned at once to retrace her steps, and never showed by word or sign that she was glad to meet him.

Yet Gilbert was glad to find her in the quiet woods—glad to have her to himself this last time—glad to know there was no chance of

any one's interrupting them. Yet it was somewhat difficult for him to commence the frank confession he had at last determined to make. There was nothing for him to do but like a bold swimmer to plunge in at once, without taking time for thought.

"I was going in search of you presently," he said, forgetting the usual good-evening. "I could not leave without making an explanation. Not that I love you — that I have told you before —"

Lillian turned towards him with a slight impatient gesture, as if about to interrupt him, but seemed to change her mind and walked on silently, though far more rapidly than when he overtook her.

"It was impossible to be with you daily, to see you as I have for the last month, and not learn to love you. I never dreamed of any danger; there was nothing to put me on my guard."

"I am sure, very sure you meant no harm," Lillian said gently.

"Believe me I did not. That of course is a poor excuse, for a man should be careful in such matters. I have seen the happiest month in my life," he added with a sigh.

"But you will soon forget it. Your busy life in town will help you to."

Gilbert thought she spoke reproachfully, as if to forget with him would be easy — the city life drowning recollection as her quiet country one could never do.

"You are mistaken," he replied gravely, "I shall not soon forget, but on the contrary I shall always remember you sadly enough. An honorable man should never ask a girl to wait an indefinite time for him," he added, perhaps in answer to his own thoughts, as the remark had no reference to his retentiveness.

"If a man is worth marrying, he is worth waiting for," Lillian said a little hotly.

"Yes, to be generous and willing to sacrifice herself is a woman's way, and therefore we ought to be the more careful. It is an ungracious act on a man's part to let a girl wear out her youth in a long engagement, and when life becomes flat and prosaic to her, then marry her. No wonder both find only disappointment."

"The man grows flat and prosaic as well; the years do not stand still with him any more than with us. I can't see then why a little waiting is so sure to bring disappointment," Lillian contended.

"But men do not mind losing their youth, as it is not one of their advantages," Gilbert answered.

"And unfortunately we do; to grow old is our greatest bugbear. I think I could bear anything if I were sure I would always stay as I am now. When we are old and ugly, of course you don't care half so much for us. I don't blame you; I shall not care for myself then."

They were getting far too general in their talk for Gilbert, who had something personal to say.

"I cannot think of you in any position that I could not care for you. But knowing how I hold long engagements, and that I love you —"

"Don't say it, please," interrupted Lillian; "I never intended you should; indeed I never thought about it. I wish so much you did not."

"I do not blame you, but only myself. If I thought you had tried to make me care for you, I would not make the confession I am making. I am sure you have dealt only honestly," said Gilbert reassuringly.

"Thank you, oh thank you so very much for saying so," said Lillian, far more gratefully than the occasion at all warranted.

"I must not blame you either, if you do not think as well of me as you did even yesterday," Gilbert said sorrowfully. "Only believe me I never intended to do you this great wrong."

"I am glad you did not, on account of—"

"On your own, poor child. Ah, Lillian, I could go away contented, even though sore at heart, if I were sure I had not grieved you."

"You do grieve me very much when you talk so. Let us speak of something else, please."

"If I thought you would forget me soon—"

"Why should I forget you? You have been very kind to me," Lillian interrupted.

"Not kind, poor dear! Loved you I have, but that was scarcely kind."

There was a pretty, puzzled look on Lillian's face, a look as if she were trying to see wherein Gilbert's unkindness lay.

"It was not kind in me to love you," Gilbert explained.

"I thought you said you could not help yourself? It does not make any difference if I am not to blame, as I feared I was. One can't help one's feelings, I suppose."

"But I ought to have helped mine," said Gilbert gravely, "especially as I knew very well that I could not possibly marry for a long time to come."

"It will do you no harm to wait," Lillian remarked oracularly.

"I was not thinking of myself, but of you."

"Don't worry yourself about me, please. Nothing would induce me to marry you, even—" and Lillian stopped there, in the midst of her ungracious speech.

"Not even if I were able to marry?" asked Gilbert, with a bitter laugh.

"No, under no circumstances," Lillian answered bluntly.

"Because you are angry with me."

"I am not in the least angry."

"Well, hurt, wounded—some feeling akin to anger."

"I am not either hurt nor wounded; if you would let me, I would part with you on the kindest terms."

"If I would let you! as if I did not wish to, even though I do not dare to hope it," said Gilbert, eagerly.

"You may if you will," Lillian replied, holding out her hand to him.

But Gilbert did not take the proffered peace-offering; Lillian's smiling face seemed a revelation to him.

"Do you mean you never cared for me, Lillian?" he asked.

"Not as you seem to think I do."

"That all this time I have been nothing to you?"

"Oh yes, a great deal — a pleasant friend —"

"Only a pleasant friend! I wish I could say the same for you."

"I wish you could, as a stronger feeling seems to annoy you."

"One would have thought that your womanly wit would have shown you the difference between a friend and a lover," he said bitterly.

"Don't taunt me with my stupidity. But to be honest, the thought never crossed me until that unfortunate haymaking; even then I hoped it was nonsense."

"Why nonsense?" Gilbert asked.

"Because I thought you knew more of me than it seems you do. As Mr. Stanley's friend, and his mother's guest —"

"Does your dislike for poor Charley go so far that you visit it on his friends?" Gilbert interrupted her to ask.

"I am not so prejudiced as that," Lillian said, with a laugh.

"As for Mrs. Stanley," Gilbert went on to say, "she has told me nothing about you, except once she hinted you might be rich some of these days."

"Not in my own right, I am very sure. There is Papa coming. Don't tell him, please, that you couldn't marry me," and Lillian would have skipped away if he had not stopped her.

"At least you will shake hands and say good-bye," he pleaded.

"If you wish me to. You will forget me after a while," Lillian said, hopefully.

If he were only sure of it, or if he knew Lillian too was feeling their parting, it would be easier to bear it; for since he had lost his pity for her it seemed to rebound on himself. If she really had loved him he was not so sure that he would not marry at once, imprudent as it would be.

Mr. May had no reason for wishing to escape from Gilbert; on the contrary he was anxious to keep him to dinner. How could he guess that a walk through the pines had taken away the young man's appetite, any more than that his desire to eat his last dinner with his hostess was a mere excuse to escape seeing Lillian again?

"Going to-morrow, are you? I wish you could stay for the partridge-shooting," Mr. May said, heartily. "The next time you come down you must stay with me; you will always be welcome. Can't you come down with Charley at Christmas? I will promise you a gayer time than you have had this summer — something better than haymaking in the clover-field. There is no use in talking in riddles when no doubt Mrs. Stanley and Lillian have told you everything. Women-folk can never keep a secret, though they swear you over to silence; but they don't mean to hold you to your promise any more than they hold themselves."

"I don't think either of the ladies has told me any of her secrets," said Gilbert, wishing the old man was not so garrulous, and that he could make his escape.

"Do you mean neither has mentioned the wedding, now that the wedding is fixed? I didn't intend that Charley should have my Lillian for a year longer; but Mrs. Stanley wants the wedding to be at Christmas, and how can I refuse a neighbor who has only to walk

across my field to torment me into saying yes? Besides, the young things have been engaged some time, and I haven't the heart to keep them apart any longer just for an old man's whim. So I have said the wedding shall be during the holidays. You had better come down then, and I will promise you a famous time; we will make it a frolic as they used to do in the good old days."

Whether Gilbert Randal went down to Lillian's wedding the old song does not hint to me, though it did hint the rest of my story. Neither does it suggest which is the lighter of the two ills—to refuse to marry a pretty maid, or to be rejected by her.

EMILY READ.

A PECULIAR PEOPLE.

IN spite of the Modocs, those dark and lowering clouds upon our distant horizon, in spite of disasters on land and sea, our thoughts will continually revert to and dwell upon this new-born race of freedmen in our midst; this African excrescence, which, like a moral fungus, clings to our Southern firesides. In our midst, but not of us, robbing us of domestic peace, and draining our purses for labor only half-performed, there exists a people distinct in color, nature, and habits, whom we must sustain whether we will or not; and crushed as we ourselves are, bear upon our shoulders, while we forbear in meekness and in love. It has passed into a proverb that "America knows no past"; but the South has known a happier past, which now seems very far away in the dim distance of those by-gone years. It cannot be denied that in the past the South possessed both nationality and patriotism—two things that have passed away forever. Those one-sided philanthropists who are content to benefit one-fifth of a nation to the detriment of the remaining four-fifths, must concede that the South, even when paralysed *partially* under the incubus of slavery, was a far more glorious land than she can ever be again, with this same incubus transformed into an active fermenting element throughout the land. Truly the South has had a past, but is there any future in store for her? Will this festering, rotting mass of humanity in our midst add either worth, wealth, or happiness to this blasted land? As slaves they paralysed our limbs, as freedmen they prey

upon our vitals. O happy England! that knows no North, no South, no Modocs, and no Negro race! Would to God that we were constituted like our mother-land, who knows so well how to disgorge whatever pabulum disagrees with her majestic stomach. It seems to be a simple matter of necessity to rid herself of the scum of society. Teeming with human life, her narrow limits reject the overflow, and without one added throb of her mighty heart she ejects the nauseous dose. What the stormy Atlantic does not engulf we receive and welcome into our numerous open ports. Thus we are subjected to the two mighty pressures, the incoming and ingrowing. Is it any marvel if, between the upper and the nether millstone, we are well-nigh ground to powder? We do not decry emigration; let the "star of empire westward take its way," and if need be, reach its zenith in this western land; but give us bone of our bone and flesh of our flesh, the sons and daughters of our mother; and grant us that happy power which England possesses, of making an external of any internal thing that presses heavily upon her national digestion. She could digest neither African nor Indian nor Mormon flesh, and by a natural consequence she exists the purest spot upon this sinful earth. Where else can be found such piety, such pure morals, such genuine Christian homes as exist within the borders of "merrie England?" "Merrie," because her digestion is good, and the fountain at which she drinks is healthy and pure. Are not these facts worth the consideration of her overgrown daughter, who has drank of every fountain and set up her idols under every tree?

Now turn the eye upon our Southern land. See our overworked mothers, wives, and daughters; mark their sufferings endured in daily contentions with this helpless, hopeless African race. Consider their thrift, economy, and acquisitiveness where self is concerned. Contrast these with the utter absence of all such qualities where a set task is to be performed, a sacrifice made, or faithfulness required. Point us to one instance of faithfulness, docility, neatness, and we will meet it with ten thousand instances to the contrary. Little do heads of families reckon of the weary contentious lives that are dragged out or shortened in the battle of life behind the scenes. That filth, disorder, and waste may not reign triumphant, our house-keepers are content to become household drudges. The kindest dispositions become soured, the noblest hearts are embittered in this unequal contest. Over the graves of many a Southern matron might be chiselled with truthful hands: "Slain by the tongue of the cook," or "Fell, pierced by kitchen wounds."

But there is a ludicrous as well as a pathetic side to the picture. Our African is subject to as many changes as there are hours in the day, and is never so ludicrous as when most solemn and bowed down with grief. A burial is to them —

"A thing of beauty and a joy forever."

Weddings are indeed joyful occasions; the sweets provided are irresistible; but a corpse, if it be of their own color, is in truth a new-found treasure. It would be a remembered and unforgiven wrong to raise even a doubt as to the propriety of flocking in sable crowds

"to be in at the death." "I haven't been to a funeral for a month!" is the injured cry of many a serving-maid. Strange to say, this insane desire to attend every funeral, this morbid fancy to assume a lugubrious countenance and be resolutely unhappy for a certain space of time, is exercised more freely by the women than the men. Every Southern matron will understand the situation and bear us out in saying, that no sooner is the death of a member in this huge African family announced, than a feeling of utter hopelessness and destitution is experienced by every housekeeper in that particular neighborhood where this death has occurred. Every species of work is abandoned, bargains and promises are set aside; the insane creatures preferring the loss of a good home rather than the denial of this "luxury of woe." Off they troop in crowds: cooks, washerwomen and nursery maids. Plump goes the lady of the house into the kitchen; the daughter excuses herself to parlor company in order to strike while the irons are hot; the girls are brought from school to amuse the baby; the boys to bring the wood and water, in order that the father's dinner may be served in time; while the colored household, which is receiving in the aggregate some \$50 per month, is weeping over the coffin of a "Sister Ailsy" or an "Uncle Harry," who perhaps bears to none of them a closer relationship than being a fellow son or daughter of Ham.

We have lately attended one of these burials. Our own surroundings being somewhat melancholy, there arose a desire in our heart to witness the joy of others. It had been announced to us in appropriate phrase and with sepulchral tones that "Sister Betsy" was dead. Every cook and housemaid in the neighborhood flew to ascertain the fact, and pronounced her dead. In due time her mortal remains, coffined and heaped with snowball flowers variegated with red and yellow tulips, were conveyed to the "colored church." She had been an "old nuss," and strange to say, had been, while she lived, at war with her own race, hating and being hated by them all. But now she is dead; for the first time she enters the "colored church," borne at the head of a triumphal procession; her once bitter stinging tongue is silent; her strongest enemy can look and touch her without reproach: was there no pleasure in that? There is a solemn hush as the old colored preacher arises and gives out the hymn, in a voice toned down to suit the sad occasion. One cannot forbear a smile as he says, "I will line out de present hymn; Brudder Nash will sustain de tchune." "Brudder Nash" gives funereal coughs, sustains "de tchune," and these impassioned creatures break out into a chant, wild, solemn, almost affecting. Some of the voices are rich and wonderful in their sweetness and power, others discordant, yet like sad wild echoes in the distance. We will transcribe a few words of the hymn:

Def is a mighty conqueror;
 Lay low, lay low.
 Def is a mighty conqueror;
 Lay low, lay low.
 He took our sister's bref away;
 She'll find it wid de Lord some day.
 Lay low, lay low.

Def is a mighty conqueror ;
Lay low, lay low.
Def rides upon a milk-white horse ;
Lay low, lay low.
He chases every one from life,
And closes up de mortal strife.
Lay low, lay low.

It is impossible to describe the effect which this hymn had upon the singers ; they seemed borne aloft in an ecstasy of feeling. "Sister Betsy" in her coffin under the tulips seemed forgotten ; little urchins with wide-opened mouths stood up and shouted, "Lay low, lay low !" while their elders swayed and rocked in their seats to the wild chorus ; but no sooner did the minister call to prayer than the audience descended again to earth. It is impossible also to reproduce that prayer. Intonation, emphasis, groans deep and gurgling that none but African bowels could produce ; can never be transferred to paper ; wild cries for mercy, ejaculations of praise were caught up confusedly and passed from lip to lip. Then came the sermon, always the negro's master-piece, from which there can be no appeal, no dissent. The text selected was, "No man liveth to himself, and no man dieth to himself." Why this selection, must have been only apparent to himself ; liveth and dieth, the two extremes, perhaps caught his fancy. Certainly the text was of little use, excepting to give the preacher an air of learned importance in the sight and hearing of his auditors. Would that I could produce this sermon entire with its truth and falsity, its traditions and superstitions, its perversions and misapprehensions. Here is the skeleton :—

"Breddren, dis is de occasion of misery where we meet by de side of de se-pul-ker. De tomb have taken our sister. Owing to brief sickness in my family down in low Virginny, I hab not de lengt of time to consume away in mourning over dis corrupse. She have left us, according to de doctor, of heart-disease, which some, 'spressing what they mought not 'spress, makes a doubt. It is not for de preacher here to say if de mistake is on de doctor or in dem as 'spresses their 'pinion. De preacher am here on his part to lay de moulding clay in de dust of de tomb. It is a world of trouble ; Def is a mighty conqueror, and we are nigh on to de sepulker. Def is on our track ; he never goes out de door, when once he comes in, widout his mighty prey. Wid a sounding hoof and a sudden spring he shoot de arrow which lodges in our sister's breast, and she lies a corrupse. Deny it who dursn't deny it, whether of heart-disease is unbeknownst to the preacher. Breddren, de time is short, and our sister lived a long time till Def do cut her short, which do let none deny if they dar. Bressed be God that we have de occasion to meet at de side of de sepulker, of which some of us must be de fust to go when de hoofs of the milk-white horse is heard, and God grant it may not be de preacher present ; and God grant none may have de mighty conqueror Def upon his track till such time as He sees fit, in which case be all of us prepared for de mortal stroke which comes we knows not how, and goes we knows not where. Breddren, if any of you have anythink to forgive de corrupse which ought not to be forgiven afore de coffin be shet, it is now de time, or forever hereafter hold his

tongue in peace ; for now is de accepted time, and salvation is of de Lord."

Here there was a general movement by the audience, accompanied by extra intestinal groans. Several old women arose, left their seats, and advancing to the coffin, turned back the covering from the face of the dead, rearranged the tulips, groaned again, and returned no wiser than they went. The preacher continued :—

"And all those colored individuals present who be neither breddren nor sisters, who have never been baptised, who is jest as much afeard of de gospel water as a mad dog, and who is widout de palings of de Church, jest shake and tremble when ye thinks of him as is a-travel ling behind yer on a milk-white horse. Yer can giggle and snifle when yer preacher cry fly to the Lord ; but let Def cotch yer by yer froat and drag yer to de side of de sepulker, where are yer ? Look at dis corrupse, and know de time is come. Amen.

"Now, breddren, we will proceed to de tomb in de most 'spectful manner. Brudder Nash will take de head of de corrupse, Brudder Finks de funder end ; Brudder Simon and Brudder Johnsing will sustain the sides, and we will march to de tomb and 'posit de lastest remains of our 'ceased sister into her everlasting rest. As we go we will march to de tchune of—

We're jining, we're jining
The heavenly hosts above.

De boys will be much pleased to keep to de rare of de background ; I myself will proceed the corrupse. Brudder Stone will hand me my umbrilla in case of rain, and so by de help of de Lord we will pull froo. De bearers is now dismist. When next we have de happy occasion to meet by de side of de sepulker, de preacher will discourse funder on de text. Ebery one is now dismist to de tomb. Amen."

As we wended our way slowly homeward pondering these things, we reconsidered the situation, and realised the impossibility of contending with or controlling creatures of such passionate natures. Vain is the task ; no law or argument can reach to such depths of superstition and duplicity. A paradox of paradoxes must the negro ever remain, a peculiar people in the mass, gradually sinking back into the grossest darkness of heathenism. One thing we fully realised : that it would be in truth the height of cruelty to deny our domestics, under any circumstances, the happiness of attending burials and frequent meetings by the side of "de se-pul-ker." The joy of this pain and the pain of this joy is a necessary tonic, essential to the African constitution, and if it gives them an impetus sufficient only to send them into the middle of another week, we have gained something by "Sister Betsy's" death.

A truce to our reflections ; trite and commonplace though they be, they are full of significance and warning to the strong who must deal with the weak.

CHEVEUX GRIS.

THE DUTY OF THE HOUR.

“WHEN the affairs of a nation are distracted, private people are justified in stepping a little out of their ordinary sphere.” Behind this proposition of Edmund Burke’s I shield myself: fully conscious that the suggestions made and enforced in this paper will be found deserving of attention, I am not less conscious that they would carry with them a weight that would command an appreciation of their importance, which, as a “private person,” I must necessarily fail to give them. But in view of the position and character of those to whom appeals such as this are addressed, it is sufficient that there be honesty of purpose in the writer, and a distinct flavor of truth in what he writes, to secure a courteous reception. There is an *esprit de corps* on which the present writer is persuaded he can confidently rely when addressing men of culture at the South. Let the call to duty be ever so faintly sounded, and there will be from that quarter a responsive echo. It is to make that echo reverberate from every valley and from every mountain in the South that this second paper on the Duty of the Hour in the present crisis is written.

To every watchful and intelligent observer of the signs of the times, no argument is necessary to establish the truth of this proposition, that the civilised world is demanding with importunate urgency, from men of culture, a solution of political and social problems so intricate in their nature, and threatening in their solution to exercise so vast an influence for good or evil on progressive civilisation, that to respond to that demand by desultory theorising, is, with almost suicidal criminality, to invite the evil which these problems solved by the masses of no-culture will of necessity create. This general proposition, it need not be said, has an intensity of application in the South; and Southern men alone can rightly estimate its pertinence and draw from it the practical lessons it teaches. When culture is the distinguishing characteristic of majorities among men, it may, like Alexander the Great, cut the Gordian knot and demand universal empire; but in the crisis we are now considering, the great Alexander is rather the prototype of a “power” that is not that of culture, and in the hands of that power Christian civilisation cannot safely trust the knot of Gordius. The trite expression, “bound hand and foot,” correctly describes the present condition of the South politically. This fettered political condition the South accepts with that becoming submission always distinctive of sound wisdom, when forced to endure evil that is inevitable; but this phase in the condition of the South is pointedly suggestive of a query of very serious import: Is this enforced condition of political oppression to be so broadly comprehensive that in a period of her history presenting phenomena fraught with issues the most momentous, she should be denied representation in a Congress of her “wise and prudent” men because, to the Congress of the United States, her moral inability to pronounce the

shibboleth of the party there regnant denies her entrance? Courtesy the most profound and charity the most overflowing would hardly point to the present occupants of Senatorial and other elevated positions in the South, and bid us see there reflected that intelligence and that statesmanship, those manners and those morals, which Southern culture, the legitimate and responsible guardian of Southern civilisation, dare recognise as representative. I state a very simple and incontrovertible proposition when I assert that the Christian civilisation of the South—a civilisation progressive under the law of God for the good of man—has no representative Congress, no authorised advocate to exemplify and maintain the cause of the true, the pure and the right before a world poisoned into the belief that “no good thing” can be spoken of that section of the United States of America, which, *mirabile dictu*, could rank amongst its most devoted and honored sons a Stonewall Jackson and a Robert E. Lee! Surely it would be a sad misapplication of terms to call the ruminations of the closet philosopher, the cold abstractions of the dialectician, or the elegant bemoanings of the æsthetic over the dangers threatening to abrade the polish and soil the purity of culture—to call these the representatives of Southern culture. Forcibly suggestive, irreproachably logical, and painfully pointed as may be the several efforts of these individual champions, of what avail can such efforts prove but to make more intolerable the darkness?—the more brilliant these intellectual coruscations, the greater and more painfully realised that dark future of the South, to the gloomy features of which they but serve to give definiteness and intensity. Far be it from me to cast a slur upon literary effort to stay the moral plague. It is well—it is eminently desirable to reply in kind to the feathered shafts that our Northern brethren of the pen discharge with an energy and a rapidity worthy of a nobler cause, against a culture offensive to them; but do we not perceive that under cover of these *verba malevola* discharges the main body is advancing, and that the contest is rapidly approximating a death-struggle between counter and irreconcilable influences? Is it not then directly to the point, and of supreme pertinence to ask: Is Southern conservatism prepared to meet this impending crisis? Without unity of purpose and concert of action, nerveless and desponding in the isolation of its members, what but defeat most thorough in its far-reaching issues of moral, social and political evil, can be expected? In such a struggle there can be but one issue if there be no concentration of effort; and there can be no concentration of effort if those who truly represent, and who alone are the accredited exponents of Southern culture—*virtute et honore majores*—do not combine in the erection of a platform of principles in lieu of that political platform from which, as professors of a creed other than that now dominant, they are hopelessly excluded. To a platform thus erected, and embellished by those moral and intellectual qualities most highly esteemed among men, there would flock as to an ark of refuge, or rather as to a tower of strength, all in the South who now in feeble isolation are tempted, with a selfishness begotten of despair, to abandon all thought and all effort for the general good, and to devote themselves to the securing for themselves and their children

whatever, from the debris of the wrecked civilisation of their country, individual effort may enable them to grasp and retain. Around a platform thus representative of Southern culture there would crystallise influences of power and light, and in this concrete of moral and intellectual elements there would be found a solid body of influence healthily and irresistibly operative through its several members; an influence active and reactive, imparting and receiving a vitality too robust in intelligence, and of too true a tone of moral feeling, to become the prey of those malign adverse influences which proceed from a culture in which truth, purity and honor are subordinate elements, if indeed elements at all.

It may be argued that in that section of the United States from which the South has reason to apprehend the aggression of pernicious influences, there are to be found defenders of a true faith as stern and unyielding as any of the most strenuous Southern protesters against Northern radicalism: but "what are they among so many?" Without hesitating for a moment to admit the truth of this presumption, rather acknowledging that it is founded upon trustworthy data, I gather from the fact itself a most suggestive lesson. If true conservatism — not the blind clinging to old things because they are old, but a resolution to preserve, so far as possible, all that our fathers have left us of good and honorable in morals, in politics, and in social life — is so manifestly in the minority at the North that its representatives there are impotent to stay the tide of radicalism, may we not with very great propriety ask ourselves this question: Is Southern conservatism so inconsiderable a force, its power of resistance to radicalism so circumscribed, fettered and overborne, that its course is plainly indicated in that hopeless, effortless drifting with the tide exhibited by the vainly-protesting conservatism of the North? Time was when Northern conservatism was a power to be feared as well as respected; but, admitting passion and sectional animosity into its counsels, it became blindly but surely a party to its own emasculation — a shorn Samson, painfully suggestive to Southern conservatism of a similar fate not far distant. Given only the failure clearly to apprehend the character and magnitude of the impending danger, and unity of spirit and action to avert it, and radicalism, strong to absorb and to assimilate, will, sooner or later, leave in the South but a helpless and hopeless remnant, a dormant, inappreciable conservative constituent of the then Southern body-politic. That which Northern conservatism has accomplished by its voluntary alliance with a power incongruous with itself, except in its virulent antagonism to Southern institutions — its own quasi-annihilation, Southern conservatism in its abandonment to isolation of its own forces is most deplorably inviting. But call in these scattered forces, organise them, furnish them with a pure and steady light to guide, and let them be inspired with that confident hope which the electric elbow-to-elbow touch thus secured will not fail to excite, and although the contest will be no short and brilliant affair of outposts, but a protracted and resolute struggle on both sides, the united defenders of Christian civilisation in the South will maintain their position of protest against radical aggression, will steadily advance it, and future

historians will not have to record another "Lost Cause," the surrender by detachments of conservative truth, its ultimate subjugation, and the establishment upon its ruins of triumphant radicalism. "Nullum numen abest si sit prudentia"—a heathen's utterance, but a word of wisdom for all time, and of especial application in the present exigency. If prudence—all that this word implies of foresight and skill—be actively exhibited by the leaders of thought in the South, Southern conservatism, roused from its dormant condition, will become a term significant of a moral antagonism that neither suasive nor aggressive radicalism will be able to subdue.

The crying need of the South is for the leadership of men of cultivated intelligence and administrative talent. The battle-gage defiantly thrown down by radicalism must be taken up by men profoundly conscious of the nature and extent of that campaign upon which it challenges the South to enter. Vitiating morality and prostituted intelligence, having at their command agencies skilfully adapted to seduce, betray, and pervert, are fully armed and equipped for the struggle. Has Christian civilisation at the South, claiming to be morally and intellectually untainted by radicalism, its agencies of defence and offence, relying upon the effective operation of which it may confidently await the issue? Such agencies—I speak of the rule, not its exceptions—there are not. To create them and give them vitality and force must be the work of those who are the leaders and exponents of Christian culture. A league thus initiated and controlled, having on its muster-roll all in the South to whom truth, justice, purity and honor are something more than abstract nouns, would multiply itself indefinitely into minor leagues or corporations representative of purifying and tonic influences through all the walks of life; the isolated forlorn-hopes of Southern civilisation would become consolidated into an acknowledged power—the power of Southern public opinion—to which might be entrusted, with assured confidence of ultimate deliverance, the redemption of the South from that tyranny of ignorance which encourages and fortifies the aggressive power of radicalism. Thus would be met those pernicious influences which symbolise a power for evil to which Christian civilisation cannot succumb and live.

Is it vain, is it not rather most reasonable to anticipate that from such a league there would radiate moral and intellectual activities interpenetrating all Southern life? If it is vain, then it is also theoretic trifling, and very manifestly illogical, to insist upon the ultimate prevalence of vital truth as the necessary consequence of its power when intelligently apprehended and practically exhibited. It is not metaphysical Christianity, or any other caricature of the gospel of "good will to men," which can avail aught in that contest with a creed the disciples of which live and move and have their being in the earnest and practical enforcement of their principles of belief. Christian civilisation abstractly considered need apprehend no danger from the aggression of that restless ambitious spirit of evil now striving to become dominant in the civilised world, if also we are permitted to consider that spirit as an abstraction; but as neither individual nor nation can be saved by the abstract idea of

Christianity, so most assuredly cannot the Christian civilisation of the South be redeemed from the power of that death now threatening it, if vital activity be not substituted for dormant protest, if "good will to men" become not practically exhibited in the establishment throughout the South of agencies able to defend and active to promote pure culture, as the only antagonism that can ultimately prevail to the annihilation of that moral hydra, radicalism.

No more promising field for the operation of a league to promote pure culture can be conceived than that now presented by the South. In the political development of radicalism she has been taught to estimate the force of that power for evil which inheres in a government the resultant of that fearful combination of depravities — perverted intelligence and vicious morals. Against the political "powers that be" I am advocating no organised resistance. Against those moral powers that are struggling to become the principal factors in Southern civilisation, demanding that it become crystallised into radicalism, I have as a private person stepped a little out of my ordinary sphere to remonstrate and to suggest organised opposition, and as a further suggestion I would offer as a title of peculiar propriety that of "The Lee Association." In the character of General Lee the civilised world has endorsed the judgment of the South; truth, justice, purity and honor were the distinctive features of that character. By what better title can a league formed to make truth, justice, purity and honor the distinctive and permanent features of Southern civilisation, be known? What motto more suggestive of a duty to be recognised and performed than that which to General Lee was more than an ancestral heir-loom — *Non incautus futuri*?

HENRY EWBANK.

I have never heretofore stepped out of the customary editorial impersonality to make any comment upon the views or suggestions of a contributor; but this paper of Mr. Ewbank seems to me to be so timely, and to involve matters of such vital importance, that I can not forbear from adding a word or two.

The status and condition of the South, it is generally said, were settled by the war. What then did the war settle? The question whether we could or could not maintain what we believed to be our rights by force of arms: this question and no other was submitted to the arbitrament of the sword, and by it decided against us. By that decision we are willing to abide in good faith; but we protest against its being made to involve the settlement of other questions which were not staked upon that issue. The questions whether our supposed rights were real ones; whether they might not be vindicated by peaceful and legal means; whether, even granting the will, we had the power to abdicate them, were not, and could not be, decided by the sword, much less, if less were possible, questions entirely independent of the matter at issue. Yet there seems to be an assumption that because the dynamic question was decided against us we have become a mere lump of clay in the hands of the potter, that we are to

be ground up politically, socially and morally in the Northern mill, tempered anew with the waters of New England doctrine, and shaped into vessels of honor or dishonor at the sovereign pleasure of our conquerors. This assumption is not only made, but—amazing to relate!—it is but faintly resisted. What we lost by the war was much, but it was the least of our possessions, and a loss that time will repair: what we preserved was of infinitely higher value; it can only be lost by our being false to ourselves, and if lost, the loss is irreparable forever.

Esau sold his birthright for a mess of pottage of lentils, and by so doing has become a by-word of scorn among the human race. Why this extreme severity of judgment? His argument of immediate necessity seems a good one: Behold, I am at the point to die, and what profit shall this birthright do to me? Why is this not allowed as a valid defence? Because he betrayed a trust; because he alienated perpetually that in which he had only a life-interest; because for his own personal advantage he wronged all his posterity. That his brother dealt wickedly with him is no excuse: the verdict of all mankind is that he should have died rather than do that irreparable wrong to his descendants, and the curse which followed him, confirms that verdict just.

What we have lost by force, we have lost, and our defeat is no disgrace. But they can not take from us our honor, our memories, the lessons of our brothers' lives and the legacies of their death. They can not take from us all that we were justly proud of, all that gave Southern society its special purity, Southern men their dignity, and Southern women their unequalled charm. These we can not lose unless by our voluntary degradation we renounce them, or lose them by our own neglect, and thus incur Esau's guilt without having Esau's plea.

If Southern men would only see these things as they ought to see them, if they felt the awful responsibility that rests upon them, and saw the abyss toward which they are gliding with ever swifter descent, they would arise as at a trumpet-call, and by uniting become a power. Organisations for material ends are easily founded; why should there be any difficulty in forming one for the preservation, by peaceful and lawful means, of all that we hold most dear, and for the promotion of the well-being of our whole people?

In times past we allowed our enemies to speak for us, and we were calumniated all over the world, as we found to our sore cost when the day of trial came; we allowed our enemies to teach us, and they instilled with their teachings the poison of lies, and sometimes of dishonor. This was while they feared us: what are they doing now? We need only open our eyes to see.

I firmly believe that Mr. Ewbank is right, and that this is the critical moment. There is an awakening of thought and an awakening of spirit all over the South: whether it shall turn into the right channels or not rests with our people themselves. If put off, it will be too late. An organisation for the upholding our mental and moral independence, for the promotion of Southern culture, for the maintenance of all that is good and honorable of our own, and the repul-

sion of all that is alien and pernicious, such an organisation ramifying through the whole country and pervaded by one great idea, would be a power unconquerable, irresistible, and sure of triumph. It all rests with ourselves: the alternative is before us whether to sink into serfs or rise up freemen; but we must make the decision. If we make it aright, then our Lee, our Jackson, the heroes whom we honor because they gave their lives for us, the vast army of our brothers who went to death as to a feast in the hope of winning our freedom, and on whose graves we have this day strewn flowers that an hour's sun will wither, poor symbols of a gratitude that should outlast life itself — if we do now what we *can* do, then they will not have died in vain.

I trust that those of our readers who feel the importance of these suggestions, or who may have anything to propose in the matter, will communicate with us; and so far as practicable we will open the pages of this Magazine to such communications as we think of public interest.

W. HAND BROWNE.

THE EARLY SETTLEMENT OF EUROPE.

I.

FEW subjects of inquiry are more attractive to the student of history and human nature than the early condition of the human family; and that part of this subject which concerns the settlement of Europe, the great theatre of action for the more advanced members of the Aryan stock, is of peculiar interest to the modern thinker. Investigations in various fields of science have given us a large body of facts in relation to the pre-historic period in Europe, which it is now my purpose to put together in a brief and methodical statement, in order that the reader may survey a sketch in outline of those successive settlements of European soil, of which the record is found elsewhere than in parchment scrolls and inscriptions on marble. The geologists have contributed their quota by furnishing the history of the latest violent convulsions of nature and changes in the earth's surface; the students of antique remains theirs, in the shape of a connected and continuous series of material substances associated with the lives and customs of the early races; the students of language theirs, by the study of fossils of a different kind, but equally instructive as to the character, condition, and connections of such of the early races as have left any trace of their language; the students of

race theirs, by similar methods of comparison in physiology ; and the views of each class have been checked, modified, or corroborated by the researches of the rest, while the results of their combined efforts have been carefully compared with the traditions, the myths, and the early song of those races whose thought developed into a literature.

The sciences which have thus been applied to the task of unveiling the hitherto unwritten history of early Europe, are all of recent origin, and their work is confessedly incomplete. But those points in which they all agree may fairly be taken as settled facts of the past, furnishing us with at least a bold general outline of what took place in Europe, from the first presence of man on its soil to the time when the Hellenic and Italic races began to record their presence in forms which brought about and ensured the existence of written history. A general outline, of such a nature as to enable us to comprehend far better the after-history of those noble races in which we are especially interested, is all that is as yet furnished us by the researches lately made into the pre-historic condition of Europe under the dominion of man ; but this outline, however many subordinate details may be modified by future inquiry, is to be relied on, as the truth of history, with as much confidence as any record of Roman or of English history.

In telling the story of the early settlement of Europe, as clearly as I can frame it from the combined stores which have been supplied by the labors of men of various sciences, I shall have little to say of the materials on which they have founded their opinions or the arguments by which they sustain their views. I shall simply take the general results at which they have arrived, and strive to put these together into a plain narrative of the succession of races on the soil, and the progress of civilisation from its earliest dawn to the height it reached at the beginning of recorded history.

The period to which human life has been traced back as the earliest age in which any member of the human family drew the breath of life on European soil, is called by the archæologists the Palæolithic ; and the race of men then roaming over the half-frozen continent are assigned by ethnologists to the Esquimaux type. Let us call the age, then,

THE EARLY STONE AGE — PERIOD OF THE ESQUIMAUX TYPE.

I shall first give a very general statement in regard to the characteristics of this period. At a very early age of the world's habitable state, when Europe had an Arctic climate and abounded in lions, grizzly-bears, musk-sheep, elephants, hyænas, reindeer, bisons, and such animals — now extinct — as the mammoth, the great cave-bear, the Irish elk, and the woolly-haired rhinoceros, the race of Europeans resembled the modern Esquimaux, and were of short stature and long-headed, with receding lower face. They were dwellers in caves, and subsisted by hunting and fishing, wore skins sewed together with the sinews of animals, crushed the bones of beasts for the sake of the marrow of which they were very fond, and used fire for such rude kind of cooking as they practised. The early stone implements,

mostly flints, were used by this race. Implements of polished stone belong to the next period, and were used by a different race.

The continent of Europe, according to the geologists, differed then greatly from its present outline and superficial character. The British Isles were a part of the mainland; the northern part of Africa was joined to Europe at several points, there being no sea separating it from Spain or from Italy; and Greece included the isles now clustered near it, the modern Mediterranean being represented by several land-locked lakes. The northern area of the continent was extremely cold in winter, its southern intensely hot in summer.

The Early Stone Age lasted a long time, though *how* long can perhaps never be ascertained. The race of men who then inhabited Europe passed away with the races of animals which then existed, but which appeared in no subsequent period.

The Rev. Charles Kingsley, in that pleasant child's book of "Earth Lore," *Madam How and Lady Why*, has so simply and so vividly described the condition of Europe and its inhabitants during this period, that I cannot resist the pleasure of giving here a full extract from that portion of the work:

"Once upon a time, so long ago that no man can tell when, the land was so much higher, that between England and Ireland, and, what is more, between England and Norway, was firm, dry land. The country then must have looked—at least we know it looked so in Norfolk—very like what our moors look like here. There were forests of Scotch fir, and of spruce too, which is not wild in England now, though you may see plenty in every plantation. There were oaks and alders, yews and sloes, just as there are in our woods now. There was buck-bean in the bogs, as there is in Larmer's and Heath-pond; and white and yellow lilies, horn-wort and pond-weeds, just as there are now in our ponds. There were wild horses, wild deer, and wild oxen, those last of an enormous size. There were little yellow roe-deer, which will not surprise you, for there are hundreds and thousands in Scotland to this day; and, as you know, they will thrive well enough in our woods now. There were beavers, too; but that must not surprise you, for there were beavers in South Wales long after the Norman Conquest, and there are beavers still in the mountain glens of the southeast of France. There were honest little water-rats, too, who I dare say sat up on their hind-legs like monkeys, nibbling the water-lily pods, thousands of years ago, as they do in our ponds now. Well, so far we have come to nothing strange; but now begins the fairy tale. Mixed with all these animals there wandered great herds of elephants and rhinoceroses; not smooth-skinned, mind, but covered with hair and wool, like those which are still found sticking out of the everlasting ice-cliffs, at the mouth of the Lena and other Siberian rivers, with the flesh and skin and hair so fresh upon them that the wild wolves tear it off, and snarl and growl over the carcase of monsters who were frozen up thousands of years ago. And with them, stranger still, were great hippopotamuses, who came, perhaps, northward in summer time along the seashore and down the rivers, having spread hither all the way from Africa; for in those days, you must understand, Sicily

and Italy and Malta — look at your map — were joined to the coast of Africa ; and so it may be was the Rock of Gibraltar itself ; and over the sea where the Straits of Gibraltar now flow was firm, dry land, over which hyænas and leopards, elephants and rhinoceroses ranged in Spain ; for their bones are found at this day in the Gibraltar caves. And this is the first chapter of my fairy tale.

“Now while all this was going on, and perhaps before this began, the climate was getting colder year by year — we do not know how ; and, what is more, the land was sinking ; and it sank so deep that at last nothing was left out of the water but the tops of the mountains in Ireland and Scotland and Wales. It sank so deep that it left beds of shells belonging to the Arctic regions nearly two thousand feet high upon the mountain side. And so —

‘It grew wondrous cold,
And ice mast-high came floating by,
As green as emerald.’

“But there were no masts then to measure the icebergs by, nor any ship nor human being there. All we know is that the icebergs brought with them vast quantities of mud, which sank to the bottom and covered up that pleasant old forest-land in what is called boulder-clay ; clay full of bits of broken rock, and of blocks of stone so enormous that nothing but an iceberg could have carried them. So all the animals were drowned or driven away, and nothing was left alive perhaps, except a few little hardy plants which clung about cracks and gullies in the mountain-tops ; and whose descendants live there still. That was a dreadful time ; the worst, perhaps, of all the ages of Ice ; and so ends the second chapter of my fairy tale.

“Now for my third chapter. ‘When things come to the worst,’ says the proverb, ‘they commonly mend’ ; and so did this poor frozen and drowned land of England and France and Germany, though it mended very slowly. The land began to rise out of the sea once more, and rose till it was perhaps as high as it had been at first, and hundreds of feet higher than it is now ; but still it was very cold, covered, in Scotland at least, with one great sea of ice and glaciers descending down into the sea, as I said when I spoke to you about the Ice Plough. But as the land rose, and grew warmer too while it rose, the wild beasts who had been driven out by the great drowning came gradually back again. As the bottom of the old icy sea turned into dry land, and got covered with grasses and weeds and shrubs once more, elephants, rhinoceroses, hippopotamuses, oxen — sometimes the same species, sometimes slightly different ones — returned to France, and then to England, for there was no British Channel then to stop them ; and with them came other strange animals, especially the great Irish elk, as he is called, as large as the largest horse, with horns sometimes ten feet across. A pair of those horns with the skull you have seen yourself, and can judge what a noble animal he must have been. Enormous bears came too, and hyænas, and a tiger or lion (I cannot say which) as large as the largest Bengal tiger now to be seen in India.

“And in those days — we cannot of course exactly say when —

there came, first I suppose into the south and east of France, and then gradually onward into England and Scotland and Ireland, creatures without any hair to keep them warm, or scales to defend them, without horns or tusks to fight with, or teeth to worry and bite ; the weakest you would have thought of the beasts, and yet stronger than all the animals, because they were Men with reasonable souls. Whence they came we cannot tell, nor why ; perhaps from mere hunting after food, and love of wandering and being independent and alone. Perhaps they came into that icy land for fear of stronger and cleverer people than themselves ; for we have no proof, my child, none at all, that they were the first men that trod this earth. But be that as it may, they came ; and so cunning were these savage men, and so brave likewise, though they had no iron among them, only flint and sharpened bones, yet they contrived to kill and eat the mammoths, and the giant oxen, and the wild horses, and the reindeer, and to hold their own against the hyænas and tigers and bears, simply because they had wits and the dumb animals had none. And that is the strangest part to me of all my fairy tale. For what a man's wits are, and why he has them, and therefore is able to invent and to improve, while even the cleverest ape has none, and therefore can invent and improve nothing, and therefore cannot better himself, but must remain from father to son, and father to son again, a stupid, pitiful, ridiculous ape, while men can go on civilising themselves and growing richer and more comfortable, wiser and happier year by year — how that comes to pass, I say, is to me a wonder and a prodigy and a miracle stranger than all the most fantastic marvels that you ever read in fairy tales.

“You may find the flint weapons which these old savages used, buried in many a gravel-pit up and down France and the south of England ; but you will find none here, for the gravel here was made, I am told, at the beginning of the ice-time, before the north of England sunk into the sea, and therefore long, long before men came into this land. But most of their remains are found in caves which water has eaten out of the limestone rocks, like that famous cave of Kent's Hole at Torquay. In it and in many another cave lie the bones which the savages ate and cracked to get the marrow out of them, mixed up with their flint weapons and bone harpoons, and sometimes with burnt ashes and with round stones, used perhaps to heat water as savages do now, all baked together into a hard paste or breccia by the lime. These are in the water, and are often covered with a floor of stalagmite which has dripped from the roof above and hardened into stone. Of these caves and their beautiful wonders I must tell you another day ; we must keep now to our fairy tale. But in these caves no doubt the savages lived ; for not only have weapons been found in them, but actually drawings scratched, I suppose with flint, on bone or mammoth ivory — drawings of elk and bull and horse and ibex, and one, which was found in France, of the great mammoth himself, the woolly elephant, with a mane on his shoulders like a lion's mane. So you see that one of the earliest fancies of this strange creature called man was to draw as you and your school-fellows love to draw and copy what you see, you know not why.

Remember that. You like to draw, but why you like it neither you nor any man can tell. It is one of the mysteries of human nature ; and that poor savage clothed in skins, dirty it may be, and more ignorant than you happily can conceive, when he sat scratching on ivory in the cave the figures of the animals he hunted, was proving thereby that he had the same wonderful and mysterious human nature as you — that he was a kinsman of every painter and sculptor who ever felt it a delight and a duty to copy the beautiful works of God.

“ Sometimes again, especially in Denmark, these savages have left behind upon the shore mounds of dirt, which are called there ‘kjökken-möddings,’ — ‘kitchen-middens’ as they would say in Scotland, ‘kitchen-dirtheaps,’ as we should say here down South — and a very good name for them that is ; for they are made up of the shells of oysters, cockles, mussels, and periwinkles, and other shore-shells besides, on which those poor creatures fed ; and mingled with them are broken bones of beasts, and fishes, and birds, and flint-knives, and axes, and sling-stones ; and here and there hearths, on which they have cooked their meals in some rough way. And that is nearly all we know about them ; but this we know from the size of certain of the shells, and from other reasons which you would not understand, that these mounds were made an enormous time ago, when the water of the Baltic was far more salt than it is now.”

I have given this long extract because of its lively and simple style, and because it gives a sufficiently full and a fairly accurate account of the Early Stone Age. It will be seen that Kingsley believes the first presence of man on the continent to have occurred at the close of the glacial period. Archæologists, however, are still divided in opinion as to whether man was pre-glacial or post-glacial in northwestern Europe ; and, on the other hand, there are writers who deny the existence of men of the Esquimaux type at any period in southern Europe. It is not improbable that the race, of which I shall have to speak as succeeding the Esquimaux type in Europe, may have been living in the south of the continent contemporaneously with the presence of the Esquimaux in the North. While the flint-flakes discovered in the limestone caves near Palermo prove the presence of the Esquimaux in Sicily, there is in general slight trace of their presence in the region south of the Alps and the Pyrenees. It is not probable that this race came into Europe from Africa, along with the elephant, the hippopotamus, and the spotted hyæna, which we find them hunting. The greater likelihood is that they roamed over the great cold region stretching from Siberia across Asia and Europe to Ireland, and if there be any truth — as science now begins to think there may be — in that old story Plato heard in Egypt about the land of Atlantis, stretching still farther westward to Labrador ; and if so, we may imagine them to have come from any part of that vast area we please, and that the forefathers of the Esquimaux now living in British America were also the ancestors of the long-gone Esquimaux of Europe, or that the present race of Esquimaux are themselves the descendants of a colony or offshoot of the European stock. Wherever they may have come from, the people of the Early Stone Age were closely akin to the present Esquimaux in every point of which their remains

furnish any evidence ; and yet the illustrators of M. Louis Figuier's *Primitive Man* have represented the men and women of the period, in the ideal pictures with which that popular work is adorned, as magnificently developed creatures of the highest Caucasian type ! The race was really one of inferior type, and ignorant as we are of their origin, there is great force in the argument urged by the Duke of Argyll, and supported by the principle of "survival of the fittest," that their earlier home was in a more favored land, and that they were driven off into inclement regions by stronger and more civilised races, who proved mightier in the struggle for life. As the Duke in his *Primeval Man* says : "Does not this key of principle fit into and explain all the facts ? Do they not seem in the light of that explanation to take form and order ? Is it not true that the lowest and rudest tribes in the population of the globe have been found at the farthest extremities of its great continents, and in the distant islands which would be the last refuge of the victims of violence and misfortune ? 'The New World' is the continent which presents the most uninterrupted stretch of habitable land from the highest northern to the lowest southern latitude. On the extreme north we have the Eskimo, or Inuit race, maintaining human life under conditions of extremest hardship, even amid the perpetual ice of the Polar seas. And what a life it is ! Watching at the blow-hole of a seal for many hours, in a temperature of 75° below freezing-point, is the constant work of the Inuit hunter. . . . Here then we have a case beyond all question, of races [he has also mentioned the Patagonians] driven by wars and migrations from the more temperate regions of the globe."

Now, such a wide stretch of habitable land as America is at the present day, was the Europe of the Early Stone Age, for it had no single great Mediterranean body of waters separating it from Africa ; and it may well have been the case that the Esquimaux of Europe were a degraded tribe driven northward before the face of the superior races of mid-Asia and the lands around the lakes which were afterwards merged into the Mediterranean. There is, therefore, no certainty that there were not tribes in South Europe in a more advanced stage of civilisation at the very time when the Esquimaux were roaming over the frozen regions of the north. If the ruder tribes were driven forward at an early stage in the migration, this would account for the failure to find flint remains in most of the Mediterranean countries. Hence it is not safe to say that the Age of Early Stone was the first age of human settlement in Europe ; and I only accord it this place in conformity with the established belief that such an age certainly preceded that of the use of polished stone, and those in which the metals came into use — which was indisputably the case in all Europe north of the Alps. Many archæologists — in fact most of them — are satisfied that the ages of early stone and of polished stone were separated by a violent change in the physical condition of the continent, and by a great lapse of time. That such a cataclysm did occur at the close of what geologists call the quaternary epoch, and that a long period elapsed before the appearance of the next race of men in the northwestern parts of Europe, is certain ; and that this race then appeared even in southern Europe for the first time, is not

improbable. But in spite of the confident assertions of some archæologists, there is no absolute proof that the race of the Esquimaux type was the only race that inhabited Europe, in any part of its territory, during the later years of the quaternary epoch.

Before proceeding to mention the principal points in the terrible catastrophe which swept the race of the Early Stone Age from the face of Europe, I must briefly touch upon the more important of the facts which have been ascertained respecting the life led by these miserable wanderers and cave-dwellers.

The men of the Early Stone Age had the means of kindling fires, and understood how to make bows and arrows. They were also armed with ice hatchets and rude knives of stone. They had also flint-scrapers, which seem to have been used in preparing hides; and flint-awls for boring holes in the skins with which they clothed themselves. Many other implements of bone, flint, and horn have been found among their remains, of various shapes and sizes, some of them readily recognisable as the same in character and purpose with those still used by savage tribes, while in the case of others the precise use for which they were intended is still the subject of conjecture.

They lived for the most part in caverns; and it was in these safe retreats from all ordinary stress of weather and from the fury of the more formidable wild beasts, that they had their feasts; and here too, the more artistic natures among them devoted some of their leisure hours to those sketches on stone and bone of which mention has already been made. The subjects of their artistic skill were the creatures of land and sea, to slay whom they exercised all their skill in hunting and fishing; and their rude sketches confirm the tale which the man of science frames from the evidence of fragmentary bones.

Game was certainly abundant. The only wonder is that these poor savages, armed only with stone and bone weapons, were able to hold their own against the hairy rhinoceros, the great bear, the cave-hyæna, the lion, the reindeer, and the bison, which in such vast numbers wandered through the forests of the quaternary epoch. Some archæologists think they can trace a gradual diminution of certain animals, and along with this, a marked improvement in the character of the weapons used. These divide the Early Stone Age into two periods of progress, entitled respectively, from the character of the animals found to have been most prominent in them, the Epoch of Extinct Species of Animals, and the Epoch of Migrated Animals, or, as the first is sometimes called, the Epoch of the Cave Bear and the Mammoth, and as the second is in similar manner designated, the Epoch of the Reindeer.

The soundest archæologists deny that the men of this age were acquainted with the art of making pottery, though there are some who refer a few rude remains of the kind to the period we are now considering. It is certain that they did not possess the dog, which fact makes it still more remarkable that they should have been able to wage war successfully with the terrible beasts by which they were surrounded. There has been much dispute as to whether they practised the rites of sepulture, or had any religious conceptions. The

weight of evidence, so far, seems to be against the probability of both these stages of progress. The Duke of Argyll suggests that they may have had some religious notions and customs, and may have lost them. "Man's capacities of degradation," says he, "stand in close relation, and are proportionate to his capacities of improvement." An able writer in the *British Quarterly Review* for October, 1872, (*The Present Phase of Pre-historic Archaeology*), sums up his discussion of the question with the following judgment: "As the evidence stands at present, it is not too much to say that there is not a single well-authenticated instance of a palæolithic interment in any part of Europe. We must be content to acknowledge that at present we have no evidence either for or against man's belief in the supernatural at that remote period in the earth's history." This last statement is too sweeping, as the same writer has himself said in the early part of his article, after stating the general classification of the ages into the Rude Stone, the Newer Stone, the Bronze, and the Iron: "This classification by no means implies an exact chronology, or that any one of these ages, with the exception perhaps of the first, covered the whole of Europe at the same point of time, but that the order in which they followed each other is the same in each country which has been explored. There is every reason for the belief that at the time the Egyptian and Assyrian Empires were in the height of their glory, northern Europe was inhabited by rude polished-stone-using races." It is true that he expressly excepts the Early Stone Age, but it is with a "perhaps"; and if the empires mentioned were in the height of their glory during the European period of Polished Stone, it is at least likely that during the European period of Rude Stone the races, which at a later period had established such mighty empires, were advanced many stages beyond the condition of the poor savages of the Esquimaux type.

There is abundant evidence to show that many ages elapsed before the Early Stone Age came to an end, and the Esquimaux race perished from the face of Europe. How long was the time, and how many generations of these wild people battled with the beasts of the quaternary epoch, no man can tell. The discussion of the chronology of this remote period, so favorite a topic with men of science, seems to me premature. It is enough that their day of destruction came at last to these poor savages, and a new Europe appeared, when the cataclysm was over, for the new race which succeeded to the possession of the continent. How did the Esquimaux of Europe perish? It is not certainly known. Some hold that they survived all the changes in the physical condition of Europe, and were finally driven out by invaders of the Basque type. Others hold that they were always few in number, that they were greatly thinned out by the warfare with the brutes, with the cold, and with the deluges, and that there were not many of them left for the Iberians to extirpate. Others again hold that they had triumphed over the brute creation, and were improving in knowledge and skill, until the occurrence of the European deluge or succession of deluges. The causes of the diluvial period have not as yet been satisfactorily ascertained; but it is known that at the close of the quaternary period the glaciers, melting and

rolling down to the sea, produced tremendous changes in the earth's surface. Huge masses of ice tore their way through the earth, and great floods of water also ploughed the bowels of the earth. Great multitudes of living beings were destroyed, lake basins were scooped out, valleys were formed, vast plains were covered with a deep diluvial deposit of mud brought from the crushed rocks of the mountains above, new rivers and river-beds were produced, and the whole outline of the continent was changed. It is probable that it was at this time were submerged the low-lying continent of Atlantis, leaving its promontories above the ocean as the islands now existing west of Africa and Europe and east of America, and the valley between Britain and France, as well as the valleys between the south of Europe and the north of Africa, while the Desert of Sahara occupied the place of the great sea which had once ebbed and flowed south of Barbary. Here *may* have been the causeway for nations between the old world and the new: I refer to the drowned continent which lay between Africa and America. Recent philological and archæological researches show strong grounds for suspecting that the ancient Peruvians were Pelasgians, the language, though agglutinative, having roots nearly resembling the Sanscrit, and the architecture in many of its features recalling the characteristics of those Cyclopean structures which all antiquity declared to be Pelasgian. Yet, if Pelasgians, it must be confessed that it is more likely that they reached Peru from the Asian side.

But leaving such purely conjectural matters out of consideration, and fixing our attention only on the diluvial floods themselves, it is hard to conceive how any of the Esquimaux escaped their fury. The great probability is that, were they few or many, they perished as a race in this great convulsion of nature. "There is no evidence," says the review writer I have already quoted, "that their blood flows in the veins of any people now living in Europe. They may have been driven out by neolithic invaders; but in that case there was probably the same antagonism as that which prevents any communication between the North-American Indians and the Eskimos. The interval between them and their successors, of whom we have clear evidence, is enormously great, and its length can only be estimated by the great physical changes which took place. Out of forty-eight species of animals then inhabiting Britain, no less than one-quarter disappeared before the succeeding Neolithic Age." This age we have now reached. I shall call it: *The Polished Stone Age — Period of the Basque Type.*

C. WOODWARD HUTSON.

THAT GLOAMING.

IT faded slowly, that summer gloaming,
And stars peered forth at me, one by one ;
Only the breeze through the wood went roaming,
As here I leaned on the stile, alone.

It faded slowly, the crimson flushes
Wavering long on the sedges there ;
Adown the green hollow, amid the rushes,
The burn glints yet through the alders fair ;

And still below me the moorland purples,
And shines, and glooms to the broad white sea ;
But now as then though the moorcock hirples,
His note no more rings the same to me.

For the years wane dim, since the level shining
That eve bronzed the broad brown stubble-fields,
The old gabled farmhouse all grey defining
Beneath the oaks, with its bursting fields.

In the pasture behind me, the cattle lowing,
A silvery tinkling of bells stole here,
And the black sleek kye browsed impatient, knowing
Afar from the hayfield her step drew near.

I see how she tripped o'er the short brown stubble,
And threw back a smile at the gleaners there ;
How her merry blue eyes not a cloud did trouble,
And the sun forsook heaven to shine in her hair.

I watched how she tripped through the nodding clover,
My farmer's maid, with her milking-pail ;
She paused by the stile, and I helped her over —
The modest long lashes those eyes did veil

As I held her hand for one flitting minute,
And watched how the roses rosier bloomed :
Ah, how short space hath a life-time in it !
She passed 'neath the trees, and the twilight gloomed.

FADETTE.

A FEW PAPERS OF THE ARMY OF TENNESSEE.

“**A** DECENT regard for the opinion of mankind requires that” I should explain how the few official papers which I propose to lay before the readers of the SOUTHERN MAGAZINE, came into my possession.

On the 31st of August, 1864, being then on duty as a medical officer of the Confederate army, and wishing to place under lock and key certain exhilarating medicines which are not usually classed among poisons—though towards the close of the war they surely deserved to be—and which are liable to be “taken” by the free-and-easy sons of Mars without a prescription, I applied to the Chief Quartermaster in the city for a suitable box. That officer referred me to a certain building in which he said were any number of empty boxes; a boy was sent along to show me the way. The building proved to be a large brick one of three stories, conspicuously situated on one of the principal and more elevated streets, and had probably been made a target by the enemy, many shells and cannon-balls having passed sheer through it, giving the walls an unsafe look; and as a stiff wind was blowing at the time, making one hesitate a little while on the threshold to cast up chances.

The Quartermaster had given his boy the key to unlock the street-door, but we found it standing wide open, having been broken into, probably by disorderly citizens. The steps, as I ascended—the boy having hurried back to report to his employer the burglarious state of affairs—were strewn with military papers of all kinds. Such lavish waste of the raw material of history aroused my curiosity, to say nothing at all of patriotism, and I resolved to examine into the matter. The number of these papers increased as I mounted to the third story, where the steps were literally covered with them. On entering a very spacious room, I discovered the fountain-head of this stream of documents. At least a dozen boxes, large and small, containing army-papers, had been forced open and their contents scattered in every direction about the apartment. In some places they lay several inches deep on the floor, trodden under foot, many of them torn and otherwise mutilated. Muster-rolls, pay-rolls, hospital reports, reports of battles, proceedings of courts-martial, correspondence of generals and of inferior officers, quartermasters’ requisitions, receipts, duplicates, general orders, special orders, etc., etc., were shuffled together in what looked very like a hopeless entanglement. After selecting my box and sending it to camp, being decidedly of the opinion that Atlanta would very soon be evacuated, rather than let these documents, some of them really of great value, be destroyed—for I was sure the enemy, bent as they evidently were on devastation, would burn the city—I went to work, and in three or four hours culled from the mass many papers of more or less importance. Returning next day, and finding the door still open, I selected about as many

more—in all quite a pile. I, however, had the misfortune to lose most of them during our retreat, which commencing that night, I was compelled to forego the self-imposed task of examining the whole mass.

It would seem that this building was the depository of the archives of Hardee's corps, as scarcely any papers were found during my search that did not relate either directly or indirectly to the operations of that corps. What finally became of so many bushels of recorded Confederate glory will perhaps never be known. It is impossible that the Confederate authorities could have saved them during the brief interval between the time of my leaving the spot and the evacuation. The probabilities are that they were destroyed in the disgraceful burning of the city by the Yankee army.

There being little connection between these papers, the *dissecta membra* of military history, in choosing from them I shall observe no other order than that of date.

Hardee's Report of the Operations of his Corps in the Battle of Perryville.

HEADQUARTERS HARDEE'S CORPS,
SHELBYVILLE, TENNESSEE, Dec. 1, '62. }

COLONEL:—I have the honor to transmit the following report of the operations of my command on the 8th of October last, against the forces of the United States in the battle of Perryville.

For several days before the engagement, the enemy had advanced strong columns from Bardstown in the direction of Perryville and Danville. My troops occupied the village of Perryville, and on the 6th and 7th of October some skirmishes had occurred between our cavalry under Col. Wheeler and the advanced forces of the Federal army, which were brilliantly managed by that able and brave officer.

On the 7th I informed the General, who was at Harrodsburg, that the enemy was moving in heavy force against my position. With the view of inflicting a decisive defeat, or at least of pressing him back from any further advance against our line of communication in the direction of Danville and Cumberland Gap, I urged the concentration of our whole army at Perryville. On the evening of the 7th, my wing of the army having been reinforced by the division of Cheatham, and orders having been issued to engage the enemy on the following morning, I again earnestly urged upon the General the necessity of massing his forces on that important point. That night Major-Gen. Polk arrived and assumed command.

The country near Perryville is boldly undulating and varied with farm-houses, corn-fields, and plantations bordered by native forests. A creek, called Chaptin Fork, flows northwardly through the village, and unites, four or five miles beyond it, with another little stream called Doctor's Fork. The space between the two, from east to west, is about a mile and a half. A good road running a little south of east from Mackville to Perryville crosses this stream; and a turn-pike from Springfield, running nearly east and west, passes through Perryville to Danville. Another fine macadamised highway traverses the village from the south in a northwardly direction towards Harrods-

burg and Lexington, and another southwardly in the direction of Lebanon. The position of Perryville is strong, and offered many tactical and strategical advantages.

The key of the enemy's position was at a point where the Mackville road crossed Doctor's Fork, about a mile and a half from the village, near a barn and white farm-house on the hill west of the creek. The autumnal drought had left the streams almost dry, only pools of water being found here and there along their channels.

The forces under my command were two divisions, constituting the left wing of the army, and commanded respectively by Major-General Buckner and Brigadier-General Patton Anderson. Each consisted of four brigades, with a battery attached to each brigade. Thinned by battle and reduced by long and arduous service, my effective force did not exceed ten thousand men. No means exist for ascertaining accurately the strength of the Federal forces; but from information derived from prisoners captured from five of their divisions, it is believed that the enemy displayed not less than thirty-five thousand men, under the command of Major-Generals McCook, Rosseau, Jackson, and other Generals.

My line of battle was originally established between the Harrodsburg turnpike and Chaptin; its general direction being nearly north and south, with the left resting near the village, and the right extending down the stream. The line was subsequently advanced, about noon, by order of the General — who arrived about ten o'clock in the morning — westwardly, so as to take position on the space between the two streams, on the west of the town, extending across the Mackville road with its left towards the Springfield turnpike. An interval between the left and the Springfield road was swept and protected by a fine battery of twelve-pounders, under Captain Semple, posted on the Seminary hill near the eastern side of the village. Brigadier-General Anderson, with two brigades under Brigadier-General Adams and Colonel Powell, covered the extreme left on the Springfield road to protect our communications with Danville and Harrodsburg. The enemy occupied the western or left bank of Doctor's Fork, extending across both sides of the Mackville road and across the Springfield road. The left of the enemy, north of the Mackville road, was thrown back in a northwesterly direction, forming an obtuse angle deflected about thirty degrees, along broken heights from their centre and right, the angle being near the point where the Mackville road crosses Doctor's Fork.

About one o'clock in the afternoon General Cheatham's division crossed Doctor's Fork on our extreme right, and engaged the enemy's left, on the heights, with great vigor. I immediately ordered General Buckner to advance his division and attack the salient angle of the enemy's line, where the Mackville road crosses Doctor's Fork. The position was a strong one. The enemy was posted behind a natural parapet afforded by the character of the ground, and some stone fences which were enfiladed by their batteries on their right, and swept by another strong battery posted in their rear. The brigade of Brigadier-General Johnson gallantly led the advance, with Brigadier-General Cleburne's as a support; while the brigade of General St.

John Liddell was held as a reserve. The brigades of Brown and Jones of Anderson's, and Wood of Buckner's division, had been detached to occupy the interval between the right of Buckner and the left of Cheatham; and the two remaining brigades of Anderson's division, under command of General Adams and Colonel Powell, covered the extreme left of our line.

By this time, Cheatham being hotly engaged, the brigades of Johnson and Cleburne attacked the angle of the enemy's line with great impetuosity near the burned barn, more to the right, and on the left of Cheatham. Simultaneously the brigades of Adams and Powell on the left of Cleburne and Johnson assailed the enemy in front, while Adams, diverging to the right, united with Buckner's left. The whole force thus united then advanced, aided by a crushing fire from the artillery which partially enfiladed the Federal lines. This combined attack was irresistible, and drove the enemy in wild disorder from the position and nearly a mile to the rear. Cheatham and Wood captured the enemy's battery in front of Wood; and among the pieces, and amidst the dead and dying, was found the body of James S. Jackson, who commanded a division of the enemy at that point. As evening closed in I ordered forward Liddell's brigade to reinforce Cheatham. Arriving near twilight, it was difficult in the *mêlée* to distinguish friend from foe. Major-General Polk first discovered the enemy, in whose ranks he found himself by chance, and escaped by his coolness and address. Returning rapidly he gave Liddell the order to fire, and a deadly volley was poured in that completed the rout. By this brigade, so gallantly led and directed by General Liddell, arms, provisions, and colors were captured, together with the papers and baggage of General McCook. Night closing in, our camp-fires were lighted upon the ground so obstinately contested by the enemy, so bravely won by the valor of our troops.

The loss sustained in the battle was severe. Two hundred and forty-two killed and fifteen hundred and four wounded from my command attest the severity of the conflict. Brigadier-General Cleburne, who led his brigade with his usual courage and judgment, was wounded, but remained in command until the close of the day. Brigadier-General Wood was severely wounded in the head by the fragment of a shell. His Quartermaster, Commissary, and Assistant Adjutant-General were killed, and the three colonels next in rank, on whom the command successively devolved, were wounded. Brigadier-General Brown was severely wounded while rendering efficient service on the right with his command. Many other valuable officers were killed or wounded in the battle.

To Major-General Buckner I am indebted for the skilful management of his troops, the judicious use of his artillery, and for the opportune services of himself and the veteran division under his command.

To Brigadier-General Anderson the defence of the extreme left, in the direction of Danville, was intrusted. His operations were not under my immediate supervision. Two of his brigades were detached and advanced boldly, but one brigade was compelled by greatly superior numbers to resume its original ground, from which, under the cool direction of General Anderson, it subsequently withdrew in good

order. Both brigades were gallantly conducted by General Adams and Colonel Powell, the latter having suffered severely in the unequal contest.

To my staff I am under obligations for promptitude displayed by them in the execution of my orders, and for the intelligence and zeal shown in the discharge of their respective duties.

I refer to the reports of the division and brigade commanders for details of the operations of their commands.

To the officers and men I tender my thanks for the daring courage and fine discipline exhibited by them on the field of Perryville. When advancing none shrunk nor lingered in the attack; when engaged no Southern standard was abandoned. Our path was marked by the crushed lines and disordered battalions of the enemy. Our troops displayed higher qualities than mere discipline can confer. The fervor of freemen and the enthusiasm of patriots animated their valor: whenever they advanced the enemy recoiled before the shock; when they retired, he dared not venture to pursue.

It is proper to state that the paper from which I have copied the above has no signature appended. It is, however, *endorsed* "W. J. Hardee, Lieut.-Gen.—Perryville Report," and is beyond all doubt a copy of the original report taken by the General's order, to be preserved among the papers of the corps. I would also remark that it must have been during the time that elapsed between the battle of Perryville and the date of the above report that the rank of Lieutenant-General was conferred upon General Hardee.

The next document is the original of a letter from General Hardee to General Bragg, in reply to one asking his views about the retreat from Murfreesboro', which had taken place a few days after the great battle near that town. It is as follows:

TULLAHOMA, 12th January, 1863.

GENERAL:—I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your note of yesterday, in which, after informing me of the assaults to which you are subjected, you invoke a response in regard to the propriety of the recent retreat from Murfreesboro', and request me to consult my subordinate commanders in reference to the topics to which you refer.

You will readily appreciate the delicate character of the inquiries you institute; but I feel under the circumstances that it is my duty to reply with the candor you solicit, not only from personal respect to yourself, but from the magnitude of the public interests involved.

In reference to the retreat, you state that the movement from Murfreesboro' was resisted by you for some time after it was advised by your corps and division commanders.

No mention of retreat was made to me until early on the morning of the 3d of January [the battle was fought on the 30th and 31st of December and on the 2d of January] when Lieutenant Richmond, of General Polk's staff, read me the General's note to you, and informed me of your verbal reply. I told him that under the circumstances nothing could be done then. About 10 o'clock the same day

I met you personally at your quarters, in compliance with your request, Lieutenant-General Polk being present. You informed us that the papers of General McCook had been captured, and from the strength of his corps — 18,000 — it appeared that the enemy were stronger than you had supposed; that General Wheeler reported they were receiving heavy reinforcements; and after informing us of these facts, you suggested the necessity of retreat, and asked my opinion as to its propriety. Having heard your statements and views, I fully concurred. No proposition was made by me or my division commanders to retreat which was resisted by you for some time, and I call your attention to the fact. Afterwards, in the evening, about 7 o'clock, we met to arrange details. The retreat being deemed advisable, and having been partly executed, I concurred in an immediate movement, in view of the heavy losses we had sustained and the condition of the troops.

You also request me to consult my subordinate commanders, stating that General Smith has been called to Richmond with a view to supersede you, and that you will retire without regret if you have lost the good opinion of your generals, upon whom you have ever relied as upon a foundation of rock.

I have conferred with Major-General Breckinridge and Major-General Cleburne in regard to this matter, and I feel that frankness compels me to say that the general officers whose judgment you have invoked are unanimous in their opinion that a change in the command of this army is necessary. In this opinion I concur. I feel assured that the opinion is considerably formed, and with the highest respect for the purity of your motives, your energy, and your personal character. But they are convinced, as you must feel, that the peril of the country is superior to all personal considerations.

You state that the staff-officers of your generals, joining in the public and private clamor, have, within your knowledge, persistently asserted that the retreat was made against the opinion and advice of their chiefs. I have made inquiries of the gentlemen associated with me, and they inform me that such accusations have not been urged or circulated by them.

I have the honor, General, to assure you of my continued respect and consideration, and I remain,

Your obedient servant,

W. J. HARDEE, *Lieutenant-General, &c.*

The next papers that will be laid before the SOUTHERN MAGAZINE relate to the battle of Murfreesboro'.

G. W. ARCHER, M. D.

OUR SKELETON'S STORY.

“**E**VERY house has its skeleton in the closet.” I don't believe that this is true in general. I know some very nice houses which have not a closet in them for musty old bones to hide in, where all such disagreeable rubbish is thrown out upon the dust-heap to be carted away by the social scavengers, who are always ready to rake it up, and nothing is permitted to remain within doors which would mar by its presence the frank and genial freshness of a happy and contented household. I have always believed that the adage originated with Bluebeard's wife, who fell into the common error of supposing that her own particular experience in life must necessarily be that of all the world.

There is a certain class of houses, however, of which the above-quoted remark is universally true, namely, those little glass-doored, green-windowed dens in which the disciples of Galen are always to be sought and found during “office hours.” Everybody is familiar with the narrow black cupboard that stands in the corner of such sanctums, with its grim occupant swinging by the head in its shroud of black paper cambric. The ragged little urchin who (having played marbles for two hours in a back street) brings the startling intelligence that “Missis Everill wants the doctor to come jist as quick as he kin,” loiters fearfully for a moment, and then shyly begs to be allowed a peep at the “skalinton.” The “office student” likes to bring in his young lady acquaintances of an afternoon to enjoy their pretty horror when he exhibits the ghastly spectacle, and hear them exclaim “Did you ever!” at the hardy humor which he displays in fixing a cigar between the grinning teeth and setting his hat sideways upon the bare and whitened skull.

There was nothing remarkable then in the fact that there was such a closet in the office where I read medicine and learned practical pharmacy during the intervals between the college sessions. But there *was* something very remarkable about the skeleton which it contained. It had evidently once formed the framework of a man of gigantic stature, but so admirable were the proportions of the different bones that this would not be noticed except upon very close inspection. I stand five feet eleven and a half in my stockings, and yet the dried *femur* of this son of the Anakim measured with me from the hip-joint to an inch below the knee, while the ulnar-bone, when laid against my forearm, extended from the elbow to the centre of the palm. The teeth were white, perfect, and exquisitely regular, the hands were long and tapering, and the feet delicately formed, with very highly-arched insteps. But the most striking feature about it was the carriage. The bones had been very skilfully put together, and the first impression made upon every one who saw it usually found vent in the words, “Why, that man must have been a soldier!” There could be no mistake about it. There he stood with head erect, shoulders

thrown back, and chest advanced, while the arms hung faultlessly at his sides, with the palms forward and the fingers slightly bent. "Eyes right! Stead-y-y! Front!"—the veriest martinet of a drill-master could have found no fault with his position upon a general inspection day.

For a long time I was the only student in the office. Anatomy was my favorite study, and with Horner or Wilson in my hand, I used to sit by the hour *tête-à-tête* with my grim companion, until I had become familiar with every "*foramen*" and "*sulcus*" and "*tuberosity*," from his *sagittal suture* to his *os calcis*. It was no wonder then that a sort of intimacy sprang up between us. True, it was all on one side, for although I handled him, and often spoke to him, "Bones" was too good a soldier to utter a word while on post, and I was left to my own conjectures as to his former life and history. But these did not satisfy me. I longed to know among what grassy fields those giant limbs had tottered, while yet their undeveloped outline had been clothed in the rosy plumpness of childhood. I wondered what tales of love had been whispered by the lips which once enclosed those teeth of ivory whiteness; what flag had waved above the camp where years of daily discipline had brought his very bones into that military attitude; but chiefly did I long to know upon what field of strife and blood his wounds had been received, for there were unmistakable evidences that he had not passed scathless through his warlike career. Was it a bullet or the blow of a partisan which had crushed in the edge of that right *acetabulum*? a bayonet or an arrow which had made the triangular opening in the wing of that left shoulder-blade? What would I not have given to be able to say like Mr. Booth, "I knew him well, Horatio!" At length it became an all-absorbing idea with me to find out the story of the skeleton. The dry details of my text-book lost all their former interest, and I might have been angling to this day for my "one-eyed perch," like poor John Burleigh in Sisty Caxton's novel, if it had not been for the remarkable occurrence which I am going to narrate.

One day the thought suggested itself to me to ask my preceptor in a careless tone where he had obtained the specimen.

"That," replied he, "is the skeleton of a Hessian soldier who died of fever in my father's ward when he was taking the clinic in the Pennsylvania Hospital at Philadelphia. He had the bones prepared and wired on account of the man's unusual size, but I never knew anything more about him."

Here, then, was a clue, but how to trace it up in the case of a pauper patient who died in hospital sixty years ago? I had ample opportunity that day for puzzling my brain about the matter, since my books had to be laid aside entirely in order to attend to the mere mechanical duties of the office. My preceptor had many calls to make, and twenty times the door-bell was rung, each tinkle announcing a messenger with some little scrap of paper, containing in a pencil-scrrawl one of those mystic formulæ which send a chill to the office-student's heart; *e. g.*—

"R

Ext. Conii.	3 ii
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Fiat in Pil. LX. S. i ter die.

For MISS SWALLOWELL."

I had stood over the pill-tile rolling, mixing, and cutting until my legs ached, and my back was in a condition to test the virtues of "Alcock's Porous Plasters," had those wonderful remedial agents been then known (the "Jew David's" were at that time bracing up the public spine). Dinner gave me a short respite, but when night came I felt thoroughly used up; and lighting the solitary gas-jet, I drew up an arm-chair to the empty fire-place, more from force of habit than for any other reason, as the evening was mild and there were no embers on the hearth, and soon fell into a light dōse. I remember hearing the town-clock strike nine, then came the roll of the distant drum from the Military Academy beating the retreat, accompanied by an asthmatic fife whistling "Believe me if all these endearing young charms"; a brief interval of solemn silence followed, and then came the subdued rap-tap-tap! of "taps," the well-known signal for darkness in the barrack, when the embryo soldiers of the cadet corps retired to their bunks, or hung a blanket over the window, stuffed paper in the key-hole, and gave themselves up to the stolen joys of seven-up and euchre.

The last tap of the drum had scarcely died away—at least I was not conscious of the lapse of any interval of time, and this is the *only* point in connection with the strange incidents of that memorable night upon which there *can* be any uncertainty—the last tap had scarcely been struck, when I heard a rattling as of dry bones from the skeleton-closet behind me, and then the step of a heavy foot upon the floor. Hastily rising and looking round, imagine my astonishment at seeing the closet open and vacant, while before me stood a figure which I desire to describe minutely. It was that of a man about fifty years of age, fully seven feet in height, and exhibiting an immense muscular development. He wore a close-fitting, square-tailed body-coat of scarlet cloth faced with buff, much worn and faded and buttoned to the throat, which was cased in a stiff military stock of black leather. A pair of greasy buckskin breeches were buckled at the knee over white woollen spatter-dashes, which were closed by rows of blue steel buttons down the outer side of the calf. Huge German-silver buckles glittered on his thick-soled shoes. His hands were covered by white cotton gloves, and his grizzled hair, cropped close to the head, could just be distinguished from under a tall, mitre-like leathern helmet ornamented with a flat brass chain and a figure of the same metal of a bursting grenade. Beneath this was the letter B, and under that, likewise in brass, 3 R. G. This military costume was rendered complete by a cross-belt pipe-clayed to a snowy whiteness, and supporting a brass-tipped bayonet-scabbard, and a similar one round the waist, upon which was an old-fashioned

cartouche-box behind and a clasp in front with the letters G. III. R. Upon the breast of his coat, fastened by a long brass pin, was a little chain, to which were attached the small priming-horn, steel-picker and round brush, which were indispensable to the soldier in the days of flint-locked muskets. The stranger's face was clean-shaved, except a heavy gray moustache, and wore a rather kindly expression, although there was something of the dare-devil in the full blue eye, which age and hardship had not dimmed.

I am not naturally of a timid disposition, but am apt to be nervous when under the influence of astonishment. I was certainly not frightened, but the situation was novel; and to this I attribute the creeping sensation which I experienced, and the slight sense of "horripilation" which affected my head. I was anxious to open a conversation, but as my military guest did not seem to be aware of my presence, I determined to await further developments. He had that air of easy abandon which is always worn by a man just relieved from duty. Putting his hand into a skirt-pocket of his coat, he drew out a small stump of a pipe, and proceeded to shred up some shag-tobacco into the bowl. He then glanced towards the hearth, and seemed disappointed to find it cold and bare. It happened that there was a rusty old flint-and-steel firelock which had stood for years in a corner of the office; the moment his eyes fell upon this relic of by-gone days, he seized it with eager satisfaction, examined the lock, brushed out the pan, and then picked the flint in a manner which betokened perfect familiarity with the operation. I confess that I now began to feel a little uncomfortable. Suppose that the old shooting-iron was loaded: what if he took a fancy to load it! I had often heard that bullets fired *at* a ghost pass through him without doing any harm; but how when the bullet is fired *by* the ghost? I did not like the situation, and gave a slight cough as a hint that it was dangerous to handle firearms so carelessly. The soldier looked at me for the first time, but said not a word. He rang the iron ramrod into the barrel, and then put a piece of tinder into the pan, poured in some powder from his priming-horn, snapped the flint, and quietly lighted his pipe. He leaned the old musket back in its place, much to my relief, and turning upon me an inquiring look, remarked:

"Sprechen Sie Deutsch?"

I mustered up the entire strength of my Teutonic vocabulary and threw it into the emphatic reply:

"Nein, nix Deutsch."

"Den I must speak English," replied the visitor, coolly seating himself in my chair. "Sit you down."

I drew up a stool on the other side of the hearth, and beginning now to feel more at ease with my strange companion, lighted my pipe and ventured to ask him:

"Did you come from a distance this evening?"

"From dere," he replied, pointing to the closet.

I began to feel the crawling sensation again, and my pipe-smoke tasted nauseous, for the truth was that I had almost forgotten the closet in the interest which I took in my visitor.

"I go not far," he continued, "but I was not so long to gets dere.

You want to hear mein shtory, and dat I cooms to dell you ; so listen mit all your ear, and *remember!*"

Here then was the great desire of my life about to be gratified ; but I am free to acknowledge that just at that moment my curiosity was not so strong as it had been, and I would have excused myself from the promised narration if I had dared. There was nothing to do, however, but to make the best of it ; so I listened with attention to the following history, which I shall take the liberty to translate for the reader's benefit into purer English than that in which it was told to me.

"The first and greatest of the long series of misfortunes which marked my life occurred at Hersfeld, on the river Fulda, in Hesse-Cassel : I was born there. My father was a colonel in the Elector's army, of noble descent, and originally of large fortune ; but a season or two at Baden helped to relieve him of this latter source of care, and he married my mother, the daughter of a wealthy brewer of Hersfeld, chiefly for love, but partly to assist himself out of debt. He was killed in a duel when I was five years old, and my mother soon after consoled herself by accepting an old suitor in the person of her father's foreman, whom the dashing young soldier had supplanted in her affections some years before. It was thus my lot to be brought up in an atmosphere, so to speak, of hops and malt, and it is no wonder therefore that I early imbibed a more than national fondness for beer. I had an unconquerable propensity too towards everything military, which I suppose was hereditary ; and my favorite amusement was to spend hours in the beer-cellar putting the long rows of corpulent casks through a make-believe drill, while the other children were making meerschaum pipes out of cabbage-stalks, and selling sauer-kraut compounded of mud and beer-slops to imaginary customers on the street. One day when I was about twelve years old I got hold of a rusty old pike, and having thrown myself out as a skirmish-line against the beer-barrels, punched a hole in one of them, through which, metaphorically speaking, I got my first peep at the world. My step-father concluded that it was time to get me out of the way of mischief, and after smoking forty-three pipes and drinking thirty-five glasses of lager over the matter, he advised my mother to send me away to a training-school, where I might be fitted for the University course.

"I shall not stop to tell you about my troubles at school. They are pretty much the same with boys all over the world ; but my pugnacious disposition got me more than my share of bloody noses, and I never saw a 'catting' in the army in after-years without remembering what I got for breaking my flute over the head of old Diedrich Vaas, the music-master. Donner ! how the old fellow ranted and flourished his fiddle ! Well, at nineteen I went to Göttingen. Ah ! that was life !"

At this point my strange visitor paused, as if in a reverie. His eye kindled and his foot beat time on the floor, and I almost expected to hear him break out into one of those wild and stirring Latin songs which none but the true German student can sing. But he only drew a few rapid whiffs of his pipe and went on.

"I was freely supplied with money, and I soon had the handsomest pipes, drank the richest Rudesheimer, and sang the best song in the University. I was a good swordsman, and my unusual size and strength made me the constant victor in our nightly duels. Having gashed seventeen scars upon the faces of my comrades without a scratch in return, I deemed it ungenerous to give any more challenges, and my reputation prevented my receiving any. I was happy; but not long. One evening I saw Katrina Ross as she was entering the Chapel, and I saw nothing else for a month. That fair young face was pictured on the page where I thought to find the reasoning of Kant; my pipe-smoke curled itself into her sylph-like figure; her blue eyes laughed in every sparkle of the wine, and the breathings of my flute would make no other music than her name. I sought her acquaintance, and in a few months the world was nought but flowers and sunshine for me, and Katrina was the perfume and the light. But tausend Teufel! let that pass! It was Otto Schürl who stole her heart from me—Otto, my friend, mein Bruder, I always thought him. I was summoned home to attend the death-bed of my mother, and when I had laid the wreath of *immortelles* upon her grave, I returned to Göttingen, after five weeks' absence, to find my Katrina lost to me and to herself forever. I had other friends besides Schürl in the College, and the story was soon learned. That night I sought him in his new lodgings, and locked the door behind me as I entered. Few words passed, and we fought without a witness and with unbandaged swords for a full hour. Ordinarily I could have mastered him in one-fourth of the time, but there was that in my eye which nerved him to a desperate resistance, for he knew he was fighting for life. Twice he struck at my heart, and twice the blood moistened the outer padding of my coat, when at last his guard faltered, and the next instant the sword broke short in my hand as it passed through his body, and buried itself three inches in the wall against which I had driven him.

"Before daybreak I was far on my way towards the wild fastnesses of the Hartz, for Schürl had friends and kinsmen in high position, and I knew that my wrong would do little towards my cause if the law got its iron gripe upon me. For weeks I lived with the miners in the wildest glens of the mountains, having made some warm friends among these rude and humble people during a pedestrian tour the preceding summer; but tiring of this life without an object, I crossed the Hartz and made my way to Schwartzburg, whence I soon reached the little village of Röchsheim in Hanover. There I found an officer recruiting for King George, and was gladly enlisted upon a double bounty, on account of my height and bearing, and my skill in the art of fence. Of course I entered under an assumed name and with a fictitious story. Upon reaching England I was drafted into an infantry regiment just about to embark for the Colonies, where the struggle with the French for Canada was approaching its crisis. Five years was the term of my enlistment. I was just twenty-two, and with the property which I owned at Hersfeld, might have had a brilliant career before me, had not my prospects in life been blighted by my Göttingen misfortune. I was reckless and hopeless, however, when I entered the army; found among my English comrades too

much encouragement to my guzzling propensities ; was carried drunk on board the transport, and woke up twenty miles at sea. By the way, if you like beer, always drink lager in preference to ale or porter ; it's lighter, and sits better on the stomach.

"Well, the third day out I took offence at the drill-sergeant's abuse and knocked him into the scuppers. I was court-martialed, got my first taste of the cat, and finished the voyage in irons.

"We were sent to join Wolfe, who was then under the walls of Quebec. I volunteered into the forlorn-hope which was to scale the Heights of Abraham, and helped to carry our brave young general to the rear when he fell."

"And is it true, that story about 'They flee ! they flee !' " I eagerly inquired.

"I know nothing about 'flee', " answered my strange companion ; "but when our regiment made its last charge, I remember yelling like mad, 'Dere dey goes ! dere dey goes ! runnin' like der Teufel !' It was just my luck to be so near the General, for if I had not had to do duty with the ambulance corps, I should have been in that charge and won a corporal's chevron. That was my last chance for promotion, as the war was then about over, and we were sent back to England the next year, and ordered for duty in the Highlands. The gillies had no beer to give us, but I made out on usquebaugh ; got on a terrible spree the night my term of enlistment was out, and woke up the next day to find myself enrolled again for fifteen years. Nothing happened to me worth telling until the American war broke out, except a drunken row in the mess-room, where I got a bayonet-punch through the left shoulder. I have the mark there yet."

Again I began to feel chilly and weak at this fresh reminder of the character of my new friend, for I well knew the look of that perforated scapula ; and it was not in battle after all.

"I was at Trenton when Washington captured the Hessian command ; my regiment, the 3d Royal Grenadiers, being the only English troops present."

"Then you were not under the Hessian flag ?"

"I was a Hessian by birth, but always served in King George's regulars. We were soon after exchanged, and I fought my last battle at Germantown, where I received a wound that disabled me for life."

"Ah ! " said I aloud, "that explains the *acetabulum*."

"Assy — vat ? " asked the soldier, looking at me with an air of bewilderment.

"*tabulum*," I answered, "*acetabulum* ; cup for the hip-joint, you know."

"No, I don't know," responded my companion with some severity. "But that battle was the occasion of the most remarkable occurrence in my history. It was a pretty hot fight, and we were in the reserve during the early part of the engagement. There was a detachment of Hessian troops on the right wing, and when they were pretty closely pressed by the enemy we were brought into action, being ordered up to their support. We came up under a hot fire with fixed bayonets, losing about twenty men before we got to close quarters ; but the enemy gave way before us, giving the Hessians time to rally

and regain their ground. It was very evident, however, that we should not be able to hold the position, and we were ordered to fall back and commence firing to cover their retreat. The enemy now opened on us from a battery in front, and a round shot struck down the horse of the Hessian colonel a few yards from where I stood. Seeing the officer struggling to extricate himself from the fallen animal, I ran up to assist him, and saw before me Otto Schürl! I had never heard of him since I left him pinned to the wall of his dormitory, as I supposed mortally wounded. Nineteen years had elapsed since that memorable night, and yet I knew him at the first glance; and stranger still, he instantly recognised me. The torrent of recollections which rushed across my mind swept away all consciousness of my present situation. Katrina Ross stood before me again in all her maiden loveliness. Here was I, that most obscure and machine-like development of humanity, a private in the regular service, and before me the author of my ruin, enjoying all the advantages of rank and authority; and then came the thought that the sacrifice of my life had been for nothing, absolutely without any reason. The idea drove me to desperation, and following the impulse of the moment, I had shortened my bayonet to complete the work that I had left unfinished twenty years before, when a second shot, probably from the same piece, brushed my hip, inflicting a severe and disabling wound, and almost at the same instant crushing the wretch before me into a shapeless and lifeless mass.

"I was captured again that day by the Continental forces, and occupied a ward in one or other of their hospitals until the close of the war. I remained in America permanently, for I had no heart to return to my old home in Hersfeld, where my property had long since been spent by those who believed me dead. A beer-cellar which I opened in Philadelphia in a part of the city chiefly occupied by Germans, supplied me with the means of living, until I was disabled by ill-health and declining years from longer providing for my own support. I then once more took refuge in the shelter of a hospital, and you know the rest of the story."

The old red-coated veteran had scarcely concluded the last sentence, when we were startled by a loud rat-a-tat-tat! rat-a-tat-tat! rat-a-tat-tat!

"Dat vas de reveillé!" exclaimed the soldier, springing to his feet, and hastily thrusting his pipe into his coat-pocket.

"Hans Vandyne!" shouted a loud voice from without.

"Here!" answered the veteran, throwing himself into the stiff attitude of a soldier on parade. There was another rattling as of bones that were very dry; I jumped up hurriedly and rubbed my eyes, for no trace of my recent companion was visible. There hung the skeleton in his closet, erect and motionless as ever, with the great hollow eye-sockets staring out before him. Was it all a dream? There was the chair in which he had been sitting, there was the old fire-lock in the corner, and here was I, who had been the astonished beholder of these marvels, and listened to this wonderful story of the dead! There was then no reason to doubt the reality of the scene, for if thus much was real beyond any doubt, why not all the rest? I

know that logicians find fault with this kind of reasoning ; but it is the method by which all ghost-stories have been proven since the beginning of the world, and I am content to rest mine upon it.

I locked the office and went home, resolved to commit the whole to paper for the public benefit, which I have now done. As the Hessian's skeleton has been reduced to ashes by the heat of a recent terrible conflagration, I presume that he has been finally relieved from duty, and will make no further revelations.

R. W.

THE OHIO ABOLITION REBELLION.

I.

COMMENCEMENT OF THE REBELLION AT OBERLIN AND WELLINGTON.

THE enormous proportions and the overshadowing prominence of the late uprising of the people in the South in behalf of their own rights and those of the States, have so far surpassed all former attempts at rebellion that these latter have generally passed out of the public mind, and are now almost entirely forgotten. But the general reader will call to mind several which were of sufficient importance to be recorded in the history of the country. First, the "Shay's Rebellion," which occurred in New England soon after the Revolution ; second, the so-called "Whiskey Rebellion," which took place in Pennsylvania in 1798 ; then the "Aaron Burr Conspiracy," which may be regarded, perhaps, as originating in New York in 1805 ; then fifth, the South Carolina nullification movement in 1832, and last, the Ohio attempt at rebellion in 1859. The general magnitude of this last endeavor has not been very widely known, but it may be sufficient to premise here that its proportions exceeded all the former attempts as far as they were themselves exceeded by the subsequent events of the war in the South.

Having had a full personal acquaintance with the different phases and events of the Ohio rebellion, and possessing complete details of its commencement, continuation, and termination, we purpose to give some of them to your readers ; and when thoroughly considered, they will, perhaps, demonstrate the very small turn in the wheel of fortune that caused the "Great Rebellion" to break out in the South instead of the North. But first a word as to the way in which possession has been obtained of the records of the Abolition Rebellion.

The rebel partisans of the North, many of whom are prominent politicians of the country at the present time, were so proud of their position at the conclusion of their work, that they desired to have their actions printed and published at length in a book, to be preserved and shown to their posterity and the world ; and being many of them men of wealth, they were able to carry out their desire. In that laudable undertaking we purpose now to give them some further aid, without any view to recompense other than the rewards of conscience and the sustaining feeling of duty done. This book of records, printed in ordinary newspaper type, occupied two hundred and eighty double-column large octavo pages, and it was sold among the commissioned and non-commissioned officers and privates in their army of admirers at a dollar and a-half a copy. This was in 1859. But a few months later the larger rebellion began in the South ; and then the Northern rebels, desiring to become loyal supporters of the Government, began to dislike, and in fact to be ashamed of, the evidence of their own treason ; and so the books, which so recently held prominent places in their libraries, were degraded from their high positions and sold at heavy discount. The writer of this article being somewhat curious in old and generally worthless books, purchased ten of these at five cents a copy. The history of these ten copies would form an interesting chapter, but we will not give it now. It is sufficient to say that he has but one left, and it has so risen in value in his eyes that fifty pounds sterling would hardly buy it at the present time. We shall give first a history of the outbreak itself, and follow it with a relation of some of the interesting dramatic situations in which many of the prominent participants have been placed by subsequent events.

The rebellion originated in one of those unneighborly, obnoxious and disloyal legislative enactments known in the North as "Personal Liberty Bills," which were framed and intended to defeat and nullify the Constitution of the United States and the laws of Congress passed in pursuance thereof in relation to runaway slaves. The Republican party in the North had determined that notwithstanding any laws Congress might pass, no more slaves should be returned South ; nor should any United States marshals, officers, judges, courts or soldiers be permitted to carry out the laws of the United States. The State of Wisconsin resisted in the Booth slave-case. Governor Seward had sent requisitions for the arrest of Ohio citizens as kidnappers for aiding in the return of slaves according to the laws of the country ; and other Northern States had acted in the same way, all indicating not only a unanimity of feeling, but something of a concerted plan of action. But the outbreak which we shall particularly describe took place in Ohio, and began with an attempted recapture of a negro-boy John at Oberlin, the seat of the well-known Abolition college, having an attendance of about twelve hundred students, black and white, male and female, and one of the head-centres of the most ultra radicalism in the United States.

The boy John had been found by the United States Marshal, and had expressed his willingness to return to his master in the South, being disgusted with the treatment which he had received from his

Republican friends and the general complexion of things at Oberlin. The Marshal and his posse with the boy had gone on their way south as far as Wellington, eight miles off, and while they were at supper at a small hotel, the house was surrounded by a well-organised force of citizen soldiery. The United States had no troops at hand, so resistance was useless. The supporters of the State triumphed over those of the country, and the boy was captured and carried off, notwithstanding his earnest protestations of his desire to go South. In fact the boy declared to those who proposed to rescue him that he had twice before attempted to go South, and had once got as far as Columbus, Ohio, a distance of over a hundred miles, but had been sent back to Oberlin by his would-be protectors and friends.

The United States authorities in Northern Ohio did not feel that they could consistently abdicate in favor of the Oberlin radicals, nor could the armed resistance to the United States laws be quietly permitted; so the Judge of the United States District and Circuit Court for the Northern District of Ohio, Henry V. Willson, brought the already notorious and flagrant violation of law before the grand jury of his district, to whom, in his charge, he gave the following wholesome and really loyal sentiments. He remarked that "in consequence of occurrences which had recently transpired in an adjoining county, he had been requested by the District-Attorney to call the attention of the jury to this Act of Congress. He said, this section prohibits the obstruction of every species of process, legal or judicial, whether issued by a court in session, or a judge, or a United States Circuit Court commissioner acting in due administration of this law of the United States. It matters not whether the warrant is being served by the United States Marshal himself, his deputies, or any one else lawfully empowered to serve such writ. There are some who oppose the execution of this law from a declared sense of conscientious duty. There is in fact a sentiment prevalent in the community which arrogates to human conduct a standard of right above and independent of human laws, and it makes the conscience of each individual in society the test of his own accountability to the laws of the land. While those who cherish this dogma claim and enjoy the protection of the law for their own lives and property, they are unwilling that the law should be operative for the protection of the constitutional rights of others. It is a sentiment semi-religious in its development, and is almost invariably characterised by intolerance and bigotry. The leaders of those who acknowledge its obligations and advocate its sanctity are like the subtle prelates of the dark ages. They are versed in all they consider useful and sanctified learning; trained in certain schools in New England to manage words, they are successful in the social circle to manage hearts; seldom superstitious themselves, yet skilled in practising upon the superstition and credulity of others; false, as it is natural a man should be whose dogmas impose upon all who are not saints according to his creed the necessity of being hypocrites; selfish, as it is natural a man should be who claims for himself the benefits of the law and the right to violate it, thereby denying its protection to others; more attached to his own peculiar theories of government than to his country, and constantly striving

to guide the politics of the nation with a view of overthrowing the Constitution and establishing instead a Utopian government, or rather no government at all if based on the Federal Union. Gentlemen, this sentiment should find no place or favor in the grand-jury room. Its tendency leads to the subversion of all law, and a consequent insecurity of all the constitutional rights of the citizen. The Fugitive Slave Law may and unquestionably does contain provisions repugnant to the moral sense of many good and conscientious people; nevertheless it is the law of the United States, and as such should be recognised and executed by our courts and juries, until abrogated or otherwise changed by the legislative department of the Government. Ours is a government of laws, and it is by virtue of the law that you and I and every other citizen, whether residing north or south of the Ohio River, enjoys protection for his life and security for his property."

Under this charge the jury found indictments against thirty-seven of the leading citizens, including teachers of schools, professors in college, ministers of the Gospel, and a member of Congress. Warrants were issued at once and placed in the hands of the United States Marshal; but although the Oberlin culprits did all they could to make their offence conspicuous and bold, they were treated with the utmost leniency, kindness and consideration by all the Government officials. Those against whom indictments were found, and who should have been arrested on sight, were simply requested to report themselves at the court-room in Cleveland; and accordingly on the following morning nearly all the residents of Oberlin for whom warrants had been issued started from the railroad station, where a large concourse of people had assembled as if to witness the departure of some jubilant pleasure-excursion. After the arraignment of the prisoners the United States District-Attorney found it necessary to ask a continuance of the case for a fortnight, in order to obtain important witnesses from Kentucky, whereupon the prisoners were discharged upon their own individual recognisances in the sum of one thousand dollars to appear on the second Tuesday in March 1859.

On their return home the indicted radicals desired to celebrate their progress in rebellion by an enthusiastic feast, to which the leading "Philistines" in all that portion of the country, as well as many others afar off, were invited. At this free social and political gathering the truth of the old adage "*In vino veritas*," was well exhibited. An account of the entertainment was given soon after in the most radical Republican paper of Cleveland, the *Daily Morning Leader*:

"FELONS' FEAST AT OBERLIN.—A strange and significant scene for this enlightened and Christian age, and in our boasted free Republic, transpired at the peaceful and God-fearing and God-serving village of Oberlin, on the afternoon of Tuesday, the 11th of January, 1859. It was literally the 'Feast of Felons,' for the thirty-seven good citizens of Lorain County, indicted by the Grand Jury of the United States District Court of Northern Ohio under the Fugitive Slave Act, for the crime of a conscientious and faithful observance of the higher law of the Golden Rule, sat down with their wives and a number of invited guests to a sumptuous repast at the Palmer House. It was

in the best sense a good social dinner, followed by a 'real feast of reason and flow of soul.'"

The other more conservative Cleveland Republican paper, the *Herald*, was there in spirit but not in the body, and so could only send a letter of endorsement and sympathy. One gentleman gave as a toast "The Felons' Feast," and lauded the dinner as a happy commemoration of what had already passed, and as an auspicious preparation for what was to come. The "Thirty-Seven Criminals" were then socially toasted, whereupon the Hon. R. Plumb, "after some happy pleasantries" (as it is recorded), "referred to the ruthless murder in Kansas of young Brown, son of the famous 'Ossawatimie,' Captain John Brown" (the old John Brown who afterwards attempted insurrection and was hung in Virginia). Mr. Plumb then read a thrilling letter of sympathy from Mr. John Brown, Jr., brother of the Kansas victim. A short extract will show the animus of the letter, and the somewhat prophetic spirit in which it was written:

"Friend Plumb, would you say 'Oh! but that would be treason!' Well, thank God! I've been there! I have for months at a time had before me the brilliant prospect of standing on nothing and looking through a halter. The cry of 'treason' I have become accustomed to; indeed it has become so familiar that I confess I rather like the music. . . . If we would ordain and establish justice, and maintain our Constitution, not only in its essential spirit but its letter, strange to say, we are forced into the *attitude of resistance to the Government!* I am glad the work of judicial crushing-out is progressing, not only out of Kansas, but in Ohio — on the Western Reserve, the New England of the West! This is bringing the war home —

'To our altars and our fires,
To the green graves of our sires.'"

How little was this man then aware of the fact that his own words were helping to dig his own father's ignominious grave, as well as to contribute a scratch toward the one million of fratricidal sepulchres to follow it in the great uprising of the South. Indeed old John Brown, who was well said to have fired the first gun in the great rebellion, was led into his diabolical endeavors by these same Northern Ohio and other New England fanatics; he only precipitated what others were preparing.

The next act in the rebellion was of the county authorities in Ohio, in the kidnapping of one of the witnesses for the Federal Government while on his way from Columbus to Cleveland to testify. He was arrested on the train, at Grafton, by the Sheriff of Lorain County, and placed in jail at Elyria. He was subsequently released on bail, and made his way to Cleveland.

The trial of Mr. Simeon Bushnell, the first on the list of the thirty-seven, began on Tuesday morning, April 5, 1859; and after a patient examination of ten days' duration, the jury quickly brought in a verdict of Guilty. On the Monday following the trial of Charles Langston, a mulatto, was undertaken. This occupied the court fifteen days, when another verdict of Guilty was rendered, after the jury had been out half-an-hour.

On Wednesday, May 11th, the court-room was thronged with a crowd eager to hear the sentence which was to be passed upon Bushnell, the first convicted prisoner. He was told to stand up, and was asked if he had anything to say why sentence should not be passed upon him. He replied that he had not. He was then asked by the Court if he had any regrets to express for the offence of which he stood convicted. Receiving another negative, the Court proceeded to pronounce sentence, as follows:

"It is at all times a disagreeable and painful duty for the Court to pronounce the sentence and impose the penalty which the law demands for its violation. The discharge of this duty is peculiarly painful in dealing with the class of offenders to which you belong, who deem it a praiseworthy virtue to violate the law, and then seek its penalties with exultation and defiance. A man of your intelligence must know that the enjoyment of a rational liberty ceases the moment the laws are allowed to be broken with impunity, and thereby fail to afford any protection to society; that if the standard of right is placed above and against the laws of the land, those who act up to it are anything else than good citizens or good Christians. You must know when a man acts upon any system of morals or theology which teaches him to disregard and violate the laws of the Government that protects him in life and property, his conduct is as criminal as his example is dangerous. The good order and well-being of society demand an exemplary penalty in your case. You have broken the law, you express no regret for the act done, but are exultant in the wrong. It is therefore the sentence of the Court that you pay a fine of six hundred dollars, and be imprisoned in the county jail of Cuyahoga County for sixty days from date, and pay the costs of prosecution. It is made the duty of the Marshal to see this sentence executed; and in case any casualty should interfere with the security of your confinement in the jail mentioned, it is the duty of the Marshal to enforce the confinement in some other county-jail within this district."

The trial of the next prisoner on the list was prevented by the action of the State authorities in Lorain County. The Sheriff had arrested the four most important witnesses for the Government, Messrs. Jennings, Lowe, Davis, and Mitchell, on a charge of kidnapping, under a State law passed for the express purpose of defeating the laws of the United States in relation to fugitive slaves. On the 12th of May the prisoner Langston was brought up for sentence. When asked by the Court whether he had anything to say why sentence should not be passed upon him, he said that he had, and he continued in a long and able speech. The two brothers John and Charles Langston have long been known as among the most intelligent mulattoes in the country. They were well educated at Oberlin, and even admitted to the bar, although they probably never received much practice as lawyers. Although Charles had committed his defence to able counsellors, Judges Spalding, Backus, and Tilden, he was not disposed to pass an opportunity for an oration in his own behalf, which as the record shows was not without its effect. At its conclusion the Court in passing sentence said:

"You have done injustice to the Court, Mr. Langston, in thinking

that nothing you might say could effect a mitigation of your sentence. You have presented considerations to which I shall attach much weight. I am fully aware of the evidence that was given to the jury, of the circumstances that were related, of your action in relation to the investigation of the cause of the detention of the fugitive, and of your advice to others to pursue a legal course; and although I am not disposed to question the integrity of the jury, still I see mitigating circumstances in the transaction which should not require, in my opinion, the extreme penalty of the law. This Court does not make laws; that belongs to another tribunal. We sit here under the obligation of an oath to execute them, and whether they be bad or whether they be good it is not for us to say. We appreciate fully your condition, and while it excites the cordial sympathies of our better natures, still the law must be vindicated. On reflection, I am constrained to say that the penalty in your case should be comparatively light. It is therefore the sentence of the Court that you pay a fine of one hundred dollars; that you be confined in the jail at Cuyahoga County, under the direction of the Marshal, for a period of twenty days from date; and that you pay the costs of this prosecution; and that in case any casualty or other occurrence should render your confinement there insecure, that the Marshal see the sentence executed in any other county-jail within this district."

Judge Sherlock J. Andrews then informed the Court that several of his clients, citizens of Wellington, wished him to enter a plea of *nolle contendere*, and were ready to submit to the judgment of the Court. The Judge remarked that they were in general old and law-abiding citizens, who did not believe in the rebellious doctrines so triumphantly proclaimed at Oberlin, and that they did not approve of an armed resistance to the laws or authorities of the United States, and concluded by saying "that he thought the Court would concur with him in the opinion that the course now pursued by these defendants was one not unbecoming to good citizens, that it would go further than any pains or penalties to sustain the supremacy of law, and that as against such men under such circumstances the public justice could be adequately vindicated by the infliction of the mildest punishment." The Court asked the District-Attorney if he had any remarks to make, to which the Attorney replied, "Nothing, may it please the Court, but to add my voice to that of Judge Andrews that a light punishment may be inflicted." The Court then proceeded to pass sentence upon them: "In consideration of the facts stated, it sentenced them to pay a fine of twenty dollars each, to pay the costs of prosecution, and to be committed to jail for twenty-four hours." One old man, "Father Gillett," who still represented the town of Wellington in the prison, was sent home without even a promise to return to the court; but the Oberlin prisoners remained firm, and hoped not in vain for the interference of the State authorities. An application had been made to the Supreme Court of Ohio for a writ of *habeas corpus*, the result of which was made known by a paragraph in the *Washington Constitution* of April 27th, as follows: "The President last evening received a telegraphic dispatch, dated at Cleveland, from the Marshal of the Northern District of Ohio, stating that the Supreme Court of that

State had unanimously refused the writ of *habeas corpus* in the case of the persons in his custody under the Fugitive Slave Law, and that three of the most respectable of them had given bail for their appearance for trial before the District Court of the United States. Everything was quiet."

On the 17th of May, however, a second application for a writ of *habeas corpus* in behalf of the two first convicted prisoners was made to the Supreme Court of Ohio; and this time the applicants were successful. The United States Marshal sent a protest to the Sheriff at Cleveland against his permitting the removal of the prisoners from Cuyahoga county-jail; but the State authorities took the prisoners from the United States control, and carried them away a hundred and forty miles to Columbus, where the Supreme Court of Ohio held session in full bench. Here we may leave them for a while, and consider some other rebellious actions which had been going on in several counties in Northern Ohio.

REBELLION IN LAKE COUNTY.

A rebellious meeting had been held at Painesville, Lake County, Ohio, where among others, the Hon. John R. French, who afterwards became a "carpet-bag" Senator for, but not from, North Carolina, made a speech, expressing his firm and apparently unalterable belief in the entire independence and sovereignty of the several States of the Union. Among other things he said:

"Sympathising as I do, Mr. Chairman, with my entire heart with our friends in prison, and hating the doings of the Federal Court now in session at Cleveland with as intense and holy a hatred as burns in any man's bosom, still I must confess that I am glad of this development of the spirit and determination of that Court. It will turn the attention of the intelligent citizens of Ohio to the encroachments of the Federal judiciary upon the sovereignty of the States and the rights of the people—encroachments that have been accumulating stealthily but uninterruptedly from the commencement of the nation; until this department of the Government threatens to assume to itself all power. Gentlemen may care nothing for the friendless negro, or for the 'Oberlin Abolitionists,' but do they care nothing for their own rights, or the sovereignty of their State? We have twenty millions of bank capital in Ohio—there is a dispute as to the just manner of its taxation. Certainly this is a question belonging exclusively to Ohio, to Ohio courts and Ohio legislation and Ohio citizens. But the Federal Court steps in, and says this matter of levying taxes in Ohio is a question for her disposal, and laughs your State courts to scorn. Two years ago the Ohio Legislature saw fit to declare certain canal contracts fraudulent, and therefore void. The highest court of the State passed upon the whole matter, and found the action of the Legislature legal and proper. That parties concerned might receive no harm, by special act of the Legislature they were allowed to come into our courts and prosecute the State. Now, what power outside of Ohio had a right to interfere? But this very winter past, the Supreme Court of the

United States has sent its mandate to our Supreme Court with a writ of error, requiring a copy of the Canal Contract proceedings, involving that whole subject which has just gone through the departments of our government and been finally adjudicated in the State Court of the last resort. In the Clark County Rescue case, a Sheriff of Ohio, in the proper discharge of his legal duty, was shot and beaten by a posse of deputy United States Marshals until he was nearly dead ; and when these men had been arrested, indicted for attempting to kill, and were in jail awaiting their trial, the Federal Court steps in with its writ of *habeas corpus*, and sets the men at liberty. Now, men of Ohio, how do you like this trampling upon your State rights and sovereignty ? One might think we were no longer an independent State (!), but a sort of colonial dependence upon the Federal Government (!). In the midst of these accumulating outrages upon the sovereignty of the State, it is not strange that men are forgetting the true nature of our General Government. They forget that that Government is *Federal*, in contradistinction from *National*; that it sprang from the *States* and not from the people — that it is a *confederation of independent and sovereign States* for few and special purposes, and those purposes clearly defined and carefully set forth in the written compact. They confederated, as they said, ‘in order to form a more perfect union, establish justice, insure domestic tranquillity, provide for the common defence, promote the general welfare, and secure the blessings of liberty to ourselves and our posterity.’ These were their objects, and the power to secure those granted to the Federal Government were limited and well-defined. But the Federal judiciary has been gathering to itself the power and rights of every other branch of both Federal and State Governments, until now, like Death on the pale horse, in its uncurbed haughtiness it is galloping through every coördinate department, trampling all rights and sovereignties beneath its hoofs, while hell and destruction follow in its train ! But there is an uprising of the people, there is a noble Republican party gathering in the free States which will soon seize this horse by the bridle and throw him upon his haunches.

“Mr. Chairman, when we call in question the conduct of the President, or of Congress, or of the Federal judiciary, oftentimes we are charged with *talking ‘against the Union.’* But, Sir, it should never be forgotten that these are not the Union ; and who ever, and whatever, denies the rights or tramples upon the *sovereignty of these States*, he it is who is an enemy to the Union. But, fellow-citizens, the Republican party is not yet for two years in possession of the Federal Government ; and do you ask me where is our immediate and present escape from the oppression of this Federal judiciary ? I answer that our hope is in the Supreme Court of our State ; and I believe we have some protection here. Thank Heaven ! that court is a Republican court, every man of them ! Last January the last of the dough-faces was made to walk the plank. Let us look, then, with all confidence to this court, and the more so as we have a man at the head of the executive department of the State who has the heart and nerve to promptly execute its commands.

“Mr. Chairman and fellow-citizens, when the State of Ohio,

through the calm decision of her highest court, shall take her place by the side of the gallant young State of Wisconsin, in repudiating this cruel and wicked enactment, a proud day will have been reached in the progress of American civil liberty. And an *example so potential will have been set, that within a twelvemonth it will have been followed by every free State of the Union!*"

TREASONABLE ASSEMBLY IN ASHTABULA COUNTY.

A treasonable assembly was also held at Jefferson in Ashtabula County, where the Hon. Joshua R. Giddings made one of his characteristic inflammatory speeches, and concluded by presenting the constitution of a secret treasonable order to be called the "Sons of Liberty," the real purpose of which was to defeat the laws of Congress in their relation to slaves. This constitution was then signed by over one hundred of the most prominent citizens of the county. Many other similar assemblies were held in other counties, and finally one grand mass convention was called to meet at Cleveland on the 24th of May. The call was signed by over five hundred of the most prominent Republican politicians in Northern Ohio. The convention was held and attended by thousands from all quarters of the "Western Reserve." The different delegations formed in processions at the railroad depots, and marched to the public square. The Lake and Ashtabula County delegations led the way, headed by military bands, and bearing banners inscribed —

ASHTABULA.
Regnanto Populi.
SONS OF LIBERTY.

1765.

DOWN WITH THE STAMP ACT!

1859.

DOWN WITH THE FUGITIVE ACT!

As this part of the procession turned the corner from Water street, a sixteen-star "free State" flag, surmounted with a cap of Liberty, and bearing the legend —

SONS OF LIBERTY, We welcome you!

was sent from one of the stores in the neighborhood. Next came the Oberlin delegation, marching two abreast, and headed by the Oberlin Brass Band playing the "Marseillaise." Conspicuous in the procession was the figure of Father Gillett, seventy-four years of age, bearing aloft a flag with sixteen stars and stripes, with the inscription "1776." They were followed by the Wellington delegation and an immense crowd of persons from all parts of Lorain County. This party carried a banner inscribed "Lorain," and on the other side —

"Here is the Government —
Let Tyrants beware!"

All the prominent Republicans in Ohio who could not attend, sent letters of regret and sympathy. The sentiments of Cassius M. Clay of Kentucky were received, and a single extract from them will show the general tenor of all:

"You call a convention on the 24th inst; you invoke the countenance and aid of 'every true patriot and friend of freedom.' Very good! You intend to 'resolve,' to 'protest,' to 'denounce.' Is that all? Then go home and wear your chains! *I say, are you ready to fight?* Not to fight the poor judge at Cleveland, not to fight the Marshal, not to fight the miserable packed jury, not to fight the tools of the despot, *but the despots themselves!* Not to violate the laws, not to make enemies, not to produce anarchy, but to maintain constitutional liberty, peaceably if we can, forcibly if we must! Are you ready for that? If not, give it up now! Don't go into a National Convention to select a standard-bearer who is a 'submissionist!' Don't put up a 'compromiser!' Don't look out for a 'conservative!' They'll all betray you as they have done! They all do that which you expected and desired them to do. They'll all sell us out, as we have been willing to be sold! 'The Union will be again in danger!' I played prophet thirteen years ago, I'll play the same part again!"

The Hon. Judge Spalding called the Convention to order, and the Hon. J. R. Giddings was elected President. Judge Tilden made a speech filled with fiery allusions to the Federal Court. "Outside of some heathen and cannibal countries," he said, "he did not believe there was such an infamous court as this." J. W. Vance, of Knox county, said: "Let us exhaust all the legal means in our power, and then if we should fail, which God forbid, let us show that Ohio shall be free by the right of the people." Hon. J. R. Giddings took the stand and said:

"I tell you that all men are created free and equal, and that eternal truth I for one will stand by and abide by. Men talk of constitutional laws. *There* stands a Constitution that declares that all have equal rights. I have no hesitation as to the means for acting upon this great matter which is now before us. I would have a committee appointed to-day, to apply to the first and nearest officer who has the power, that he shall issue a writ for the release of those prisoners; not the men who have been summoned to Columbus, but those who have not been sentenced. And I want to be appointed on that committee, and if so, I promise you that no sleep shall come to my eyelids this night until I have used my utmost endeavors to have these men released. If it was not for the Supreme Court of the State, for which I have the utmost respect, I would ask for no judicial process, but those men should be brought before you to-day. [Vociferous cheering.] I will, if such a committee be appointed, apply to Judge Tilden, and if he flinched in the exercise of his duty, and refused to issue this writ, I would never speak to him again or give him my hand. If he failed, I would go to another, and another, until death came to close my eyelids. *I know that the Democratic press throughout the country has represented me as counselling forcible resistance to the laws, and God knows that it is the first truth they have ever told about me.* Now let us take a vote. I want all in this crowd who are ready to tamely and timidly submit to tyranny to speak out. [Of course no voice replied.] Now let all those who *are ready and resolved to resist*, when all other means fail, when your rights are trampled

into the dust, when the yoke is fixed upon your neck, and when the heel of oppression crushes your very life out, all those who are thus ready to resist the enforcement of this infamous Fugitive Slave Law speak out. [The roar which now arose from thousands of voices was deafening.] I would have this voice sound in the mouth of the cannon, and I would have it resound over every hill, through every vale, by every winding stream and rushing river; I would have it go roaring in every free mountain-wind which rocks your forests, until all the world shall hear."

At the conclusion of Mr. Giddings' speech, the Committee on Resolutions offered their report, presenting, among others, first the old "Virginia and Kentucky Resolution of 1798," asserting the extreme doctrine of State Rights, and declaring,—

"1st. That the several States composing the United States of America, are not united on the principle of unlimited submission to their General Government, but that by compact, under the style and title of a Constitution for the United States, and of amendments thereto, they constituted a general government for special purposes, and delegated to that government definite powers, reserving each State for itself the residuary mass of right to their own self-government; and that whensoever the General Government assumes undelegated powers, its acts are unauthorized, void, and of no force, and being void, can derive no validity from mere judicial interpretation; that to this compact each State acceded as a State, and is an integral party; that this government, created by this compact, was not made the exclusive or final judge of the extent of the powers delegated to itself, since that would have made its discretion, and not the Constitution, the measure of its powers; but that, as in all other cases of compact between parties having no common judge, each party has an equal right to judge for itself, as well of infractions as of the mode and measure of redress."

When South Carolina a few months later began its work of secession, it led off with this very same resolution. This circumstance led a Cleveland lawyer of great ability and good sense, Hon. Bushnell White, in a speech at one of the well-intended peace-meetings held after the firing on Fort Sumter, to speak of Cleveland and Charleston as "twin sisters in fanaticism."

After the adoption of the resolutions by the immense multitude gathered in the open square at Cleveland, and numbering not less than ten or twelve thousand, Hon. Salmon P. Chase, then Governor of Ohio, arose. Among other things he said: "This case has been brought before the courts of the State, and they are bound to carry out their duty under such a view of it. If the process for the release of any prisoner should issue from the courts of the State, he was free to say *that as long as Ohio was a sovereign State that process should be executed!* . . . He did not counsel revolutionary measures, but when his time came, and his duty was plain, he, *as the Governor of Ohio*, would meet it as a man!"

A number of other speeches were made by various aspiring politicians, among them one by Hon. D. K. Cartter, since by Federal appointment Chief-Justice of the District of Columbia. He denounced

the upholders of the Constitution and laws as "blasphemers," who did not believe either in God, hell, or immortality! "That," he said, "is my idea of the religious part of the law." He said he was the chief of sinners, but he wouldn't swap his chance of a decent immortality with one of those who help to sustain this law. He thought the audience ought to be satisfied with this conservative view of the subject, especially when he said that *he was in favor of having those men out of that jail, the best way that they could be got out!*"

The low esteem in which the Supreme Court of the United States was held by these men is shown by an extract from a speech by the so-called Hon. Ed. Wade, of the Ben. Wade family, who were all afterwards so anxious to step into the Presidential chair in the event of President Johnson's impeachment. "What is the Supreme Court?" he said, "and what is Justice Taney? Why! I wish the crowd could look in upon the Supreme Court as I have done. I tell you, your bump of veneration would fall right in. You have seen, in passing farmers' barns and houses in the early times, the outbuilding covered with the skins of coons and other animals: the Supreme Court of the United States has just the same appearance and the same nature as these old dried parchments!" After saying further "The democracy of this day is opposed to civil and religious liberty," he found himself exhausted and stopped.

A great many other speakers had their say before the immense crowd that stood all day in the open public square and before the jail confining the prisoners, and toward which frequent menaces were made both by the speakers and the multitude. But it was generally understood that the United States revenue cutter *Michigan* lay off near the harbor to render assistance to the Federal authorities in case of need. However, the speeches all perhaps had the contrary effect from that intended; because they were so many and so long that the crowd itself finally became exhausted and sleepy, and after an extensive patronage of the saloons and restaurants, and a little more speaking to and from the prisoners themselves, who had been given the privilege of the jail-yard in order to further tempt the mob with an opportunity, the whole assembly broke up. The leaders in the rebellion had become satisfied that as the two prisoners Bushnell and Langston were already before the Supreme Court of Ohio on a writ of *habeas corpus*, they would be liberated by that court, aided by the Governor and militia of the State. Let us now return to the prisoners before the Court.

THE SUPREME COURT OF OHIO.

I shall pass over the arguments of the United States counsel, as the views advanced were simply regarded as conservative, catholic and familiar to all; but I wish to bring out in bold relief the doctrine which the Governor and Attorney-General of Ohio sought to carry out at that time, and to establish as a precedent forever after. It was generally expected that the Court would order the release of the prisoners, and Governor Chase had militia in readiness to see that their order should be carried out. The militia had

their guns loaded with ball-cartridge to shoot down the Federal officers in case they attempted any re-arrest; the issues of life and death were narrowed down to the decision of the Court. And here let us listen to the nature of the argument of the Ohio Attorney-General Wollcott:—

“The right of the State to inquire into the validity of any authority imposing restraints upon its citizens as against every power, be it State, national or foreign, stands on even firmer basis, for it results from the nature of sovereignty itself. The first and chief characteristic of all sovereignty is its right to the allegiance and service of its citizens, a right fundamental to all other rights of a State, for on this its very existence in war or peace continually depends. Correlative to, or rather comprehended in this right, is the power to remove any unlawful restraint enforced against its citizens, to the twofold end that the State may not be deprived of his services, and that it may efficiently discharge that supreme and imprescriptible duty of protection which as a return for his allegiance every State owes to its citizens. On these two principles, allegiance to the State, protection to the citizen, rests not merely all sovereignty, but the very social compact itself. Any nation which has wholly surrendered the allegiance of its citizens, or its correlative incidental right to protect them while within its territorial limits, has in that very act abnegated every attribute of sovereignty, and become the mere local dependency of the power to which that allegiance and right have been surrendered. But Ohio, thank God, is still a sovereign State, and has therefore never yielded this right, as she never could yield it and still preserve her sovereignty, to the Federal or any other Government. In all the Constitution I find no such grant; I find nothing prohibiting its continued residence with the States.”

Speaking of the encroachments of the Federal power, and of the decisions of the United States Supreme Court, he said—

“Not only may no man, even by a resort to judicial process, attempt to inquire into the lawfulness of an arrest, but no tribunal, State or Federal, may either by the writ of *habeas corpus* or otherwise molest the claimant in the exercise of this power, for the prohibition of the eighth section [F. S. Law] is without limitation and includes all officers and courts, State and Federal. Indeed the Supreme Court of the United States in its recent opinion of the Booth case has declared that the allowance of the writ in such a case would be an act of ‘lawless violence.’ The citizen is thus not only without the means of protecting himself, but any endeavor to detain him long enough to ascertain the validity of his caption is made a criminal act. This enactment, under pretence of preventing the escape of bondmen, strikes down every safeguard of the liberty of the citizen. Does the citizen hold his liberty by this frail tenure? Yes, if your honors do not here and now interpose. Other refuge on all this earth there is none. You or I, or the Governor who sits here, or our Senator in Congress (Mr. Pugh) who also sits here, or any other citizen, may at any moment be seized and rapt away to another State.”

It seems to be a very significant and rather dramatic sequence in the course of events that two years later, after the war had begun,

this Attorney-General became an Assistant Secretary of War, and was the very man selected to issue and sign the Federal orders for the many arbitrary arrests of white citizens in Ohio. These arrests were made at the ringing of Secretary Seward's "little bell," and without any process of law whatever, those arrested seldom having any idea at all of what they were arrested for. But he continued in his argument —

"I proceed to a still more serious objection. The Constitution by one of its amendments declares that 'no person (mark that word "person") shall be deprived of life, liberty or property without due process of law.' What do these words 'due process of law' mean? What did they mean when they were incorporated into the Constitution? They meant the trial of any right asserted against a man's liberty, life or property, by a regularly constituted judicial tribunal, sitting in the light of day, proceeding after established rules, confronting the man with the witnesses against him, securing to him the right of cross-examination and due opportunity to produce evidence in his own behalf. That is what the words 'due process of law' mean. It is what they meant in Magna Charta, for there they were first used; but in spite of Magna Charta it was the practice of English sovereigns, backed up by the servility of English judges, down to the Revolution of 1688, to seize men and try them before irregular tribunals unknown to the common law, such as the Star Chamber, and which proceeded in secret and in the absence of the accused. Or not unfrequently, when a man became obnoxious to the Crown, it would appoint commissioners constituting irregular courts—not the regular courts of the common law with stated terms, but often commissioned to try a specifically named person; and they went down and tried the case in secret, without a jury, without confronting witnesses, without the presence of the accused, and upon *ex parte* evidence would take away his property, liberty and life, and attain his blood. It was in consequence of these arbitrary proceedings, by which this great barrier of the subject against the usurpations of the sovereign had been broken down, that it was again declared in the Petition of Right during the time of the first Charles, and still again affirmed in the 'Bill of Rights' at the Revolution of 1688. This great provision was obviously intended to protect Englishmen against such arbitrary, secret, *ex parte* proceedings; and it was put into the Constitution by way of amendment to protect all men against the same thing here. 'Due process of law' then means that careful, guarded, precise and strict proceeding known to the English law which is had in open and regularly constituted courts, and which secures to every person due means and opportunity of defending his life, liberty and property. But we are not without judicial authority on this point. 'The better and larger definition of due process of law,' says Kent, 'is that it means law in its regular course of administration through courts of justice.' 'The law of the land (which is always held equivalent to due process of law) in Bills of Right,' says Chief-Justice Ruffin of North Carolina, in the elaborate opinion delivered in *Hoke vs. Henderson*, 4 Dev. N. C. Rep. 15, and one replete with sound constitutional doctrines, 'does not mean

merely an act of the Legislature, for that construction would abrogate all restrictions on legislative authority. The clause means that statutes which would deprive a citizen (in the Federal Constitution the word is "person") of the rights of person or property without a regular trial according to the course and usage of the common law, would not be the law of the land in the sense of the Constitution."

The Attorney-General approached the conclusion of his argument by saying:—

"There still remains a single topic of which it is difficult to determine how much or how little ought to be said. No man has dared to breathe it in this presence, and yet the Federal functionaries have filled the air with it, so that I hear and you hear it openly said, that if this court—following these ancient landmarks, following the track of the Supreme Court before it became a sectional court—shall in the exercise of its highest and most imperative functions enlarge these relators, *there will be a collision between the State and the Federal Government.* What then? Are we children, are we old women, that we shall be frightened from duty by this menace? Are the Court, coerced by these threats, to pronounce a decision which shall stultify their judgments and blast their consciences? Has it come to this, that the Federal authorities, instead of invoking the appellate power of the Supreme Court to review your proceeding, are to trample your judgments under foot in your very presence? And are you therefore to remand these applicants to an unlawful imprisonment? If these be the only alternatives, if collision can be avoided only by striking down every safeguard with which the Constitution has hedged about the liberty of the citizen, *let collision come—let it come now!*"

It was confidently expected that a majority of the five Judges would agree to set the prisoners at liberty, especially since three of them were very strong Abolitionists; and had the prisoners been liberated, no power on earth could have prevented an open collision between the State of Ohio and the Government of the United States. The Republicans of the country would then have been the ones to fire on the United States flag. And it is one of the significant facts of the times that in the unlawful assemblages already described, as well as in the Republican political meetings generally, the United States flag was held as infamous and never displayed, its place having been usurped by a sectional flag with sixteen stars, representing the then sixteen non-slaveholding States. These sixteen-star flags came into use when Fremont ran for President, and when the alliterative Republican motto was employed: "Free soil! free States! free men! and Fremont!" The idea cherished then was of a northern republic of the sixteen free States, with a desperate threat of seceding from the South, and of leaving the latter "to carry its own mails, and catch its own niggers!" And when the real war did break out, the flag-makers had to be taught anew how to make a United States flag.

Four days after the conclusion of the Attorney-General's argument, the five Judges took their seats at half-past three in the afternoon. Chief-Justice Swan presented the opinion of the majority, three, Judges Swan, Peck, and Scott. It is only necessary to give the concluding paragraph of this able, honest, and patriotic document:

"Whatever differences of opinion may now exist in the public mind as to the power of Congress to punish rescuers, provided in the acts of 1793 and 1850, no such vital blow is given either to Constitutional rights or State sovereignty by Congress, thus enacting a law to punish a violation of the Constitution of the United States, as to demand of this Court the organisation of resistance. If, after more than sixty years of acquiescence by all departments of the National and State Governments, in the power of Congress to provide for the punishment of rescuers of escaped slaves, that power is to be disregarded, and all laws which may be passed by Congress on this subject from henceforth are to be persistently resisted and nullified, the work of revolution should not be begun by the conservators of the public peace."

The other two Judges, Brinkerhoff and Sutliff, both gave opinions favoring the immediate discharge of the prisoner. So the collision, the consequences of which can only be estimated by the terrible events of the war which has taken place since, was only then averted by the sound opinion of one man! And for this offence, as it was regarded by the Republican party of Ohio, Chief-Justice Swan was haled from his place of honor as the ablest Judge in Ohio, and a new recruit of the party from the South, who had sold his four negroes, "Dave," "Ross," "Ned," and "Lucy Ann," and given deeds for their perpetual servitude, and who had come to Cincinnati and invested the proceeds in furniture and unfamiliar law-books, this man was made Supreme Judge in Judge Swan's place! This was the reward which Judge Swan received for saving Governor Chase, the Republican party, the State of Ohio, and thus the whole United States, from that relentless civil war which, alas! followed but a few months afterward.

The prisoners were remanded back to the United States authorities at Cleveland, but the nullifying action of State officials did not end with the adverse decision of the Ohio Supreme Court. The officers of the Lorain County Court still adhered to their indictments of the United States Court witnesses as kidnappers; and to avoid further danger of collision, to save the Union, then so little valued by the violent Radicals, the United States Court officials quietly agreed to enter *nolles* in the cases of all the prisoners, if the Lorain County officials would do the same. And so, after all, the Abolition rebels accomplished their end, and returned to their homes more rebellious, jubilant, bigoted, and intolerant than ever.

In view of all these facts, which are only specimens of the many that might be brought forward, showing the "disloyal" feeling generally prevailing in the Northern States, it may be readily seen that the Southern States were not so much to blame in supposing that they could throw off the yoke of the General Government, which was so little respected and so easily overthrown at the North. And another lesson, pertinent to the present hour, may be learned from witnessing the extreme changes in policy and political creed of those who now hold the reins of government. Before the great war, and during their own rebellion, they were the most violent advocates of extreme State rights; but the moment they placed their violent hands on the

sacred ark of Federal Government, they turned it from its true design according to the original intention of its founders, and have been ever since the foremost advocates of entire national centralisation.

D.

MEMORIAL ADDRESS OF GENERAL WADE HAMPTON.

[AT WARRENTON, VA., JUNE 23.]

YOU meet here to-day to discharge one of the most touching and pious duties that human hearts can conceive or human hands perform—that of dedicating with reverence, with love, and with solemn prayer to Almighty God, this monument to the martyred dead of a fallen but just and righteous cause.

In paying honor to the memory of these men you do honor to yourselves; but this will be a mere idle pageant if it has not a deeper significance than the simple dedication of a monument implies. In all ages, in nearly every country, civilised or savage, Pagan and Christian alike have striven to perpetuate the memory of their dead, and to manifest their own affection by honoring the graves that hold the dust of those whom they loved. The severe Muse of History has thought it not beneath her dignity to record the fact that the very word significant of a magnificent monument owes its origin to that noble pile which the affection of a Pagan widow dedicated to her husband Mausolos; and whilst most of the proud temples and mighty public works of haughty Rome have crumbled into dust, that stern round tower of other days, on the Appian Way, that tells of the love of her husband for his dead Metella, yet stands to win the respect and admiration of the world. Beautiful as are these memorials of a love that lives beyond the grave, and worthy as they are of commendation, the work you are now engaged in is, unless I misapprehend your purposes and motives, more sacred in its aims and more patriotic in its object. No keen sense of private bereavement has caused you to rear this shaft. The men whom it commemorates were strangers to those whose pious hands had erected it. At the call of their country, and obeying the command of “Duty, that stern daughter of the voice of God,” they left their peaceful homes in the far South to fight on the historic fields of your grand old Commonwealth, for the faith of our fathers, for freedom and for our fatherland. The feeling that inspired them was the same which has been so nobly

expressed by a heroic votary and martyr of Liberty, in those words which should live forever in every heart that is desirous or worthy of freedom: "That I simply offer my life is of little import; but that I offer it crowned as it is with all the flowery wreaths of love, of friendship, and of joy — this is indeed a sacrifice which can only be opposed to such a prize — our country's freedom." These men freely offered their lives crowned as many of them were with every blessing that could make life attractive, and they died in the vain effort, but in blessed hope, to secure the liberty of their country. They died far away from their home, amid strangers, with no kindred hands to alleviate their pain, no tongue of devoted father or loving mother or tender sister to cheer their journey through the dark valley of death, and to whisper those blessed words that tell of eternal peace beyond the grave.

That the women of Virginia ministered with gentle hands and kind hearts to their wants, if they had the opportunity of doing so, I feel well assured, for I have not forgotten their acts of loving-kindness to my men and to myself; but the hands and the voices that belong only to home were absent in that supreme moment when "on some fond breast the parting soul relies," and this absence gave to death its sharpest pang. If then the men who rest under the shadow of yonder shaft were strangers to you, if they were bound to you by no ties of blood or of affection, why have you, noble daughters of a noble State, cared so kindly for their humble graves? Why do you honor their dust? And why do you seek to commemorate their deeds and to perpetuate their fame by that stately column, and to preserve their names to future generations by engraving them on the enduring marble? These are the pregnant questions suggested by this scene and this occasion, and to answer them I am here to-day.

To do this properly, my inspiration must come from the memories of the past rather than the sad realities of the present or the hopes of the future, and I shall fail altogether unless their sacred memories wake a responsive echo in your hearts. Am I right then in taking it for granted that you honor the memory of those men because they fell in a cause which you believe in your souls was just; and that you recognise them as belonging to those "blessed martyrs of Liberty" who in all ages have died for their faith and their fatherland? It is only thus that I can interpret the solemn ceremonies of the day, and it is only on this interpretation that I can be a fit exponent of your motives, your actions, and your feelings. If you feel and know that these men and the tens of thousands of their comrades who are resting in the bosom of the land they loved so well till the last trump shall rouse them, gave their lives for a cause that was just, you do right to honor them. It makes small difference here, and it will make none at the last great day when the actions of all are weighed in the impartial scales held by the Almighty Ruler of the Universe, whether that cause was successful on earth or unsuccessful. God does not judge as man judges, and we are nowhere told in the revelation of His Holy Word that the just are to be rewarded in this world and the unjust punished — that truth is here to prevail over falsehood, or that right is to overcome might. On the contrary we are

expressly taught by the whole plan of Christian redemption that this world is but one of probation to fit us for another and better ; and history is full of melancholy examples to prove that many of the noblest causes that ever inspired a people's hopes or invoked their arms, have been allowed to sink, apparently forever, under the iron heel of despotism. Do not allow yourselves, my friends, to be misled by that false teaching, false to your faith, to your country, and to your God, which tells you, that as your cause has failed, the principles which gave light and life and truth to that cause are forever obliterated. Any human undertaking, how just soever it may be, may fail, but settled principles cannot die. A great truth, like the Godhead, whence it emanated, is eternal, and it must and will live till the last syllable of recorded time. The evil times upon which we have fallen are prolific of these teachings and dangerous heresies, and the press in some portions of this country offers a ready and willing channel for their dissemination. You are told daily through this medium that our cause was submitted to the arbitrament of the sword, and that the verdict against which no appeal lies has been rendered in favor of our enemies. This doctrine is pernicious ; and if we fall in with it we shall brand the heroic dead as well as the living as traitors, and cover all alike with deserved infamy.

Why should we admit we are in the wrong ? Shall we do so because our cause has gone down covered with the funeral pall that military disaster has thrown over it ? When the torture wrung a recantation of the truth from Galileo, did the earth cease to revolve on its axis ? Did the waves that swept the ashes of Huss to the sea, bury forever the truth he had proclaimed ? When our Divine Master perished on the cross, did the doctrines for which he died perish with him ? We believe we have truth on our side ; let us then assert and maintain our faith, and God will in His own good time make it manifest that we were right. If we were wrong in our struggle, then was the Declaration of Independence in '76 a terrible mistake, and the revolution to which it led a palpable crime ; Washington should be stigmatised as traitor, and Benedict Arnold canonised as patriot. If the principles which justified the first revolution were true in 1776, they were no less true in that of 1861. The success of the former can add not one jot or tittle to the abstract truth of the principles which gave it birth, nor can the failure of the latter destroy one particle of those ever-living principles. If Washington was a patriot, Lee cannot have been a rebel ; if the grand enunciation of the truths of the Declaration of Independence made Jefferson immortal, the observance of them cannot make Davis a traitor. It has been urged by our enemies that the Constitution of the United States did not recognise explicitly the right of secession ; but does that compact between sovereign States, which was entered into with such solemnity, forbid the exercise of this right in any clause directly or by implication ? Does it give to any of the parties to it the right or the semblance of a right to coerce the others ? Does it permit any State or States to wage a war of extermination on the others ? If it does not, or rather did not, allow any of these things, how comes it that we are gathered here to-day around the graves of Southern men who

were slain only because they believed that the principles of 1776, which gave birth to our Republic, were equally true in 1861? It comes because the people of the North have never studied and do not comprehend that Constitution about which they have raved so madly, because they have not consulted the fathers of the Republic; because their great teachers — blind leaders of the blind — have ignored and often falsified the records of the Convention of 1787, and have led their deluded followers into that downward and crooked path that leads to the destruction of the Republic, and to the subversion of constitutional liberty under republican institutions in the new world.

But this is not the time nor the place to discuss these grave questions, and they are touched on only as illustrations. If we believe that justice was on our side, have we a right, in the name of the dead who gave their lives in defence of the South, in the name of our children who are to live in the land of their fathers, to yield the principles for which we fought? I know that it is the fashion now in certain quarters to tell our people that these are dead issues, and that they should all be put behind us as we press on in that new and glorious era which has dawned on the reconstructed South; that we must turn from all that gave us peace, happiness, prosperity, dignity, and glory in the past; that we must cease to honor the men who died for us, while we place on the pedestals of our deposed patriots the base renegades who have sold their country, the Benedict Arnolds of the South; that we must confess ourselves rebels and traitors; in a word, that we must forget and forgive. It is easy and convenient for the victor or the spoiler to quote this precept and to urge his victim to act upon it because of its divine origin. But in its application to us of the South, one important element of this injunction that came from Him who spake as never man spake, is omitted. What are the words in which Christ promulgated to his followers that sublime precept which enjoins forgiveness to those who have wronged us? "If thy brother trespass against thee, rebuke him; and if he repent, forgive him." Have our brethren who trespassed against us repented? If so, we are ordered to forgive them; and God forbid that I should counsel hatred, when repentance and fruits meet for repentance are manifested. If these trespassing brethren will restore to us as far as they can all of which they have deprived us; if they will give us again peace, prosperity, happiness, and liberty; if they will cease to denounce us as rebels, and will acknowledge that we were patriots who fought bravely for the blessings of freedom; if they will do honor to the men whom they have slain; if they will turn again to us, saying "we repent," then in God's holy name let us fulfil promptly the commandment of our Saviour and forgive them. Let the victors in that fratricidal war which they began, follow the injunction of Christ to repent, and we, the sufferers, will then heartily forgive. We are told too that we must forget as well as forgive. Ah! my friends, this is the hardest task that could be imposed on us, for I know not where that Lethean stream can be found on earth whose waters will bring to us that sweet oblivious antidote that will give to us blessed forgetfulness of our sufferings and our wrongs. What are we to forget? We are to forget that we are the sons of men who gave their

blood to establish the liberty of America, that we have contributed our full share to the genius, the glory, the fame, and the success of that Republic which our fathers created ; that we were once the equals of the proudest in that Republic ; that we were free-born men, and that now we are the bondsmen of a slave. If despair and sorrow and humiliation at last teach us to forget all these things, can we ever forget as we look upon the graves of our kindred that gory sea of blood that has deluged our land? Can the father forget his boy struck down by his side in the very prime of manly strength and youthful beauty? Can the mother forget her darling, who fills now, perhaps, some bloody and unknown grave? Can the wife forget that husband who was the stay and comfort of her life? Yet, my friends, we must forget all this if we forget or prove false to the principles for which we fought. For myself, time may instruct me how to forgive ; it can never teach me to forget. Let me not be understood while pleading earnestly and reverently for our fallen cause, and for the men who have so nobly sustained it in victory and in defeat, as advocating anything inconsistent with those obligations we assumed when we laid down our arms. Whatever faith has been kept with us — and it has not been a stainless one — we must allow no blot to rest on our scutcheon. No charge of Punic faith must tarnish our record. If we can leave nothing else to our children, let us at least bequeath to them a fair fame and an unblemished honor. But while we accept our defeat with the consequences that legitimately follow it, it is our right to justify our cause, to vindicate our motives, to honor our dead. This is not only a right, but is a sacred duty. We owe it to ourselves, to our children, to those who died in the effort to keep us free, that we should cling with unshaken fidelity to these principles which we believe to be true. By no other means under heaven can we maintain our own respect or gain that of mankind. By no other means can we escape the doom that awaits the conquered people who basely hug their chains, who forfeit their own virtues in adopting the vices of their conquerors, and who are willing to barter freedom for gilded servitude. A people who cannot be made to forget in their bondage that liberty is their heritage, are not apt to remain slaves forever. When the Norman overran England, the sturdy Saxon preserved his hardy virtues, and England is to-day free. When Prussia was reduced to the direst extremity, her people gave their gold and silver and jewels in her defence, while they were themselves content to use iron money and iron plate. History tells us how nobly she redeemed her liberty. Three hundred years of vassalage have not broken the spirit of Irishmen, and Irish nationality and Irish independence are still the dearest hope of their hearts. Hungary and Poland will not tamely acquiesce in the decree that condemns them to perpetual bondage, and even in these unhappy lands the cry still goes up for freedom :

“ When some heart indignant breaks
To prove that still she lives,”

But what has been the fate of the peoples who have proved themselves unworthy of liberty and incapable of struggling to maintain it? Turn to the records of history, and on every page you can read the

sad story of their shame, their degradation, their ruin. For the State that sells her birthright no day of redemption can ever dawn:

. . . "She shall be bought
And sold, and be an appanage to those
Who shall despise her. She shall stoop to be
A province for an empire. Petty town
In lieu of capital, with slaves for senates,
Beggars for nobles, panders for a people;
Thy sons are in the lowest scale of being,
Slaves turned over to the vanquished by the victors,
Despised by cowards for their greater cowardice."

If we wish to escape this fate that surely comes to every conquered people who forget that they once were free, we must prove ourselves worthy of the liberty we pray for. If our faith in the justice of our cause was so strong that we ventured life and all that makes life desirable on the dread issue of war, surely we should ever strive to justify ourselves in the eyes of the world. Will history vindicate us if we condemn ourselves? But if we stand manfully by the great principles for which we fought, if we prove that we are worthy of the freedom for which we struck, we shall not have fought in vain. We can no longer defend our faith with our swords, but we can defend and justify it before the great tribunal of history, and posterity will do us justice. Many faint-hearted have fallen by the way-side, apostates to a cause of which they were never worthy; but thank God, many are left who will never bow the knee to Baal. Chief among these faithful amongst the faithless are the women of the South. Such women can never rear renegades. As long as they are spared to instil into the hearts of our children the sublime lessons of devoted patriotism of which they are themselves the brightest exemplars, we need not despair of the redemption of our country. They were the real martyrs of the war, as they are its saddest victims. But by a merciful dispensation of Providence, nature brings compensation for nearly every sorrow, and this blessed law will give to them many and rich mercies for the griefs they have borne. The tender care with which they soothed the sufferings of the wounded and ill soldiers of their country is remembered in many a grateful heart, from which daily prayers ascend to the Throne of Grace, invoking for them every blessing that a merciful God can bestow. And may we not hope that even our dead, whose memory is so sacredly guarded, and whose dust is so reverently honored by these noble women, look down with approving love on the pious work of their loving hands? The consciousness of duty nobly performed to the living and to the dead will bring to them peace, if not happiness. Many of them, through all the borders of the desolate South, like Rachel, "weep for their children, and refuse to be comforted because they are not;" but let them remember the proud words of a bereaved mother, who even over the body of her son could exclaim: "I would not give my dead son for any living son in Christendom." Nor is the death of a loved one who gave his life nobly in a just cause, a source of unalloyed sorrow. Among the beautiful legends that come to us from classic Greece, there is one that has always struck me as peculiarly touching, and

which might teach a lesson to many a mourning mother of the stricken South. It was the custom at the great festival in honor of Juno, that the priestess, drawn in a chariot by two white oxen, should go, accompanied by a solemn procession, to the temple to offer the usual sacrifices. It is related that on one occasion the oxen for the chariot of the priestess were wanting, when her two sons, yoking themselves to the chariot, drew their mother in triumph to the temple, amid the plaudits of the populace. The priestess, in the pride of a mother's heart at this act of filial devotion, supplicated the gods to bestow on her sons the greatest good which could be given to mortals. Her prayers were answered; her sons sank into a gentle sleep in the temple itself, and thus peacefully passed from life to death, as if to show that the greatest blessing the gods could grant to man was to shorten his days on earth. Our children may have been taken too in mercy; and many of us who have asked of God the choicest blessings on our sons, can feel, in all the mental agony that wrings our hearts, that God has heard our prayers, and has mercifully taken our sons, fresh from the patriotic fields where they laid down their rich young lives for their country, to dwell with Him in a blessed immortality. "I did not ask of the gods," exclaimed Xenophon, when told of the death of his son, "that my son should never die; I only prayed that he might live virtuously and die nobly." And if a pagan father who had not, as we have, the blessed certainty of re-union beyond the grave, could utter such a sentiment, surely the Christian father need not grieve as one without hope for the son who lived and died for his country. Let this thought console us for the loss of our kindred who have nobly died, and let us devote all our energies to the patriotic duty of binding up the wounds of our bleeding country. The Roman Senate decreed a triumph to one of their heroic citizens, because, amid the dangers that threatened his country, he never despaired of the Republic. The dangers that surround us may well appal the stoutest heart.

"Hark! from the abyss a voice proceeds;
A long, low distant murmur of dread sound,
Such as arises when a nation bleeds
From some deep inmedicable wound."

From the heart of our people comes up that "murmur of dread sound" that tells of our prostrate country bleeding at every pore; but it does not become us to yield to despair. If we will but be true to our principles, to our fatherland, and to our God, the future may bring us compensation for the past. I adjure you then by all the glorious memories of the past, by all the urgent duties of the present, by all the dearest hopes of the future, to dedicate yourselves to the redemption of your country. Be faithful to the right; "do your duty and leave the consequences to God." In the early annals of the Saracens a story is told of the heroic conduct of the mother of one of the Caliphs who was besieged in Mecca. "When he perceived himself forsaken on all sides," says the historian, "he went to his mother and said to her: 'Oh, mother! the people, and even my own children, have deserted me. My enemies are ready to give me, if I will submit, whatever I can desire in this world. What do you advise me to do?'

'Son,' said she, 'judge for yourself. If, as you pretend to be, you know that you are in the right, persevere, for your friends have died for the sake of it. But if thou choosest the present world, alas! bad servant! thou hast destroyed thyself and those that were killed for thee. And if thou sayest 'I stood to the truth, but when my friends declined I was weakened'; this is neither the part of an ingenuous nor a religious man. And how long can you continue in this world? Death is more eligible.'" He took the advice of his mother, and leaving off his armor, so as to meet death the more surely, he sallied forth and gave his life for the cause he believed to be true. Centuries have rolled by since the brave words uttered by that noble woman were spoken, but they are as true and as applicable to-day as they were a thousand years ago. "Judge for yourself. If, as you pretend to be, you know that you are in the right, persevere in it, for your friends have died for the sake of it."

Sublime sentiments, clothed in glorious language! They inculcate the lesson which the women of the South should, for all generations to come, instil into the hearts of their children. Let them teach their offspring that their fathers were in the right, that they were inspired by as holy a zeal as ever fired the hearts of patriots; that they fought for a cause as just as ever nerved the arms of freemen; and that though that cause has gone down in disaster, in ruin, in blood, the principles which gave it life will live forever to reassert themselves at some future day.

We may not live to see that auspicious day; we may never see the triumph of those principles; but triumph they must, or civil liberty and republican institutions must perish. May God, in his infinite mercy, soon restore and long preserve to us the inestimable blessings we have lost. But until it pleases Him to do so, our duty is plain. It is to vindicate the motives that actuated us; to justify our conduct before the world; to lift up our prostrate country from the dust; and to hold in perpetual reverence and honor the men who gave their lives for that country. If we devote ourselves to these duties steadily, hopefully, prayerfully, deliverance will surely come; not to us, perhaps, but to our children, who will then "rise up and call us blessed."

"Heart! do not burst and break,
Beneath the oppressor's rod:
The Lord will right thy cause,
For He is Freedom's God."

A WORLD'S WONDER.

VISITORS to the Library of the Vatican thirty or forty years since, saw a slight pale person, of ecclesiastical appearance — the Librarian. He was thin, stooped, and had the air of a student. His smile was modest and courteous, and his manner retiring. There was nothing about him indicating the possession of faculties beyond mediocrity, and certainly his estimate of himself could not be high — he was humility personified. Appearances are deceptive. This commonplace-looking human being was, from one point of view, the most remarkable personage that has, perhaps, ever existed — a “wonder,” and truly an intellectual *lusus naturæ*. From whatever part of the world a stranger came, the modest personage could converse with him, rapidly, fluently, and idiomatically in his own language. He spoke the dialects of Brazil and Mexico; those of Peru, Chili, and Guatemala — the language of the native population of California before its modifications by the English and Spanish; the dialect of the Delaware Indians, and the mixed patois of Spanish and Mexican. Coming back to the old world, he understood, read, and spoke the original Celtic as it is still employed in some parts of Ireland; the Welsh, which he learned in six weeks; English so perfectly, idiomatically, and correctly that his conversation was compared to the “Spectator,” and English visitors took him for an Englishman by birth. Crossing the channel and moving southward, he wrote and spoke French, Basque, Portuguese, and Spanish, with the Catalanian, Valencian and other dialects of the latter tongue. In German he was so proficient that Germans took him for a native. He read and spoke with facility the High and Low Dutch; the Danish, Swedish, Russian, Polish, Bohemian, Servian, Hungarian, Turkish, Albanian, Wallachian, Bulgarian, Illyrian, Romanish, Lettish, Lappish, Tartar, and Chinese, in which latter tongue he lectured to native Chinese in the Propaganda at Rome. His knowledge was more or less full and critical of all the ancient and modern languages and dialects of southern Asia and of Africa. He had mastered the Hindostanee, the Persian, the Sanskrit, the Koordish, the Armenian, the Georgian, the Hebrew — in which he conversed as easily as in his native Italian — the Arabic, the Syriac, the Syro-Phœnician, the Samaritan, the Chaldee, the Sabaic, the Coptic, Ethiopic, Abyssinian, Amharic, and Angolese. Of these tongues he understood not only the primary but the secondary dialectic forms, as the Latin-Wallachian. When we have added that he spoke with perfect ease both ancient and modern Greek, Latin with the accent of all nations, and the Gypsy “Romany Rye,” we have noticed in general outline, and only in general outline, the extraordinary powers of the famous Cardinal Mezzofanti, the wonder first of Bologna, and then of Rome and all Italy.

As is the case with most famous scholars and “book-men,” his biography contains few events of interest. He was the son of a poor

carpenter of Bologna, was born in 1774, and received the name of Giuseppe Gaspardo Mezzofanti. His father set him to work at his trade; but one morning, when the boy was busy at his bench under the window of an old schoolmaster engaged in teaching his pupils Greek and Latin, the dominant passion of his soul was aroused; he listened, caught a knowledge of both languages as by instinct, and one day astounded the old teacher by revealing the extent of his acquisitions. The incident directed his future career. He was placed in the Episcopal seminary, prosecuted his linguistic studies with ardor, was admitted finally to orders, and became Professor of Arabic in the University. His fame now began to spread. He was, in 1808, invited to Paris by Napoleon, with brilliant offers of advancement, but refused, adhering to his patron, Pius VII.; and for this he was rewarded by the appointment of Librarian and Regent of studies in the University. During the years immediately succeeding he formed a close friendship with Cardinal Cappellari, afterwards Gregory XVI., and in 1832 the Pope laid "regular siege" to him, overcame his objections to leaving Bologna, and established him in Rome as Librarian at the Vatican, which office he held until 1840, when he was made Cardinal. He died in March, 1849, in the seventy-fifth year of his age.

Such is a brief outline of the uneventful, although distinguished, career of Mezzofanti. There is little therein, as the reader will perceive, to interest. But for his extraordinary linguistic endowments and attainments, Giuseppe Mezzofanti would have disappeared in the crowd of unnoted ecclesiastics and been heard of no more. His "gift of tongues" has, however, made his name one of the most famous of the world — *the* most famous in his special department. There is but one rival to contest the palm with him — Mithridates of Pontus, who was said to have spoken the twenty-two dialects of the twenty-two countries over which he ruled. But this statement rests upon report only. The endowments of Mezzofanti, on the contrary, are established by the printed statements of a crowd of honest and intelligent visitors coming from every nation in Europe, who declared that he spoke their various languages fluently, correctly and idiomatically, and with such extraordinary accuracy of pronunciation that it was difficult to believe him an Italian — each one taking him for a native of the country of each. This less important fact — the accuracy of his *accent* — is not the least extraordinary circumstance connected with this extraordinary man. The conformation and mode of action of the larynx and the muscles used in speaking appear to be different in different countries, and the native of one region utters with difficulty the sounds easy to and habitual with the native of another. Compared with the liquid music of the Italian, the guttural sound of the German, or even the abrupt and forcible strength of the English, is a discord. *Th* is well-nigh unpronounceable to the Frenchman; and the graceful elisions of French conversation are immense stumbling-blocks to the Anglo-Saxon. These obstacles do not seem to have existed in the case of Mezzofanti. The remarkable flexibility of his organs of speech enabled him to imitate, according to intelligent visitors, with perfect accuracy

the national accent in each language which he employed. He rendered with equal ease the musical modulation of the Italian, the sonorous dignity of the Spanish, the guttural "Ich auch" of the German, the dissonant grating of the Russian, the jargon of the Slavonic; the harsh discords of the northern consonants and the soft vowels of the southern tongues of Europe and Asia were equally reproduced by him, with an ease which could only be accounted for by a flexibility of the organs of speech hitherto unknown. If the reader wishes to realise the full extent of this endowment, let him recall, if he can, a single instance of a foreigner who has ever succeeded in dropping his national accent wholly and concealing his origin. We have never known any such instance.

Some recorded testimony in proof of the statements here made may interest the reader. Mr. Stewart Rose, of England, visiting Mezzofanti in 1817, wrote, "He read twenty and wrote eighteen languages. He spoke all of these fluently, and those of which I could judge with the most extraordinary precision. . . . A German officer declared he could not have distinguished him from a German. . . . G—— told me he should have taken him for an Englishman who had been some time out of England. A Smyrnite servant who was with me declared he might pass for a Greek or a Turk in the dominions of the Grand Seignior." Lord Byron, referring to the Italian literati, wrote, "I don't remember a man amongst them whom I ever wished to see twice, except perhaps Mezzophanti, who is a monster of languages, the Briareus of parts of speech, a walking polyglot, and more, who ought to have existed at the time of the tower of Babel as universal interpreter. He is indeed a marvel—unassuming also." Baron von Zack, in 1820, said: "This extraordinary man is really a rival of Mithridates; he speaks thirty-two languages, living and dead; he accosted me in Hungarian, in such excellent Magyar that I was quite taken by surprise and stupefied. He afterwards spoke to me in German, at first in good Saxon (the *Crusca* of the Germans), and then in the Austrian and Swabian dialects, with a correctness of accent which amazed me to the last degree. He spoke English to Captain Smyth, Russian and Polish to Prince Volkonski, not stuttering or stammering, but with the same volubility as if he had been speaking his mother-tongue, the dialect of Bologna. I was quite unable to tear myself away from him. At a dinner at the Cardinal Legate's, Della Spina, his Eminence placed me at table next him; after having chatted with him in several languages, all of which he spoke much better than I did, it came into my head to address to him on a sudden some words of Wallachian. Without hesitation, and without appearing to remark what an out-of-the-way dialect I had branched off to, off went my polyglot in the same language, and so fast that I was obliged to say to him, 'Gently, gently, M. Abbé, I really can't follow you: I am at the end of my Latin-Wallachian.' . . . The Professor informed me that he knew another tongue that I had never been able to get hold of, . . . the language of the Zigans, or Gypsies, . . . which it is believed is . . . a dialect . . . of some tribes of Parias in Hindoostan. . . . I asked the Prince how the Professor spoke Russian, and he told me he

should be very glad if his own son spoke it as well — the child having always been in foreign countries with his father. The Captain said: 'The Professor speaks English better than I do, . . . with correctness and even with elegance.'"

The Baron von Zach then proceeds to relate how Mezzofanti conversed one day with the Baroness Ulmenstein of Hanover, when that lady drew Von Zach aside and asked, "How it came to pass that a *German* was a Professor and Librarian in an Italian University?" . . . "The Baroness is a thorough German," adds Von Zach, "of a cultivated mind, and herself speaks four languages in great perfection." The various testimonies here given, after making every allowance for the exaggeration doubtless occasioned by surprise and admiration, seem to place beyond discussion the extraordinary accuracy of Mezzofanti's *accent* — the most astonishing circumstance connected with him. Some additional notices of the great linguist, and a few brief words of comment, will terminate this paper.

M. Molbech, one of the Copenhagen Librarians, wrote of him: "At last, in the afternoon, I succeeded in meeting one of the living wonders of Italy, the Librarian Mezzofanti. . . . His celebrity must be an inconvenience to him: for scarce an educated traveller leaves Bologna without paying him a visit. . . . There is scarcely any European dialect, whether Romanic, Scandinavian, or Slavonic, which this miraculous polyglottist does not speak. . . . I found a German with him, with whom he was conversing in fluent and well-sounding German; when we were alone, and I began to speak to him in the same language, he interrupted me with a question in Danish, 'Hvorledes har det behaget dem i Italien?' (How have you been pleased with Italy?) After this, he pursued the conversation in Danish . . . certainly not with the same fluency and ease as English and German, but with almost entire correctness. . . . He has the finest and most polished manners, and at the same time the most engaging good-nature." The great German philologist, Friedrich Jacobs, whose testimony possesses great weight, wrote: "I was most kindly received by him [Mezzofanti]; we spoke in German for above an hour . . . his conversation was animated; his vocabulary select and appropriate, his pronunciation by no means foreign, and I could detect nothing but here and there a little of the North German accent," — a somewhat amusing criticism of the German pronunciation of an Italian! Of Mezzofanti's absence of dogmatism, Herr Jacobs says: "This fault, so common among persons of talent, appears quite foreign to him, and there is not a trace of charlatanism about him."

Fleck, a German student, wrote of him: "One forenoon in the Vatican he spoke modern Greek to a young man who came in; Hebrew with a rabbi or 'scrittore' of the library; Russian with a magnate who passed through to the manuscript rooms; Latin and German with me; Danish with a young Danish archæologist who was present; English with the English, Italian with many. . . . He seeks the society of foreigners very eagerly, in order to converse with every one in his own language. His predilection for acquiring foreign idioms is so strong that he observes and imitates the provincial dialects and accents."

The testimony here borne by fair and competent critics from all countries will sufficiently establish the extraordinary powers of Cardinal Mezzofanti as a linguist. No other human being has, probably, ever attained to an equal mastery over dialects so diverse and so difficult to acquire; and it should be observed that his knowledge was not that of the smatterer and mere dabbler in languages, but literally of the *master*. He acquired, as by instinct, a thorough and wonderfully rapid acquaintance with the idioms, inflexions, accents, and every peculiarity of the languages which he attacked. What with others was the result of long study, was with him apparently the result of intuition. His extraordinary memory may go far to explain his acquisitions; but after every faculty employed in the work has full justice done to it, the surprising result remains as surprising as ever, and Mezzofanti is entitled to the distinction of having been the greatest linguist in the history of the world.

He was not otherwise distinguished, as frequently happens in such instances — the one monster faculty swallowed up every other. His admirers claim every merit for him, but his intellect seems to have been only respectable, out of his peculiar sphere. He wrote little, and originated nothing, not even a grammar; and it is probable that he himself, despite the immense adulation of his thousands of visitors, did not overrate his faculties. He was extremely courteous and unassuming, with a smile for all, a preference for the society of students and young people over that of magnates and admirers, and was kind, charitable, frugal, and unaffectedly pious. This combination of very extraordinary endowments with an unpretending simplicity and sweetness of disposition made him greatly beloved and admired, and he is still regarded as having been a man of rare excellence of character as well as one of the wonders of Italy.

JOHN ESTEN COOKE.

REVIEWS.

Antiquities of the Southern Indians. By Charles C. Jones, Jr. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1873.

WHEN the European discoverers and conquerors first established themselves on the shores of this hemisphere, two sentiments prevailed among them with regard to the peoples whom they found in possession, and whom they proceeded to despoil and destroy; and these were, first, that these aborigines were a race with whom no faith need

be kept, and no treaty or contract binding, on whom every wrong and cruelty might be perpetrated with impunity, and in relation to whom all the principles of honor, humanity, and justice were abrogated. The second sentiment was that these peoples were grovelling and benighted savages, sunk in idol-worship or devil-worship, and altogether unworthy a Christian man's regard, except so far as he could exalt his own exploits by testifying to their courage and devotion.

The former of these sentiments, we regret to say, seems still to retain its hold upon the popular mind. The amazing and desperate gallantry of a handful of Indians fighting for mere existence in a corner of the land which was once all theirs, draws from most of the organs of public opinion a fierce howl for their utter extermination; and the cry of "treachery" and "bad faith" is raised, as if these Indians had ever known anything but treachery and bad faith in their dealings with the whites. We may, perhaps, if occasion serves, at some future time show the kind of faith that has been observed to them, and the nature of the warfare that has been made upon them.

The second sentiment, however, has given way to the progress of science. Science has shown that in remote antiquity the ancestors or predecessors of the present civilised races of Europe were just such savages: that there has been a period in the early history of almost every race when it knew not the use of iron or bronze, but fashioned its rude implements from chipped flints or other hard stone, and from the bones, teeth, etc., of animals killed in the chase. To this succeeded an age in which more care is bestowed upon these implements; the art of grinding and polishing is learned, and the rudiments of art make their appearance in the shape of rude ornaments embossed or incised on the stone, or moulded on the clay. Coarse and poor as these ornaments are, they mark the fact that the idea of beauty had sprung into the savage mind, and having made his axe or his jar useful, he was not satisfied, but wanted to have it beautiful.

The discovery of the arts of smelting and working metal changes the whole direction of primitive industry, and the tools of flaked flint or of polished obsidian vanish before the tools of bronze and of iron.

With the European peoples these changes have passed away before the beginnings of their history, and our only knowledge of them is derived from the relics found in the mounds, caves, or tombs to which archæology assigns a vast antiquity; but the aboriginal races of America, whether they were of later origin than those of Europe and Asia, or whether having sprung from a common source they were tardier of development, when first discovered by Europeans they were still in the stone age of development, and indeed a considerable part of the small surviving remnant of them has not yet emerged from it, nor ever will. It is this fact that gives so great an interest to researches like these before us: we see almost under our eyes an analogous state of development to that of our own Keltic or Teutonic ancestors before the beginning of history.

An interesting fact which Mr. Jones's researches have clearly brought forward, is the very great superiority of the civilisation of the southern tribes of Indians to that of their northern contemporaries. This was no doubt chiefly due to the influence of climate.

Under the warm skies of the South the rich bottom-lands yielded such abundant harvests that they found the raising of corn, pumpkins, beans, etc., easier and more certain than the precarious resource of the chase; hence instead of the shifting lodge of the hunter we have the settled habitation of the farmer. Villages were built with a view to permanency of occupation, and fortified by stockades; patches of land were cleared of forest and taken into possession; stores of provisions were laid up for the common use, and the easier life and mutual assistance and dependence softened the savagery of their manners. The comparative leisure thus obtained enabled them to bring many arts and handicrafts to comparative perfection, and thus a system of traffic grew up. In a single grave in the Nacoochee valley were found "a basket or mat made of reed not native to the valley, stone implements laboriously manufactured of materials brought from a distance, a cassis and shell ornaments from the Atlantic Ocean or the Gulf of Mexico, and a copper axe from the shores of Lake Superior."

In his researches into the origin, age and use of these curious relics, and the social conditions they implied, the author has displayed great diligence and acumen, and brought out many interesting facts. One that has particularly struck us is the entire absence of anything indicative of idol-worship among these tribes. The few effigies of human form or face which have been discovered, are evidently either grotesque ornaments or portraits—rude statuary, not idols. And this points to one of the most singular peculiarities of these peoples—the strange combination of high spirituality with low fetishism in their religion. It would be hard to attain to a higher and purer faith than that in one supreme invisible Being, "the Great Spirit," "the Master of Life," who "made them and governs all things," nor a sounder doctrine than that announced by the aged Mico of the Yamacraws, that "God does for every one what is consistent with the good of the whole," and that it was their duty "to be content with whatever happened in general, and thankful for all the good that happened in particular." From the grossness of anthropomorphism, and its consequence, anthropopathism, the faith of these barbarous tribes seems entirely exempt; while on the other hand in their superstitious notion that trivial objects, a crooked root, a queer-looking stone, might be the abode of a *manitou* or spiritual power, potent to help or harm, places them on a level but little above the religious plane of the negro race.

Many curious questions present themselves to the mind while reading this volume. We can understand why the nomadic hunting-tribes of the North, driven from the regions where game was abundant, and settled perhaps in the neighborhood of their deadliest enemies, dwindled in numbers; but what is the mysterious blight that has swept away these more peaceful and more industrious agricultural tribes of the South? Is it disease—is it whiskey? Account for it how we may, the fact is so; and the red man is vanishing so rapidly that it is hardly worth while to break faith with them as an excuse for declaring war, or to declare war as an excuse for indiscriminate massacre. Let alone for a few years, Modocs, Sioux and

Arapahoes will follow the Mandans, the Mohawks and the Yama-craws, and the shelves of the museum or the mounds of the prairie will contain all that remains of the race to whom once belonged the North American continent.

W. H. B.

Recent Exemplifications of False Philology. By Fitz-Edward Hall, M. A., Hon. D. C. L. Oxon., etc., etc. New York: Scribner, Armstrong & Co. 1872.

IT is quite wonderful the amount of study now bestowed upon the English language, and the number of books that are constantly being published, bearing upon one or more of the many points of interest and value in connection with the study. The language is now studied in its historical, its philological, and its literary aspects, with a zest and an activity scarcely dreamed of twenty years ago, and its study is constantly attracting the best minds and pens of this country and of other countries; the fact being that the field is so far from being exhausted that its real working has scarcely yet more than begun. Among the learned and sometimes bitter disputes of the day is the contest as to the name which our language bore 1000 years ago — whether we should say Old-English, English, Anglish, or the time-honored Anglo-Saxon. Are we to suppose from facts such as these that our language has reached its highest point, and that, its critical age having begun, its decay will soon begin, if it has not already begun? We think not, but at present we have nothing to do with the question.

Among the many different kinds of books that are written to meet what some hold to be a demand for them, are books devoted to verbal criticism. Of all works on language these are in some respects the most difficult to write. Verbal criticism is for many reasons one of the unsafest fields for dogmatism. It requires a special training, if not a special aptitude; it requires a very wide and careful course of reading, coolness and accuracy of judgment, and, not the least, a willingness to lay aside prejudices and accept facts as facts. Certain facts may be unpleasant to students of language, and may have violated all law in their origin; but when once really a part of language, the critic in passing judgment upon them must refer us to something better than his own opinion, valuable as that may be; still less can we heed his whims and caprices. But strange to say, some writers seem to think this the easiest branch of the study of language, and often with imperfect preparation rush headlong into the most dogmatic criticism, doing, it may be, much injury to some who are less well informed than themselves, but seldom meeting with favorable reception by scholars. Dr. Hall's work is not a work of the class named, nor is Dr. Hall of the type last mentioned; but he shows in the course of his little book that some books and some men are of these classes; and especially does the author of "Words and Their Uses" receive no mercy at his hands.

The inquiry is often made, Who is Dr. Hall? It may be well to answer this question by way of showing his qualifications for the work which he has in this instance undertaken — that of criticising

the criticasters. Dr. Hall is better known in England than in America, though the latter is the place of his birth. We find the following facts concerning him in the proceedings of the third session of the American Philological Association, held in New Haven in 1871 — the facts being furnished by Prof. W. D. Whitney. He was born in Troy, N. Y., and graduated at Harvard in 1846. Having been shipwrecked on the coast of India, he entered the British service and became Professor of Sanskrit, Anglo-Saxon, Hindustani, and also Inspector of Schools for a province. He is at present in England, and his scholarship in Sanskrit and Hindustani is said to be equal to that of any living scholar of English birth. He is a close student of old and of modern English, and is one of the editors of the Early English Text Society's publications. He is the author of six works in Sanskrit, three in Hindî, and nine miscellaneous works, and has in preparation a work on Modern English which we hope he may soon complete.

Dr. Hall makes a passing reference to an article in review of Mr. White's chapter on *Is Being Done*, and the like. The article was prepared at the request of Prof. Whitney, and read by him at the session of the Philological Association already spoken of. It defended such expressions on the ground of reputable use; and in addition to this, which is enough, demonstrated as well as such matters can be demonstrated, the weakness of Mr. White's arguments. The article was published in April 1872 in *Scribner's Monthly*, under the title "Shall we say *Is Being Built?*" which was an unauthorised change from the original title: "The Imperfect Tenses of the Passive Voice in English."

In the book before us we have, after a brief and somewhat indefinite introduction, an allusion to the author's main object, which is to show that verbal criticism is no trifling matter to be undertaken by one who contents himself with merely turning over the pages of dictionaries, or with less. Before beginning with Mr. White, to whom he devotes over eighty pages of his book, Dr. Hall gives a few passing taps to Landor, Wordsworth, and Coleridge. To De Quincey, whom he calls "that most wayward of triflers," and of whom he says that "page after page might be filled with specimens of his bad or dubious English," he gives sixteen pages. He speaks of Max Müller's "conspicuous faculty of assertion" as one of his "illaudable characteristics"; of Dean Alford's "utter want of qualification to set up as a critic of English," and of the "peddling pedagogy" of Mr. Moon.

A few quotations will show Dr. Hall's opinion of Mr. White. Touching the word *telegram*, a word often ignorantly condemned and as ignorantly approved: "Though he [Mr. White] frowns severely upon it," he "has not the remotest conception why the learned hold it to be wrong." Again, referring to Mr. White, he speaks of "the wholesome lesson that a man who meddles with a subject beyond his competency, may look for compression rather than for increase of reputation." And again: "His assumption of judicial assessorship as a critic of English is, to borrow a word from Hazlitt, altogether ultra-crepidarian." And a single example will show how Mr. White's gen-

eralisations are dealt with. Of the verb *experience*, says Mr. White: "I have been able to find, by diligent search, only one example of any authority." Dr. Hall shows that this verb is at least 342 years old (1531-1873); he traces it through the 16th, 17th, and 18th centuries, and in the present century cites or quotes as using it, S. T. Coleridge, Charles Lamb, Southey, Wordsworth, Shelley, Dr. Arnold, De Quincey, Macaulay, Landor, Dr. Newman, Ruskin, and J. S. Mill.

As to the questions at issue between Dr. Hall and Mr. White, it cannot be doubted which of the authors is right. Dr. Hall's *brochure* shows throughout complete mastery of his subject, and his assertions counter to those of Mr. White are sustained by a cloud of witnesses, ancient and modern. Mr. White, on the other hand, to say nothing of his qualifications in other directions, is especially disqualified for the task he has undertaken by the fact that he arrays himself against the authority of usage in matters of language. The doctrine that usage is the sole standard of appeal so far as expression is concerned — almost a truism, except with Mr. White, — that gentleman explicitly repudiates, and gives us in return no standard but that of caprice and "ipsedixitism."

What effect Dr. Hall's book will have cannot be foretold. With men who have given language even a very cursory study, Mr. White's canons have never been regarded with favor. If Mr. White's readers could all read Dr. Hall's book, such influence as the former may possess would stand a good chance of being destroyed. As to Mr. White himself, we suppose the effect will be *nil*.

In tone and manner Dr. Hall's book is doubtless objectionable. There is no mere parade of learning, for there is substance beneath the show; yet there is a very conspicuous air of self-satisfaction. As to the contemptuous tone in which he speaks of Mr. White, it can certainly do no good, not even as a "salutary warning." It may be true that "success in one department of letters . . . has emboldened him to venture his cunning in another department, and one in which he is totally incapable of distinguishing himself;" yet, if Mr. White is to be cured of the error of his ways, Dr. Hall's mode of treatment will not be likely to work the cure.

Nor is Dr. Hall faultless in the matter of style. He is often obscure, indulges in the *louche* now and then, and expresses himself too much by way of allusion. Once, perhaps, he criticises Mr. White's language to his own disadvantage. "But such a use of language," says Mr. White, "although necessary to a good style, has no more direct relation to it than her daily dinner has to the blush of a blooming beauty." Dr. Hall comments thus: "Her blush there is no discernible pertinence in personifying; and yet it is personified and femininised, and is declared to be out of direct relation to 'her daily dinner.'" Lord Macaulay has the following sentence: "But her daughter, who had a few months before become the wife of Lord Cavendish, was presented to the royal pair by *his* mother, the Countess of Devonshire," (Hist., vol. III., ch. XI.), which is more open to such criticism than that of Mr. White. Yet, though Dr. Hall is technically right, both of the sentences are too plain for any one of average intelligence to misunderstand them. However desirable perfect per-

spicuity may be, it will certainly never be attained till, to say nothing of other conditions, thought itself is perfect, and till language is a perfect reproduction of thought.

J. A. T.

Play and Profit in My Garden. By Rev. E. P. Roe. New York: Dodd & Mead. 1873.

MR. ROE'S book suffers by the comparison it provokes with Mr. Mitchell's "My Farm of Edgewood"; but it is nevertheless a right pleasant little piece of rurality—unassuming, frank, and genially egoistic. The taste of the book is not always perfect, the scholarship scarcely up to the standard of what we ought to expect from a clerical gentleman, even as such gentlemen are in the United States, and the humor had perhaps better have been left out; still there is freshness in it, and that genuine air of the country, scented with the breath of flowers and the peculiar redolence of new-turned mould, which the weary denizens of cities can appreciate although they cannot reproduce them. This is in regard to the "play" part of the volume; as for the "profit," that is something else. A market-gardener, who is also wise in the ways of the hucksters, shook his head ominously when we mentioned some of Mr. Roe's figures to him, and we are very much afraid those figures would not bear critical tests.

Mr. Roe's garden comprises two and one-quarter acres of ground, and from these he returns sales made in 1871 to the amount of \$2011.69. His bill of accounts stands thus:—

Gross sales in 1871	\$2011.69
Expenses — Manures	\$68.50
Labor	1138.07
Seed	51.35
Tools	37.95
Rent	100.00
Miscellaneous	85.72
Commissions	76.30
									<hr/> 1557.89
Leaving nett profits	<hr/> \$453.80

or \$201.68 profit per acre, which is very clever farming indeed. We should imagine that a professional gardener would have added \$100 to the manure account, but would have reduced the labor account at least \$400 by the use of the plough, which Mr. Roe eschewed. This would make Mr. Roe's profits \$753.80 *upon his sales*. But readers who are going to embark in amateur gardening upon the strength of Mr. Roe's figures, would do well to observe, what he does not state plainly enough, that those sales were entirely exceptional in character. For instance, Mr. Roe's crop of strawberries, amounting to 57 bushels and 2 quarts, he sold for \$589.65, an average of about 32 cents per quart. If the Norfolk and Eastern Shore growers, selling in New York, and paying large freight and commissions, can average 25 cents a quart, they soon grow rich. For a neighborhood market we should call an average of 16 cents a capital price for a whole crop; that is to say, for each quart sold at 50 cents he must expect to sell six or seven at 10 cents or under. The amateur's 57 bushels of strawberries

therefore, unless he had as good a market as Mr. Roe, would scarcely bring him in more than \$300. Mr. Roe sold 1642 quarts of raspberries for \$452.29, an average of 27 cents per quart. These would hardly bring over 20 cents in an ordinary market, taken all round. His blackberries averaged him \$10 per bushel, for 15 bushels; they would hardly fetch that except in the first of the season. Again, every housekeeper knows that 60 cents a peck is a high retail price for peas, yet that is what Mr. Roe realised upon his whole crop of 18 bushels. Beets \$30.22 and cabbage only \$7.89 is a return that reverses the experience of all market-gardeners; in short, by going over Mr. Roe's figures with a retail price-list taken from the Baltimore markets, we could easily obliterate his whole line of profits. At the same time, as we know by experience, Mr. Roe is quite right in saying that an amateur can realise easily a nett profit of \$200 to \$300 per acre from a small garden of two or three acres, and derive health and amusement from it besides. With suitable ground and cultivation, an acre of asparagus, an acre of small fruits, and an acre of dwarf pears can be made to average year in and year out \$600, and it ought not to cost more than \$200 a year to fertilise and tend each acre so planted. Few amateurs in a small way attempt these crops systematically, for the simple reason that the initial labor and expenses are heavy, and the returns do not come in until the fourth year. The same cause prevents many people from having an acre or so in grapes, which, spite all the vicissitudes to which they are peculiarly subject, can be made steadily profitable — provided always the amateur be not too fond of wine of his own pressing!

E. S.

What the Swallow Sang. By Friedrich Spielhagen. New York: Holt & Williams.

HAS the tardy maturity which Tacitus ascribes to the Germans of his time still remained a characteristic of the old Teutonic stock, and is it an intellectual as well as a physical peculiarity? One is tempted to think so after reading this book. Here is an author past the meridian of life, who has produced already some half-dozen novels, must have acquired considerable knowledge of the world, and has already given proofs of talents of no common order — who presents us with a story almost juvenile in its Wertherian sentimentality of glows and glooms, and in its melodramatic blood-curdling situations.

The plot is this: Gotthold Weber, the hero, is a poor young painter, the lady of whose love has rejected him to marry a wealthier suitor. This is before the story opens: at its commencement we find him returning from Italy to his native place, a distinguished artist, and rich as well as famous. He meets his old flame, Cecilia, now Frau Brandow, and finds that she bitterly repents her choice; her husband is an unprincipled gambler and spendthrift, who treats her badly. Soul-harrowing scenes follow between the two. Brandow, who hates the artist but wishes to make a tool of him, invites him to his house, trusting by means of his wife's influence to extort money from him, and hoping that Gotthold will compromise himself in some way, that

he may get him in his power. He succeeds so far at least as to get a heavy loan in money; and he then schemes, by the aid of a diabolical groom of his, who can fascinate horses with a look of his squinting green eyes, to have him thrown down a precipice. Gotthold however recovers from his cuts and bruises; Cecilia runs away from her husband and is taken care of by her great-grandfather; Brandow, while the net of justice is closing around him, rides a great steeple-chase and wins, and in the moment of triumph is met by his former tool, now enemy, Scheel, the diabolical groom, who with his evil eye makes Brandow's horse rear and fall over upon him, crushing him to death, while his own skull is shattered at the same moment by a blow of the horse's hoof. All troubles are now at an end: Gotthold marries Cecilia, and the swallows predict their future bliss.

Of course there are passages of power in the book, for Spielhagen is a man of genius. But the hero and heroine, with their somewhat lacrymose sentimentality, fail to interest us; the tone of the whole is dolorous rather than pathetic; and it is irritating to have the whole plot turn upon the commonplace villainies of a commonplace rascal and a squinting groom who fascinates horses. We had a right to expect a better piece of work from the man who wrote *Hammer und Amboss*.
W. H. B.

Ferdinand de Soto, the Discoverer of the Mississippi. By John S. C. Abbott. (Illustrated.) New York: Dodd & Mead. 1873.

THOSE whose infant understandings proved hardy enough to survive the deluge of Peter Parley's moral platitudes, will scarcely rejoice to learn that the boys of the present day have to encounter one of even greater volume, and equal if not surpassing tenuity. The marvellously thin gruel to which even the deeds of Napoleon could not give flavor, has been heated over, and now affects to float upon its vacuous bosom *The Pioneers and Patriots of America*, seeking to relieve its intrinsic insipidity with condiments culled from the glades of Florida and the backwoods of America. This is one of the series. Unhappy De Soto! could no kind friend preserve the splendid romance of thy story from so sad a fate? Shall the American youth be doomed to seek the record of thy achievements in the pages of Abbott?—who would prate of thee, forsooth, in “a parental spirit,” remembering “that we may yet meet the departed in the spirit-land.” It would be a queer interview, certainly, and one which even Mr. Abbott might find embarrassing. Fancy him entertaining the ghost of that adventurous warrior with such senile prattle as this for instance: . . . “it is quite evident that the ravages of the Fall were not unknown there. Just before entering the town (Caxas in Peru) De Soto passed a high gibbet, upon which three malefactors were hung in chains swaying in the breeze. That revolting spectacle revealed the sad truth that in Peru, as well as elsewhere, man's fallen nature developed itself in crime and woe.” A striking reflection truly! and one the Spanish cavalier would have been likely to indulge in!

The volume professes to be illustrated, which means that cuts, use-

less probably for any purpose, have been inserted. The steel-clad warriors of the sixteenth century appear in the first plate in the garb of modern infantry, armed with muskets and led by a mounted officer dressed in the uniform of the United States army. The Indians who waylay them might, but for the absence of the lava-beds, be taken for Modocs: for there are only three, and they carry rifles. Plate No. 2, which, for the purpose possibly of attracting attention, is inserted upside down, presents the savage aspects of a primeval forest in the shape of an animal with the head of a fox and the tail of an opossum, glaring down an impossible tree at a smaller creature which may, with equal readiness, be taken for a squirrel or a rat. The beak of a flamingo, which the crane near by flourishes, may be pardoned: it was probably bent by standing on it. The third and last plate represents the burial of De Soto. A group of men in a canoe are lowering an emaciated corpse, with scarcely decent covering, into the pellucid depth of a sheet of water, which no possible effort of the most lively imagination could transform into the Mississippi. This is in ludicrous contrast with the statement in the text that his body was enclosed in an evergreen oak gouged out for the purpose. In truth, it is difficult to deal with humbug so flimsy and so thoroughly commonplace.

Those who take an interest in this subject—and it is one of a nature to interest the American youth of every generation—will do well to consult the ancient chroniclers. The first account of Ferdinand de Soto's expedition through the southern portion of North America was written by a gentleman of Elvas, one of the Portuguese adventurers who accompanied the expedition throughout. It was published at Evora in 1557, and was translated into English by Richard Hakluyt, and printed in London in 1611. The work became extremely rare, and a new edition, with notes and an introduction by William B. Rye, was printed for the Hakluyt Society in London in 1851. A copy of this edition may be found at the Peabody Institute in this city. According to this author, "Luys de Moscow commanded him to be taken up by night, and to cast a great deal of sand into the mantles wherein he was winded up, wherein he was carried in a canoe and thrown into the midst of the river."

Another and far more interesting account is that of Garcilaso de la Vega, but unfortunately it is not so accessible. It was first printed at Lisbon in 1605, under the title of *La Florida del Ynca: Historia del Adelantado Hernando de Soto, Gobernador y Capitan-General del reyno de la Florida y de otros heroicos cavalleros Españoles é Indios*. The author is said to have compiled his narrative from the account of a common soldier who was in De Soto's expedition. This is the account which Mr. Theodore Irving selected as the basis of his history of the "Conquest of Florida." But according to our recollection, Irving's account is tame in comparison with that of Garcilaso. It was reprinted several times; the best edition is said to be that of 1723, uniform with the royal commentaries on Peru, and was translated into French by Pierre Richelet, and published at Leyden in 1731. We have failed to find this work at any of our public libraries, but there is a copy of the French translation in the Philadelphia

Library, where we remember to have read it many years ago. It is indeed a splendid historical romance, the careful translation of which into English would be an acquisition to our literature.

J. B. A.

Her Majesty the Queen. A Novel. By John Esten Cooke. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

To our mind Mr. Cooke in writing this story has indulged his taste at the cost of some injustice to his genius. For a writer is unjust to his genius if he does not select a subject in which he is confident he can do his best; but here the author was evidently led to his choice of time and personages rather by sympathy, or picturesque feeling, than by the consciousness of special aptitude or preparation.

There are two ways in which to write an effective historical novel: one is for the writer to saturate himself with the history, memoirs, literature, etc., of the period referred to, until he has made himself a contemporary of his characters, sees things as they saw them, can think their thoughts and speak their speech. This was within certain limits Scott's way, and it was carried to an unequalled perfection by Thackeray in *Esmond*. The other mode is to dazzle the reader by incident, dialogue, costume, properties and stagey effect generally. This was Dumas' way, and very popular it is.

Mr. Cooke has taken rather a medium course. He thinks and feels too truly to handle a solemn and most important episode in the history of the human race, as if it were merely a matter of belts, plumes, rapiers, buff-coats and knots of ribbon; while he has not undertaken the laborious study and research necessary to enable him to set that time before us again in its full life and energy.

But it is perhaps unjust to estimate a work by what we think the author should have made it, rather than by what he intended it to be. Mr. Cooke simply proposed to write a pleasing and interesting story, and in this he has entirely succeeded. We may not, after reading the book, know anything more about the times of Charles I. than we did before; but we have been agreeably entertained with a story about them, told by a graceful and easy *raconteur*, and no more than this was intended.

W. H. B.

Plautus and Terence. By the Rev. W. Lucas Collins, M. A. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

WE are glad to welcome another volume of this series, "Ancient Classics for English Readers," though it is not quite so satisfactory to us as the previous ones. To our mind the editor seems to lack sympathy with his authors, and not fully to feel the *vis comica*. The translations too are in many points more loose than we think allowable; but on the whole as good an idea of the ancient comic drama is given as could be given in a work hampered by so many restrictions.

On one little point we will make a minute critical remark: not that it is of any importance, but perhaps we shall never have another opportunity of airing our special view upon this point. Speaking of

the restriction of the scene to one spot, he remarks (as the compiler of the *Dictionary of G. & R. Antiquities*, s. v. *Comœdia*, has done) that "in the *Aulularia* and *Mostellaria* of Plautus the scene changes to the inside of one of the houses, or a temple which stands close by; but such scenes are quite exceptional." To our mind nothing is clearer than that there is no change of scene in either of these comedies. The reference to the *Aulularia* we will pass over; but as a version of the *Mostellaria* appeared in our pages not long ago, we will assume that our readers know something about the latter piece.

The only scene in this play which could possibly be supposed to take place in the house, is that in which the young people drink wine together. Now the scene immediately preceding this represents Philematium and her maid returning from the bath, and being greeted by Philolaches. That this scene occurs outside the house is evident from the order to the maid to "carry in those things." Immediately thereupon, without a change of scene, Philolaches calls a servant and tells him to "bring a table here"—no doubt in the vestibule—and no sooner have they taken their places than Callidamates and Delphium come along the street, talking, before they see Philolaches. That they are in the street is shown besides by Delphium's fear that her lover will "fall down in the street." While they are making merry, Tranio comes with the news of the old gentleman's return, and tells them to "go in at once"—(*vos modo hinc abite intro*, which Mr. Collins renders "he desires them to keep quiet where they are"!) that Philematium shall "go in first," and that they "can drink as much as they want in the house." They go in and are seen no more, while Tranio remains without, and they send him out the front-door key to lock the door, "here, on the outside," as he says. There is nothing in all this which can possibly be made, without violence to the text and to common-sense, to indicate a change of scene to the interior of the house. Indeed that they had no means for such a change of scene is shown later (iv. 2) where Tranio and his master go to look all through Simo's house, but can only be shown to the audience as inspecting the vestibule and the front door.

The error is of no importance, but as it occurs in a work of the authentic character of this series, we have thought it worth making a note on.

W. H. B.

THE GREEN TABLE.

GENERAL WADE HAMPTON'S WARRENTON ADDRESS.

WE have made this excellent discourse an exception to the rule which excludes all but original contributions from the columns of the SOUTHERN MAGAZINE. This has not been done on account of its singular appropriateness to the occasion of its delivery, nor because of its general merits, though these are remarkable. Our exclusive object has been to give to every one of our readers the benefit of the chief lesson which it teaches, and which men who speak with the justly recognised authority of Gen. Hampton can do no better nor more patriotic service than to inculcate whenever they can find or make the opportunity. That lesson, reduced to a simple statement, we take to be nothing more than the lesson of self-respect; and when we say to the Southern people to-day that they require to be reminded of what it teaches, we warn them of a peril beside which defeat, impoverishment and oppression are insignificant and transitory ills. National restoration is no more possible, with self-abasement, than resurrection where there is no soul. Of course there is no high-minded or thinking man who will dispute this; and if the proposition were deliberately made to the Southern people to surrender their traditions and defile the ashes of their dead, the answer would be prompt and satisfactory enough. But the trouble is that the tempter is too wise to come in his own shape and with his own "sulphurous twang." The policy of conquerors is to undermine, not to assault the convictions and principles of the conquered. Impatience and necessity open the door to material compromises, and compromises of the right creep in behind these — stealthily and in disguise it may be at first, but openly and boldly afterwards. Equivocal and specious phrases, with barely truth enough to hide the lies that are in ambush, confound men's minds and ensnare their consciences, until they find themselves gradually reconciled to shame, which they would have died rather than embrace at the beginning. This sad but certain process, in our judgment, is now daily going on throughout the South. What it will end in, if it be not arrested, we blush and shudder to think.

Outside of a very few dolts and fanatics, we suppose it may be assumed as the common sense of mankind that honest error of opinion is not a moral crime. To narrow the proposition in one direction and extend it a little in another, we presume that one man may differ from any other in political opinion without being necessarily either a knave or a fool. It is possible to be even a monarchist without being fit for a mad-house or perdition; and between a federal and a consolidated republic the most scrupulous Christian might make his free choice, we trust, and yet hope to be saved. Indeed, whether any form or system of government or administration is better than another, depends so much on circumstances and the people to whom it is to be applied, that the question in every case becomes one of judgment and policy rather than of doctrine or principle, and the wisdom of the choice can at last be tested only by results. If therefore there is any form of human opinion which from its nature demands toleration as a right and receives it from all rational people, it is political opinion. There is none concerning which it is more tyrannical and stupid to dogmatise, none which less admits being qualified as absolute truth. When the Northern people came to the conclusion that the growing population and territory of the Republic required an "expansion" of the Constitution and a strengthening of the

central power, they may have been wise or unwise, but they were nevertheless entitled to their opinions. When the Southern people arrived at a conclusion precisely opposite, they were equally in the exercise of an unquestionable right, whether their judgment was well or ill founded. But whether the North or the South was right in its statesmanship was certainly not a question to be solved by artillery. If either section had sunk into the abyss — not a soul surviving — that point would not have been a single inch nearer its determination than before; the section that was left would have had its own way, just as the North has had since the war, but that would have been all. The extermination of all the disputants could not possibly have altered the logic. And putting the case a little more as it was, if the South thought that “expanding” the Constitution meant violating it, and was therefore revolutionary and ought to be resisted, while the North believed on the other hand that it had a right to interpret the spirit of the age, and that resistance to its interpretation was “rebellion,” it is still plain that the right and wrong of that question, in the domain of reason, could in nowise be affected by the surrender of the Confederate armies. The victors had their will and their “expansion,” the vanquished their defeat with its humiliations; but there the thing ended. Only a head as hard as Plymouth Rock could possess itself of the idea that a political or moral truth had been vindicated or established by the fact that Grant had four times as many soldiers as Lee, and fifty times his means and his resources. If the Confederates had triumphed at Gettysburg and Vicksburg, and the Southern Republic had won its recognition from the world, in glory, the veriest fire-eater would have been voted insane if he had asked that Harvard should make a bonfire of Story’s Commentaries on the Constitution, and kindle it with Webster’s speech in reply to Hayne. Massachusetts would have clung to her political idols with the greater tenacity because they were overturned, and their wisdom and virtues would have grown on her, like the relics from the *Mayflower*, the more ancient and mythical they became. Her people would have acquiesced in disunion and have traded on it, and made much money out of it of course; but they would never have admitted in argument that secession was constitutional. They would have hated it forever as they hate toleration and original sin, and would have taught their children as earnestly and with quite as much color of truth to believe it a heresy, as they teach them to believe that “the Pilgrim Fathers” established political and religious liberty.

Under ordinary circumstances it would be but a waste of time to make statements so obvious as these; but the circumstances are not ordinary, and the dominion of falsehood has been established so firmly by insolent and audacious iteration, that no truth, however manifest, can be trusted to maintain itself unaided. Every epoch of force is necessarily an epoch of self-assertion; and truths which do not assert themselves are pushed to the wall by lies which do. When the war ended everybody understood that the Northern theory of the Constitution had triumphed over the Southern in battle, and that the future policy of the Government was to be dictated by the conquerors. In this, as a fact, the entire people of the South acquiesced without hesitation, and none submitted to it in better faith or with a manlier readiness than those who had fought against it most heroically in the field. With this acquiescence and submission the best men of the North were at first content, and only Butler and such as he pretended to exact “contrition” as well as surrender. But the lust of domination grew with its indulgence; and the Puritan appetite for empire over men’s minds and consciences soon hungered for larger concessions. It was insisted that the war had not only settled the policy of the future, but had settled it rightly. Men were required to confess, in sackcloth, not only that their theories and principles had been practically overturned, but that the war had proved them radically absurd and wrong; they must not only

admit defeat, but abjure error — not only regulate their conduct but humble and rectify their understandings. Unhappily these demands were only too readily submitted to by many under the pressure of disfranchisement and despair. They adopted the morals of their conquerors and accepted the expedencies of the hour as the test of truth and right. The next demand followed as a matter of course, and the Southern people are face to face with it to-day. We are required to acknowledge that the South was not only mistaken and beaten, but morally wrong. Secession, or revolution, or whatever we choose to call it, was not only foolish and weak, but a sin and a crime; it corrupted men's hearts as well as depraved their minds. Those who died for it, died in folly and iniquity, and should be remembered only in shame. Those who lived through it have lost caste in the world of intellect and honor, and there is no health in them; what they did was disgrace, what they testify to is not to be believed. Their cause was false, and they are false, and the same plague-spot is on both. This, and neither more nor less than this, is the present dogma of victorious Radicalism. This is what Southern men are called on to recognise as the lesson and moral of their glorious struggle for self-government; and this is what they will practically concede, and what will become history and be taken for truth, if they are content to meet it with mental protests and silent indignation only, and do not resent and denounce it as one man, at all seasonable times, and in all proper places. They cannot afford to treat it with the indifference of scorn; they cannot afford to let the truth wrestle with it alone, for it will bear the truth down. Let them count, if they can, the falsehoods which the North has palmed on the world for truth since the war began, and which the world accepts as truth and believes. Do they think that one falsehood more cannot be added to the list, they denying nothing and protesting nothing the while? Will the world fight their battle and take care of their good name? Surely they have had experience enough on that point, one would think. Already their silence and acquiescence have bred contempt in many who only hated them before. Do they read Northern journals or school-books, Northern periodicals or sermons? If they do, they must see that their intellect and culture are rarely alluded to save with a sneer — that the idea of their having a "civilisation" of any sort is dealt with almost as a joke. If anything they write or say is admitted to be vigorous, or scholarly, or clever, it is in the spirit in which men wonder at some unexpected revelation of intelligence in a Fiji Islander. Everything that pertains to their moral, intellectual or social life is discussed in a tone of systematic and at best compassionate depreciation. No effort is spared to demonstrate that the moral delinquency of their "treason" was the offspring of their ignorance and ruffianism, and their present sufferings are only the result of the two combined. If any one imagines that we exaggerate, let him take the trouble to read for himself. Mr. Adams' eulogy on Seward was a subdued exhibition of the temper of his people in its mildest phase and under the most refined and respectable of its forms. The columns of the *Nation* exhibit the same spirit every week in the politest guise of literary snobbery and insolence — and the *Nation* is written for and represents the most cultivated of the readers who share its political opinions. Turn where we will throughout the North, if the moral and intellectual inferiority of the South be not offensively asserted it is everywhere assumed as an established fact — a fact "settled by the war." It is the bogey of their children, the texts of their saints, and the warning of their sinners. Only the other day, in Boston, the Rev. Ware, delivering the customary Fourth of July oration before the municipal authorities and assembled patriots of the city, could not rest without disfiguring an otherwise capital discourse by a fling at "the slaveholding aristocracy" and a clap-trap about "the rebel rag at Richmond." He was lecturing his brethren upon their moral and political shortcomings, and he seemed to think — and be shocked at thinking — that if they kept on lying and stealing, they might be as bad at last as we are.

By what means and in what way the Southern people can deal best with all this we shall not attempt to determine here. The question is presented and discussed in another place in our present issue, and it must needs be the subject of grave consideration hereafter. Certain it is that we shall do ourselves poor justice if we sit still and say and do nothing. A nation, like an individual, may, of course, live down slander, if it lives long enough; but it is barely possible in either case that life may be too short for the purpose. Every hour of existence should therefore be an hour of active and passive protest, and especially with a people who have little left but honor. If they cannot strike down detraction by a single blow, they can at least bravely confront it at all seasons. They can perpetually assert their self-respect, even if they cannot leap to its instant vindication. If our Northern brethren were in like case, they would call town-meetings and pass resolutions proclaiming their own virtues and certifying to their own character. But that is not the fashion with our people, and they must do the work in some other way. We have no fear of their failing to do it in some way if they will only rouse themselves to the conviction that it must be done.

And let it not be said that in striving to awaken them to this we are preaching discord and opening old wounds. They are the real apostles of revolt and strife who insist that brute force has settled, or can ever settle, a question of right or wrong, or of truth or falsehood. It is they who put violence in the place of conscience and reason, and justify the resentments of to-morrow in opening, if they can, the bloody judgments of to-day. What armies can settle they can unsettle. If they can make right this year, they can make it wrong next year. If club-law is the supreme law, what inducement have men, who would have laws of their own, to do anything but cut clubs and use them? Against such doctrine and its consequences everything that is noble in humanity rebels. Men may forget its brutality and meanness in the hour of their strength and its dominion, but republican government ends with its establishment, and freedom withers in its shadow.

FRAGMENT, BY S. W. H.

Chill shadows sweep across the West, where late
Rich summer suns went down in gorgeous state,
Yet, O sad heart, thou art more desolate.

O sweet, sweet West, which once was all aflame,
When robed in light thy love majestic came!
O poor, fond heart, which trembles at a name!

The bare weird arms of oak are upward tossed,
Drop downward leaves, with all their freshness lost,
And over all the glistening pallid frost.

And over all the wind's deep monotone,
Sobbing in vain, O warmth and color flown,
O wretched heart, weep madly for thine own!

O wise, wise Nature! even in thy prime
Reserving stores for unknown after time,
But foolish Love risks all with faith sublime.

Some time the West shall rosy glow again,
Some time the frost descend in summer rain,
But nevermore shall joy succeed to pain.

It was our luck, in years gone by, to make the acquaintance of a worthy Pennsylvania farmer, to whom upon a day a chance befel, which, in Oriental phrase, is "a lesson to him that would be admonished."

He had an ample share of the world's goods, and accounted himself the proprietor of a respectable portion of the world's surface; but the pride of his heart was a new and monstrous barn — one of the largest, if not the very largest in all B—— county. Most of our readers, we suppose, know what a Pennsylvania barn is — a gigantic wooden structure which gathers under a single immeasurable roof all the produce of the fields, all, or nearly all, the farm stock, and all the agricultural machinery.

One morning — we think it was on a Sunday — our farmer was alone in his barn, surveying the results of his year's labors. He had mounted to the highest loft, and was walking about, when he became aware of a hornets' nest pendant from the shingle-roof, and unpleasantly near his head. To dislodge these intruders with the carnal weapon of a stick, would be an exploit more exciting than secure; so he bethought him of a stratagem. He provided himself with a match and a bucket of water:—"I will set the nest on fire," he thought, "and when the hornets are fairly choked, I will swash the bucket of water over it, and the job is done." The match was struck, the nest kindled, the hornets choked — he dashed the water hastily, and missed the nest! The only thing then left for him to do was to make a hurried flight, and from a post of safety see his barn and its contents become a pile of ashes.

This trivial anecdote has been recalled to our memory by an occurrence which is very far from trivial, but big with disastrous consequences. We refer to the meeting of Louisiana citizens — and among the names we are pained to see those of gentlemen whose intelligence and patriotism are beyond question — who advocate the "unification" of all the people of that State, "of whatever race or color," who are willing "to work for the prosperity of Louisiana"; and as an inducement to the negroes to accept the proffered unification and join the work, they pledge themselves to do all in their power "both by personal advice and personal example to bring about the rapid removal of all *past prejudices* on the subject of race or color," in various ways which are detailed in a considerable number of specifications.

Now we have the keenest sympathy for the people of Louisiana; we know that they have been treated in a manner infamous beyond all adequate expression and almost beyond belief; we see the murder of a State going on before our eyes, and we know that all the States are now like the Greeks in the cave of the Cyclops, doomed to be devoured one by one, unless they stop cowering in corners and come forward manfully to assail the monster.

We do not propose to comment on the political aspects of the scheme. If we did, we might remark that the plan for escaping a violent death by suicide, or as they phrase it, "the cultivation of a broad sentiment of nationality," is not likely to commend itself to the logical mind. And we might also inquire if they really expect by any such offers to gain the effective coöperation of any considerable portion of the negro population; or, supposing that they should gain it, if they count with any confidence on retaining it for a day or an hour?

However, these aspects of the case are not what immediately concern us. We will suppose that the negroes become at once the firm and faithful political allies of the whites, and that these shall be able to oust the black and white carpet-baggers and scalawags from all offices of power, plunder and patronage, and fill their places with black and white unifiers. Now the question is, whether this gain justifies the price which it is proposed to pay for it. For the price is far greater than these gentlemen seem to suppose. It is not merely that the negro shall elbow the white man in churches, hotels and steamboats, and negro children sit side by side with white children in the schools. The negro must have social as well as political and

civil equality ; nay, he must be caressed and petted, a welcome guest at your board, a friend of the family. Your sons must beware how they let old "prejudices of race" interfere with their polite attentions to Dinah, and your daughters take care that they show no shrinking from Sambo as a partner in the waltz. Perhaps these gentlemen have schooled themselves to face these consequences ; but there is one which they cannot have accepted, and it shall be plainly stated here. Are they willing that their grand-children or great-grand-children shall be *mulattoes* ? This is what social equality voluntarily accepted, even invited, necessarily means : it will follow as surely as night follows day.

And this taint of blood, once imparted, is *ineradicable*. However the skin may be whitened by repeated crossings, the negro element remains fixed in the brain and nerves. Here is the testimony of an impartial man of science* who has made this matter his special study. After saying that close observation of the various hybrids found in the French colonies shows the permanence of the savage taint, he continues : "An examination of the moral and intellectual peculiarities of a considerable number of mulattoes whose progenitors have maintained a continued crossing with the white race, and who therefore present the slightest taint of blood, has led me to precisely the same conclusion. Among many of these the physical taint is still perceptible ; with others it has entirely disappeared, but their cerebral peculiarities and aptitudes prove in an incontestable manner that they belong to the mixed race. Certain historical families afford us specimens where the original taint of blood was introduced many generations back, and where many generations have succeeded each other in Europe, always crossed with the pure white : under these circumstances the influences of the climate and of education should have succeeded in eradicating the negro, if that result were possible. They have never so done. The inferior blood reappears in most of the acts of life : it controls the instincts, the tastes, the aptitudes. The most careful culture only succeeds, at best, in forming acquired reason in perpetual conflict with the natural ; whence arise continual hesitations and contradictions which usually result in the triumph of the negro influence. Whenever the good effects of education are weakened by a too great license given to the will, by the liberty of action which a large fortune bestows, by the consciousness of impunity derived from the exercise of power, the negro element will always carry the day.

"If in the human race continued crossing is able to efface the apparent physical characteristics of the inferior races, their moral and intellectual character is less easy of modification ; and the experience of more than a century justifies the apprehension that in this respect the taint is indelible."

This is the calm statement of impartial science, which our own observation will amply confirm. Here is the price which must be paid for the favor and friendship of the "unified" negro : are they willing to pay it ?

Three years ago we wrote some words in this magazine, believing them to be true then, which we will reproduce here, believing them to be true now. "Fire, famine, pestilence, war, are usually accounted Heaven's most terrible ministers ; but there is one far more awful than they. Destroyed cities may be rebuilt, years of plenty follow years of famine, a remnant left by war may become a great nation ; but for a people that has tainted its blood there is no recovery possible. It is a sin against nature, and nature punishes it by fixing the savage element indelibly in the nerves and brain. Perpetually at war with itself—the savage instincts and impulses ever overruling the Aryan intellect and conscience—the people so sinning becomes a mongrel race, incapable of advancement, incapable of quiescence ; consuming itself in intestine broils without aim and without result ; cruel, cowardly, faithless, degraded ; a curse to itself and a stench in the nostrils of the world."

*Dr. A. Tripier.

AFTER SUNSET.

Sweet wind, west wind, woo me like a lover;
 Murmur low of comfort to a grieving heart;
 O'er my head, lain heavily, with gentle touches hover,
 Stray across my forehead, put my locks apart.

In the quiet twilight on window-sill, aweary,
 My head is drooped, and scarcely I see the moon arise;
 Her light falls coldly, purely on me, alone and dreary:
 The wind, my lover, pauses and kisses both my eyes.

O wind, my lover, calling "Come out to me, my dearest!
 Lift head and heart, beloved, and straight come out to me.
 Of all things that thou lovest, to thy heart I am nearest,
 My touch upon thy shoulder, my kisses soften thee."

West wind, sweet wind, dearest of my lovers,
 I am coming for a walk abroad alone with thee.
 (Thou art dear, no other; for earth and daisy covers
 My only love of all the world, my lost, dead love from me.)

Sweet wind, west wind, kiss me like a lover;
 I stand full in the glory which soft moon-rays outpour;
 Above my brow, uplifted, only thy touch will hover,
 And, save for moonlight, empty my arms are evermore.

HENRIETTA HARDY.

It is very interesting to trace up familiar sayings or striking images to their true authors. In most cases it is altogether unfair to call these, conscious or unconscious, borrowings by the ugly name of plagiarism. The best thing ever uttered by Lord John Russell is his definition of a proverb as "the wisdom of many, the wit of one." In these cases, however, the wit is commonly of many as well as the wisdom. One discovers the gem, and a dozen or more cut and polish it; sometimes it only undergoes a new setting. Did Campbell steal his finest thoughts in the "Rainbow" from old Henry Vaughn? If not, why does the Scotch poet, in his "Lives," advise his readers to shun the barren pages of the English writer? He admits indeed that here and there one may find a bright thing, like a wild-flower on a barren heath. Has Campbell culled several of these flowers for his own use? If so, out upon his hypocrisy! Of a different sort are the parallels that are constantly pointed out between certain lines of one honest writer and certain lines of another. Dryden's "None but himself could be his parallel" is from Agathias. These graceful changes often resemble the variations in music upon a common melodic theme. Macaulay's image of the New-Zealander, as is well known, he got directly or indirectly from Kirke White. The phrase "a walking library" has been compared to Horace's *ipsam Canidiam officinam venenorum*. But there is a nearer and older parallel than that. Epiphanius, the Church historian, uses this very phrase as descriptive of Dionysius of Halicarnassus. *Apropos*, who first said that "History is Philosophy teaching by example"? If the reader will turn to Bolingbroke's Essay on History, he will find that writer states that "Dionysius of Halicarn" said it, whoever may have preceded him. The Giaour's "hoofs of fear" have been aptly referred to the *δευόπους* of the curse that was to overtake the steps of Oedipus. Other parallels have been

suggested between passages in the *Oedipus Rex* and in the writings of Lord Byron, as well as in "The Fatal Marriage," in "Vathek," in the writings of Seneca, etc. There is one, however, which is too obvious not to have been pointed out, but which we have never seen referred to. It may be doubted whether Webster, in his reply to Hayne, was thinking of the apostrophe which Sophocles puts into the mouth of the crushed king: "O light! may I now look on thee for the last time!" But in these words of *Tviesias*, (*Oed. Tyr.* 316) —

φῦς, φῦς · φρονεῖν ὡς δεῖνόν, ἔνθα μὴ τέλη λύη φρονοῦντι,

may we not see the germ both of the slang expression, "It don't pay," and of Gray's oft-murdered couplet:—

"Where ignorance is bliss
'Tis folly to be wise"?

General Stonewall Jackson's alleged declaration that if he imagined his coat knew his military secrets he would throw it in the fire, is an old story made new of Metellus and his cloak. Talleyrand did *not* first say (if at all) that the object of speech is to conceal thought; or Buonaparte that Providence is on the side of the strongest battalions. The tale about Franklin and the French savans is the old story of "The Wise Men of Gotham." Porson's epigram on Hermann is taken from Phocylides. The same may be said of Hegel's dying words, "There is but one man that understands my philosophy; and he — does not understand it!"

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GLAUCUS.

So each at other look'd half staringly,
And then their features started into smiles,
Sweet as blue heavens o'er enchanted isles.

WE stood among the vines and bushes still dewy, and sniffed the breath of roses, honeysuckles, flowering grasses and new-mown hay — believe me, these country fragrances blend charmingly with the smoke of one's pipe, and give a much better flavor to one's tobacco than the most redolent of Tonka beans. The young actor was enthusiastic about it all; he really enjoyed everything but my tobacco, which was too strong for him and made his head swim. He proposed that we should take a walk together. The birds, the flowers, the bees, the trees, everything exhilarated him so, he said, that his only regret was he could not write poetry. Keats must have lived among just such scenes. So he did, I thought, in fancy, though his actual habitat in body was chiefly the second floor of a London livery-stable. "Who knows what we may not see in the woods!" cried the young actor, tossing his beautiful hair in a way that was very pleasant to see, albeit the gesture was chiefly a trick of the trade. "Who knows indeed!" I answered, in thought as before. "If neighbor Guinness's bull should chance to have strayed into the woods, as he sometimes does, there would be climbing of trees even though no Hesperidean apples were in sight."

But to have mentioned bulls to Glaucus would have merely set him off talking about Europa, and as I did not particularly care to hear about her, I held my peace. I told him, however, that I was sorry I could not walk with him that morning, having some particular

work to do against mail-time ; I would put him in charge of my two boys, if he did not object. They were better acquainted with the paths and woods than I was, would treat him as well as the fairies treated Nick Bottom, hop in his walks and gambol in his eyes, feed him with green cherries and much discourse, and haply teach him how to escape my neighbor's bull if he came their way. Glaucus said nothing would please him better, and the boys ran whooping, one to get his bow and arrows, the other to call his dog.

Presently they started for their stroll in the woods, Glaucus thrusting his hands through his magnificent hair, and walking with a springy, natural step that with his close-bodied jacket and tight trousers displayed all the graces of his very fine figure. I like to let my eyes dwell upon the persons of comely men, and I looked at Glaucus for that reason, and because moreover I was taking his measure for a play he wished me to write for him. In spite of his rather too spare and nervous mould, Glaucus looked like a true Greek of the Elgin Marbles stamp. His regular, clear-cut features, straight nose, full, curved lips, deep violet eyes, every line about which was as firmly and finely traced as a cameo cut in obsidian, his clear pale skin, low forehead, breezy dark-brown hair — you see dozens of such faces in the Panathenaic procession. I thought what a pleasure to see such a figure in the garb of the figures in those friezes ; but then I reflected that sandals and bare limbs would reveal more than the fleshings and buskins of the stage permit to be seen ; and who could tell what deformities might not have been wrought by those destroying angels of gracefulness, the tailors and shoemakers, the haberdashers and corn-doctors ? On the whole, I concluded it were best for me to see no more than the tailor's man, except when beholding that pleasant illusion, the man who comes to the footlights fresh from the star's dressing-room.

But Glaucus was Greek as well as looked Greek. Cut down through that rind of unreality — a rather leathery, unpleasant sort of tissue it is — which envelopes nearly all actors, and you found in Glaucus' case a red-pomegranate heart ripened in mid-Attica. He was a man of not very liberal culture, of small and imperfect reading, of circumscribed and limited conceptions — none the less a Greek for that. What he knew, he knew like those who picked up their knowledge in the groves and theatres of the wondrous living city, "on the steps of the Bema," among the horsemen and footmen thronging the long way to the Piraeus, and in the wine-shops and wicked passages hard by the city gates. He felt what the Greeks felt, and what they did not feel he had small sympathy for. There was not a spark of spirituality about him, but only a gentle animalism, not gross enough to be offensive, yet full of vivacity and life as the ceaseless ripple of leaves in June mornings. I do not really know how much artistic force and reality underlay his actor's superficial way — not much perhaps ; nor were any of his beliefs (except in himself, and in the fact and goodness of living) very strong or very firmly established ; but such beliefs as he had, such tastes, such affinities — you will find them all contained within the limits of Dr. Smith's Classical Dictionary. I do not fancy his classical lore was at all deep, but such

as he had he took right into his heart, and made fable his own world as it is Love's — dwelling among, not fays nor talismans nor spirits, but those "intelligible forms of ancient poets," those "fair humanities of old religions,"

Qui regerent, motumque darent, vitamque foverent
Arboribus Dryadas, fluviorum Naiadas undis.

If he had been Rhoecus he would have been sure not to forget his appointment with the nymph, but would have started to the rendezvous in good faith upon the bee's first buzzing challenge. If he had been Lycius, Lamia had never perished, for he would have broken Apollonius' head with a goblet and kicked the sage out of doors *sans cérémonie*.

It was a revelation of character to see Glaucus act the hero in Mr. Gilbert's pleasing comedy of "Pygmalion and Galatea"; I never in all my life saw a rendition of such perfect faith. The playwright rather laughs at the fable and satirises the situations that grow out of it, until we have a drama which is virtually a *reductio ad absurdum* of the pretty Grecian tale; but the actor believed in the fable, believed himself to be Pygmalion, and acted as if he had been just that artist in that desperate strait. In "Les Filles de Marbre" again, a piece of very Frenchy varnishing over dirt, Glaucus played the part of *Raphael* as if the sculptor's dream of the prologue were the actual fable, and the modern drama only the Greek's uneasy dream.

With such traits, it may be supposed I studied Glaucus rather curiously, the more so that most actors I had met display quite different tastes and temperaments. He had all their ambition and fire, energy enough, judgment and composure enough, but none of the actor's romanticism, and little of that peculiar morbid conceit which is so characteristic of the tribe. His glorious frank vanity was like the delight of a newly unveiled statue in the sunshine, standing there because it was good for it and a fitting station, and not because girls giggled and poked their parasols at it. But I did not propose to make a picture of Glaucus; I only wanted to introduce him sufficiently to give intelligibility to the little incident of his visit to me.

When the boys and Glaucus were out of sight I returned to my work, and added up columns of figures as if I had been a bank book-keeper instead of a poor carle with never a bank-book at all. You see I had set myself to convince certain very learned economists that two and two do not make five, and it is surprising how many figures must go to a demonstration of that sort before any impression is produced. The subject was very absorbing, and I was still deep in my demonstration when I saw Glaucus go hurriedly past the window, considerably in advance of the boys, who came straggling along as if they were pretty well blown. Ah, I said to myself, they have encountered that very uncivil bull and have been worsted. Well, if nobody has been tossed it will do Glaucus no harm, but give him a hint of receptions he may chance get if he fails to conciliate that bellowing bull, not without horns, the Public. When I came out I

expected to find Glaucus full of enthusiasm about his walk, which was among very pretty scenery ; but on the contrary he was drait, absent, and disposed to silence. He professed to have enjoyed himself remarkably, and to have found the boys excellent guides and companions. He looked, however, as if he had met with some contretemps, and all that day was abstracted and ill at ease. I questioned the youngsters privily in regard to their walk, but could not learn of any adventure that had befallen them ; they had not met any one, not even Mr. Guinness's bull. The dog had barked once in the woods indeed, but Glaucus had thrown a stick at him and compelled him to silence. That was all. But both assured me that Mr. Glaucus was a funny man, the funniest man they ever saw. He had been merry as a cricket going, had talked, laughed, and played with them, chased the birds and squirrels, told them lots of pleasant stories, and made himself wondrous agreeable in many ways. Then, in the middle of the woods, down by the big rock you know, Pap, and the bubbling spring—that was the time the dog barked too—he looked as if he saw something strange, and when they looked that way, put his hands over their eyes and said "Sh—, sh—!" frightening them very much. After that, he had gone to the side of the bubbling spring and lain down prone, as if he was going to take a drink, only he didn't, but talked to himself and to the air and the leaves in a way quite incomprehensible to a brace of quiet country boys. They were glad when he started to come home again, though when he did so he walked so fast that they could not keep up with him. They were quite fixed in their opinion that Mr. Glaucus was a funny man, and declared that they would rather not walk in the woods again with him. I told them they must make allowances, that Glaucus was an actor, and his ways not their ways.

"He must have been acting by the bubbling spring then, I reckon," said my junior. "He cut up bad as Ponto when he got the toad in his mouth."

"But I thought men only acted when people were looking at them, Papa?" said the elder, speaking more wisely than he knew.

"And were you not looking at him, and curiously too?" I asked. "It may be only another of Glaucus' foibles to prefer the fit audience though few."

"He's a funny man, Papa ; that's what I've got to say about it." And papa was inclined to accept the verdict.

Next morning Glaucus seemed to have all his animal spirits about him again, and after breakfast—how the young actor did take to iced milk and curds and cream and fresh berries, as if he were living over again the pastoral of Longus!—I proposed that we should walk together. I took my rifle, hoping to kill a squirrel or two, and purposely led the way to the same path he had walked in the previous day. He made no objection, but on the contrary walked ahead with great eagerness, and at a four-mile pace that was too severe for my weight. I reminded him that we were not going to catch the cars, but had the whole day before us if we chose. He walked more slowly, and let me come up by his side.

"What is the impossible?" he asked abruptly.

"It is impossible for me to tell you."

"Yes, but — you know what I mean. I am a man of perfect faith ; you, I think, are something of a skeptic. But even you will not try to draw a dead-line over which the possible dare not go, eh ?"

"I really can't answer, not knowing your drift. Possible and impossible are relative terms, and in that sense it may be true that nothing is absolutely impossible, since, under certain conditions, everything conceivable might occur."

"That is not what I meant ; for in that sense black might be white and green red. But, conditioned as things are — in short, do you believe in what you see ?"

"Not exactly, for then I would have to believe in ghosts, and that would upset my philosophy, in which I have more faith than I have in my optic nerves."

"Ghosts ! Ah, well, I never saw one, and don't want to, for they must be damp, unpleasant subjects, whether bodies or not. But suppose you saw — for instance, in the path before us — an object, a person of a peculiar kind, in whom you had a sort of faith before, but had never seen — would you believe in that ?"

"Assuredly."

"But, suppose when you came there, to the spot, the person seen so distinctly had vanished — eh — what then ?"

"Then I should say I had not seen any such person, or else such person was ingeniously concealed from me."

"Humph ! You would not believe in the vanishing then ?"

"No. We have no trustworthy experiences of visible substances becoming suddenly invisible, except in chemistry. On the contrary, all our experience goes to show that such a thing is impossible."

"I grant that, so far as our order of beings is concerned ; but suppose there are other orders of beings — you cannot condition them by the same laws —"

"Oh, no," I said, "of course not. But until two and two cease to make four, visible is likely to bear the same relation to invisible that it does now. There is nothing to prevent another order of beings and another system of the universe from getting 'between' us, in the sense that the wheelbarrow got 'between' the drunken man ; but we must, I should think, first acquire new senses before we can become conscious of these new relations."

Glaucus said no more but "Well, you demand why for what your eyes tell you, but I prefer to accept what mine put before me without question," and walked on.

"Suppose," said he, after a bit, stooping to pick up a little wind-flower, and wistfully contemplating its fragile beauty, "suppose while we were looking at this little flower its petals were to become wings, its wee heart a tiny palpitating body, and it were to fly away from my hand into the ether —"

"Well ? Suppose so — what then ? We should have been the first to see a species of plant or animal not before recognised. You could give your name to a new order of *Glaucaceæ*, or *Glaucularia* ; and that is an enduring sort of fame, let me tell you, Glaucus."

"But — suppose I saw the transformation while you refused to see

it? Is it not possible that some of us may have — I do not say finer, but different senses from others? I heard a poem once read of a child that saw the Wizard King and his daughter pursuing him, but the child's father could only see the vapors wreathing or the gray willows waving: the wizard, however, carried off the child all the same. Was not the father your common-sense? Did Common Sense's refusal to see the spirit make the child's vision less real?"

"Not a bit of it, Glaucus. If you take the eyes of faith, the five senses of faith, doubt not but you shall be able to see, hear, touch, taste, smell, feel, experience all things whatsoever, possible and impossible. But, my dear fellow, if solid is solid, solid can't be fluid also, and so we come back to where we started. We may alter the conditions and *make* things what we please; but if we accept one thing as it is, we must accept all things as they are."

"That I do. But I suppose these things are, and a part of our order — supposing also that elephants cannot see fleas, nor fleas take in the whole physique of elephants. Ah! I wish we were back again in those days when the world was young, and men did not fancy that pleasant things were simply fancies because, as the poet says, 'they overstepped the narrow bourne of likelihood.' I am willing to believe in and to strive after all things that are beautiful, without asking whether they are real or unreal. I sometimes think I am a man born out of his due time — only a stray pigeon from that young world's dove-cote. I get lost in woods like these, and forget that it is nonsense to look for Pan and Syrinx down yon glen, to expect to see fleet Dian twanging her silver bow as she swiftly darts along the margin of yonder hill."

"Stop a bit! I don't know about Pan and Diana, but — yonder's a squirrel, scuttling towards his den! Rattle a bush! Ah! — and there he comes, dead as Hector!"

"A good shot!" cried Glaucus. "How could you kill the poor little beast?"

"You shall pass your opinion upon that when you taste him broiled and buttered for breakfast. He's young and fat."

The path we pursued now led down a slope towards the bubbling spring and the big rock of which my boys had made mention. It was much grown up with shrubbery and briars and saplings, but Glaucus pressed on with noticeable eagerness down the glade, which was a sort of amphitheatre in the hills, broken only at one point, where the stream from the spring flowed away, turning a sharp curve and losing itself from sight almost immediately in the lower and still more shady depths of the ravine. At this point of curving was a broad dry ditch, about three or four feet in depth, and overgrown on its banks with brambles. This ditch, which had once been the feed-race to a mill-dam long since broken away, wound back and forth around the sides of the hills in a serpentine course, keeping nearly a level, for more than half a mile, until it terminated at the meadow near my neighbor Guinness's house, where the mill-pond had formerly been. Breaking through the bushes we came to a bowery sort of spot, a small pavilion overarched by the branches of tall trees, and sodded with a gentle sward of succulent green grass. It was latticed,

so to speak, on all sides with briars and vines, but was itself as free from foul undergrowth as if it had been cleared by man's, not nature's hand. This romantic spot sloped easily away towards the south, and midway of it was a broad mound-like rock, covered with mosses and small creeping vines, except upon its apex, where was a smooth bare place large enough for the table-cloth of a picnic party. On its lower side the rock descended with a series of gentle terraces, each mossier and greener than the one above it, until at its very foot was a wide flat glacis of smooth rock, and in the very centre of this a basin hollowed, with a diameter of four feet and a depth of two, up from the bottom of which, through pure white sand glistening with mica, bubbled a beautiful clear spring of never-failing and abundant water. The stream from this had cut a trough down the glacis, and the brink of the rock reached, descended abruptly, with a pretty tumult, into a foaming font some yards below, and thence impetuously sought the depths of the ravine. Here, at this font, and masked by a clump of greenbriar, began the dry race which had once been made to utilise the water. Beside the bank here towered a gigantic tulip-tree, majestic and columnar, up which ascended a huge black serpent vine of the fox-grape, the growth of which climbed to sunlight far above all the other trees by the trunk of this monarch of the glen. A prettier spot than this little glen could not be conceived. Its appointments were all so simple and modest; there was nothing wanting, nor redundancy of anything. The ranker growths and flowers of late summer as yet were not; only some late violets, some star-white Quaker-ladies, some anemones out of due time, and small sad-hued heath-blooms ventured to peep out from, not grow above, the sheeny smooth short grasses and the crisp moss.

Pushing the branches aside that seemed to want to bar us out of the fairy palace, Glaucus stepped hurriedly to the edge of the turf, looked eagerly forward and around, then breathed a heavy "Ah!" of disappointment. We sauntered down the slope, and I seated myself upon the dome of the rock, resting my rifle across my lap, while Glaucus, descending the terraces, flung himself full length by the edge of the spring, and looked into its clear cool waters with the pining, brooding air of young Narcissus. Suddenly I espied a squirrel eyeing me saucily from the mid branches of the great tulip-tree, holding one of its cones of pistils between two paws, and whisking his tail while nibbling. I softly raised my gun and whispered to Glaucus to be still. But to my utter astonishment the young actor sprang up and towards me, holding out his hands entreatingly, and crying "Don't! For Heaven's sake, don't!" The squirrel, equally startled, dropped the blossom full upon Glaucus' nose, and scurried away up to his hiding-place among the grape-leaves, where he chattered out his indignant protest at being so rudely interrupted.

"Don't shoot that squirrel, please," cried Glaucus; "it would seem like murder. I cannot bear it!"

"Well, I won't," I answered, "since you are so much concerned. But I did not know your humanity took that shape, you modern Brahmin, you!"

"Oh, it is not shooting things I object to—but *that* squirrel—why, it's murder!"

"Oh, I beg pardon. An acquaintance of yours, eh? I could not have guessed it, not knowing you had ever been here before yesterday. I suppose that is Monsieur Bunny's salutatory he is chattering out to you up there. Tell him to come down; he has my safeguard, as any other friend of yours would, of course."

"I don't know what she is saying: I wish I did, from the bottom of my soul," answered Glaucus, with a dreamy sort of sigh. "I'd rather listen to her any time than to your scoffing, incredulous yawpings," and he flung himself impatiently down on the rock by my side and buried his face in his hand.

"Thank you! I'm used to compliments, and I like them put on thick; I confess you know how to do it. If you fail as an actor, I'll guarantee your success as bill-sticker. But I say, Glaucus, I am curious in matters of woodcraft — tell me how you know that squirrel is of the opposite sex. Because she chatters sans intermission, like the cachectic laughter of melancholy Jaques?"

"Humph!" said Glaucus, grumpily. "I met an adventure here yesterday, but I'm not going to tell you about it, for I am not Touchstone to take your jeers with patience and return you the retort courteous to the end."

"My boys told me something of it, Glaucus, and if you'll tell me the rest, I'll promise not to laugh at you — more than the occasion absolutely demands. I'm sure that's a fair offer."

He made no answer.

"Come," I urged, "out with it! Don't let your adventure, speechless, whisper the o'erfraught heart and bid it break. You've seen something — there's a dazed eeriness in your eyes that only comes to him who has stepped out of the path of common experiences."

"I have seen somebody. I would give my right arm to see her again. And I will see her again!" cried he, lifting his head and gazing towards the spring; "I must see her again!"

"With all my heart! Tell me who she is: maybe I may know her. If I do, I'll introduce you, unless that be amongst *res prohibita*."

"Eeriness! That word does not describe my state, which is one simply of longing. I am not eery; I have seen no ghosts, but with my calm natural naked eyes a substantial being."

"Substantial! Disillusionist! I thought you had perchance met a fay, a sylph, a water-sprite — this is habitation fit for such — but substantial! That word, applied to anything resembling woman, means one hundred and sixty pounds avoirdupois at the very least — a fat undine — a substantial lorelei — a nymph with a double chin — faugh!"

"I mean that I saw her palpably — by daylight — with my own eyes, and so plainly that there could be no mistake about it. I've had fantastic visions before now, too, half dream, half reality, like the ripple of moonlight on dancing waters — a tantalising intangibility, or a mocking half-horror, that receded or vanished as I approached it. Every active mind is subject, at nervous moments, to this sort of mirage, I suppose. But what I saw yesterday was totally different — was an absolute, glowing reality, or else I here am but a fading stupid dream that a pinch can dispel."

"But what was it you saw, Glaucus?"

"A lady, bathing in the pool there, with a skin white as milk, sheeny as satin, polished like ivory—a mass of gold-brown hair, a cheek like the petals of tea-roses—ah!"

"Cheer up, my boy, we'll find her! Heavens! she didn't see you, though? She didn't catch you intruding upon her *déshabille*, did she? That would complicate matters like the deuce."

"She did—she saw me—and—vanished!"

"Vanished! very convenient for a modest person in disarray. Which way did she go—up—down—or cross lot, Glaucus?"

"She vanished, I tell you, utterly—disappeared as completely as she had been before me palpably—all in an instant—before I could rub my eyes. She was there, plashing in the water with idle hands and feet; she was there, startled, standing with half-turned head and hand across her bosom, like Dian when the hunter came upon her at her bath; she was gone, utterly vanished, completely out of sight—all in a second!"

"Maybe the sight of her gave you the vertigo—you had a fit of that *deisidaemonia* which made the judges shudder and wink when the Greek beauty bared her bosom before them; or perhaps it was a seizure of right *nympholepsy*, with determination of blood to the head and other epileptic symptoms."

"Fudge! If you will listen to me a minute, I will convince you that I was as self-possessed as you are now. I came down the path back there, the boys behind me, the dog at their heels. I parted the branches and came to the margin there, paused, and saw as distinctly as could be the figure of a maiden sitting on the rim of the spring there, with her feet in the water, her head bent over, her bare arms idly dipping up the limpid fluid and letting it fall in pearly drops back again. Her hair was gathered back with a careless graceful snood like a fillet; she wore a sleeveless tunic of white, and upon the rock beside her was a pinkish mantle or robe thrown carelessly down. Her milk-white shoulders shone like marble in the shadowy green light there, and a stray gleam of sunshine, peeping in furtively through the branches to behold her loveliness, came down tremulous and kissed her hair into gold. I stopped short, I seized the boys to prevent them from making a noise, I took a step backwards, loathing the idea of disturbing a maiden at her bath, a twig crackled under my foot, I saw her turn her lovely, rosy, laughing face, I saw the full lips parted over the pearly teeth, I saw her start up in alarm, snatching her silver feet from the unwilling water, and gather the robe about her gleaming shoulders. The dog barked, I menaced him, the maiden crossed swiftly, and with head still turned, to the bole of that noble tree with the grape-vine clambering up it, and then she vanished! No other word will express the fact. She did not go, did not simply disappear—she vanished. One instant she was there—just there!—ah, glorious vision!—the next I saw no more than what we see now—the rock, the spring, the grasses, the green glooms and rustling leaves and emerald lights and shadows of this spot—the gray bole of the tree, the black serpent of vine about it, and—yes! one living object—that squirrel whom you would have shot just now ran up the tree and whisked her tail, and chattered saucily at me."

"Well — into what did she vanish, this mysterious actress whose first appearance you have so graphically described? Did she cleave the tree and go into it, like Ariel, or did she turn into a squirrel, and imitate Zaccheus?"

"Stop — you haven't heard all of it yet. I was startled, of course, but almost immediately I hurried across the open space, I came to the tree, I peered behind the briars, I looked into the pool yonder — I saw nobody. She had vanished. If she would appear to me again — Oh!" cried he, apostrophising the place where his vision had left him — "what would I not give, what sacrifices would I not make to have her come to me once again!"

"Well, Glaucus, if you will not tell me what shape you fancy her to have vanished into, you cannot expect me to know by what incantations to invoke her, with what gramarye to compel her presence. Nymph or nixy, lamia or hamadryad, lurlei or naiad, such a fair and ethereal vision is too lovely and too precious to be lost forever. Perhaps the charm will not need to be very potent after all — these nymphs sometimes, even when hiding, are like Galatea, who let her garments visibly flutter behind, *et se cupit ante videri*."

"I know nothing about it," said Glaucus, rising and stretching himself wearily, "I have no theory — I don't want to think about it — I only want to have the vision — if it be a vision — renewed to me — the shape, if it be a shape, become a tangible reality. I tell you I am in love, and if I do not again meet the lovely creature I saw here yesterday, I shall nevertheless never love another woman. Come, let's walk further."

"That is a sensible proposition, if we are to find any more squirrels. Come on!" We started to go deeper down the ravine. As I passed by the marge of the spring, I called:

"Stop, Glaucus! Do nymphs and hamadryads use hair-pins wherewith to dress their green and glistening locks?"

"Pish! I'm in no humor for joking."

"Come here, Glaucus. Look here, in the very spot where your naiad was bathing her silver toes! Do you see that simple black instrument, without which women's lives would be a burthen to them, and their own hair (both by growth and by purchase) a rebellious impracticability — do you see that? Gaze upon it, Glaucus, and say whether modern improvements have not climbed up even into those good old days when the world was young!"

Said Glaucus: "It *is* a hair-pin, by jingo!" and he picked it up, and walked on hastily. I laughed, and the saucy squirrel chattered till the woods echoed again.

II.

Glaucus walked every day in the direction of the bubbling spring, but I do not think he ever saw his nymph again. When his visit was ended, he returned to the city to fulfil a travelling engagement, and I began to collect the materials for his play.

After some false starts and failures, I finally completed for him a

drama such as I thought would suit his idiosyncrasies while catching the public eye also. The subject was the adventures of *Hylas*, and was meant to combine the attractions of acting with spectacle. In my first act I presented the early history of *Hylas*: his engagement with the fair Theban Princess *Panthea*, the mustering of the heroes to essay the capture of the Golden Fleece, and the embarkation of the ship *Argo*. In the second I showed the landing in *Mysia*, the conspiracy of the nymphs, and the inveigling of *Hylas*. His companions are mourning him on the shore when the vision of a goddess appears to them, relates his destiny and that of *Hercules*, forbids pursuit, and reports him happy; they are struck with sleep, and a sudden transformation scene reveals to them, as in a dream, the tableau of *Hylas*' happy life beneath the waves and amongst the nymphs.

But on the return of *Argo*, *Panthea* will not believe that *Hylas* can be happy separated from her. In the third act she resolves to rescue him; and *Medea*, the sorceress, somewhat jealous of *Jason*, and knowing him to be susceptible, readily consents to employ her influence with the nether powers, so far as to procure *Panthea* an introduction to the court of *Oceanus*, of which the nymphs who captured *Hylas* are ornaments. *Panthea* proceeds thither, secures the oozy monarch's support, has an interview with her lover, restores him to remembrance of things past, and carries him off. In Act iv. *Hylas* is shown to be not quite so happy as a prince as he was under the wan sea-waves. *Panthea* is something of a shrew; in short, *Hylas* goes off to the sea-shore one day, and drops into the waves a ring which his favorite nymph had given him. The nymph appears, the old love dawns again in his *rogabundi oculi*, and how happy could he be with this one were t'other dear charmer away. But *Panthea* is stiff in defence of her rights — she comes in pursuit, armed with all *Medea*'s magic, and there is a frightful contest betwixt fire and water for *Hylas*. He is scorched, but quenched; he is drowned, but haled out; finally he settles the dispute, and assuages the irrepressible conflict by dying himself, *coram populo*, whereupon the two widows embrace and promise to give him a monument — a fountain ever flowing, and surmounted by a niche containing an inextinguishable lamp.

* After some delays *Hylas* was announced for early production at the — theatre. When the night of the first performance was determined upon, *Glaucus* did me the compliment of securing a private box for me, and when the day came, I went to town, accompanied by Madame ma femme, and that very sweet pretty little neighbor and favorite of ours, *Lydia Guinness*. I was careful to dress myself elaborately — dress is not one of my vanities — and to put on a dress coat, as I generally do upon such occasions. It has never happened to me, to be sure, but there is no telling how soon it will, that an audience may become so enraptured with one of my plays as to demand a bow and a speech from the author. Then if a fellow can't get out of it, and has to go to the foot-lights, how calamitous to be without the regulation costume! I tell this merely to show that I am a careful and provident person, like *Jean Paul's* army-chaplain *Schmelzle*, who always carried a pocket lightning-rod with him when

he went on a journey, to isolate the stage-coaches withal, and protect himself against the electricity of chance thunder-clouds.

There was a large audience to witness the first performance of *Hylas*. The people who expect great things of me, and the people who look for a cataclysm of failure on my part, were all there — the latter faction in a large majority. The orchestra had a new overture to encounter, “written for *Hylas*,” a mild mixture of R. Schuman, Weber, and Meyerbeer, and of course boggled at it. The curtain rose upon a scene in Iolchos, with the sea in the distance — nice set, though I must confess I never heard that the New England elm was the characteristic tree of Ionia, as it was of this scene. Hercules, who had low comedy part in *Hylas*, and boasted himself descended from F. F. O., opened the play with some neat touches that made the galleries roar. Jason, like a recruiting-officer, called over his tale of followers, with incidental remarks. Song by Orpheus, who was dressed like a muse, with blue mantle and laurel-wreath, and dance by the assembled heroes and their friends. In this way the previous history of *Hylas* is easily narrated, whereupon the hero himself came on to appropriate music. I found it hard to recognise Glaucus, who looked splendidly. The costumer, the stage-dresser, and the hare’s foot together had made a hero of him indeed. “Oh, ain’t he splendid!” cried Lydia, in an ecstasy, as with easy indifference he shook his ambrosial locks to the repeated furore of the groundlings. “Who is that — not Glaucus?” said my wife, rustling her play-bill in search of the stage names. “No,” I replied “not Glaucus, but *Hylas*,—

‘The fair-limbed *Hylas*, with his hair of gold,
And mighty arms down-swinging carelessly,
And fresh face, ruddy from the wind-swept sea.’”

Hylas nodded pleasantly to me as he crossed left and began to declaim his blank verse in that flexible, cultivated voice of his. The play went on swimmingly, as a drama of sea-adventure should, and the curtain descended upon the first act, with its fine tableau of the Greek galley receding slowly from the tawny shore, amidst the greatest applause. “The play is an assured success!” cried the high and mighty manager, peeping into my box, and bowing with the utmost consideration to the ladies. “It will have a tremendous run!” and he toddled off to the box-office to count the receipts. “I told you so!” cried Madame ma femme, taking aim at me with her fan. “Now, I suppose, I shall have that silk-dress — sage-green, with ornaments of real lace, as becomes a matron.” I declined to commit myself upon the point of lace at least, until the baize curtain should fall. “The act-drop signifies nothing, my dear,” said I. “No new play is safe until all the pea-nuts in the galleries are eaten up.”

The classical drama, I have discovered, is much easier of effective presentation than the contemporary drama, which is called the “real-istic,” because it puts in scenes of the day and hour persons from nowhere and no age. *Hylas* and Hercules, in tights and armor, found it easier to mount and descend the golden-beaked galley, and declaim blank verse *ore rotundo* than if I had cast them in newspaper prose and black suits, and made them rush up a fireman’s ladder into a

burning tenement house, or rescue from the gaping floods of Pier Number One a drowning damsel with a panier. In Act Second, by an easy scenic arrangement, after the heroes Hylas and Hercules go ashore for water, the galley rows ahead and off the scene in pursuit of a safe anchorage, and when the heroes go off R. and L. the scene closes to reveal the bower of nymphs (painted) and the hasty conspiracy. Behind this, at second grooves, Hylas comes on again, upon a pleasant middle stage scene. And here, to my surprise and amusement, Glaucus had had depicted, as graphically as the scenic artist could do it from a verbal description, a representation of the big rock and the bubbling spring. The nymph (Miss Warner) sat bathing by the spring as the scene opened: the music played bird-songs and bee-hums, and, R. i. E., enter Glaucus, through a slit in the umbrageous curtain. The illusion was perfect.

But just then an incident rather destroyed the effect of the charming scene, for the audience at least. My wife nudged me, and I turned to see the pretty Lydia staring upon the scene with much more profound amazement than even her inexperience in stage matters would warrant. She looked at me, looked back at the stage, seemed lost and bewildered like a person in a dream. Just then, right in front of us, upon the opposite side of the stage, appeared Glaucus, and looked into our box. Then, instead of looking up and across, and seeing his lavatory nymph, as was his cue, Glaucus faltered, stood still and stared at Lydia, growing pale through all his rouge. I saw Lydia blush celestial rosy red, as the accepted phrase goes—crimson, purple, would better express the actual fact—I heard the prompter hiss out the cue repeatedly to Glaucus, while he still stood there, rooted R. i. E., with his eyes glued upon my box. Miss Warner looked over her shoulder, and sang over again her siren's song—there was but one bar of it, no provision having been made for such a stay of proceedings as this. The pause grew painfully embarrassing, when, by a strong effort, Glaucus recovered his composure, went through with his scene of surprise at finding the nymph—a scene he had just acted twenty times better—and his consternation at her temporary disappearance. When he came to declaim the lines,—

“Now here—now gone! And comes she not again?
Then am I lost indeed!—Just now, a prince,
I trod this sward the happiest man of men,—
And now, a captive, fettered heart and limbs,
I stand here moaning! Heroes, turn your shields—
The sword of Hylas rusts—”

instead of speaking to the back of the stage, as he should have done, Glaucus turned towards our box, and said the words so significantly, so plaintively withal, that he made me feel uncomfortable. My wife bustled her fan, and Lydia, blushing deeper and ever deeper, hung her head and withdrew into the recesses of the box.

“What in the world does all this mean?” I asked, and my wife stamped upon that melted-lead corn of mine as if it were only a pretence instead of a meteorologic misery. Lydia bent over and whispered something to my domestic mentor.

"No, my dear," answered the latter, placidly, but decisively, "you had better sit it out. To leave now would be taking too much notice of what has happened." I noticed, in the shadow of the box, that she took the girl's hand in hers and softly caressed it. It was only glove upon glove, but it seemed to have a very soothing influence. Lydia remained in the shadow and grew calm. I think, however, that she saw all of the performance, so far as Glaucus had anything to do with it. I told her that I took her interest in the play — if it was sincere — as a high compliment.

"Sure enough," she said, "you did write it! I had quite forgotten."

I invited no more criticism from that source.

In the intermission after the Second Act the call-boy brought me a crumpled note :

"May I see you and *your companions* after the play? For Heaven's sake say yes!"

GLAUCUS."

I handed the note to Madame.

"We will go to Foulard's and have an ice. He can come there to meet us. Yes," she answered, and I wrote to that effect upon a card. After the messenger departed Madame passed Glaucus' note to Lydia. She read it, blushed again, and rolled the paper round her fingers. The two women exchanged glances.

"Must I?" asked Lydia.

"Yes," nodded Madame.

Glaucus acted with strange fire and force throughout the succeeding scenes. There was no more contretemps, only in the last act, when Glaucus gives himself up to despair and begins his dying moan, Lydia uttered a little "Oh!" that happily was not heard beyond the limits of the box. My mentor promptly pinched the girl's elbow, whereupon she blushed again and shrunk within herself. The curtain descended finally upon the last scene with much approval. The audience forgot to call out the author, but the play was nevertheless what managers denominate a *succès d'estime*.

Glaucus waited upon us at Foulard's that night, was introduced to Miss Guinness, and accompanied us to the hotel. As he was leaving, my mentor nudged me to go with him and smoke my cigar in his company. Of course it was understood that I was to report to her all he said.

"Did you give her that hair-pin, Glaucus?" said I.

"It is she! it is she!" cried he, in great excitement. "If you ever banter her about it, I'll kill you."

"Lydia has told me all about it," said my mentor to me next day. "She is dreadfully worried; please don't tease her."

"What a brute I must seem to be to some people! I'd like to ask her a question or two though. What was she doing in that galley, anyhow?"

"Why, she had been out picking wild strawberries, got some of the stain on her pink dress, and took it off to wash it, never dreaming of any one coming *there*. Then when she had her dress off, the notion

seized her to remove her shoes and stockings and play in the water. You know she's nothing but a child anyhow, and she'd been to the spring a hundred times without meeting any person."

"Yes, but how did she manage to vanish?"

"Poor thing! she was frightened half to death. When she turned and saw Glaucus, she snatched up her dress and shoes, whipped behind the greenbriar and tree, jumped into the old-race, and stooping, ran along it for a hundred yards in her bare feet. Just think of that! She says she was dreadfully scratched. Then she slipped on her dress and shoes, went home, and had a good cry over it. She cried last night too, the little goose."

"I wish I had been along with Glaucus. I'd like to have seen her in her — tunic, he called it, didn't he?"

"What ridiculous creatures men are! She had on two underskirts; besides he only saw her back, and that wasn't near as bare as some ladies go in company. There's only one thing worries her much — did Glaucus say anything about picking up her garter?"

"No."

"If he had, he would have told you, wouldn't he? Well, I guess she must have dropped it while running down the race."

"It is likely. Why should it worry her if he had found it?"

"Don't be a goose, sir! It would make almost two of mine!"

"Ah, yes; and Glaucus worships the symmetry of Greek statuary, poor fellow!"

"If you tell him, I'll never forgive you."

I really have no more to say upon this subject; but a lady critic who has just been kind enough to look over the manuscript, and says I ought to be ashamed of myself, informs me that the story is incomplete.

"Did he marry her?" she asks.

"Not yet," I answer, in bad grammar.

"Isn't he going to do it?"

"I really don't know; you can ask him yourself, *ma chère*. He is going to take a horseback-ride with Lydia Guinness to-morrow, and they will return here to breakfast."

EDWARD SPENCER.

ON THE STEPS OF THE BEMA.

—
No. VI.

ODDS AND ENDS. BREAKDOWN OF THE BEMA.

DIDYMOS CHALKENTEROS and Apollônios Dyskolos are the patron-saints of grammarians, and like them, grammarians are supposed to be crabbed and brazen-bowelled — never more so than when the time for examinations comes on. It is a beautiful day in early summer. Out of doors the air breathes delicious languor, the trees are rocking themselves to sleep, the bees nod over the flowers which they pretend to be rifling; life is all sunshine, perfume, drowsihood. But in-doors young hands are twisting tender moustaches, young fingers are seeking the truth among the groves of Academic hair, young eyes are staring at the unsuggestive ceiling in quest of lost vocables and stray dates, young hearts are swelling in rebellion against the appointed tale of bricks, and young legs are longing and stretching, stretching and longing to be out of the stocks. Meanwhile the Brazen-bowelled or the Crabbed is sitting in his arm-chair quite at his ease, as it seems, for surely he is wholly indifferent to the sweet influences of summer and to the restless strivings of youth.

Ah, me! *Feci ego istaec itidem in adolescentia* — and there are certain passages in the classics that never fail to remind me of the golden afternoons that mocked me and tempted me almost to madness, as I took down mechanically the learned lecturer's comments on Theognis, or noted the references to Eusebios and Clemens Alexandrinus.

But even if no longer susceptible of the more subtle inspirations of air and sky, the most obdurate of the Brazen-bowelled and the crustiest of the Crabbed cannot resist the drowsy powers of heat and quiet, and so it came to pass not long ago that one of my well-worn volumes of the Attic orators slipped out of my grasp, my feet went forward as if dangling down a flight of stairs, the outlines of the students became more and more indistinct, until I found myself on the Steps of the Bêma once more — the hour twilight, and the company a knot of clients discussing their cases.

BROTHER-IN-LAW AND BOTHER-IN-LAW.

"A plague on all brothers-in-law, say I." "A plague on all brothers-in-law," echoed another speaker, "for I have a brother-in-law myself. Leastways, I suppose I may call him a brother-in-law, for he is my wife's sister's husband. At any rate I call him brother-in-law when I curse him, because it saves time. Sometimes, however, I curse him Spudias, just so!"

A profane vulgarian ! "Leastways" and "howsomever."

"My brother-in-law," replied Kallistratos, "is my wife's brother, and for my wife's sake I have borne with him and borne with him, and I have offered to submit the case to referees, and I have done everything to make up the quarrel, and now the law must take its course.

"I had an old kinsman named Konôn, who died childless. He was sick but a short time, for he was a very old man, and death made quick work of it. When I saw that he could not live, I sent for Olympiodôros, to help me and my wife to make the necessary arrangements. While we were engaged in this duty, Olympiodôros came to me with the astounding statement that his mother was related to Konôn, and that he was entitled to a share of the property in his mother's right. This was news to me. In point of fact it was a lie. I must say it cost me a great struggle to control my indignation at this bare-faced falsehood, but I reflected that the time was not a suitable one for a squabble, and that we had better bury the deceased first and discuss the property question afterwards. The upshot was that rather than get into a lawsuit with the brother of my wife and uncle of my children and bandy hard words with him, I consented to divide the property, share and share alike; and as there were other claimants, we bound ourselves to make common cause against them. There was not much cash to divide. Pretty much all Konôn had to his credit in bank was spent on his funeral and his monument. I tell you what, these items do diminish a man's estate seriously. A man's death costs more than his life, and I remember hearing Mantias say—he was a humorous man, father to that simpleton Mantitheos who brought that queer suit against Boiôtos—that he could not afford to die at the current rates of coffins and headstones. I have often thought of that saying since, for Mantias was a free liver, and would have begrudged the thousand drachmae that Mantitheos spent as his share on his father's funeral. Well, as I was saying, there was not much cash to divide that we knew of, and so I made two lots and gave Olympiodôros the choice. One lot consisted of the house in which Konôn lived and the slaves who were kerchief-makers, the other consisted of another house and the slaves who were druggists. Olympiodôros chose the latter. Among these druggists was one Moschiôn, who had been an especial favorite of old Konôn's. As Aristophanês says,—

Most trusty of his servants and the biggest thief.

As it turned out, this Moschiôn had made two very large hauls, and had stolen at one time 7000 drachmae and at another seventy minae. Some time after we divided the property we began to suspect Moschiôn, and determined to question him by torture. When he found that he was going to be tortured, he confessed the purloining of the 1000 drachmae, and paid over what was left of it—about six hundred drachmae, and this sum was honestly divided between Olympiodôros and me. Not satisfied with this, Olympiodôros thought that he would try the virtue of torture again, and put the fellow on the rack—this time without my assistance. Moschiôn disgorged the 70 minae entire.

I waited and waited for my share until at length I became impatient and demanded it, but Olympiodôros managed to put me off, first with one excuse and then with another. Meanwhile my half-brother came home from foreign parts, where he had been living, and laid claim to half the inheritance, and the other party brought suit for the whole. This tangle gave Olympiodôros another pretext, and he said that I must wait until the suit should be settled. According to our agreement we made common cause, but Olympiodôros was to claim the whole estate and I half, for I could not claim more on account of my brother, who had the same right as I had. When the day of the trial drew near we began to get scared, for the suit had been sprung on us, and we were not exactly ready, and so we tried to get a postponement. As luck would have it, just at the time the orators persuaded the people to send troops to Acarnania, and Olympiodôros was drafted. We thought this a glorious opportunity to have the case put off, but the other side had the last word, and made the jury believe that Olympiodôros had gone off for the very purpose of bringing about this delay, and not on public business at all. So the Chancellor dismissed the claim of Olympiodôros. Bound by my promise to him I made no claim, and the opposite party had the inheritance adjudged to them, and I turned it all over, the homestead, the other house, the druggists, the kerchief-makers, 300 drachmae, everything except the money which Olympiodôros had received from the servant, for they could not lay hands on that. So that is what I got for being partners with him. If I had gone in with my brother I should have had no trouble about it. You may imagine that Olympiodôros was in a fume when he came back from the campaign and found out how matters stood. After he had taken his fill of fretting, he and I set to work to try the law again, but this time separately, binding ourselves by a sworn contract that if he succeeded in getting the whole he was to share with me, and if I should get the half I was to share with him. Olympiodôros had the first say, and as I kept mum and made no opposition, he gained the suit and recovered the whole property. Oh, the pack of lies he told, and the pack of liars he brought up to prove the truth of those lies! He said, for instance, that I had hired of him the house that I had received in the partition of Konôn's property, and that I had borrowed of him the money that we had wrung from Moschiôn. And I would not deny what he said, but sat there dumb as a fish and acknowledged the truth of his statements."

I strained my eyes in the twilight to see whether Kallistratos showed any confusion while confessing his share in the conspiracy, but his fixity of feature would have done honor to the brazen bulls of the Crédit Mobilier.

"If I had not helped him, he would have lost his case; and yet in spite of his contract, in spite of his solemn oaths, he refuses to give me my share. I can't begin to tell you the excuses and the pretexts, the dodges and the makeshifts he has invented in order to keep me out of my dues. He knows full well that the documents are there, and so he has not ventured to sue me for the rent of his house — *his* house, forsooth! — or the interest of his money — *his* money, to

be sure! — and yet he holds out — holds out, although the production of the agreement is sure to blast him.

“‘Why this madness?’ You may well call it madness, for there is a woman in the case, and old Solôn was wise in laying down the law that whatever a man does under a woman’s influence is null and void. And such a woman as has taken possession of him, soul and body! Why, Alkê that used to lead old Euktêmôn about by the nose was sweet simplicity compared with her. I don’t know where he picked her up — ransomed her, I believe — paid anywhere between three and five minae for her; and now she flaunts by in fine clothes and handsome jewelry, and my wife and my daughters, the sister and the nieces of this very Olympiodôros, have to look on when this jade parades herself in all her splendor, while they, poor things! seldom have a new dress; and as for jewelry, they have no money to spend on such luxuries.”

“No money! so much the better for them.” I turned to the new speaker, who had interrupted Kallistratos so unceremoniously. He was a young man, an Athenian dandy, his eye unsteady, his mouth weak and petulant, his voice the voice of a spoiled child. I noticed particularly that he said *l* for *r*, and it seemed to me that I had heard that voice before. And so I had; it was the voice of Pasion’s son.

“OBOLOS DIABOLOS.”

“Money, money, money!” said Apollodôros, with a pout; “I have been brought up on it. The first thing I can remember is my being taken by Phormiôn, whom the gods confound, to my father’s bank. My first toy was a daric, and my first copy was a list of bills payable and receivable. Money, money, money! all my life it has been a plague to me. It is as bad as my sweetheart Tryphaina. I am miserable with it, and miserable without it. I am sure it never did my poor father any good, for I found when I came to settle up his estate, that the best men of Athens had preyed on him systematically. There is Timotheos. I was brought up to admire Timotheos, son of the great Konôn who rebuilt our walls, and what is more, rebuilt them with Persian gold — himself a good officer and a successful officer, an intimate friend of my father’s. What does he do but swindle the unsuspecting old man out of the freight for a lot of timber that Amyntâs of Macedon had made him a present of! Doesn’t that beat all? — begs the timber and steals the freight! I don’t care what other people call it, I call it stealing. And he a general! Faugh! Of course I can’t trust myself to speak of Phormiôn. Ungrateful dog! to take advantage of his position in the household to insinuate himself into my mother’s favor, and through her to wheedle simple-hearted Pasion into selecting him as guardian of my brother and stepfather of his master’s children. All these experiences disgusted me with the banker’s business, and when I set out in life, I determined never to touch it, thinking that I could get rid of the nuisance of money transactions; but being the son of Pasion, I could not escape the curse of my family. My taste was for high life. It is still; and as it is supposed that I have no end of money,

my companions have made me bleed freely for the honor of their society and the disgrace of being the son of Pasion — ex-slave and, I congratulate him, ex-banker. Nobody ever really thanks me. The men are as ungrateful as Phormiôn, and the women are no more grateful than Tryphaina; but of all my acquaintances I must say that Nikostratos came nearest the proverb, 'The ram paid his board.'"^{*}

"I am glad to meet you, Apollodôros," cried a parched pea of a ship-broker, to whom the name of Pasion smelt of oakum and bottomry. "I knew your father well, young gentleman. Tell us about Nikostratos."

"At the time of my father's death I was very young, and I went to live in the country. There I became acquainted with Nikostratos, who was just my own age; and as our places adjoined, we were thrown together a great deal, and were soon fast friends. I was of service to him with my purse, and he was of service to me — I don't deny it — for he managed my farm for me in my absence, called off as I was from time to time by duty in the fleet or private business. Once it so happened that the fleet was off the Peloponnese, and I was summoned to take ambassadors from thence to Sicily; and I only had time to write Nikostratos a hurried note, telling him that I had gone to sea, 'would he please attend to my business in the country as before.' While I was abroad on this mission, three of his servants took it into their heads to run away — two of them, by-the-bye, were presents from me. After these slaves he went in hot haste, was snapped up by a trireme, carried to Aigina and sold. When I returned to Attica, Demôn, his brother, came to me and made a poor mouth: 'he had not gone after Nikostratos because he had no money to pay his travelling expenses, although his brother had written to him, and although he had heard that the poor fellow was in a bad way.' I was really sorry, and I said: 'Here are three hundred drachmae for your expenses: go fetch your brother.' When Nikostratos got home, he thanked me for my kindness in letting his brother have the three hundred drachmae. 'But,' said he, 'I have another and a greater favor to ask of you. Those sharks have put my ransom at twenty-six minae, and my relations will not advance me an obolos. Can't you help a fellow?' And he began to cry. I could hardly keep from crying myself, he was such a pitiable object, mere skin and bone, and he showed me the great sores that the chains had made on his legs. 'Well,' said I, 'I have always been a true friend to you, and I have shown myself a friend in this trouble. I will do this for you: I will let you off from the three hundred drachmae, and I will subscribe a thousand drachmae towards your ransom.' At that time I was hard up, for Phormiôn, the thief, was keeping me out of the property my father had left me, and in order to raise the thousand drachmae I had to pawn some gold-plate with Theoklês the trapezite."

"I know him well," interrupted Parched Pea, who seemed to know everybody well except himself. "I know him well; he has often lent me money on ropes and anchors."

"Not long after that, Nikostratos came again, saying that the men

^{*}*i. e.*, by butting his keeper to death.

in Aigina were pressing him for the rest of the money, and that the contract called for payment in thirty days, under forfeit of 100 per cent. Nobody would buy his farm, nor take a mortgage on it, because his brother said he had a prior lien. 'For heaven's sake,' says he, 'raise the rest of the money before the thirty days are out, for if the money is not raised, I shall lose the thousand drachmae I have paid, and my freedom besides; for you know the law says that if the ransom is not paid, the person of the ransomed belongs to the ransomer. When I get rid of these men, I will try to complete the subscription through the Mutual Benevolent Captives' Aid and Assurance Association, to which I belong, and then I will pay you back whatever you lend me.' Said I, 'I say now what I said before, I have always been a true friend to you, and I have shown myself a friend in this trouble, and I am willing to help you again. But I have no money in hand, and I must raise it on securities.' So I gave a deed of trust on a tenement of mine to a man whom Nikostratos introduced, and raised sixteen minae at the rate of 16 per cent. per annum. Surely, if any man ought to be grateful to another, Nikostratos ought to have been grateful to me. Would you believe it? he has broken with me altogether, and has concocted a plan to keep me out of the money that I lent him. He has bedevilled me in every way, has joined the conspiracy of Phormiôn and his gang, and has done his utmost to have me put in jail. And the worst of it is, he works through his confederates, so that it is hard for me to get hold of him. He was at the bottom of the lawsuit that went against me the other day, though he put forward Lykidas, the miller, as the prosecutor; and his precious brother Arethusios is the scoundrel who went into my orchard one night and cut down all my fruit trees, and my young vines and my olive sets. His meanest trick was sending a young scamp, in the broad daytime, into my flower-garden, and making him pull up all my rose-bushes that were just putting out. He knows how I dote on roses, and how many roses a man in fashionable society needs, and he expected me to tie the young fellow up, or thrash him, or both. But I was too wide-awake for that, and inquired first whether the boy was slave or free, and so I escaped the trap which he had laid for me. It would have been a serious thing for a freedman's son to have taken the punishment of that sprig of Attic citizenship into his own hands, and as soon as I learned that the trespasser was free, I was glad to let him go. His last performance came near costing me my life. One evening late, as I was coming up from the Peiraieus, up stepped that same brother of his, Arethusios, and hit me a blow with his fist, seized me about the waist, lifted me up bodily and tried to push me into the quarries. I am no heavy-weight, as you see, and down I should have gone into the stone pit if I had not cried out and brought some passers-by to the rescue. But I have him now. Dêmosthenês the son of Dêmosthenês has written me a capital little speech, and I know it all except one hard passage which I must practise."

And with that he pulled his tablets out of his bosom and fell to conning his part.

Parched Pea looked a little vexed at the absorption of Apollodôros in his own affairs. Like most men, he asked for Apollodôros's story

in order that he might have an opportunity of telling his own; and turning to one of his cronies from the Peiraieus, who sat beside him, he said, in a snappish undertone:

"Apollodôros hasn't as good manners as his father. Old Pasion was as civil and obliging as any man could be, and when I set up in business he gave me a kind word and a lift now and then. 'This young chap can't think about anybody but himself. But I am glad he has so much confidence in Dêmôsthênês, for I have got him to attend to my little business, and, to tell the truth, I am somewhat nervous, because Lakritos, whom I am suing, is a favorite pupil of Isokratês, and he has the great advantage of pleading his cause himself. Besides it seems to me somehow that Dêmôsthênês is one of those heavy craft that require some time to get under way, and the judges don't let the water-clock run long in suits like mine.'"

"You can trust Dêmôsthênês," said the other ship-broker, who was built on the rotund model of a merchant-vessel, and was as slow and deliberate as Parched Pea was fussy and jerky; "he is an A No. 1 speaker, if he is a kinsman of mine on the father's side, and, what is more to the point, he gained a case for me not long since. It was a most extraordinary case. You were not in town at the time."

Parched Pea was on the point of saying that he remembered the case perfectly in all its details, but Dêmôn's ponderous assertion came down on the young lie, and it was crushed before it was born.

"No-o-o-o," said Parched Pea, and drawled for once.

"It was a most extra-or-di-na-ry case," said Dêmôn, rolling out each vowel as if they were the pebbles that his kinsman used to hold in his mouth. "The annals of bottomry can't show anything to compare with it. Such a brace of villains as Hêgestratos and Zênôthemis do not exist on the surface of the universal earth."

"Except the Phaselites! Except the Phaselites!"

"I except nobody. Such a brace of scoundrels as Hêgestratos and Zênôthemis do not exist on the surface of the universal earth."

Dêmôn had an opulent air, and Parched Pea sighed and let him go on, solacing himself with calculating the interest on one talent five minae ten drachmae and three oboli at three drachmae per mina per month for three months and ten days, and this kept him pretty busy, because he was not a ready reckoner, despite his quick utterance. While Parched Pea was thus beguiling the tedium, I lent a more attentive ear to —

DEMON'S STORY.

"Bottomry is a tempting business, that is a fact; and though I have burnt my fingers with it more than once, the profit is so large when it does come that I can never refuse an offer. I count all the risks. I say to myself: If the ship goes down, down goes your money with it. If there is a storm at sea, the cargo is thrown overboard, and your hard-earned drachmae are turned into jetsam. And there are rascally ship-owners. You lend a man your money on a round trip, and he never comes home, but sends word that the ship

was lost between such and such ports, and all the time the vessel is plying as regularly as a ferry-boat, and the scoundrel is driving a brisk trade with your capital."

"Old fool!" sputtered Parched Pea to himself, "as if I hadn't been in the business these twenty years! One talent five minae ten drachmae three oboli make 6510½ drachmae. At 3 per cent.—let me see—three times six are eighteen—"

"Yes," said Dêmôn, who was a little hard of hearing, "three per cent. a month is not bad interest, and so I thought when Prôtos came to me and said that he knew of a good thing in wheat, if I would let him have so and so much. Wheat was rising steadily; none of your sudden spurts, but a good, sure-enough upward tendency. A ship was chartered, we sent our agent out to Syracuse, and the wheat was bought. The owner of the ship was Hêgestratos of Massalia. Sharp fellows, those Massalites!"

"Not half as sharp as the Phaselites," said Parched Pea.

"He had a partner, who went as passenger on the vessel, a man named Zênothermis, and these two borrowed money right and left on the cargo, which did not belong to them, but to Prôtos. When Hêgestratos was asked about the cargo, he would say that Zênothermis had a large quantity of wheat on board; and when Zênothermis was questioned, he would say he believed Hêgestratos owned the whole affair; and so they bolstered up each other's credit and raised a large amount, which they took care to send home to Massalia. The plan was to sink the ship, escape by means of the boat, and so swindle the creditors. When the vessel was some two or three days' sail from land they attempted to carry out their purpose, and in the night Hêgestratos went down into the hold and set about scuttling the ship. Meanwhile Zênothermis was sitting on the deck with the other passengers, playing the innocent. Suddenly a crack was heard, and suspecting that some mischief was going on, they all rushed below. Hêgestratos seeing that he was detected, took to his heels and ran, they after him. There was nothing for it but to jump overboard, and jump he did; but the night was pitch dark, and he missed the boat and was drowned; and served him right, I say. His friend and partner was prodigiously frightened, of course, and begged the sailors to get into the boat and abandon the ship: 'she couldn't live, and would go down the next moment.' Exactly what he wanted. But our agent opposed this with all his might, and offered the sailors large pay if they brought the ship safe to land; and thanks to the gods and to the sailors, the vessel did reach Kephallênia in safety. Here Zênothermis tried a new game. He said that the owner of the ship and those who had advanced the money all belonged to Massalia, and that the ship ought to go to Massalia. However, the officers at Kephallênia decided that the ship must go back to Athens from whence it came. Foiled in this device, the shameless scoundrel put a good face on the matter, as you may suppose when I tell you that he not only came to Athens, but laid claim to our wheat."

"How was that?" asked Parched Pea, who became more attentive as the story neared its close.

"Why we, that is Prôtos and I, hearing that there was some hitch

in the matter at Kephallênia, turned the thing over and finally agreed to send out a man to see about it. The fellow whom we sent out, Aristophôn, proved to be a perfect wharf-rat, as unmitigated a villain as walks the docks of Peiraieus, and that is saying a good deal. This Aristophôn put Zênothermis up to claiming the wheat as the property of the late deceased Hêgestratos, on which the said Zênothermis had advanced the said Hêgestratos so and so much. The wheat itself was in Prôtos's hands, and the creditors of Hêgestratos and Zênothermis were forced to join in the suit if they wished to get their money back. At first Prôtos, still thinking that there was something to be made by wheat, held on to it, but meantime the price had fallen, and as he was not a very scrupulous person, he began to listen to the propositions of Aristophôn. 'Let judgment go by default,' said he. 'You will not lose anything by it, and if anybody loses, it will be that old hunks Dêmôn.' So Prôtos went over to the enemy, and I should have lost my money, principal as well as interest, if it had not been for my cousin Dêmosthenês. And you say he has undertaken your case? That surprises me, for he told me that he would never touch a private suit again after going into political life."

"Oh, he only meant that he would not plead in person," rejoined Parched Pea. "At all events he has written a speech for me, and after what you tell me I am much encouraged. The opening sentence is very fine: 'The Phaselites are awful hands at borrowing; and when they borrow they enter it as Profit, and when they pay they enter it as Loss.'"

A bluff young countryman on the left of Dêmôn, who had been fast asleep during the discourse of his neighbor, which discourse was delivered with many a puff and many a drawl, started up at the word "Loss," which Parched Pea had articulated with as much force as if he had shot himself out of a pop-gun, if indeed the pop-gun was an antique instrument of warfare.

"Loss!" said he, "there was no loss to speak of. Not quite three measures of barley and half a measure of flour — was there ever such a row about such a trifle?"

"Young man," said Dêmôn, severely, "you are out of your mind. Go home and take a double dose of hellebore. What with one man yelling 'Phaselites' into my ear as if I were deaf (I never heard better in my life), and another man talking about three measures of barley on the other side, I vote this session a nuisance, and I will wait for cousin Dêmosthenês no longer."

Dêmôn shambled away, and Parched Pea bounced with rage at being defrauded of his listener; but as stolidly indifferent to the impatience of the one, as he had been to the wheezy objurgation of the other, the countryman squared himself and told —

A STORY OF A DRAIN.

"There is nothing worse than bad neighbors, and the Kalli family are certainly bad neighbors. Old Kallipides was well enough in his way, but his sons Kalliklês and Kallikratês have given me no end of trouble about a miserable drain.

"My father, you must know, built a wall around his place, just before I was born. Kallipides was alive at the time, and Kalliklès was a grown man and living in Athens. Not a word of complaint was heard from anybody, although there were floods then as there are floods now. People who live in our climate must expect such things, either too much water or not enough. If there had been anything wrong about the wall there was time enough to make it right; for my father Tisias and Goodman Kallipides lived fifteen years after the wall was built; and if the wall was a nuisance, why didn't they indict us for a nuisance in all those fifteen years? If my father stopped up the drain by his wall, the proper way would have been to go to my father and to have said, 'What does all this mean, Tisias? Stopping up the drain? Why, the water will run into our grounds!' If my father had left off, well and good; if not, they could have proved the nuisance on him. But the fact is, there wasn't any drain to stop up, and they didn't discover any drain until my father died, and then they thought that they could impose on a youngster like me.

"This is the way the land lies," and the son of Tisias began to draw lines on the ground with his oaken staff.

"Here is my place, and there is the Kalli place, and here between the two runs the road. Back of both places is a mountain that goes all around, so that the water that comes down runs into the road, and if it is checked there it runs into the fields. Once it happened that a perfect water-spout flooded the road and poured over into our farm. It was not ours then, but belonged to a dainty city gentleman, who could not abide the place and paid no attention to it. The water having once found its way in, came back two or three times and made a gulley. Then the neighbors began to trespass, and the farm became a thoroughfare, until my father took hold of it and built a wall around it. This gulley that was is what Kalliklès has the impudence to call a drain. A drain indeed! Why there is a regular orchard in it, grape-vines and fig-trees. Who would plant grape-vines and fig-trees in a public drain? There is an old graveyard in it. Who would think of burying his parents in a public drain? And yet the trees were there long before my father built the wall, and the tomb-stones were there long before he bought the place.

"And then look at the way the drain runs. Who ever heard of a drain like that? You can't find one in the whole country. When the water comes down into the road, we let it come down into the road, and we never dream of carrying it into our lots or our houses. And yet this fine fellow expects me to carry the water through my place, and when it gets past his to turn it out into the road again. If I do that, the farmer below me will have the same right to complain that Kalliklès has now; and if I am afraid to turn it out into the road, it will certainly take vastly more courage to let it run directly into my neighbor's farm. So it seems that I am not to turn the water into the road, and that I am not to turn it into the fields. What am I to do with it? Surely, Kalliklès is not going to force me to drink it up and turn it down my throat?

"A drain is a drain. It stands to reason that a drain must go somewhere. It does not come into a man's place and stop there, but

goes on. Now this thing that these people call a drain is a mere wash, which my father cut off by a wall long and long ago; and he had as much right to do it as Kalliklês had to run up a dam of large boulders—every one of which was a wagon-load—in order to protect his place—which he did a short time since.

“As for damages, if I had to pay for all the damage the high water does in my neighborhood, it would take all my property several times over to meet the claims of my neighbors; and although many of them have suffered much, not one of them complains of me except this man, who has suffered little or nothing, and for what he has suffered he has to blame his own carelessness. And a pretty way he has taken to prevent any further injury! He has set out his wall so as to take in a considerable strip of the road with a number of public trees, and he has not only made the road narrower by his dam of boulders, but he has made it higher by throwing out into it the mud and trash brought down by the rain. And now about the loss. It is all fudge; and I’ll tell you how I learned about it. My mother and the mother of these people are old acquaintances, for they have been neighbors for a long time, and their husbands were intimate while they were living, and this quarrel is a recent thing. So after the flood my mother went over to see her old friend, and to find out the extent of the mischief. Now I am telling you the tale just as my mother told me—so help me! Mother says that the old lady set up a great wail, and took her round to see the ruin, and she saw with her own eyes three measures* of barley spread out to dry and half a measure of flour. That was all the harm the water did. Oh no! it turned over a firkin of oil, but no oil was lost. That is the sum total, and these creatures assess the damages at 1000 drachmae!”

“A lubberly clodhopper!” snarled Parched Pea between his teeth, for there was something in the air of the young rustic that kept him from any open criticism of the story or the story-teller; “*Dêmon* is gone; the miserable curmudgeon begrudges a fellow even a little sympathy. Let me see whether I have my contract all right.”

With that he pulled out a long legal document, and began to read it aloud in a peculiar sing-song tone, his voice rising and falling so fast that I could only catch the words, “Phaselites—Athens—Skiônê—Bosphorus—Borysthenês—if before Arktûros—225 per *mille*—after Arktûros, 300 per *mille*, principal and interest—20 days after return to Athens—jetsam, flotsam, ligam, loss by the public enemy—”

“This fellow’s Greek is much harder to follow,” thought I, “than the others’. I suppose it is the crabbed legal style. Legal style is certainly the worst of styles in all languages. I remember attending a Jewish wedding years ago, and though the officiating Rabbi had kindly shown me the contract beforehand, and interpreted it to me with all its extraordinary clauses and provisos, not a word could I recognise when it was read aloud at the ceremony, except ‘tollars, tollars, tollars,’ and that was not Hebrew. It is almost as bad with this confounded bottomry business. I will borrow the document of Parched Pea. Perhaps my old teacher Bœckh will help me out.”

*A *medimnus* is a bushel and a half.

But as I stretched forth my hand to pluck Parched Pea by the skirt
I felt the bêma rock beneath me, and I heard a crash. "Heavens!"
cried I, "Hêgestratos is scuttling the vessel."

It was only my arm-chair that was breaking down, and with it fell
the Bêma.

B. L. GILDERSLEEVE.

DA CAPO.

HE that as heir unto the new is born,
Is faithful to the old;
And by the future years, for all our scorn,
Our story is retold.

Just so we hear along the water-line
Some sweet, low song,
Which echoes in a minor, far and clear,
In chords sustained and long.

Thus holds the sunset in its solemn glow
The dawn's deep heart of rose,
And that same Paradise for which we sigh
Lost Edens shall disclose.

The room stands ready in the tender heart;
No step beside the door
Can move it on its hinges, save the one
Which stood there once before.

There is no Lethe for eternal souls;
The old song echoes still,
The old fields smell and bloom through all our dreams,
We gather as we will.

ELLA F. MOSBY.

INCIDENTS, SCENES, AND CHARACTERS OF THE GREEK REVOLUTION.

NO. I.

THE CHANGE AND PREPARATION.

"Fair Greece! sad relic of departed worth,
Immortal, though no more; though fallen, great!
Who now shall lead thy scattered children forth,
And long-accustomed bondage uncreate?"

NATIONS have generally gained the establishment of great principles or valuable rights, or accomplished great advancements of their social condition, by long processes of effort and endurance, or through the throes of some greater but briefer agony. Greece has illustrated this in her modern history, in the latter branch of the statement at least. Her present liberty was bought at a mighty cost, and if patriotism and heroism deserve to be recorded and honored, the story of the Grecian war of 1821-8 for freedom deserves to be better known by the world than it is.

THE LONG DARK NIGHT.

At the date where these sketches are to begin, three-and-twenty centuries had passed since the Grecian republics fell before the Macedonian power. This yielded to the colossal imperialism of Rome, B. C. 150. But Greece threw the influence of her arts and letters over her mighty conqueror. Then she was merged in the great eastern division of the Empire, when, at the end of the fourth century, it became an empire of itself. This great monarchy was essentially Greek; in fact, it has generally from that time been so styled. The Crusaders, while they held possession of Constantinople, extended their power over Greece proper, and there remains at Athens to the present day a singular monument of their ascendancy, in the lofty square tower which rears itself on the Acropolis Hill, in the very midst of the grandest remains of Grecian antiquity, making, as one cannot but feel, though a unique feature of the picture, yet a great deformity. For ages the Constantinopolitan Empire bore up against the tremendous avalanches of Saracen and Turkish invasion. And may not the Greeks claim something on the score of their having so long been the defenders of Europe against these barbaric powers? Gibbon's pen has given us the splendid picture of the beauties of the Bosphorus and the Golden Horn. It has depicted, too, the sad but sublime scene enacted within the walls of St. Sophia on that night before the city fell, when the last of the Constantines there performed his final devotions and offered himself anew as a sacrifice for his country. The fall of Constantinople took place in

1453 ; the subjugation of Greece to the Moslems followed within the next six years.

One is surprised, when he comes to make the investigation, through the long period intervening, to find how little that country was visited, even by travellers, during those ages that, to Greece herself, wore away so heavily. Beside that noble contributor to archæological science — Colonel Leake — Pouqueville, Dr. Clarke, and a very few others were the only writers that gave the world any information about the condition of Greece in that long dreary night of her servitude. Such it was in every respect. The wasting of the land by plagues, by invasion and war on the part of Franks, Venetians and Russians, in their contests with the Saracens and Turks, during ages extending back even beyond the period of the Turkish conquest, and by taxation and oppression on the part of their cruel Mohammedan masters after that date, aggravated at times by the effect of unsuccessful efforts at revolt, and even of the stretching forth of imploring or welcoming hands to Venice and Russia, combined to reduce the population of Greece at times to a most sad condition. We may make some allowance for Hellenic love of hyperbole, since the modern Greeks, as was true of their more illustrious ancestors, like a story to have large dimensions ; but according to accounts that have reached us, the Peloponnesus, in the early part of last century, when its different districts were more fully subjugated by the Turks than ever before, contained some 200,000 inhabitants. The peace and quiet of some forty years were swelling their number when, in 1756, a dreadful plague swept off, it is said, one-half of the population. The unsuccessful invasion of the Russian General Orloff, in the year 1770, and the naval demonstrations of the great Empress in the Mediterranean against the Turks, brought but revenge and worse oppressions on the heads of the poor Greeks of the Peninsula and the islands ; and we are told that the Morea, wasted and almost ruined by these causes, had a population hardly exceeding 100,000, when, in 1781, it was visited by another destructive pestilence. The Greeks began in desperation to be driven to the last resort of expatriation in order to escape the miseries of their condition. Every one that has ever lived among them, or become well acquainted with them, knows that expatriation with Greek people is a dire last resort, for in the hearts of no race of all the earth does the love of the native soil burn stronger. But light began at length to break on the dismal night of their adversity.

THE HARBINGERS.

Topographical and physical circumstances certainly do affect greatly the development of character, individual and national ; and there is hardly any part of the world where a climate like that of 35-40 north latitude is so delightfully tempered in the dry and hot season, and over an almost forestless surface, as is that of Greece, by the altitude of her mountains — which, as Parnassus, Taygetus, and others, even in these latitudes bear snow on their sky-piercing peaks till summer is half gone — and by the sea-breeze, which almost

everywhere sweeps over the narrow peninsula. I have to do now only with the sea and what it has done for the Greek people in these modern days. Being so peninsular, and projecting down into the Mediterranean, one can hardly travel even for a few hours in any part of Greece without catching a glimpse of its blue waters. And, indented as the country is by bays and gulfs, and nearly cut in two by the sea at the Isthmus of Corinth, those blue waves everywhere invite even the inhabitants of continental Greece to maritime adventure; and still more does this hold of the isles which stud the seas around Greece. Leaving out those grand ones, Euboea and Crete — and parts of these are quite mountainous — the larger part of the Grecian islands have little of fertile or even arable surface. They present themselves to the eye as mountain-ridges lying on the sea surface. To the Grecian islander the waters that chafe his native shores almost make the music to which he is cradled, and they form the field of his enterprise. Hence the Archipelago swarms with their craft, from the little caique that in the distance on the blue surface looks like a butterfly's wing, up to the more stately barque or brig or ship; and the flag of the blue and white stripes and cross is seen on every sea and in every port of the Levant.

COMMERCE A DAY-STAR.

But what has this to do with the national regeneration of this once so famed people? A great deal, not only in furnishing the sailors who were afterwards to make those Ægean waters the scenes of so many splendid exploits, but in giving Greece a commerce that brought back to her wealth, advanced civilisation, and improved education, and with them a new national life, and as a final result, her liberty. Before the end of the last century the Empress Catharine had "unlocked the Straits" and opened the way to the markets of the world for the grain and other products of Poland and Southern Russia. The Greeks had been almost exclusively the shipmen and carriers of trade for Turkey; and the Phanariotes (commonly written Fanariotes*), a somewhat aristocratic and privileged class of Constantinopolitan Greeks, had for generations amassed wealth by trade and finance. But now the field of Greek enterprise was widened in the Euxine; and Odessa, "built on a Tartarian steppe," and springing up into a city, attracted many Greek merchants. A still wider field, however, was opened by the wars of the old French Revolution, interrupting as this did the commerce of the western nations, and creating a demand for imported breadstuffs. The islanders of Hydra, Spetsos, Psara and Scio embarked in distant traffic; they acquired wealth, they brought back modern civilisation, they established schools, and even a college, with a printing-press, on Scio; they began to send their sons, for the benefit of university and college education, to the literary institutions of central and western Europe; and these came back to be educators of their own people in the higher branches of modern learning and the best methods of modern instruction. The revival of learning and of national aspirations after freedom — for the two went together — was wonderful in its rapidity. No nation perhaps in all human

*A name derived from the Greek "quarter" of Constantinople.

history has shown such an orgasm toward better things as was exhibited by the Greek people from the year 1790 to that of the great outbreak. All that was accomplished, in the work of preparing for so great a change a nation that had been enslaved to a race of barbarians for 360 years, was done within those thirty just designated. And, by the way, if the Greeks have not shown themselves almost miraculously wise and good, as many English people and some Americans seem to have expected of them, is it any wonder, after such antecedents? Is it not rather a wonder and a very high credit to them that the Greeks have acted their part so well as they have done these fifty years, since they broke their fetters? If the "grand nation" of Western Europe had done even half as well within that same period, France would have been at this day in a far happier condition than it now is.

But, within the epoch above referred to, common schools, and those of a higher grade called "Hellenic" (from the fact that the study of the ancient tongue was made prominent in them), were established at important points, everywhere, among Greek-speaking people; and a printing-press, operating at Vienna or Trieste, sent out a good many books for educational purposes; and Greek boys are so wide-awake in regard to education that they can come as near doing without books as any boys in the world, for the writer of this has frequently seen them, in the lack of books, copy entire lessons out of the classic writers—and those not so short as American boys generally get—and then study the transcribed passages. Scio, charming Scio, seemed likely to become the Eden of the Muses and the centre of the reviving Grecian learning and refinement; and one of her sons, Adamantius Koräes,* a man whose name is revered by the Greeks as no other man's, and is yet to be honored by the world at large as one of the great men of the age in which he lived, was devoting his life in Paris, whither he expatriated himself for the benefit of libraries and literary privileges, to the work of his country's regeneration by the use of his pen; and he did use it in the most potential manner that perhaps any man ever did, especially in the production of a series, most unique in its character, of editions of the Greek classics, with philological notes and "prolegomena," in which last, mingled with some literary matter, and perhaps without any notice or knowledge on the part of the Turkish masters at home—for the Turks are not guilty of dipping into the Greek classics—he could and did introduce the discussion of all matters pertaining to his country's regeneration, referring sometimes to our country, and making his countrymen familiar with the history of our independence, the structure of our government, and the names of Washington, Jefferson and Franklin.

SIGNS OF COMING DAY.

Thus the way was prepared. The shadows of the long, long night were lifting themselves; the dawn of the day of Hellenic regeneration was beginning to illuminate the horizon. Patriotic sentiment had been growing with the reviving education and intelligence of the

* Commonly, from the French form of it, written Coray; but I have preferred the Greek orthography.

Greeks ; they had begun to cherish the day-dream of a "new Greece." In fact as early as 1796 Rigas, whose "Ode to Liberty," as well as his martyrdom in her cause, has made his name dear and immortal with his countrymen, set on foot, with a few other Greeks at Vienna, a scheme of insurrection ; but the Austrian government making discovery, and not being well affected by any means towards such popular movements, delivered the Greek patriot to the tender mercies of the Turks, and he was put to death at Belgrade. In 1806 an actual outbreak of revolt took place in Thessaly under the leadership of Euthymos Blachabas, one of the *Armatoles* of that region, a sort of semi-Klefts, whom the Turkish government, somewhat on the principle of "fighting fire with fire," had taken into its employ as a kind of gendarmerie ; but the effort was soon suppressed. Colocotronis had previous to this started one in Morea, which would probably have had a different issue had he received the support that he looked for on the part of the Russians, then at war with the Porte.

OUTLAW FORERUNNERS.

The Klefts (more properly Klepts), who formed but a class of the Greek population, and the Souliotes and Maniats, who were inhabitants of certain districts, by their semi-independence, maintained so long before the revolution, and by their bold, warlike, chivalrous spirit, helped to keep alive among their countrymen the sentiment of freedom, and to prepare the way for the great struggle. Of the latter two and the romantic episodes which their history furnishes in modern Greek story, I propose to say something in a future article ; but we will take a little time now for the famous characters first named. A very large part of the surface of Greece is covered with mountains, and some of these, as already mentioned, are very lofty ; and not only so, they are very rugged and abound in cliffs, narrow defiles and caverns, so as to afford in a remarkable degree retreats for robbers, outlaws, and enemies weak in numbers. In fact they illustrate to us how the young prospective king of Israel could wander for months among the Judean mountains, baffle the pursuit of his foes, and even sometimes be near enough to speak to them, at a time when there were no firearms to be used against him. The Greek mountains have furnished in these latter times such nurseries for brigandage that to this day the Turkish and Greek governments have not succeeded in exterminating it ; and the brigands can even send their captives into the cities and towns (leaving hostages) to demand their ransom, the captors feeling secure in their wild lurking-places, and the facility of escape by paths unknown to others but familiar to them.

In some cases it may have been real crime or deserved outlawry, but in a large number it was the desperation produced by a deed of vengeance, or the desire of it against their oppressors, or some such cause, that drove one and another of the Greeks from time to time to the mountains to live the life of a Kleft. The love of wild adventure and romance, and of a fully realised personal freedom, swelled the number of the semi-patriots and semi-freebooters. The Turks and

Moslem Albanians were fair game for them, the converse likewise being true ; but the sympathies of their countrymen were with them. A Kleft could drop down to one of the villages at any time, by day or night, when there were not too many Turks about, fill his wooden flask with wine, and replenish his wallet with bread, olives and cheese, or share the better cheer of soup and meat—quite hyperbolical luxuries with the Greeks at large—in case his visit happened on a day not numbered in the long catalogue of the days of the Greek calendar that forbid to the devout the use of flesh, if not of oil ; for even worse robbers than the so-called Klefts are very pious in these matters, and I was once shown the spot where a band of brigands in former days had had a chapel in which their own priest officiated.

FREEDOM IN THE KLEFT-LIFE.

From their rock eyries the Klefts looked down upon the valleys, plains and roads, and sometimes they were able to pounce down on a handsome store of booty ; and it may be conceded as possible at least that they did not always, especially when a little “hard up,” exercise an extremely scrupulous conscience on the question who was the so-styled owner of the property, Turk, Jew, or Albanian, Papist, Moslem, or “Orthodox.” If it happened to be a wealthy Greek, it might be said, with a shrug or a wink of the eye, “His excellency (“-ῆ εὐγενείᾳ σου,” a form of polite address among the Greeks) has a little more than he came properly by,” or “a little more than is good for him” ; or, “he is a mean slave for his interest to the Turks” ; or, “not so generous to us as he might be”—“so here goes what we have hold of, and let us drink to his honor’s health.” But in general they paid respect to the rights of property on the part of their oppressed countrymen ; and some of them, refugees from wrong and oppression, were men of comparatively good character and of high spirit. The Kleftic fraternities, however, nurtured a class of men of great bodily force, activity and endurance, bold and adventurous even to a degree of romance, loving the wildest freedom and thoroughly acquainted with the most rugged and difficult passes of the country ; and here I may say in passing, that if it had not been for the obstructions which the broken surface of Greece interposes to invaders, she could never with her comparative feebleness of resources have stood the dreadful seven years of her after-conflict.

The Klefts had their songs and music, such as these were in quality—some amatory and even sentimental, some tender and pathetic, some full of patriotic fire.* But though the Kleftic songs

* The reader’s curiosity may be somewhat gratified by seeing a specimen of the popular patriotic songs of the revolutionary and ante-revolutionary period. I will therefore give a stanza of the famous war-song of the patriot-martyr Rigas, whom I have mentioned. It will furnish too a sample of the modern language, not then improved as it now is. The translation is Byron’s—a free one, a slight alteration of it in one line as I give it—the original being found entire in his notes to *Childe Harold*.

Δεῦτε, παῖδες τῶν Ἑλλήνων,
 Ὅ καί τοις τῆς δόξης ἦλθεν,
 Ἄς φανῶμεν ἄξιτοι ἐκείνων
 Ποῦ μᾶς δῶσαν τὴν ἀρχήν.

Sons of the Greeks, arise !
 The glorious hour’s gone forth,
 And, worthy of such ties,
 Display who gave us birth.

would not compare well in style with the classic odes of ancient Greece, yet these rude inspirations of sentiment and feeling contributed to keep the fires of liberty alive till the day when they burst into a flame all over the land.

The martial spirit and the partial independence of the Souliotes of Northern Greece, and the Maniats (commonly written Maniotes) of the Peloponnesus, the former of Albanian, the latter of the purest Greek lineage, threw an influence in the same direction. The grand rebellion in 1820 of that mighty Epiriote satrap Ali Pasha of Yannina, and his war with the Sultan, served still farther to cherish in Grecian hearts the hope of emancipation ; not only as suggesting the idea of an opportunity, but for the reason that both of the mighty antagonists found it to their interest to draw the feeling of the Greeks as much as possible to their side by fair promises, and even to enlist in their active service the warlike sons of Mane and Souli.

THE GREAT CONSPIRACY.

But there was going on at this time, and had been for years, a scene of the great drama which is now to open upon us — a scene enacted, we may say, before the curtain rose, and one of the most remarkable in human history. This was the rise and extension of the “Hetaireia,” or the society for Grecian emancipation, which, subsisting for years, effected the proximate work of preparing for the struggle. And if there were nothing else to speak for them, the management of this organisation and its final success ought to vindicate the Greeks of modern times from the aspersions cast upon them as being unworthy descendants of their great sires.

The birth of this society is involved in mystery. Some persons assert that the ex-Hospodar of Wallachia, Alexander Mavrocordato, long an exile in Russia, founded it about the commencement of the present century, with the ostensible view of promoting education ; while others give the credit to Rigas, and consequently carry its origin a few years farther back. What appears certain is, that from the epoch of the French Revolution, a few Greeks busied themselves in imagining plans for the liberation of their country. Of this number were Alexander Ypsilanti's father (who privately stirred up and supported with money a Servian insurrection), Anthymos Gazes, a Thessalian, one of Rigas' associates, a distinguished scholar, and editor of a literary journal published at Vienna in the “Romaic” (modern Greek) tongue. It was not, however, until 1815 that the

**Ἀς πατήσωμεν ἀνδρείως
Τον ζυγον τῆς τυραννίδος,
Ἐκδικήσωμεν πατρίδος
Κάθε ὄνειδος αἰσχρόν.*

Thus manfully despising
The Turkish tyrant's yoke,
Let your country see you rising,
And all her chains are broke !

Chorus. *Τὰ ὄπλα ἃς λάβωμεν
Παῖδες Ἑλλήνων, ἄγωμεν,
Ποταμιῶν ἐχθρον τὸ αἷμα
Ἄς τρεῖξῃ ὑπὸ ποδῶν.*

Sons of Greeks, let us go
In arms against the foe ;
Till their hated blood shall flow
In rivers 'neath our feet !

Hetaireia assumed form and consistence as a political organisation ; when the Greeks, who had hoped that the Congress of Vienna would work some change of things in the Orient, finding themselves disappointed in this regard, resolved more fully than they had ever done upon an effort for their own deliverance.

A GREAT POLITICAL MAN OF THE GREEKS AND THE "PHILOMUSE."

The most conspicuous man of the Greek race at this period was Count John Capo D'Istrias of Corfu (afterwards President of Greece, and assassinated at Napoli), who, entering the Russian service in 1812 in the humble capacity of Secretary to Admiral Tchitchagoff, soon rose to the high station of a Cabinet Minister and Secretary to the Emperor Alexander. Lamenting, as he naturally did, the condition of his country, we cannot be surprised that the Greco-Russian statesman conceived the idea of annexation to the domains of the Czar, or her conversion into a dependency of Russia, as the method of her deliverance from Turkish oppression. Towards this he set himself to operate with his countrymen through the sympathies of a common religious faith—since the Muscovites belong to the "Anatolic" communion—and the influence of the clergy. Proceeding with caution and address, and disclaiming revolutionary and political designs, he set on foot what was called the Philomuse Society, whose declared object was the advancement of education and learning among the Greeks ; and he obtained for it, under this form, the patronage even of some crowned heads. Thus starting a national combination, but anticipating what would be its final shape and course, he ceased from all public supervision of it, and retiring behind the curtain, watched its movements. The change took place rapidly which transformed the Capo D'Istriian Society into a grander union, that was to bear in its bosom the destinies of Greece. The Hetaireia sprang from the Philomuse, but no positive information exists as to the persons by whom this great national secret combination was so elaborately and thoroughly organised.

THE FINISHED ARK OF FREEDOM.

The Society, like the Masonic fraternity, had different classes or degrees among its members—five in number. Every member had the right of initiating others, but under a rigid scrutiny of their characters. The neophyte, after a long and minute examination into his former life, nativity, age, character, prospects in life, etc., swore, on his knees and at the dead of night, to be faithful to his suffering country and labor for her regeneration ; to keep secret the Society's affairs and the name of the person initiating him ; and to put to death even his nearest and dearest relations, should they be guilty of treachery. He was then admitted into the first class, that of the "*Αδελφούπιτοι*," or Accepted Brethren, to which any Greek was eligible. The next degree was that of the "*Συστημένοι*," or Recommended, who were selected with some discrimination, and were apprised more fully of the revolutionary character of the Society. The third class, called

"Priests of Eleusis," were yet more select, and knew something about the still higher order, and of the approach of the struggle for freedom. The fourth and eminent grade, called "Prelates," included in their small number, which was only one hundred and sixteen, some of the most distinguished men of the nation; who, thoroughly possessed of all the secrets of the Hetaireia, superintended different districts, and corresponded directly with the Grand Arch or Supreme Executive. This numbered only some sixteen mysterious and illustrious names; and it was whispered among the prelatie members that the Russian Autocrat himself, the Crown-Princes of Bavaria and Württemberg, and the Hospodar of Wallachia belonged to this eminent list; but this was probably fabulous.

The orders of the Grand Arch were written in cipher, and signed with a mystic seal; and the Hetairists, like the Free-Masons, used for recognition certain private signs and words, those of each order being different, and every member knowing those only of his own and the inferior degrees. The novice, upon his initiation, paid over a contribution, with a feigned designation in writing of its purpose. The neophyte's donation was generally as much as fifty piastres (at that time seven or eight dollars), while a person belonging to the higher degrees paid from 300 to 1000 piastres, or fifty to one hundred and fifty dollars. Despite embezzlements, the amount of these funds must ultimately have been very large. A quota only of the Moreote contributions, transmitted at one time through a Hydriote merchant to a banker of Constantinople, was actually paid into the Society's coffers to the amount of 600,000 piastres, or nearly 100,000 dollars. The Hetaireia had its emblems and cipher, in which latter its correspondence was conducted; and every member, except of the lowest order, received letters-patent of membership, and those of the highest dignity a diploma corresponding to their rank.

FINALITY OF PREPARATION.

The name and objects of the original Philomuse Society contributed, even after it passed away, to disguise the Hetaireia. This last in the beginning had its membership to a considerable extent among Greeks resident at Odessa, Bucharest, and other places outside the Turkish dominions. Slowly and cautiously it advanced within them; Anthymos Gazes, the distinguished promoter of learning and freedom already mentioned, and other "Apostles" of the great political evangel, making a progress through Greece proper in the year 1816, but initiating and appointing to office only persons on whom the utmost reliance could be placed; among whom was Mavromichales, the Bey of Mane, the inhabitants of which district (the Matapan promontory), from their mountainous and cliff-bound fastnesses, had defied the Turks down to the year 1775, when, their chiefs being secured by stratagem, they gave hostages, agreed to pay a tax not much more than nominal, and to have a Bey, nominated from among themselves. But it was not till 1819, only two years before the outbreak, that most of the other primates of the Peloponnesus were admitted into the Hetairist body; and the Constantinople Pha-

nariotes were generally kept in the dark to the last. Among the most ardent devotees of the Hetaireia were the Greek soldiers of fortune, mostly Souliotes, Maniats, Klefts, and Armatoles, who had been abroad in the military service of England, France, or Russia, and who returned home burning with zeal for their country's deliverance.

If we wonder at the stupidity or lethargy of the Moslem masters which prevented them from discovering such a conspiracy, it is as much to the credit of the Greeks, on the other hand, that they should be able, mingled up as they were with their oppressors in so many different communities, to organise, perfect, and carry on for years a combination so extensive, and so dangerous to those concerned in it, with secrecy and final success. Once indeed the affair was in imminent danger of shipwreck, from the treachery of a Zantiote, who, under the instigation of a private pique against a Moreote leader, Colocotronis, went to Ali Pasha, at Prevesa, to disclose things to him. But the powerful Satrap, anticipating the coming struggle with his then liege lord the Sultan, and thinking it was a scheme of the Russian Czar for his ends, let the thing lie, and even hoped to make some good use of it for his own interests. But whatever may be said, justly or unjustly, to the disparagement of the Greeks of modern times, their Hetaireia forms one of the most unique and remarkable chapters of human history; and the sagacity, energy, liberality of contribution, and fidelity to its secrecy manifested by so many thousands of them, through the years of its existence, and under every circumstance of temptation, reflect immortal honor on the Greek people.

How worthily the credit of thus carrying through the grand preliminary effort was sustained amid the tragic scenes of the struggle to which it led the way — one of the most desperate, sanguinary, and desolating the world ever knew — we shall see, if the reader shall be pleased to accompany me, in some future numbers, in an effort to depict some passages of the memorable drama. In their intrinsic interest they are hardly surpassed by any tales of real life or of romance.

L.

WAS SHE MISTAKEN?

A TALE.

A foreign author much in vogue
Doubts whether woman most as rogue
Or angel should be counted,
And says we are a mixture quite
Of things all wrong and things all right:
"Source of all blessings!" soft he sighs,
"Source of all evils!" harsh he cries.
He curses us below his breath,
But vows he'll love us unto death;
Allows we graceful are and witty,
Our vanity excites his pity.
He swears the likeness is most striking,
Perhaps not *quite* to female liking.
Would you, Sir, draw our portrait so?
It is not easy us to know.—*Imitated from the French.*

"UP to the very last minute, I tell you, she gave me every encouragement; fooled me—yes, and she knew she was fooling me—to the top of my bent; and then when I spoke, by Jove she threw me over as coolly—no, I will not say that for her: she wasn't cool; she did cry and seem sorry—but as positively, and protested—that was what cut me most—protested that she had never thought I meant anything serious!"

"But, my dear Dick, perhaps she did not understand you."

"Not understand me! Why, what have I been doing these three months but making her understand me! Haven't I run after her everywhere, and hung about, and fetched and carried for her like a dog? Why, Kate, I've been ashamed of going to the house; I used to think the very baby grinned when he saw me!"

"Not unlikely; but the baby might understand more than she did."

"You women, you think you can make a man believe anything; but I know a thing or two. No, you are all alike; nothing you like better than to draw a man on, and then see him fall, and smile so sweetly. Well, I am done with them—false all, false all. I don't believe there's an ounce of honesty in the sex."

"And I don't believe that there's an ounce of justice in yours—to talk so of women because a girl, and one so young too, has liked to laugh and talk with you, and yet hesitates to take the dread plunge of matrimony."

"If there had been any hesitation it would be different—not so bad; but there was none. No, she had never thought, never dreamt that I loved her; indeed she had never suspected such a thing! She did not love me, and never would; liked me as a friend, and such stuff! Now you know that she could not really have been so blind, and so I say I'll never believe in woman more; all birds of a feather, except you, Kate, and my good old mother. I don't think either of

you would ever have tempted a man to destruction for your entertainment," and the speaker, a tall, broad-shouldered young man of two-and-twenty, looked down patronisingly at the lady seated before him.

She was a pretty pale woman of a little over thirty, with a sweet, patient face—a face that looked somehow as only a widow's face should look: as if she had borne gently and strongly, and could bear gently and strongly a great deal, and bear it *alone*. She did not look unhappy; the smile was too frequent, the brow too calm for that; but she looked lonely, and as if used to give, not to receive help. She was not a widow, however. Her dress was not black, but of soft brown stuff, and the ribbon on her little lace-cap was pink. She was sitting in a low chair in a prettily furnished and decorated drawing-room, before a bright fire, and all the time while either talking or listening her hands were busily fashioning a child's frock. Her name was Kate Herries, and she was the cousin of Dick Eustace, who having no sister of his own, considered her as one. She had been married a long time and had several children.

She smiled a little at the exceptions in the last sentence, with that curious retrospective smile which people give when they are, as it were, looking at their own selves a great way off—so far off in the long-ago that they hardly seem the "own selves" which they are yet felt to be—smiled a little more the next moment at a still further retrospect as she remembered that "my good old mother" had been in her early youth one of the gayest damsels of what it pleases the book-makers to call the "Republican Court," and had both as maid and widow known more love-scrapes and stories than little Alice Merton had ever dreamed of. But all that was long, long ago, for Dick was the youngest son of her second marriage, born when she was far advanced in life, and nothing had ever come to his ears that could make him doubt her right to such honorable mention.

Kate answered demurely, after a moment given to the recollection of these old tales: "My Aunt Eustace is very good of course, but you know, Dick, that she was a great belle in her youth; and if you will consider that the first and great commandment of every girl's catechism is 'Never believe that a man is in love with you until he says so, and don't fall in love with anybody first,' you will see that it is not extraordinary that such blindness as that of which you complain should exist."

"At that rate nobody ever would be married!" cried Dick, indignantly. "Why, Kate, you are not trying to make such a fool of me too? Do you mean to say that girls don't begin to think about, ay and to like fellows too, before the 'will you marry me?' has been said?"

"Only those who disrespect their catechism," answered Kate demurely.

"Thank Heaven then, most do!—I always hated mine. Now I like a girl who knows what she is about, makes up her mind whether or no she likes the fellow who is courting her, and if she does, says so honestly as soon as she is asked."

"Or a little before perhaps; it would save so much trouble, you know," said Mrs. Herries sarcastically; "not exactly in words per-

haps — some old world-prejudices may forbid that — but a frank soul whose manner would clearly indicate that if wanted she was to be had."

Dick looked scornful, but did not deign to reply. She continued, not without emotion in her voice, "Be it so, if such is your fancy, Dick; but in that case choose some experienced damsel, who having been looking for a husband many a day, is ready to greet a lover in every man who comes near. But in Heaven's name don't expect to find her in a dear, innocent child like this little sweetheart of yours, who I dare say has been simply pleased, thinking Mr. Eustace 'so kind' and 'so nice,' and would have thought herself most unmaidenly had she fancied him a lover."

"She is a sweet little innocent love," said the young man somewhat mollified; "but, Kate, tell me honestly now, have you ever known such utter unconsciousness as you describe? I mean when attentions have been so open, so undisguised as mine?"

"Yes," she answered quickly, "I have, the very openness of the attention making it seem more friendly — more like flirting perhaps, less like love certainly."

Something in the quick, decided tone of her voice made Dick turn from the window at which he had been standing, and look sharply at her. "Kate," he said suddenly, "you look like Kate Carston now."

"Do I? How?" she asked, coloring slightly.

"Somehow," he answered, smiling, "Kate, you have betrayed yourself. I verily believe that you yourself have served some man as Alice has done me. Say, is it not so?"

The faint color was deeper now as she said, but with effort, "I thought we were discussing your love affairs, not mine."

"Turn and turn about is fair play," said he boyishly as he threw himself into a chair beside her. "Come, Kate, all my life through I have told you everything, yes everything, about myself."

"That means you have come to be helped in every scrape," she interposed.

"And you," he continued, not heeding the interruption, "have never told me anything — never anything at all."

"My dear child," she replied, "I have nothing to tell. Don't you know that I was married when you were in round jackets, and that after a woman is married her life is so merged in husband and children that there is nothing individual left about her."

"I suppose that that is the second rule of the feminine catechism," he answered, laughing; "but you see, as I wasn't taught in my youth I don't quite take it in perhaps."

"You will when you are married," she replied quietly. "*En attendant*, if you would like any confidences about Susie's chilblains or Tommy's troubles with Mr. Lickem, they are quite at your service."

"Thanks. Perhaps some of these days, when I am *père de famille* myself, I may come and talk and sympathise on those interesting topics; but *en attendant*, as you say, what I want are Kate Carston's, not Kate Herries' experiences. Come, dear, I am quite sure that it is as I say, that you defend my Alice because you have yourself needed defence; and see here, Kate, just for firm faith in you, and

because I know that what you have done a woman may do and yet be true, if you will tell me your story and I find it so, why, for your sake I'll even forgive womankind, Alice included, and try — yes, I'll try my fate once more with her."

"Magnanimous!" said Kate, with a lip smile. "I must invent iniquities for myself in order to persuade you to do that which you most wish to do — go back to your mistress."

"No such thing; not invent, only tell the whole honest truth. Now, Kate, the children are at school, the baby is asleep, Herries, bless his heart, is in the country; no visitors will come this rainy day, and you have an hour's job in that garment which you are fashioning — and I am begging for a story, Kate, just as I used to do in those dear round-jacket days before you were married and I was sent to school; so begin." And putting his feet comfortably on the fender, and twisting and untwisting his whip-lash about his wrist, Dick Eustace prepared himself to listen.

"There is not much to tell," she said smiling sadly, "only that it was just so — the first person who asked me to marry him surprised me as you did Alice, and I answered as she has done."

"That is a cheat, a regular mean cheat, like the —

"I'll tell you a story of old Mother Mowry,

And now my story's begun:

I'll tell you another of Jack and his brother,

And now my story's done —

that I used to hate so in the nursery," said Dick angrily. "But you never did such things — don't take to cheating at your time of life, Mrs. Herries, if you please. Come, dear, tell it long, as we used to say. I want really, Kate, to know who he was and where you saw him, and if he was straightforward like me, and all about it — please do, dear — for *me*, you know."

CHAPTER II.

Kate Herries hesitated. She loved her young cousin dearly, he had always been to her as a petted younger brother (she was herself an only child); and after all, women do love "talking secrets;" and this particular one, long ago buried in her own heart, and never before told to man or woman (I have said she had a lonely face), seemed to come to the surface to-day; so it was with a sigh almost of relief that she said:

"Well, spoilt child — his name you of course will never know, and I first saw him at the first ball that ever I went to in my life. I was just sixteen, you remember, and I had coaxed Papa sorely against my aunt's will into letting me 'go out'; and so as I was following Aunt Eustace into Mrs. Melton's drawing-room, frightened half out of my wits, with lights and music and voices and bright dresses all bewildering me, we came to a halt, for there were too many people around Mrs. Melton for us to reach her at once. Behind us in the crowd (it was a great crush) were several gentlemen. I was too dazed to recognise any one, but I heard a strange voice say, 'And who is

that young princess with white azaleas in her hair?' 'That — oh! Miss Carston, Kate Carston,' I heard Jack Melton's voice answer. 'Very young — a débutante — do you think her pretty?' 'No, not pretty, but very high-bred.' 'High-bred! I should think so: the best —' 'We can go on now, Kate, I think,' said my aunt, who had not heard a word, and I was obliged to follow her with *such* mortification. Ah, you may laugh, Dick, but to a girl at her first ball! — the 'high-bred' did not console me at all; the consciousness of that 'best blood in the State' with which Jack Melton's speech had of course ended, had prevented my ever feeling any uneasiness on that score, but that very morning I had spent a full hour before the looking-glass pondering that question of 'pretty or not pretty?' and had given it in the affirmative; and this cruel negative on the very threshold of society almost reduced me to tears."

"A rum sight you'd have been, crying in a ball-room!" said Dick cheerfully. "Never mind, Kitty, the fellow was an ass! You were pretty, I'll swear!"

"I was a little comforted to find that in spite of the extreme ugliness to which my imagination had by this time brought me, I had plenty of partners, and I had almost forgotten my insulter, when, late in the evening, old Mr. Melton, coming up to me, presented 'Mr. —, from Virginia.' I was new enough to be a little fluttered by an introduction then, especially when I saw what I thought a grave elderly gentleman (he was about thirty) bowing to me; and when he asked me to dance in the same voice that had pronounced the hateful judgment, I was still more frightened. Happily I was able to say that I was engaged for the whole evening, thinking to myself, 'Why should this old gentleman, who thinks me so ugly, wish to dance with me?' My partner claimed me, and with a few more words he left me. I next saw Mr. Melton introducing him to my aunt. At supper he did me a little service, which almost removed my dislike: I was seated between two young men, and he was next, talking with your mother, when a servant, carrying a tray full of coffee cups, stumbled, the waiter tilted, and all the cups would have fallen into my white crape lap, if he had not quickly seized the threatening tray and saved me at the expense of his own clothes."

"It was not quite equal to the orthodox rescue from drowning or neck-breaking that forms the proper introduction to a *héros de roman*," observed Dick, "but I dare say you were properly grateful."

"Profoundly. White crape and lilies of the valley are very charming, but douched with coffee! think what the effect would have been — how could I have danced that dear last dance which I had persuaded Aunt Eustace to stay for! I thanked him with all my heart, and when at the races next day he came to speak to me, I greeted him with a smile that was due to my saved dress, and not to pleasure at his presence — really, Dick, I am an old fool to go on telling you all this stuff."

"Not at all — only spinning a yarn, as Tom would say. Tell me what manner of man he was, and what he talked of."

"He was very fine-looking, tall, and rather grave in his manner, and he talked of all sorts of things which I did not appreciate in the

least ; that is, I did not then know what a compliment he paid me in talking with me of the things which interested him and not descending to my level. I *could* talk on the topics which he chose, or rather I could follow his lead, but it was all with a conscious effort. He had been for the last two years in Europe, and talked much of things there — not only of what he had seen, but of the society of different countries, of peculiarities of social and political life, and of books and public affairs. It was the first time that any one had ever conversed with me on such things, and I know now that in those three months of constant companionship with such a man, my mind developed more than it could have done in three years of ordinary small-talk. My aunt admired him greatly ; said he was like the men of her youth — a fine gentleman of the *ancien régime*, and one who would make a figure in the world. She asked him frequently to the house ; and as it was the season, we met constantly. Everywhere he was at my side, with a sort of grave courteous attention, which I accounted for by his having told me that he had not long before lost a dear little only sister, of whom I greatly reminded him. I was very proud of his notice and grew really fond of him ; would leave my gayest dance to sit by his side ; spent almost every afternoon in riding with him, and wished with all my heart that I were truly his little sister. But as for love !—had the statue of Lord Chatham got down from its pedestal and offered to marry me, I could hardly have been more amazed than when, one evening, instead of waiting in the yard for me to come down and mount as usual, he met me in the hall, begged to speak with me, and then, opening the dining-room door, bowed me through, and closing it behind him, took a letter from his pocket and read me a passage, saying that an election for member of Congress was to be held shortly in his State, that the former member declined reelection, that he had been put forward as candidate, but that he must return home at once. ‘This,’ said he, ‘is what I have for some time desired, and have endeavored to fit myself for ; but before I go, I must know my fate with you.’ Still I did not understand him, and then he told me — the old story, you know. Oh, how shocked I was ! shocked and ashamed. I cried and begged his pardon, and said it could not be ; and still he pleaded his cause. I remember that I told him that he was mistaken, that I was only a silly child, and that it could not be real love that he felt for such a one as I. He took my hands and said, ‘You are mistaken, sweet ; I find in you everything deserving of a man’s love — sweetness and intellect and high-mindedness ; and I know that if you take me for your husband I shall be most content.’ ‘My husband !’ — the words chilled and terrified me, and I begged him with prayers and tears to go away and forget me, for that I could never love him *so*. ‘Are you sure, do you know your own heart ?’ he said. ‘I am sure ; you frighten me, you are so grave, so wise, so old,’ I answered, sobbing ; ‘do pray — pray go away and never think of me again.’ ‘That is impossible,’ said he, ‘I shall think of you always, as the fairest, dearest dream that ever a man had ; but I will darken your young life no more — good-bye, and forgive me all — and *this*.’ He bent down, kissed my forehead — and was gone.”

Kate paused and drew a long breath. "Was that the end?" asked Dick, who had listened with deep attention. "Did he go away?"

"Yes. The next morning there came a note to my aunt taking a courteous farewell, which a 'sudden summons' prevented him doing in person, thanking her for her kindness, and sending his 'best regards' to me; and then he went."

"And did no one know of it?"

"Not a soul. I think my aunt suspected something, for she looked curiously at me for a day or two; but I was too much ashamed to confess to her, and I think that society agreed in my opinion that he was too much my superior for there to be anything serious in his attentions."

"And did you never see him again?"

"Yes; three years afterwards. I had been very ill, and my poor father carried me on to the North. We went about everywhere, and I was beginning to get strong when we reached West Point; and there on the long piazza at Cozzens' Hotel I saw him. He started and colored a little, and I, I know, turned pale. The next moment he came up, shook hands and began to speak with Papa, while I could not hear or comprehend a word. We stayed there a week, and he was constantly with us. He took such care of me; go where I would, comforts seemed to spring up around me, and I strengthened rapidly. He talked a great deal with Papa, who found him a man after his own heart (he had never seen him at home), but not much with me, and always as a grave, quiet friend might do, until on the last day of our stay he asked me to walk with him. We went out and strolled along the river—you know how beautiful it is there; and then he talked about himself and his own plans—said that he meant to leave Congress and go back into private life. 'But why,' said I, 'when you have taken such a position and are so highly thought of?' 'Did you think,' said he, looking at me in the moonlight, 'did you think that I went to Congress for position or to be highly thought of?' 'As a means to doing good, to serving the country,' said I. 'I had such a dream,' he answered, 'but you know that my dreams have not been fulfilled. It is no use to try there; the day for doing good in Congress has passed. Great evil may be done, but the minority is powerless to prevent it, especially a minority of men who will not use bad means to compass good ends. That I cannot do; the restraint of individual conscience is too strong upon me for me to yield implicitly to any party measures, and there is no use in attempting to fight there single-handed. Venality and corruption rule, and the men who are to combat them must be of, it may be stronger, and certainly of more unscrupulous natures than mine. I shall do more good by going back to my own home and laboring among my own people and neighbors.' He paused, and I said nothing. His voice changed and he went on, 'Kate,' (he had never called me so before), 'the life I speak of is a good one, and therefore it may be borne; but ah! it would be such a happy one, it could be so enjoyed, if you would come and share it with me. Dear, three years ago you said that I frightened you with my grave ways, but you too have grown grave since then; do you think you could like me

now?' 'I *do* like you,' I cried, and my eyes filled with tears; 'I like you and honor you above any man, but you must never speak to me so again, for I am engaged to Ralph Herries.' 'Engaged to Ralph Herries!' he repeated. 'Yes; he has been in love with me for a long time, and just before we left home I accepted him; and so, dear, dear friend, you must never speak to me except as a friend again.' 'Kate,' he said, stopping suddenly, 'if I had come back, say a year ago, what answer would you have made me then?' 'I—I don't know,' said I, bursting into tears; 'but now, now, you must go away.' We were near the house then. He took my hands in a strong, firm grasp, said 'God forever bless you, my first, last love!' dropped them and went. I have never seen him since."

"But I have," said Dick Eustace. Kate looked in blank amazement. "Yes, and I will tell you where. Last year after leaving the University I went down into the Valley for a fortnight with Jem Gordon; great times we had, good company and splendid hunting. One day we had ridden a great distance when we saw a servant in livery coming towards us. He said that his master, hearing that we were in his neighborhood, had sent him to invite us all to dine and spend the night with him. 'The very thing,' said Jem Gordon; 'we should have a weary ride back with these tired horses, and I should like you, Dick, as a stranger here, to see what we are all proud of—Frank Horton and Horton Hall.' Ah, I see I am right," he ejaculated, as Kate started and the color rushed to her pale face. "'Ride back, Ben,' he said to the servant, 'and tell your master that we will be with him directly.' We went over, and I can't tell you, Kate, how much I was impressed with all I saw and heard—the handsome, stately old house with the broad lawn and spreading trees, and the equally stately master—such a grand gentleman, and yet so easy and pleasant to us youngsters—kind and cordial and cheerful, yet with a certain gravity which became him well. There were half-a-dozen of us, and I don't think that he caught my name when Jem first mentioned it, for towards the end of the evening, some one saying it, he looked at me with interest and said, 'I knew formerly, Mr. Eustace, a lady of your name for whom I have a great respect—Mrs. George Eustace of Charleston.' 'My mother.' 'Indeed! I am happy to have her son as my guest. When I was in Charleston many years ago she was very kind to me'—and after that he treated me with particular attention. It was very remarkable, I thought, how with all his good humor and hospitality we still felt his authority over us. One thing I remember particularly. The talk, as was not unnatural among so many very young men, got rather 'fast,' and one lad, Jem Gordon's cousin Tom, spoke very lightly of women. Mr. Horton looked annoyed and turned the conversation to politics, but things would go wrong, and in a few minutes came a declaration that 'society was ruined, morality despised, the country going to the dogs.' 'And the worst of it is,' cried Tom Gordon, 'that there's nothing to be done for it—no help anywhere, the tide is too strong.' 'Yes,' said Mr. Horton, 'there is something to be done; let every man so rule himself, his own life and soul, as to feel his conscience clear to God and his country, and much will be done.' The grave speech in the midst

of our light talk made a pause, and then one young fellow said hesitatingly, 'I don't quite know what you mean, sir. Do you mean politically or only morally?' 'You cannot so divorce politics and morals,' Mr. Horton replied, 'they must be closely connected; and what I mean is, that although for the wounds and sores in the body politic we can apply no direct remedy, we can indirectly do much by individual endeavor to keep up the standard of public and private morality, by loving God, honoring women, and obeying the laws.' Tom Gordon flushed, but determined not to be put down, cried out, 'Honoring women! that is easier said than done, sir. Why the best of them are poor creatures, and the others worse.' 'My dear Tom,' said Mr. Horton gravely (he was his cousin, you know), 'there are four generations of women's faces looking at you from these walls; you have as many in your own hall at home. All of them I know to have been pure and honorable ladies: you are happier than I, for you have your mother and sisters as well—do you mean to include *them* in your strictures?' 'Oh! of course you know individual exceptions,' blustered Tom. 'We are ten men here,' said Mr. Horton, smiling, 'and I dare to say that each of us makes his own womankind individual exceptions. While that is the case, there is still hope for the sex and for us, for Heaven help us indeed if we lose our faith in them. Take the word of a man a great deal older than any of you, my boys, and believe me that the man who does not honor a lady soon ceases to be a gentleman. And now shall we go to the billiard-room?' We went, and he invited Tom to be his partner, and was so kind and pleasant to him as completely to soothe any sting which his words might have left. The next day as we were riding home I expressed my astonishment that such a man, with such sentiments, should never have married. Jem Gordon said, 'The ladies at home say that he has had some disappointment in love—been refused or jilted, or something like that, long ago—and never got over it.' 'If it were so,' Tom said, laughing, 'it would go far to strengthen me in my poor opinion of the fair sex that they should not appreciate Frank Horton; but I'm *sure* they know the value of Horton Hall.' 'If any other man were concerned,' said another youngster, 'Horton Hall would be a great consideration; but with him, even without the hall, I really cannot believe that any woman could say him nay—no, I think that he has made himself an ideal and never found it yet.' 'No,' said George Henderson, the eldest of the party, 'that is not it, boys. Don't you see the understratum of sadness through all Frank Horton's serenity, and that he talks of women rather as a worshipper does of a saint in a shrine than as a lover of his mistress?' 'Yes,' said I, 'but the question is, how would *such* a lover talk of his lady? for I confess I never met a Sidney or a Bayard before. He is as unlike other men as a *preux chevalier* in mail is unlike a modern dandy.' 'Ay, but what has made him so?' said George Henderson: 'not only his own nature but his experiences. You may depend upon it that he has loved and lost his love by death, and the great sanctifier has therefore consecrated all women to him; and that gives him that grand, chivalric, devoted way about them'—and so we settled it that Horton's love was a saint in heaven, and here I find her in you, Kitty, a very woman in the chimney-corner."

Kate had listened breathlessly. She now drew a deep sigh and said, "It is the first that I have heard of him for years. Well, this shows that one should never trust to time to hide anything. I could not imagine that you could have identified him. But now, Dick, as you have discovered that which I never meant you to know, you must forget it."

"I can't promise that," said he; "it is too astonishing. Oh, Kate, what a fool you were!"

"You must not say that," she said quickly; "you have no right. Love and admiration are very different things. He was too far above me, Dick; I did not love and could not marry him, and I am content."

The words were hardly out of her mouth when a travelling-carriage, splashed from the muddy roads, drove into the yard, and a rather heavy-looking but handsome man of about thirty-five got out. "Oh, there is Ralph!" she said, going out to meet him. In a moment they re-entered the room together.

"Well, Eustace, glad to see you," said Mr. Herries, shaking hands cordially. "Kate, do see about dinner; tell them to hurry it. And, Kate, do see that Jack has something hot, and tell them to rub the horses well; it's very cold."

Kate left the room, and Dick secretly wondered why Mr. Herries did not give his own orders; but he poked the fire, and turning to Dick, said, "Have you seen the children? Are they well?"

"Quite well, I believe — at school, and the little one asleep."

"Always out of the way when wanted, and in it when not," said Mr. Herries, fretfully. "Kate ought not to have sent them to school this wet day."

"It was fine in the morning," said Dick, apologetically, as Kate returned.

"Those children will take their deaths of cold," said her husband, attacking her. "How could you send them out to-day? And, Kate, the cough-mixture on the plantation all gave out — why did you not provide more? And there were at least thirty yards too little of that negro cloth — you did not order enough."

"I am very sorry," she said, answering these lamentations generally; "but the children are well wrapped up, and their cousins will bring them home. Your sister always sends the carriage for them, and you know they pass this door. Are you quite sure that there was no more of the mixture? Besides the big bottle, I left a whole jug on the top shelf of the medicine-closet."

"Yes, but I gave some to Timmons for his people who had the cough, and there was not enough."

"That was very kind of you," she said pleasantly, "and if I had known it I would have sent more by the boat yesterday. The cloth too, you say, gave out; I thought we had agreed that that quantity would be ample."

"Yes, but I used some for horse-blankets, and so it ran short."

"Horse-blankets! Oh, they will be very comfortable," she said, quickly checking the ejaculation which rose to her lips; "but I hope the people are not in need. No boat will go for a week."

"You should have sent it yesterday," he reiterated. "Eustace, stay and dine with us; there will be a fine haunch for dinner, eh Kate?"

"Pray stay and dine, Dick," said Kate cordially; "but you will not get the haunch. You know," she added, looking to Mr. Herries, "you know that you wrote me you would not return until to-morrow, and I kept it for you. There is not time for it to be dressed now."

"Always the way!" he exclaimed. "I never do set my heart on a thing but it is forgotten. Now I have been thinking of that haunch all day."

"You must be content to enjoy it to-morrow," she said, smiling. "I could not know that you would come home to-day."

"Yes, but," began Mr. Herries, but Dick Eustace here took leave, protesting that he could neither stay then nor return the next day, even for the haunch. Kate walked to the street door with him, saying, "I am very sorry that you cannot stay. Ralph likes nothing so much as to share his good cheer with a friend. And, Dick, forget that foolish story of mine; I had forgotten it until you and your love troubles put it into my head again."

"The sublime hypocrisy of women!" said Dick Eustace to himself, as he rode off in the rain. "Forgotten Frank Horton! — a likely story. She really has persuaded herself that Ralph Herries is a kind-hearted, hospitable creature, instead of seeing that he only wants me to grumble too. I turn sick at that 'yes but' with which he begins his most unreasonable complaints; and yet she says she is content and never loved Frank Horton! She thinks so, but was she mistaken? What could have made her take Herries? The Sphinx and Chimera, Mr. Caxton says, are nouns feminine, and in truth I begin to believe him. She *may* have thought that she did not love Horton, but *could* she have thought that she did love Herries? Was she mistaken? I think I'll try to pump my mother." With which dutiful determination Dick Eustace rode home.

CHAPTER III.

Old Mrs. Eustace was as handsome an old lady as could well be seen. Her large figure was still erect and shapely, her complexion clear and healthy, her eyes still bright. A cap of fine Mechlin lace almost covered her beautiful white hair, except that on the temples and back of the neck a few little curls would come out. She was always dressed in thick, soft black silk with ample trimmings of lace at the throat and wrists, and there was no color or ornament about her except the lavender ribbon that fastened her cap and the diamond brooch which flashed in the lace at her neck. A large soft crape shawl hung over her chair, or was drawn around her shoulder, as she fancied. When Dick entered the room she was sitting in her high-backed chair by the fire reading.

"What absorbs you, Mamma?" said the young man, stooping to kiss her.

"I'm not absorbed, my dear boy," she answered briskly; "the novels of the present day are not good enough for that, but I'm

getting a little deaf (one must expect it at my age) and did not hear you come in."

"Deaf! Mamma, not in the least; and you do like the novels. Let me see what you have got there."

"A silly story enough, my dear, though there is some cleverness in it — *North and South*, by Mrs. Gaskell."

"Some cleverness! Why, Mamma, it is capital."

"I have no patience, my dear, with such foolish girls. Here is a young woman in terribly embarrassed circumstances who refuses an excellent man with a handsome fortune just because she doesn't know her own silly mind, and so far as I have got seems to be bent on stultifying herself—minding other people's children, and district visiting, and so on."

"An excellent opening for me," thought Dick, and he added aloud, "Oh it all comes right in the end; it is a privilege which novel-writers have to make it do so. But in real life, I fancy, when a woman makes a mistake of that sort, the stultification is apt to endure. But after all, Mamma, I rather wonder that women ever make up their minds to marry at all."

"I've often thought so," said the old lady drily, "but I never heard a man say so before."

"Well, I've been spending the morning at Kate's, and really Herries is —"

"Ah yes, he's a fool," she replied shortly.

"A fool, if he were but a good-natured fool! but fault-finding, exacting!"

"My dear, a fool who is nearly forty is seldom good-natured. Health and animal spirits may answer in youth, but men, like wine, need some strength to keep them sweet as they grow old; and poor Herries is so weak."

"Strong enough to find fault with everything his wife does."

Mrs. Eustace laughed. "What a boy you are!" she said. "Don't you see, Richard, that it is not the things that she does that he blames, but those that he does? He grumbles when all her endeavors fail to conceal or set straight his blunders."

"Well yes, I believe so. How much you know, Mamma! But that only makes it worse. How came she to marry him?"

"She married him, my dear," said the old lady, leaning back in her chair and taking off her glasses, "because he was so good-for-nothing."

"Because he was so good-for-nothing!" repeated her son, astounded.

"Precisely. Kate was a fine, generous nature; she always liked better to give than to receive, and was always helping everybody. Don't you remember when you were a child how you used to hang upon her? Well, Ralph Herries did just so. He was handsome and poor and perfectly helpless, and devoted to her. He used to tell her, 'You can make anything of me. You can do what you like with me. I cannot exist without you;' and so she believed him after a fashion, and took him, as she would have taken any crying child."

Dick groaned.

"Yes, poor thing! it has been an up-hill business ever since she

has been trying to make something of him, and you see how she has succeeded. It is a bad business, my dear, for the woman to undertake the man's part."

"A bad business indeed," assented Dick, "and Kate, God bless her! is anything but masculine — pure womanly. So you think she married him for pity, not love?"

"They are near akin, you know; but I only meant that she loved down — not up — because he leaned on her, not she on him."

"I might imagine such an affection in a strong-minded woman past *la première jeunesse*," said Dick, "especially if there was a scarcity of other lovers; but Kate was young and pretty, and Miss Carston, and I suppose had admirers."

"Oh! of course, many; she might have married very well more than once, but she did not care for any of them — at least for no one who addressed her."

"Ah! what is the meaning of that exception? You don't mean that she fancied any one who did not like her? I can't imagine that with my Kate."

"Cannot you? Well, my dear, with due deference to your opinion and experience, I can. In these days when girls fall in love according to their own silly fancies, instead of allowing things to be arranged by their parents, in a dignified and discreet manner as in my time, few, I imagine, escape some trials of that kind."

"Really, but Kate?"

"Ah yes, Kate — it is only a suspicion; but the first year that she went into company (much too young I thought her), a gentleman, a stranger here, paid her considerable attention, which I *think* she misunderstood; in fact, it misled *me*. I thought him quite *épris*."

"And were you mistaken?"

"Apparently so. He was a very charming person, somewhat older than she was, but handsome, distinguished, travelled; still, such men are sometimes captivated by those very young girls, and Kate was a winning sweet creature, so I was surprised when he went away, and she certainly moped."

"And what became of him?" asked Dick, innocently poking the fire to conceal a smile.

"We never saw him again; he went into Congress, and was acquiring reputation, when he suddenly quitted it — some maggot in his brain about the corruption of the times, I heard — and since then he has lived in retirement in the country. Quite a loss to society! You so seldom now see a man with *le bel air de l'ancien régime*."

"We see one lady with it, at all events," said Dick, tenderly taking the withered little hand, still sparkling with diamonds, into his own broad palm. "Mamma, I never know whether you are like the most gracious of fairies, or a *Marquise de Louis Quinze*. I do so love those lovely little white curls: it is so good to have a beautiful mamma."

"I don't see any virtue in looking uglier than needs must because one is old, my boy; and as to those horrid frowzy fronts! if it had pleased Heaven to afflict me with baldness, I *might* have resigned myself to one; but as it is, I have no desire to look younger than my age, and don't pretend to conceal that nature and time have whitened my hair."

"I should think not," said Dick smiling, for he knew perfectly his mother's little vanity about her hair; "but you say Kate fretted?"

"Not conspicuously, you understand, but she looked dull, grew grave, and took to reading great books, political and social questions — things that she did not care for in the least, but on which he used to converse. But he never came back, and so after a while she married Ralph Herries."

"Well, I hope she likes him; it is more than I do," said Dick gloomily.

"Oh! of course, my dear; a well-bred woman always cares sufficiently for her husband, the father of her children."

"Article number three of that cursed female catechism, I suppose — I shall know it all in time; but my mother is very clever," said Dick to himself, "but I wonder — was she mistaken?"

Six weeks later Dick Eustace put his happy face into Mrs. Herries' drawing-room and said, "It is all right, Kate, thanks to you. She says she always did care for me, only she was scared and did not know it."

CHAPTER IV.

Five years had passed, and again Kate Herries sat sewing by the fire; but not in the same pretty drawing-room in which we saw her last. There were no flowers in the windows, no knickknacks on the *étagères*, few books on the shelves; nor was the room the same. Instead of the large airy apartment overlooking the Ashley and the James Island shore, she was now in a small room of a small house in the upper part of the town, and nothing not absolutely necessary for use or comfort was to be seen. At a glance one saw "the situation." A knapsack and haversack and crimson-bound cap had superseded the peaceful beavers and umbrellas in the hat-stand; the book on the table was not Trollope's "last," but "Artillery Tactics"; a basket of carefully scraped lint, ready to be sent to the hospitals, usurped the place of the crochet-work; and the thud and crash of the bursting shells, falling scarcely three squares below, told to the ear, even more plainly than these things did to the eye, that this was the war-time, that Charleston was a beleaguered city, and that Mrs. Herries was one of the few ladies who still remained within hearing, almost within reach of the enemy's missiles. The reason for this was simple. Mr. Herries was an officer in one of the artillery regiments stationed in the harbor, and Kate felt that she must be at hand, not to dress his possible wounds, but to strengthen his positive irresolution. Not that Ralph Herries was a coward: "*Bon sang ne peut mentir*," says the proverb, and Kate knew well that in the hour of fight he would not disgrace his name. But in that long struggle, the hours hardest to bear were not the hours of fight, but those of inaction, of watching and waiting when opposite one another the long blue and gray lines lay ready, silent and expectant, not knowing at what moment or on which side the words should be spoken which should hurl them at each other. And to the South, hardest of all were those last dreary months, when the dread of the approaching

end was in every man's heart and on no man's lips, when all knew and felt what that end must be, but each said to his nearest comrade, "We shall conquer yet."

In those months the only happy men were they who, under Lee and Johnston, "fought all day and fell back all night," too busy with the work of each moment to look beyond or see the gradual crumbling around them. They, conscious of making a good fight, might yet be cheerful and hopeful; but for those who, cooped up in the forts, or lying behind sand-batteries on headlands or beaches, with nothing to do but to keep up the long "artillery duel" and watch their walls; and worse still for the women at home, watching and dreading, sewing sand-bags for the batteries and shirts for the men, drawing every thread with a fear or a prayer—the time was awful. For to them came accounts from every side, and all in one strain: heroic endeavor, blood shed like water, hardships endured with smiles—and all in vain; for now Grant and Sherman were massing their legions and pressing hard on the thinned lines of the Confederate veterans. The boys were gone from the schools, the old men from the firesides, and those at home knew well that *there were no more to go*. In those six words lay the whole agony!

Hard was it then for the officers to wear the cheery countenance, to speak the hopeful words, to keep up the discipline which it behooved them yet to do; and for poor Ralph Herries, no longer young, loving his comforts, without one spark of enthusiasm, it would have been a sheer impossibility so to do had not his wife remained near, always bright and hopeful, always ready to cheer, to praise, to express a fulness of confidence in the future and in him—inspiring him with a faith in fate and himself which supported him marvellously, and of which he would otherwise have been utterly destitute. And Kate hardly knew that in herself this faith was not genuine. For nearly fifteen years she had been saying to herself steadily that Ralph was all that a man should be, that only his manner was a little defective; and that "sublime hypocrisy," as Dick called it, had served her so well that now it was no longer a pretense. She believed it, almost always; and when moments of clearer sight would come, she resolutely shut her eyes and thrust back such thoughts as suggestions of the devil. Still she was unconsciously influenced by them. The sense that she was to him a necessity (although to herself it assumed the gentle form "Poor Ralph would miss me so much!") determined her to remain as near him as possible. Therefore when the "Swamp Angel" opened upon the city and the shells burst upon her roof, she only removed far enough to be beyond their reach in the upper part of the town, sending her household goods to a distance, and holding herself and her children prepared to fly if ever the monitors should force their way past Sumter.

The work in Mrs. Herries' hands told as plainly as everything else did of the war-time. It was a rough red flannel shirt which she was sewing with coarse thread and rapid stitches; a heap of others lay cut out in a basket at her feet, and her little daughter, a child of twelve years old, sat by her, carefully knitting a stout worsted sock.

"When does the regiment go, Mamma?" asked the little girl.

"On Wednesday, my dear, they expect to march, and we shall have to be very busy to get our share of the work done."

"And shall we see them go by, Mamma? I have seen plenty of infantry regiments, and the artillery parades, but never a cavalry regiment marching, and I should so like to."

"Cousin Dick said that we must go up to the forks of the road if we wished to see them, as they would not pass through the town; and I suppose it will be kindest to go, although it is a sad sight."

"A sad sight, Mamma! why, I think it will be beautiful."

"Yes, dear, and we must not think of the sadness," answered her mother, with the resolute repression of feeling which had become habitual to her; "but tell Chloe to bake as much bread and boil as much bacon as possible for the next two days, and we will take several large baskets in the carriage with us, and fill any empty haversacks that we may see; the rations are never so large that the poor fellows are not glad of any addition."

"That will be nice, Mamma. May I go and tell Mom Chloe at once about the bread?"

"Yes; take the keys and—ah! there is a ring."

In fact the bell had rung, and a man's step, heavy and slow, was coming along the passage below. To Kate's eager fancy it sounded like the step of the messenger of ill tidings, and her apprehension increased as the little girl, hanging over the banisters, exclaimed, "It is cousin Dick himself, Mamma—he is coming up."

She went to meet him with a face scarcely whiter than his own, saying, "Dick, what is the matter? Why do you look *so*? Your mother—Alice and the baby?"

"Were all quite well when I heard yesterday, thank you," said he, making an effort to speak cheerfully. "Does my pale face frighten you? It is only that I have not been very well, and this raw, damp day. How is Ralph?"

"Very well; he comes up from the fort for a few hours every day or two, and I dare say will be here to-day. But you do look so badly! Shall I get you anything to eat or drink?"

"Nothing, thank you; I am all right now—I only want to get warm," he said, unbuckling his cavalry sabre and throwing it and his orange-bound cap on the table; "and to talk to you," he added, glancing significantly at the child, as he seated himself and stretched his booted legs to the fire.

"We were just considering the empty haversacks of your men," she answered, somewhat relieved. "Take the keys, Susie, and call Mom Chloe to the store-room; tell her to bake as much bread as the oven will hold, and to make plenty of sorghum hoecakes. Take your stocking with you, and when you have done with Chloe you can go and knit in the nursery.—And now, Dick," as the door closed behind the little girl, "what is it?"

"Only this," he answered, taking a newspaper from his pocket. "You have seen the account of the last attack on the lines below Petersburg?"

"Only the telegrams in yesterday's and to-day's paper."

"Here it is in the *Richmond Examiner*," said he, placing a sheet

before her. "I got this half an hour ago as I rode into town, and I confess that it has upset me."

The sudden flush told him that her eye had fallen on the right place, and he considerably walked to the window and gazed intently into the yard while she read: "The enemy was repulsed with great loss, and pursued far beyond our lines, which were completely re-established; but we have as usual several losses to deplore." Then followed several names, and then—"But of all who have fallen, none is so great a loss to the cause, none so dear to Virginia, none will be so mourned, so missed, as the gallant Colonel Frank Horton. To his own State we need only speak his name, but to others we must say that of all the sons of the Old Dominion this was one of the noblest. In thinking of our loss, we almost forget that he was the last of an old and honored line, we almost forget his great intellect, his varied acquirements; we remember only the high nobility, the stainless manhood, the unblemished purity that made him so dear to us. His death was in accordance with his life, in which no thought of self ever mingled. He had led his regiment with his usual judgment and intrepidity through the day, and when by General Fitz Lee's order the bugles sounded the recall, he had turned his horse in obedience to the summons, when seeing a young soldier on foot and slightly wounded attacked by two of the enemy, he instantly turned and spurred between the young man and his assailants, both of whom he shot down, but not until he had himself received a bullet in his breast. His men, who had rushed to follow him, caught him in their arms as he fell from his saddle, and received his last words. 'Tell the General that we want another rifle-pit at that angle. Good-bye, boys, and thank you. Father! I come.' And thus, with his country, his friends, and his God on his lips, the pure spirit fled."

A slight sound as of a gasp for breath made Dick Eustace look round. He saw that his cousin had let the paper fall, while she leaned back in her chair with her eyes closed and her face rigid and white to the lips; only the tight grasp of the clenched hands showed Dick that she had not fainted. He turned away again, and continued to gaze from the window for minutes which seemed to him as hours. But there came a knocking at the gates of the yard. A servant hurried to open them, and Major Herries and two other officers rode in. They lingered to give directions about their horses; but Kate, who had been roused by the noise, rose and came forward, no longer pale, but with a flush on her brow and her eyes burning bright. "Best so, Dick, best so!" she exclaimed eagerly. "He has happiness now, and heaven."

"Ah, Kate," he said reproachfully, "you could have made him so happy here."

"I!" said she, with an accent of scorn in her voice. "Do you think that such happiness as I or any other woman could have given would have contented *him*? No, Dick; he has had his ideal here. Happier so than if he had discovered, as he surely would have done, what a mere baseless vision it was. And now he has that which alone is worthy of him—hero-wreath and martyr-crown—the Father's 'Well done, thou good and faithful servant!' And he is spared—ah, God! what is he not spared?"

"Spared—how! What do you mean?" stammered the young man.

"What, do you not see!" cried she, with shining eyes and clasped hands, for once transported beyond her self-control. "Do you not see that for those who die is the strife, the combat, the victory, the joy; that to us is the fall, the shame, the defeat, the humiliation! Do you not see the cup filled to the brim with anguish and despair! Do you not know that to those who live on in this unhappy country there is but one future—the misery of subjugation!"

"Kate, Kate, for God's sake hush! Think what you are saying. Your voice is as a prophecy, and by Heaven it is enough to make us throw down our swords and yield in despair!"

"Not so, not so!" she cried. "Rather to make you fight, fight to the bitter end; for beyond the fight is—nothing!"

Her head dropped on her breast and the light died from her cheeks and eyes. "Forgive me," she said after a moment's silence, passing her hand with a confused look over her brow. "Forgive me. I don't quite know what I have said; I feel bewildered."

"There are Ralph and two others coming into the house now," said Dick, for once in his life rather glad to see Mr. Herries.

"Yes, I see; they have come to dine, and you must stay too, Dick. Yes, you must," she added hastily as he was beginning to decline; "you will help me, and I will go and see about things." And the next minute he heard her voice, calm as usual, directing the servants in the next room.

Dick Eustace's closest attention could detect but little change in Kate Herries, either at dinner that day or at any time afterwards. He never again heard her mention Frank Horton's name. Only the pale face grew somewhat paler, the quiet voice a little more quiet; and some months afterwards her aunt, seeing her standing in the sunlight, and struck by the gray threads in her brown hair, exclaimed, "Why, Kate, child, you are growing gray! Really this war is making an old woman of you!"

"Yes," repeated Kate softly, "this war has made an old woman of me."

And Dick Eustace to this day has never been able to answer to himself the question "Was she mistaken?"

H. HILTON BROOM.

THE RIVER PASS.

IN the rugged mountain region where the winding Tennessee
Traces slow its rocky pathway, as it seeks the Mexic sea ;
Up against the rearing mountain, like an eyry perched on high,
Stands a cabin known in story ; for to wandering passer-by
Gossips now delight in telling how its wild, sweet mountain-lass
Led three thousand Rebel horsemen safely through the river-pass.

Hemmed were they like hunted cattle, girdled in a fiery band ;
Guarded passes, thick with cannon, showed themselves on every hand.
Then the captain sent the order, "Say for me on every side,
Gold is his who from these shambles me and mine will safely guide."
But the scoffing soldiers questioned, "Will some shadowy ghost appear
To slay the gunners at their guns, and smite the circling host with fear?"

What though full above them shining beams the silver star of Hope !
Hostile camp-fires red around them mark a surer horoscope.
Hush ! a sound has broke the stillness ; shadowy forms are passing by ;
See the doomed band, horsed and waiting underneath the midnight sky !
Quick the word goes through the army, "Hold your sabres by your side !
Grasp your reins and move like spirits ! Pray the Lord that good betide !"

So like spectres on they travel, through the moonlight white and still,
Through the cedars, till the river lies below them deep and chill.
"Comrades, in a trap we've fallen !" cried a voice ; "Show us the guide !
Never man would dare that river, hoping e'er to reach yon side."
And the murmur hoarse swelled louder, meaning looks were in each eye,
When a vision stood among them like a form from out the sky.

'Twas a woman fair and stately, and her clear voice like a bell
Rung out, "Comrades, see your pilot ! and, please God, she'll do it well !"
In she plunged ; they followed after — every man was saved. "Hurrah !"
Rose their ringing cheer, and echoed through the midnight wide and far.
"Where's the guide ? Pay twice the money ! Give us her name to keep
for aye !"

But she answered, lightly laughing, "Have ye so much time to stay ?

"Southern men ye are, ye tell me ; brothers mine, shall it be told
Southern men e'er thought a sister helped her country for its gold ?"
And before the bearded soldiers found the words they wished to say,
The mountain-girl was o'er the river, bounding on her homeward way.

O woman fair! O nameless woman! the river runs, its winding way,
But trampling steeds and jingling swords have silent been, ah! many a
day.

Our lives flow on, now dark and drear, now blushing as a summer sea,
But let them change—midst all the gloaming we will love and honor thee.

TUSKEGEE, ALA.

WILLIE MARIAN ALLEN.

A FEW PAPERS OF THE ARMY OF TENNESSEE.

II.

BATTLE OF MURFREESBORO'.

AS I had not, until a few days ago, read these papers since my first perusal of them—which was soon after they came into my possession—I had quite forgotten that the report which follows was incomplete. This discovery—or rather, re-discovery—caused much hesitation as to the propriety of offering the fragment to the public. I have, however, concluded to do so—not so much with the expectation that it will prove very interesting in its mutilated form, as with the hope of drawing out the entire report from some of those thousand private chests, closets, or other obscure recesses of Southern homes, which are so jealously guarded from the public eye, while our never-resting wily foes (for are not the majority of the Northern people still our foes?) are “making history” in a way that may literally be called “with a vengeance.”

While every true Southerner should rejoice to see the glorious records of the “Army of Northern Virginia” dragged forth—dragged being an eminently proper word here—as they have lately been, slowly and one by one, from their hidden places, surely the gallant deeds of our Western armies ought not to be kept buried entirely from view. The battles of Murfreesboro' and Chickamauga especially were two of the grandest and bloodiest struggles of the gigantic war in which the just cause of the South went down. There laurels were won by our brave soldiers worthy to match those gained on the harried fields of Virginia—and higher praise than that, as the world well knows, were hard to give. Indeed, one of the main objects in presenting “A Few Papers” is to initiate a movement to place in their true light the heroic achievements of our Western armies; and if that object be attained, the writer hereof will be not

only highly gratified, but amply rewarded for his light "labor of love."

Meanwhile, why are our *leaders* silent? those who with the pen are, beyond all comparison, the best fitted to tell us what was so nobly done with the sword. Let such of them as still live, reflect on the dangers of delay. Three of the very greatest are already gone: two having given up their lives on the bloody field, the third surviving the struggle but a few short years. Will not those who are still spared us, put on record, before it is too late, something more than their "official reports"? Let them lose no more precious time, but give us their comprehensive views of the various military operations of the greatest war of the age—its grand strategy no less than its terrific conflicts—instead of leaving this to mere tyros who never saw a battle. Can it be that our renowned leaders, who thrilled the world with their prowess, have become indifferent as to whether the deeds of themselves, and the brave men they led, shall be falsified by our unscrupulous foe, until they die into an echo—or worse, live in infamy, the scorn of future generations?

A Part of Hardee's Report of the Operations of his Corps at the Battle of Murfreesboro'.

HEADQUARTERS HARDEE'S CORPS, }
TULLAHOMA, TENNESSEE, February 28th, 1863. }

COLONEL:—After the campaign in Kentucky our forces were collected at Murfreesboro', while the enemy gradually concentrated an army, reported seventy thousand strong, around Nashville. Every preparation that forecast could suggest was made by them to crush our army and obtain possession of Central Tennessee. For nearly two months there was apparent inaction, interrupted only by skirmishes, raids, and a successful affair at Hartsville.

The enemy occupied Nashville, their right extending towards Franklin, and their left towards Lebanon. Our centre was at Murfreesboro', under Lieutenant-General Polk; our right at Readyville, under Major-General McCown; and our left at Triune and Eagleville.

Such was the situation of the armies when information was received, on the 26th of December, that General Rosencranz was advancing with sixty thousand men from Nashville against Murfreesboro'. The first demonstration was made against Triune by an advance of the enemy on the Shelbyville turnpike. Cleburne's division and Adams' brigade, under my immediate command, were posted in that vicinity.

The Commanding General having decided to accept battle and to defend Murfreesboro', I withdrew my command the succeeding day by his order, leaving Wood's brigade and Wharton's cavalry to skirmish with the enemy near Triune. This was done boldly and successfully, and they joined the command on the 28th at Murfreesboro'.

My corps consisted of Breckenridge's and Cleburne's divisions, each of four brigades, and Wheeler's brigade of cavalry.

Murfreesboro' is situated thirty miles southeast of Nashville, in a fertile, gently undulating and highly cultivated country, in the midst

of the great plain that stretches from the base of the Cumberland mountains towards Nashville. The Chattanooga Railroad, the chief line of communication from Tennessee to the South Atlantic States, passes through it, and numerous excellent turnpikes radiate from it in every direction. Stone river flows about two miles west of the town, through low banks of limestone, steep, and in some places difficult to pass, and gradually trends to the north as a tributary of the Cumberland. At this time the stream could everywhere be passed without difficulty by infantry, and at the usual fords was not more than ankle-deep; but heavy rains in a few hours swell it to an impassable torrent, and it subsides as rapidly. The road to Lebanon passes nearly due north from Murfreesboro'; that to Triune nearly west; that to Salem a little south of west; and the Nashville turnpike northwest, crossing Stone river about a mile and a half from Murfreesboro'. The railroad, leaving the depot on the west of the town, crosses Stone river about two hundred yards above the turnpike ford. At four or five hundred yards beyond this it intersects the Nashville turnpike at a very acute angle, running between it and the river for about seven hundred yards, when the stream turns to the east by a sharp bend, and then resumes its northern course.

The field of battle offered no peculiar advantages for defence. The open fields beyond the town are fringed with dense cedar-brakes, offering excellent shelter for approaching infantry, and are almost impervious to artillery. The country on every side is entirely open, and was accessible to the enemy.

On Sunday morning, the 28th of December, the troops were moved into line of battle. The river separated our right from the left. By order of the Commanding General, the space between the Lebanon road and the ford on the Nashville road, making the right of the army, was occupied by my corps. I arranged my troops in two lines; Breckenridge's division forming the first line, and Cleburne's the second. The former was arranged with Adams' brigade resting on the Lebanon road, about a mile and a half from the town. The line was broken by an intervening field about three hundred yards wide, which was left apparently unoccupied, but was covered by the 20th Tennessee and Wright's battery, of Preston's brigade, which swept it and the fields in front. The remainder of Preston's brigade rested with its right in the woods, and extended along the margin of the grove with its left towards the river. Palmer's and Hanson's brigades completed the line, with the left of Hanson's resting near the ford. Cleburne's division was posted eight hundred yards in rear of and parallel to that of Breckenridge. Polk's corps extended beyond the river, with its right near the stream and about two hundred yards in advance of my left. Withers' division formed the front line of this corps, and Cheatham's the second, while McCown's division was held in reserve near the town.

No movement of importance occurred until Monday evening. It was deemed necessary to hold a hill situated about six hundred yards in advance of Hanson's brigade, as it commanded the sloping hill-sides towards the river in front, and from it the right of Gen. Polk's line could be enfiladed. In the evening the enemy attempted to take

this position, but was vigorously repulsed by a portion of Hanson's brigade, and the hill was occupied by our batteries.

During Monday night the cavalry of Brig.-Gen. Wheeler, attached to my corps, was moved from our right by a circuitous route through Jefferson and Laverne, against the communications of the enemy. After making an entire circuit of the enemy's lines, this daring officer, having inflicted severe injury by the destruction of several hundred wagons and many small arms, and by the capture of several hundred prisoners, returned through Nolansville and Triune to Murfreesboro'.

The next day, Tuesday the 30th, heavy skirmishing took place on our left between the right of the enemy and the command of Lieut.-Gen. Polk. In the afternoon of that day I received instructions from the Commanding General to proceed to the left, to take command of McCown's division, to place it in position, and to move Cleburne's division from our extreme right in the same direction. The order was communicated to Cleburne, and I proceeded at once to the left. I found McCown's division, consisting of three brigades, in two lines: Ector's and Rains' brigades in the first and McNair's in the second line, with Rains' brigade so situated as to be enfiladed by a battery from the enemy. Orders were given to rectify the position of Rains, and to place McNair on the first line. Cleburne's division was brought forward and placed five hundred yards in rear of McCown, as a second line. During the night, the Commanding General having determined to attack the enemy on our left, Brig.-Gen. Wharton was ordered to report to me, and I was instructed, with the two divisions already mentioned and Wharton's cavalry, to commence the attack at dawn the next morning.

The new position which my command now occupied is embraced in the angle between the Salem turnpike and the Triune road. About half a mile from Murfreesboro', on the Nashville road, the Wilkerson turnpike diverges to the left, passing nearly equidistant between it and the Triune road. Each of these roads crosses Stone river about a mile and a half west of the town. The river makes a bend in the shape of a horse-shoe to the west, and the roads cross at the bases of the bend. The enemy's right was about three-quarters of a mile beyond the river, with their line south of the Triune road and extending almost northwardly towards the Wilkerson pike and the Nashville road. The force under my immediate command Wednesday morning was 10,045 infantry and artillery under McCown and Cleburne, and 2000 cavalry under Brig.-Gen. Wharton.

I ordered Wharton to make a detour of the enemy's right, and to fall upon their flank and rear, while the infantry and artillery moved upon them in front. He dashed forward at a gallop at daybreak and soon reached the Wilkerson turnpike, two miles and a half in the rear. With Colonel Cox's command he charged with great impetuosity, and took prisoners the 75th Illinois regiment. Captain Christian, of the Texan Rangers, with four companies at the same time charged and took a complete battery of the enemy, with all its guns, caissons, horses and artillerists. By these dashes fifteen hundred prisoners fell into our hands.

Wharton afterwards swept round towards the Nashville turnpike,

and found the enemy's cavalry in position to defend their menaced trains. Harrison, Ashby and Hardie were ordered to charge; this was met by a counter-charge of the enemy, supposed to be the Fourth Regular Cavalry, who were routed in confusion. The entire cavalry force of the enemy was deployed beyond this point. Wharton's entire brigade was now ordered to charge; two thousand horsemen dashed forward to the assault. The field was favorable, the charge irresistible, the conflict short; the enemy fled in wild dismay two miles beyond Overall's creek, leaving in our hands several hundred wagons, four hundred additional prisoners, and several pieces of artillery. The conduct of Wharton and his brigade cannot be too highly commended. After a day of brilliant achievements he covered the left of my infantry at night.

Major-Gen. McCown having failed to get McNair's brigade on the line of battle Tuesday night as directed by me, the brigade was moved into position early the next morning; and McCown advanced with his division against the enemy, about six hundred yards distant, with McNair on the right of Ector, and with Rains' brigade on the left. The division of Major-Gen. Cleburne was about five hundred yards in rear of McCown, as a second line. The two divisions were posted on the left of Lieut.-Gen. Polk's command. The troops advanced with animation and soon became hotly engaged. The enemy were broken and driven through a cedar-brake after a rapid and successful charge by McCown's command, in which Brig.-Gen. Willich and many prisoners were taken. A signal instance of courage was shown by Colonel J. C. Burks of the 11th Texas. This brave officer, though mortally wounded, still led and cheered on his regiment till he fell exhausted at its head. Another instance was shown by Sergeant A. Sims, flag-bearer of the 10th Texas, who, seeing a Federal flag-bearer endeavoring to rally his regiment, sprang forward, seized the standard, and in the struggle both were shot down waving their flags with their last breath. The Federal flag was captured.

I had ordered McCown and Cleburne, as they crushed the lines of the enemy, to swing round by a continued change of direction to the right, with Polk's left as a pivot, while Wharton was to make a diversion on their flank and rear. This was done by Cleburne, but was not so promptly executed by McCown on account of the position of the enemy in his front. McCown continued westwardly, fighting, towards Overall's creek, far to our left, while Cleburne, executing the manœuvre, changed his direction northeastwardly towards the Wilkerson turnpike, which placed him on the right of McCown and filled the interval between McCown and Polk. The line, though now single and without support, engaged and drove the enemy with great carnage through the fields and cedar-brakes which lie between the Triune and Wilkerson roads. Before this gap in the line was filled by Cleburne, McCown's right flank was exposed. McNair halted his brigade, while Liddell advanced gallantly, filling the interval, covered McNair's unprotected right, and engaged a superior force of the enemy posted behind a rail-fence. The two brigades charged the enemy with impetuosity, took their battery, and pursued their broken and flying regiments before Ector and Rains could be brought into action.

General McNair left a sick-bed to enter the battle; and after conducting his brigade with gallantry, becoming exhausted, he was ordered to retire from the field. The command then devolved upon Colonel Harper.

By this time Liddell, who was upon the left of Johnson's brigade, had become separated from Cleburne's division by following the movement of McCown. The command was near the Wilkerson turnpike, at a point where the enemy has established a hospital. They had driven them nearly two miles. The men were greatly fatigued, and their ammunition was exhausted. As soon as this was replenished, I ordered them again to advance. Rains' brigade being fresh, was brought forward to the right to attack a battery, while Ector's, McNair's, and Liddell's brigades moved forward in the direction of the Nashville road. Ector and Harper, though enfiladed by a battery, forced their way through a cedar-brake in which the enemy were posted, while

The above fragment, ending provokingly in the middle of a sentence, at the bottom of the tenth page, is complete so far as it goes. How many more pages there were I have no means of knowing. It is, however, probable that the above embraces nearly all the operations of the left wing for that day—the last day of the year 1862. But there was another great battle on the 2d of January, only two days afterwards, which, I believe, raged most fiercely on the right, and was mainly sustained by Breckenridge's division.

The paper next in order is a list of the losses in Hardee's corps. The following are the endorsements:

HEADQUARTERS HARDEE'S CORPS, }
TULLAHOMA, TENN., *January 12th, 1863.* }

Respectfully forwarded. W. J. HARDEE, *Lieutenant-General.*

HEADQUARTERS ARMY TENNESSEE, }
TULLAHOMA, *January 29th, 1863.* }

Respectfully returned to Lieutenant-General Hardee, with the request that he discriminate between commissioned officers and enlisted men in this report; and that the 9th Kentucky and Cobb's battery be included in Hanson's brigade.

Please return *immediately.*

By command of General Bragg.

KINLOCH FALCONER, *A. A. G.*

It was no doubt owing to the change required above that this original list was retained among the papers of Hardee's corps.

Return of Killed, Wounded, and Missing in Hardee's Corps, Army of Tennessee, in the Battle of Murfreesboro'.

BRECKENRIDGE'S DIVISION.					CLEBURNE'S DIVISION.				
Brigade.	Regiment.	Killed.	Wounded.	Missing.	Brigade.	Regiment.	Killed.	Wounded.	Missing.
HANSON'S BRIGADE.	2d Ky Regt	14	70	24	WOOD'S	Staff		1	
	4th "	12	47	11		45th Miss Regt	5	39	70
	6th "	2	60	14		16th Ala "	24	142	
	41st Ala Regt	18	89	35		33d Ala "	14	86	1
	Cobb's Battery	3	3			3d Confed "	5	27	37
	9th Ky Regt	Detac	h'd, no	report		Sharpshooters	3	25	5
						Semper's Battery ..	1	19	
	Total	49	269	84		Total	52	339	113
PULLOW'S BRIGADE.	18th Tenn Regt	14	108	31	JOHNSON'S	Staff		2	
	26th "	9	74	16		17th Tenn Regt	17	164	26
	28th "	10	56	9		23d "	3	40	8
	45th "	13	79	19		25th "	16	89	15
	Moses' Battery		5	4		37th "	11	51	6
	32d Tenn Regt	Detac	hed.			44th "	14	136	2
	Total	46	322	79		Darden's Battery ..		6	
PRESTON'S BRIGADE.	Staff	1	1		POLK'S	Total	61	488	57
	20th Tenn Regt	10	100	10		13th & 15th Ark ..	4	59	5
	4th Fla "	32	142	27		5th Tenn Regt	1	24	
	60th N C "	3	57	14		2d "	4	59	
	1st & 3d Fla Regts ..	7	89	43		1st Ark Regt	11	90	
	Wright's Battery	4	10			Calvert's Battery ..	3	2	1
	Total	57	399	94		5th Confed	7	64	12
ADAMS' BRIGADE.	13th & 20th La Regts	48	166	119	LUDELL'S	Total	30	298	18
	16th & 25th "	40	182	31		2d Ark Regt	17	90	10
	32d Ala Regt	21	86	21		5th "	15	131	1
	Austin's Battalion ..	3	10	2		6th & 7th "	29	130	9
	Slocumb's Battery ..	1	5			8th "	31	134	1
						Sweet's Battery ...	1	7	
	Total	113	449	173		Total	93	492	21
Total		265	1439	430	Total		236	1617	209
Grand Total.....2134					Grand Total.....2062				

It will be recollected that when the enemy threatened to flank our left, Hardee, who then held his corps in line of battle on the right, was ordered by General Bragg to move one of his divisions (Cleburne's) over to the left, and to lead it, together with McCown's division, of General Kirby Smith's corps — the remainder of that corps not being present at the battle — against the threatening force.

McCown's division being thus only temporarily under Hardee, its losses are not embraced in the above report, while those of Breckenridge's are. The principal losses of the latter's division were sustained on the 2d of January, in an ineffectual attempt to assault the enemy's stronghold.

There is a note from General McCown to General Hardee, which does not seem to have been intended to meet the public eye. Yet, as it simply states, in respectful terms, a grievance of his own as a general, and is to that extent historical, I see no impropriety in its publication in this connection.

CHATTANOOGA, TENN., 7th May, 1863.

GENERAL:—I have seen General Bragg's report of the battle of Murfreesboro'. The report is unjust to me in more than one particular, but especially in reference to the change of McNair's brigade on the night of the 30th.

I request that you would forward to me the extract of your report touching that matter; also your endorsement on the papers explaining the matter when you forwarded them. I make this request, as I do not know when your report will be published. It is my desire to set the matter right.

An early reply will oblige me much.

Yours, etc.,

J. P. McCOWN, *Major-General.*

The details of the movement alluded to in the above note are embraced in the fragment of General Hardee's report before given.

G. W. ARCHER, M. D.

EARLY SETTLEMENT OF EUROPE.

No. II.

THE POLISHED STONE AGE—PERIOD OF THE BASQUE TYPE.

IT is believed that an entirely new and distinct race of men appeared in Europe after the diluvial period. The great body of archæologists concur in this view. We are to regard the continent as having nearly the same general outline at the very beginning of this period as it has at this day. The people of this period were a small, swarthy, long-headed race, and have been fairly identified with the Basque or Iberian type of modern Europe, the modern Basques, however, from causes not difficult to discover, being taller than their ancestors or the kindred of their ancestors seem to have been. The Iberians of ancient Spain, the Aquitanian race, the Ligurians, and kindred tribes around Marseilles and Genoa, the Silurians of Wales, and possibly the Etruscans of Lombardy (from which land they were afterwards driven by the Kelts down into Etruria), were all of this Basque type. It is probable that the Lapps and Finns are of the same race. Philologists class them all as Turanian, to distinguish them from the Keltic, Italic, Hellenic, Teutonic and Slavonic races, which are of

Aryan origin, and from the Arabian and Jewish elements of modern European life, which are of Semitic origin. They also call the Hungarians and the Turks Turanian ; but these, though neither Aryan nor Semitic, may be totally distinct in race from the Basques.

The Basque race used implements of polished stone, built dwelling-places (though some tribes dwelt in caves), made cloth of flax, and owned the dog. The lowest tribe of the race, that which lived by hunting and fishing on the shores of the Baltic, owned the dog ; and this is proved by evidence furnished from those "kitchen-middens" of which Kingsley wrote in his general description of the Stone Age. These remains do not, however, belong to the period of the Esquimaux type. The Basque tribes of the Danish coast were the people who left these heaps of refuse. Among these remains, those bones which dogs are in the habit of devouring are invariably missing. It is true that, if the dog was now chosen to be man's companion, he was still occasionally eaten, like the animals he helped man to kill ; for the bones of the dog, "broken by the hand of man, and still bearing the marks of having been cut with a knife," are amongst the remains found, and place the fact beyond any question. These makers of the "kitchen-middens" were the lowest of the Basque race. There were other tribes who herded cattle and cultivated the soil. The most highly civilised of them were the Lake-dwellers of the Swiss lakes, eventually driven out or destroyed by the round-headed Belgic race whom the Romans found in Switzerland. These Lake-dwellers planted barley, wheat, and millet, domesticated the hog, and had three breeds of cattle, besides sheep and goats. There is reason to believe that they brought these into Europe from some other land. They fished with hooks and nets, they ground their grain, and they used boats. They also wore ornaments of bones and boars' tusks, perforated with holes in order to string them, and polished with much care and labor.

I must now proceed to give a general description of their dwellings. Habitations similar to theirs still exist among the Amazonian tribes of Maracaibo and in various places in the East Indies. They existed also in Lake Prasias during the time of Darius, King of the Persians ; and Herodotus gives a circumstantial account of their dwellings and their mode of life, and states that Megabyzus, whom Darius had sent to transport the Pæonians from Europe into Asia, was unable to carry away the Pæonian lake-dwellers on account of the security of their position.

During the Basque period they seem to have been numerous. Remains have been found in the greater number of the Swiss lakes, the remains of *many* settlements, indeed, in the larger lakes ; some of the Lombard lakes have yielded to the explorer similar records of the past ; and lacustrine remains have also been found in Scotland and elsewhere. In Lake Neuschatel forty-nine settlements have been found, in Lake Constance thirty-two, in the Lake of Geneva twenty-four, and in Lake Bienne twenty.

The Lake-dwellers followed two distinct systems in framing a support for their dwellings. The first was that of pile-driving ; the second was that of island-making. In the case of the pile-

buildings, the platforms rested on piles driven into the soft bed of the lake in shallow water, or just driven in a little way and then supported by heaps of stones piled around them. In the case of the crannoges, or pack-work buildings, piles were driven, and the spaces between them filled in with masses of mud, timber, and stones, upon which the dwellings were then reared. These latter were only suitable for the smaller lakes and for swamps and morasses, as they were liable to great injury from the violence of storms. The lake-villages were built at no great distance from the lake shore, and in no instance were the piles driven in a greater depth of water than fifteen feet. Trees for timber were probably felled by fire; the piles were driven four or five feet into the mud, and projected several feet above the surface of the water. The pointing of the piles was done with stone hatchets during the Polished Stone Age; and, while the habit of dwelling in these lake settlements continued into the Metal Ages, the difference between the settlements formed in the two periods is readily enough marked by the character of the pointing of these piles, the pointing with metal axes being much finer and smoother. The work of planting the piles was of course done in canoes. Where the mud was deep the mere weight of the log would drive it a considerable distance, and to this weight the workers could add in various ways, until the log had sunk so deep as to enable them to apply blows to the head of the pile. When piles enough had been driven to support the lake end of their bridge, the builders made the bridge, and were thus able to proceed with their work far more easily. The platform was then begun, and was enlarged as each new set of piles was firmly planted, being raised several feet above the water-line. After the platform had been put down and strongly knit together with clay, the builders proceeded to put up their huts, which Sir John Lubbock thinks were generally not circular, but rectangular. Herodotus, in his account of the Pæonian settlement in Lake Prasias, says that each hut had a trap-door opening to the water, that fish were abundant, and that all one had to do was to let down a basket into the water and, stepping aside, he might in a short time draw it up full of fish. He likewise states that these Lake-dwellers fastened a string to the legs of their little children to keep them from falling into the lake.

The herds of the Lake-dwellers pastured near the lake, and in times of danger were driven up to the lake-village. The settlements were places of refuge for a pastoral and agricultural people against the attacks of hostile tribes and the ferocity of wild beasts. They seem to have been in many cases destroyed by fire. The settlements closer in-shore very generally belong to the Polished Stone Age; those built farther out belong to the Bronze Age. No skeletons have been found among these lacustrine remains, and hence the only important evidences we have touching the physical appearance of the Lake-dwellers are the following facts: the fact that the Basques and the Etruscans were both non-Aryan, dark, and small; the fact that the Basques certainly extended as far east as the Ligurian tribes around Marseilles and those of Lombardy, and the Etruscans as far north as the lakes of Lombardy and the mouths of the Po — in fact,

even into the Tyrolese Alps ; and the fact that the bracelets and sword-hilts found in the lacustrine remains both indicate a small and slender-limbed race.

The lake-dwellings of Ireland, called Crannoges, belong to a much later period than those of Switzerland and Lombardy, and were in use even in comparatively recent historical times. Those of Switzerland continued to be inhabited during the Metal Ages, and some few of them belong even to Roman times ; but the great body of them are confined to the Ages of Polished Stone and of Bronze, and are about evenly divided between these two periods. Some of them were burned, and new settlements reared upon the same spot, the piles resting in a bed formed by the remains of the old.

Rude pottery was in use in the Age of Polished Stone, and cloth made of flax fibres or of straw was manufactured by the Lake-dwellers. That they made this cloth themselves is proved by the presence among the remains of spindle-whorls of earthenware. Their food consisted mainly of fish, and the meat both of their domesticated animals and of the game of the forests. But they had bread also, made of wheat and of millet. Their bread, "or rather cakes," says Sir John Lubbock, "for their texture is so solid that leaven does not appear to have been used," has been found among the remains. "They were flat and round," says Sir John, of these cakes, "from an inch to fifteen lines in thickness, and to judge from one specimen, had a diameter of four or five inches. In other cases the grains seem to have been roasted, coarsely ground between stones, and then either stored up in large earthenware pots, or eaten, after being slightly moistened. Grain prepared in a similar manner is even now eaten in Germany and Switzerland. In what way the ground was prepared for the cultivation of corn we know not, as no implements have as yet been discovered, which can with certainty be regarded as agricultural."

As to fruits and nuts, the Lake-dwellers enjoyed the raspberry, blackberry, and strawberry, the hazel-nut and the beech-nut, and the apple. They dried the apple and stored it for winter use, as carbonized apples have been found, sometimes whole, sometimes cut into pieces.

These Lake-dwellers represent the highest type of the civilisation of the period, being house-builders, herdsman, farmers, and makers of cloth and pottery. There is, therefore, little need to dwell upon what has been ascertained as to the life of the other tribes of the same period, who were merely hunters and fishermen, for the most part, and lived in rock-shelters and caves. I shall not therefore give any space to the cavern-dwellers of France, Spain, and Italy ; the boat-builders of Ireland and Scotland ; the holders of the entrenched camps of Belgium ; or to the builders of the Danish dolmens and other megalithic monuments, the menhirs of Brittany, and the tumuli of Great Britain, Sweden, France, and other lands. These great structures I have just mentioned belong to no single period or single race. They are generally believed to have been constructed for the burial of the dead, and as memorial marks of great battle-fields. The cromlechs are round stone circles ; the dolmens are

stone chambers ; the tumuli are stone chambers covered with mounds of earth ; the menhirs are enormous blocks of rough stone set up in the earth, generally in circles, but sometimes in rows. Some of these sepulchral circles and tombs were afterwards used as temples. The barrows of the Trojan plain, and other monuments of the kind belonging to what we may almost call historical times, illustrate the instinct which led the people of the Polished Stone Age to bury their dead with such substantial honors. Sir John Lubbock thinks that a complete burial-place was a dolmen, covered by a tumulus, and surrounded by a stone circle. The human remains found in these barrows indicate two distinct races, and it is believed, two distinct periods. The long barrows furnish the remains of a long-headed race ; the round barrows, those of a round-headed race. The long-headed race are referred to the Polished Stone Age, the round-headed to the Age of Bronze.

During the Polished Stone Age the dead were buried in a sitting posture ; during the Age of Bronze the bodies were generally burned ; during the Age of Iron they were buried in an extended posture. These, however, are merely general statements, and doubtless had many exceptions.

Passing lightly over this ground, there is still left one form of the life of this age, the record of which has been preserved by the same agency which preserved for modern inspection the Italian town of Herculaneum. This was the island-life of the tribes of the Polished Stone Age, the record of which lies under the tufa of the Isle of Therasia in the Grecian Archipelago. My account of these remains will be best given in the words of the writer in the *British Quarterly*, of whom I have before spoken. He gives as his authority M. Fouquet's article, "Une Pompeii Anté-historique," in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* for October, 1869.

"The principal building explored was composed of six rooms of unequal size, with a small court-yard on one side. The walls are made of a rough, irregular masonry of blocks of lava, disposed without order, with their interstices filled with volcanic ash, and between each block long and tortuous branches of olives had been placed to break the shocks of earthquakes—a device that is still known in the island. Inside the rooms there was a coarse stucco, and at the external angle of one of the walls there were horizontal slabs of worked stone. The northern façade is pierced with two windows. The fact that the walls are made of lava implies that the building was made before the whole face of the country was covered up with the spongy tufa which now rests upon it ; and there can be no doubt that this building, which lay under a thickness of twenty metres of tufa, was built on the then surface of the soil on a bank of volcanic cinder, and before the tufa had been ejected, which, for time out of mind, has been used in the islands for houses and tombs.

"Numerous objects were found inside this remarkable group of buildings. There were vases made of earthenware and lava, store-pits for grain, straw, bones of animals, implements of flint and lava, and a human skeleton, but no trace of any metal. These vases were found standing full of the various substances which had been stored

away by the ancient inhabitants ; some contained barley, others the seeds of umbellifers, probably coriander and anise, small peas and other substances too much decomposed to be identified. These vases are identical in every respect with those which were used in Greece in classical times for keeping cereals. In several chambers also barley was found heaped up against the partitions. Other vases, made of a much finer pottery, are adorned with patterns in circles in right lines, and colored with a red more or less dark ; but the most remarkable have been formed of a bright yellow earth and ornamented with figures composed of points and of curved lines, used with extremely good taste. Sometimes they represent garlands of foliage, and they indicate great freedom of touch (*une grande habileté*) on the part of the workman, or rather artist, who made them. Some large vessels, made of pottery, were full of chaff ready-cut for domestic animals. The troughs were very massive ; some were standing in the courtyard, and others in those chambers in which sheep's bones were found. There was also an olive-press of lava of exactly the kind which is still used by the peasants of the Archipelago. Hand-mills were also found made of lava, differing in no respect from those used now in the island of Santorin, except that the latter are possessed of a wooden handle in the upper stone, which adds very much to the ease with which the grinding can be carried on. There were also stone discs, and two implements of flint of forms very common in neolithic times. The one is a triangular arrow or lance point, and the other is a flake or denticulated scraper.

"A human skeleton lay crouched up in a corner ; one of the legs was stretched out, and the other crossed over it. The man to whom it belonged seems to have died suddenly ; probably he was killed by the breaking down of the roof from the weight of tufa above it. This whole scene tells its story at a glance. The subterranean energy which had slumbered for ages suddenly woke, and the volcano poured forth a cloud of tufa over the hastily deserted village like that which is so graphically described in the memorable eruption of Vesuvius by the younger Pliny, by which Herculaneum was destroyed.

"M. Fouquet argues out with remarkable clearness the results of these explorations. The volcano from which the tufa was thrown that now covers the whole of Santorin and Therasia, is represented by the bay in which recently there were such astonishing disturbances. The fact that the ancient dwellings underlie the tufa, and that the cereals and the like were left in the houses, show that the ancient inhabitants had to fly away for their lives. The olive was common then instead of the vine ; the people were agricultural and grew abundance of barley : they knew also how to extract oil from the olives. The absence of metal implies that they were living in the Neolithic Age ; the dressed blocks of stone used in some parts of the walls, that they were good stone-masons ; while their pottery proves them to have been possessed of a taste almost Eastern in its delicacy. This pottery, M. Fouquet thinks, must have been conveyed from a distance, but it may possibly have been formed from materials which are now concealed under the tufa. The flint, however, and the obsidian are substances unknown in the island, and were probably derived from

some other region. On the top of the tufa there are ruins of numerous Phœnician tombs, a fact which shows that the habitations built on the ancient soil, now twenty metres below, were buried before the island was inhabited by the great trading people. How much before it is impossible to tell ; but the Phœnicians would hardly have been likely to have founded Gadir (B. C. 1200) in Spain before they had colonised the fertile islands of the Grecian Archipelago."

We find then traces of this race of the Polished Stone Age in the islands of the Mediterranean, in Lombardy, Switzerland, the region of the Pyrenees, France, Belgium, Germany, the coasts of the Baltic, and the British Isles. They were certainly non-Aryan ; and it is therefore probable that the few non-Aryan races still existing on European soil, of whose presence in Europe we have no historical explanation, are remnants of this once widespread race. It is mainly on the evidence of language and physical appearance that the Basques, the Lapps and the Finns are declared to be non-Aryan. It is also believed by many philologists and ethnologists that the ancient Etruscans were non-Aryan. I shall discuss this question, though briefly, and give some account of the Basques, in treating of the next period of development, which has been called the Age of Bronze, from the material of which the implements used by man in those days were made. For I am disposed to believe that the races which occupied Europe during the Age of Polished Stone were still the most largely diffused races during the Age of Bronze, whether they developed the civilisation of that age themselves or received it from other races. I shall then next take up what I shall call *The Bronze Age — Period of the Basque and Etruscan Type*.

C. WOODWARD HUTSON.

PARTED.

BELOVED ! in this twilight's dewy hush,
 When hues of softest rose and lilac flush
 The clouds, and through the rich empurpled bars
 As through a lattice peep the languid stars,
 Like luminous and liquid houri-eyes
 That haunt the Moslem's dream of Paradise —
 At this still hour, sacred to love and prayer,
 I often fancy thee in spirit near,
 Or at thy casement, sitting as of old
 Behind its silken curtain's crimson fold,

Gazing in silence with sweet, dreamful eyes
On skies that mock us with their mysteries ;
Or in thy balcony with vines o'ergrown
And scarlet roses, fancy thee alone,
Musing amid the twilight's deepening shade,
Watching the ghostly sails that gleam and fade,
Listening the music of the mournful sea,
From which the blood-red moon climbs solemnly.

Although a far-off pilgrim now I rove
Through myrtle bower and blooming orange-grove,
In this bright clime of flowers of splendid hue,
Of regal sunsets, skies of deepest blue,
Ah ! think not as my careless steps I wend,
To thee no thought I give, no greeting send ;
Since not a zephyr to the North doth hie,
But like a courier bears to thee a sigh ;
And not a bird unfolds its dewy wings
To seek thy groves of pine, but fondly brings
To thee some message, softly carolled prayer,
If to its song thou lend a listening ear.

On this clear night, beneath these moonlit skies,
And whilst the south-wind at my casement sighs
Low, musical and tremulously faint,
As the last whisper of a dying saint,
I'll bribe it now to haste and fan thy cheek,
The violet and heliotrope to seek,
The proud magnolia in the forest dells,
The hyacinth's pink, white and purple bells,
The honeysuckle, rose and mignonette,
The snowy jasmines with the night-dews wet ;
To steal their sweetest perfumes, tenderest sighs,
And bear to thee beneath thy colder skies.
So, if this night when hushed in evening prayer,
A rare mysterious fragrance steep the air,
As though an angel shook his odorous wings
Around thee, know it is the South that brings
Its gift ; and shouldst thou feel a strange caress,
As though fond, viewless lips thine own did press,
Start not, but know on balmy nights like this
The absent woos thee in the sweet South's kiss !

SAMUEL SELDEN.

THE EXILE OF CHISELHURST.

THE life which closed so darkly, and, in spite of grave and repeated warnings, at last so suddenly, at Chiselhurst on the 9th of January last, was, if we consider the wonderful vicissitudes and glaring contrasts by which it was marked, one of the most extraordinary and interesting which history records. Scarcely any man of whom we have any account, experienced such violent and repeated changes of fortune. Born a Prince of the Imperial house and in the line of succession to the mightiest throne in the world, cradled in the purple, and surrounded from the first dawn of consciousness by all the pomp and pageantry of a court, he shared, while yet almost an infant, the sudden ruin which overwhelmed his family ; and then, after attaining through a series of unparalleled events the sovereignty which had seemed hopelessly lost, died at last a defeated and discrowned exile. The vicissitudes of his fame have been scarcely less striking than those of his fortune. He has been by turns the jest, the riddle and the wonder of the civilised world.

Although during the twenty years immediately preceding his fall the late Emperor filled a larger space in the eyes of mankind than any politician in Europe, yet so much of his previous life had been passed in obscurity that, if we mistake not, a brief sketch of some of the leading incidents of his career may not be altogether uninteresting to our readers.

Charles Louis Napoleon Bonaparte was born at Paris on the 4th of April, 1808, and was consequently at the time of Napoleon's second and final overthrow but little more than seven years of age. He shared of course in the proscription of the Imperial family, and became thus early acquainted with the bitterness of that "exiled lot" of which he was to have so full an experience. In childhood the little Prince was especially remarkable for his yielding disposition and gentle temper ; and the readiness with which he assented to commands or requests obtained for him the sobriquet of Prince *Oui-Oui*. As he advanced to manhood, however, he developed a spirit of action and adventure and an ambition to vindicate his claim to be held worthy of the name he bore, quickened perhaps by the doubts and suspicions which were so liberally cast upon his paternal parentage. While hardly more than a boy, in opposition to the wishes of the ex-King of Holland, who, in spite of the rumors so industriously circulated on the subject, claimed the privileges and authority of a father over him, and was recognised and treated as such, he took part in common with his elder brother in the Italian insurrection of 1830. The death of his brother on the retreat at Faenza brought Prince Louis a step nearer to the yet far-distant throne. His own life and hopes were near coming to an abrupt termination about the same time. He was attacked with small-pox, and but for the careful nursing of his mother might then and there have closed

his scarcely begun career, and engaged the historian's attention very briefly indeed. This, however, was not to be. He recovered and repaired to Paris, where he found himself so unwelcome a guest that he was forced in a very brief space to resume his wanderings, and this time sought an asylum in England. Though his reception was flattering, he did not at this period remain there long, but returned with his mother through France to Arenenberg. Soon after he made an attempt to join the revolted Poles and place himself at their head, but this scheme was frustrated by the fall of Warsaw. Meanwhile the Duke of Reichstadt, once better known to Europe by the title of King of Rome, had died, and Louis Bonaparte had thus become the head of his family and the heir of the first Napoleon's throne. The position at that time seemed to hold out no very brilliant prospects; but it procured him at any rate the honor of surveillance by the existing French Government. The tenor of his life at this period was little adapted to excite the jealousy or suspicion of the reigning sovereign of France. His time was passed in retirement and study, and the result appeared in the publication of *Reveries Politiques* in 1832, and *Considérations Politiques et Militaires sur la Suisse* in the following year. The latter was so highly appreciated by the Swiss Diet that it conferred upon him the privileges of a citizen of the republic. Anxious to acquire a reputation for knowledge of military affairs, he published in 1835 a *Manual of Artillery*, which is, we believe, considered a treatise of high merit by professional men.

In the fall of 1836 occurred the famous Strasbourg attempt, which was so near being successful, at least for a time, but which failing of success, resulted in the capture of the adventurous exile. The Government was sorely puzzled as to the best disposition to be made of its prisoner. To leave him at liberty in the confines of France might be dangerous; to bring him to trial under existing circumstances equally so. It was finally determined to transport him across the Atlantic; and accordingly, after a sojourn of only two hours in Paris, he was sent on board a national ship to be conveyed to America.

It was after his return from this enforced visit to the New World that his mother, the daughter of Josephine and ex-Queen of Holland, died at her asylum in Switzerland. The Government of Louis Philippe making his continued residence within its territory a ground of complaint against the Swiss Confederation, in order to avoid involving the country of which he was an adopted citizen in so unequal a contest, he abandoned his place of retreat after the death of Hortense, and again found shelter in England. It was here that he published *Des Idées Napoléoniennes*, the best known and most important of his works. It is to be regarded rather from a political than a literary standpoint, and may be considered as the author's vindication of that Empire which he hoped in a modified form to restore. This hope was never long absent from his thoughts. Accordingly, encouraged by the discontent that prevailed in France, and the constant recurrence of conspiracies and insurrections, on the 6th of August, 1840, he embarked at London on his memorable expedition to Boulogne. Its complete failure and the circumstances attending

it covered the whole affair with ridicule. This marks the nadir of his political fortunes. All Europe joined in the roar of laughter that greeted the termination of the attempt. He had been baffled and captured at Strasbourg, but now, far worse in the eyes of France, he was rendered ridiculous. The story was circulated with all its ludicrous details, the singular preparations, the setting forth as if on a party of pleasure, the emblematic live eagle restrained in its lofty flight by a string tied to its leg, the utter and immediate collapse of the whole design — certainly here were materials enough for ridicule. Could this be indeed the heir and nephew of Napoleon? Was this meant as a travesty upon the return from Elba? Could any serious danger be apprehended from the author of such an enterprise? Was it even worth while to put him under any restraint at all?

For a time the laughs carried everything before them, yet they had afterwards reason to know that they had misjudged the man whom they treated now so contemptuously. The Government, however feeble his effort might appear, was determined not to release the adversary who had a second time placed himself within its grasp. Instead of being again conveyed across the Atlantic, he was now confined in the fortress of Ham. During his imprisonment, which lasted more than five years, he did not give way to the despondency which his condition was so well adapted to produce. He devoted a great deal of time to study and composition; he wrote upon various subjects of political interest, and even essayed to wrestle with the hitherto insoluble problem of the extinction of pauperism. Nor had he by any means abandoned his projects, nor sunk under the ridicule and scorn with which they were treated. The whirligig of time was slowly bringing about its revenges, and the era, first of his escape and next of his success, was not far distant.

In the winter of 1845 he wrote to the King, requesting permission to visit his father, then suffering under serious sickness. He declined however to make the submission and acknowledgment required of him as a condition precedent to the granting of his request, which was accordingly refused. Though foiled in this effort to be allowed a respite from dungeon life, he was not destined to remain much longer a prisoner. By a happy combination of daring ingenuity and good fortune, on Monday, the 25th of May, 1846, he made his escape from Ham. The circumstances attending it, and the skill and adroitness with which the whole affair was managed, make it one of the most interesting and remarkable of the many incidents of the kind recorded in history. Having succeeded in making his way safely to England, he did not venture again upon the soil of France until a new revolution had removed the rival dynasty and opened the door for the return of the Bonapartes.

After his arrival in England he published his *Mélanges Politiques*, but events were now soon to transfer him from the field of speculative to that of active politics. The crisis of 1848 was approaching, and the long dreamed-of prize was soon to be within his grasp; but it forms a strange prelude to the elevation which was ere long to crown his hopes, that the future Emperor should have been appointed a special constable during the Chartist disturbances in London at this

period. It might, however, have been a not unfitting preparation for acting special constable on a larger scale.

Soon after the flight of Louis Philippe and his family, Prince Louis Bonaparte had gone to Paris and offered his services to the Republic. His offer was rejected, and he was ordered to leave the city within twenty-four hours. Returning to England himself, he left to Persigny, one of his most ardent and able adherents, the task of organising the Bonapartist party. Though refusing to be a candidate for a seat in the Assembly until his exile had been formally revoked, he was nevertheless chosen by no less than four departments, among which were the departments of the Seine and of Corsica. After heated discussions his election was declared valid, but a letter which he addressed on the occasion to the President of the Assembly gave so much offence that it was proposed to outlaw him, and he wrote at once from London to resign his seat. During the stormy scenes which followed he remained at a distance, watching the progress of events, while time and Persigny were both working effectively for him. When new elections were to be held for the departments which had chosen him, he announced his willingness to serve, and on being reelected, repaired to Paris and appeared in the Assembly, where he read a declaration denying the charges circulated against him. Received in silence by the great body of the Assembly, it obtained loud plaudits from his partisans, and in a short time afterwards the sentence of exile against the Bonaparte family was rescinded.

The new Constitution was adopted on the 4th of November, and a President was to be elected under it on the 10th of the following month. Great efforts were put forth alike by the friends and the enemies of the Prince; but his name had a magic power among the peasantry, and the heir of the Emperor was elected over all competitors by an overwhelming majority. The state of things in France at this period was to the last degree singular and abnormal. Nominally a republic, no one had any real faith in the stability of the government, and experienced politicians smiled at the idea of the long continuance of existing institutions. In the legislature of the republic, monarchists largely predominated, and the new government, universally regarded as provisional, was so ill-constructed and so obviously unseaworthy that the time of its probation could hardly be long protracted. The whole history of the short-lived republic is one of continued struggles on the part of the various factions against each other and against the executive. The latter played his part in the difficult game with rare skill and success. The experienced and able leaders of parties in the Assembly had expected to make an easy tool of the political tyro, of the baffled conspirator of Strasbourg and Boulogne, and were furious at finding themselves disappointed. He would play the game neither of the Legitimists nor the Orleanists nor the Red Republicans, and while each party was endeavoring to use him as its instrument, he was quietly but astutely playing a game of his own. To the violence of the Assembly he opposed sometimes firmness, not much oftener a skilful and well-timed yieldingness, which effectually broke the force of the blows aimed at him. In maintaining public order he was inflexibly resolute. "Changarnier," he said with signifi-

cant brevity upon some occasion of the kind, "has received his orders; the time of barricades is past." Meanwhile he was carefully cultivating his popularity and preparing the way for his final triumph over hostile factions. He visited the various workshops in Paris, talked with the operatives, and distributed liberal donations among them. The army had been secured by the spell of his great name, and everything was put in readiness to take advantage of the moment when the Assembly should have discredited itself sufficiently in the eyes of the people to make it safe to strike the final blow.

In August, 1850, he set out on a tour through the country, in the course of which he made addresses at various points, and was received everywhere by the populace with loud applause. His speech at Lyons contained a sentence of ominous significance. "I shall know," he said, "how to reduce these factions to impotence by again invoking the sovereignty of the people." The signs of the approaching change were too palpable to be overlooked, and a plan was set on foot by the opponents of the President to anticipate him in his revolutionary designs. Had this succeeded, the course of modern history would have been materially altered; but so far from succeeding, it was not even attempted, and we are not now concerned with the history of events that did *not* happen. Every day served but to widen the breach between the legislative and executive branches of the government. At the same time the President's popularity continued to increase, and as the period of his term drew near, the public became clamorous for a prolongation of his power. In anticipation of the approaching crisis, he surrounded himself with men upon whom he could rely — Persigny, Magnan, St. Arnaud, and De Morny. Everything was prepared for the enacting of the drama, and on Monday, the 1st of December, 1851, the chief though not the most active performer appeared at his weekly reception at the Elysée with a serene impassibility which defied the watchful glances of aroused suspicion. Later in the night he retired, accompanied only by his private secretary, to his secret cabinet, to which Persigny, St. Arnaud and De Morny were then admitted. The President, taking a small key from his watch-guard, unlocked a drawer of his bureau, took out three sealed packets, one of which he gave to each of his principal coadjutors. They contained the last instructions necessary for the complete and successful execution of the great design. Then the plot proceeded with perfect ease and regularity to its denouement. There was no jar in the machinery, no awkward *contretemps*, no failure in adapting the means to the end. Within less than twenty-four hours the revolution was *un fait accompli*; the Assembly had been dissolved, the Council of State dismissed, universal suffrage restored, the first military district placed in a state of siege, and the nation convoked *en masse* to record its approval of the change of government. The opponents of the President did not yield, however, without a struggle, and on Thursday, the 4th of December, occurred those memorable scenes of horror and bloodshed that throw so gloomy a shadow over the opening days of the restored Empire, for the Empire in effect though not in form was already restored. This came like a bloody and painful interlude inconsistent with the rest of the drama. On

Wednesday there had been a general reception at the presidential palace, the theatres had been thronged and a splendid and brilliant audience had attended the Italian opera; then came the day of blood, the order to "clear the streets," and its consequences. The next day quiet was restored, and no further attempts at resistance were made. The numbers slain on this melancholy occasion have been beyond question very much exaggerated, and among them were many victims of their own imprudent curiosity.

When the news of the events that had occurred in the capital reached the departments, the excitement was intense. Violent disturbances ensued, but by the aid of the military they were promptly suppressed, and quiet was soon restored throughout the country. Then followed the ratification of the revolution by the people, if the affirmative vote on the ten years' presidency, obtained as it was, can be called so. A free vote, however, would probably not have varied the result very materially, submitted as the question was to the unchecked decision of the politically uninformed and incapable masses.

The formal re-establishment of the Empire was now only a question of time, and was not long to remain a question at all. The old methods, the well-known arts with which history has made us so familiar, were resorted to; the Socialists were used as *spectres rouges*, the priests as instruments. A progress was made through the provinces, and by the aid of enthusiastic mayors and zealous prefects large and striking demonstrations were gotten up, and cries of "*Vive l'Empereur!*" rent the air as the future sovereign passed through the midst of shouting thousands. This gratifying reception met with a rude check at Marseilles, where the presidential carriage encountered in its progress an infernal machine concealed beneath a mass of roses. After this narrow escape Louis Napoleon returned at once to Paris. Negotiations were immediately opened with foreign courts for the recognition of the Empire. Great numbers of appeals and memorials urging the President to assume the imperial authority poured in; the Senate besought him to yield to the general wish; and the persecuted chief magistrate gracefully though reluctantly consented to sacrifice himself to the wishes of his country. The question of restoring the Empire was then submitted to the nation, and the nation responded with an overwhelming affirmative. In effect the same means were used as on the occasion above referred to, and with even more decisive success. So far there is only the old story, the tragi-comedy that has so often been enacted; it remains to glance briefly at the result, the use made of the power thus acquired.

The establishment of the new government was followed in due course by the search of private houses, the seizure of papers, the arrest of suspected persons, the banishment of opponents deemed too dangerous to remain within the frontier, and various other measures of the kind which rulers under such circumstances usually seem to consider essential to their safety and well-being. All this we may fairly consider to have been the result, not of wilful cruelty, but of assumed necessity. The disposition of Napoleon III. seems to have been naturally generous and humane. Though seated on a throne by the votes of nearly eight millions of men, he did not feel himself

secure without precautions like these. In the hope likewise of strengthening his position he opened matrimonial negotiations with several of the Continental courts. He was considered, however, so little safe on the splendid eminence to which he had after so many efforts attained, that his proposals were all declined, and "the rejected of their princesses" was obliged to content himself with the hand of Eugénie, Countess de Teba, the daughter of a noble Spanish house, and herself one of the most beautiful and fascinating women in Europe. This marriage was solemnised near the end of January, 1853, and was made the occasion of a large, though by no means universal, amnesty. Nearly five thousand persons were recalled from exile or released from prison, but all the more important and distinguished opponents of the Government remained unpardoned. In defence perhaps of the arbitrary measures adopted by him, the Emperor in his speech to the Legislative Body on the 14th of February, 1853, made use of the following significant expressions:—"To those who may regret that a wider field has not been given to liberty, I will reply that liberty has never aided in founding a durable political edifice; it crowns it when it has been consolidated by time."

While such was the internal condition of France, events were fast preparing the way for the great struggle on the shores of the Crimea between Russia and the Western Powers. Napoleon III. had been received, if he could be said to have been received at all, into the family of sovereigns with marked coldness and haughtiness by the Czar. The new Emperor had learned through long years of exile and disappointment how to bide his time. When the Russo-Turkish question reached a point which imperatively called for a solution of some sort, the Czar flattered himself he would be able by securing the acquiescence of England to defy the upstart ruler of France. He had reckoned without his host. England and France entered the lists side by side, and at the close of the contest the son and successor of Nicholas was obliged to sign a peace by which the acquisition of the long-coveted prize—the city founded for the capital of the world, the queen of two continents, the guardian of the Golden Horn—was indefinitely deferred. The position both of France and her new ruler had been very greatly improved by the course of events in the East; and when early, in 1856 an armistice was proclaimed, and plenipotentiaries appointed for the negotiation of a treaty, the French capital was selected as their place of meeting. The progress of a war in which the two countries were firm allies had drawn much closer the ties between the French and English courts, and the late special policeman in the streets of London had already in the preceding year been the guest of the English sovereign. Now, at the close of a difficult and dangerous contest, and after a very short tenure of imperial rule, a high position among the European Powers seemed permanently assured to him.]

His cause, however, had been very near an untimely termination soon after his return from England in the spring of 1855. An attempt was made to assassinate him when riding near the Barrier de l'Etoile. He behaved on the occasion with perfect self-possession, and was the first to ride up to the Empress and assure her of his

safety. The birth of an heir meanwhile had come to consolidate, as it seemed, the Imperial throne and secure the succession in the Bonaparte dynasty. The Emperor was of course overwhelmed with addresses, congratulations, and auspicious prophecies. His grave and even melancholy reply to the *Corps Legislatif* reads in the light of recent events like a mournfully correct foreboding of the fate of the infant Prince. "The unanimous acclamations," said the Imperial father, on whom the shadow of Sédan might have seemed even then to rest, "which surround his cradle, do not prevent me from reflecting on the destiny of those who have been born in the same place and under similar circumstances." Wishing to distinguish the birth of this new Child of France by an act of signal clemency, he visited the Chateau d'Amboise, where the celebrated chief Abd-el-Kader was confined, liberated him, and provided handsomely for his future support.

The career of the Prince Imperial, now so clouded and uncertain, opened brightly and auspiciously. The years immediately succeeding his birth were years of success and prosperity. France, depressed and held in check under two successive dynasties of Bourbons, resumed at once under the heir of her great Emperor her old prominent and commanding position. Her voice was again heard, her weight was once more felt with decisive effect in European politics. No longer condemned to a subordinate position, an inferior rôle, she appeared at the head of the Continental Powers. This flattered the national *amour propre* and passion for distinction, and strengthened the hold of the Emperor on the affection of his subjects. He devoted himself with skill and energy at the same time to developing the internal resources of the country. He negotiated favorable commercial treaties with other nations; he made vast strides in the direction of free trade. If France was bereft of liberty, she at least received in its stead a large measure of material prosperity. Moreover, when the Italian war took place, the nation was once more gratified by a victorious though bloody campaign, by the "revindication" which gave it Savoy and Nice, and by the sight of France once more in the proud position of arbitress and disposer of the destinies of other States.

Soon after this the Emperor seems to have thought that the period had arrived for beginning, at least, "to crown" his "durable political edifice" with that liberty which was not to be trusted to "aid in founding" it. The enterprise was full of difficulties. The path leading from a highly centralised despotism to a constitutional government must of necessity be a perilous one; and along this with cautious and hesitating steps he essayed to walk. Conceding to Napoleon III. the utmost sincerity and the most patriotic motives, what were the materials at his disposal wherewith to construct a constitution? The ruling power in France, so far as it depended upon consent at all, and not upon the mere ascendancy of fraud and violence, had for its basis the simple will of an absolute numerical majority. There were no checks and counter-checks, no balance of forces, no nice adjustment and poise of the various and complex elements of society, none of the machinery of constitutionalism. To

create all this would have been a stupendous task even if a lifetime had been allowed for its accomplishment. Meanwhile fortune began to desert the Imperial star. The Mexican expedition was undertaken, and its result impaired the lustre of success which had hitherto supported and adorned the restored Empire ; its enemies became more active and bitter ; the new-born liberalism of the Government had failed to conciliate the Liberals ; the fatal divorce between the ruling power and the intellect of the nation still continued, and the liberty already obtained was used as a weapon against the government which had conceded it.

While the internal state of France presented the appearance of order and prosperity, the elements of revolution were seething beneath the smiling surface. Abroad, complications came thick and fast to aid the forces of destruction at home. The Emperor had lost ground by the Mexican expedition ; his prestige was still further dimmed by the course of events in the Schleswig-Holstein affair, and in the contest between Prussia and Austria. It had become evident to Europe that the fight for the continental "belt" between France and Prussia could not possibly be much longer delayed ; and Europe began to suspect that Bismarck was more than a match for Napoleon. In France measures of great internal importance were taken, as if in preparation. The military system of the country was reorganised, though, as the event proved, very ineffectively. An attempt was at the same time made to conciliate the Liberal party by still further concessions. To have judged by the result of the appeal to the people on the *plébiscite*, the Government was never stronger, nor the country more contented with its ruler and its institutions. What a deceptive test this was events were soon to show. The Hohenzollern question arose — a question apparently not only easily soluble, but after the Prussian answer to the demand of France, already solved. Such was not the view of the French government. Maddened, as it might seem, by the sense of former failure, confident that the battle must soon be fought at any rate, and wearied out with contending against an enemy in the dark, Napoleon III. seems to have yielded to a nervous impatience to have the suspense ended and the question decided at once. The result of this impatience is not likely soon to be forgotten. The sudden and complete ruin that involved both his country and himself need not be dwelt upon here. Had he succeeded, the verdict of the world upon his course in declaring war would have been very different ; he failed, and his reputation must bear the consequences of the failure. His course under the circumstances (when the complete want of preparation which the war brought to light is considered) is very difficult of explanation with any data before us. Yet there are two considerations which may assist in the solution of the problem. In the first place the Emperor may have been aware, in spite of flattering appearances, that the state of parties at home was such as to require imperatively some brilliant stroke abroad to prevent a fatal explosion. He threw the dice then and lost. In the second place, we cannot doubt that the energy and efficiency of Napoleon had been seriously impaired by the state of his health for some time before the breaking out of the war.

Placed face to face with the same circumstances in 1855, his own course and that of events would both probably have been very different. It seems abundantly certain now that the disease which in no long time afterwards terminated his life, had already, when he took the field in 1870, made such progress as to render him utterly unfit to support the fatigue and exposure of a campaign, even under the most favorable circumstances. The details of this conflict, which closed so far as the Emperor was concerned so soon and so disastrously at Sedan, as well as those of the imprisonment at Wilhelmshöhe, the exile to England, and the closing scenes at Chislehurst, have been too recently and fully chronicled to need further mention here. We feel no disposition to recapitulate; it is sufficient to remember that, whatever may have been the offences of the late Emperor, they were dearly expiated, and that his sufferings, which were of a peculiarly severe and trying character, were borne with manly fortitude. Had he died before the breaking out of the late war, he would have left the reputation of a profound politician and an able and enlightened ruler. As it is, the verdict of history will probably be, and a future generation of Frenchmen may acknowledge, despite the terrible calamities that marked the close of his reign, that finding his country in a state of anarchy at home and almost powerless abroad, he successfully reëstablished internal order, wonderfully developed her material resources, and won back and for years retained her ancient commanding position among the nations of the earth.

W. B.

HIDDEN TREASURE.

I.

A FEW years since, in a narrow by-street of the city which meandered to its destination with all the devious windings of a drunken man, stood a huge wooden building whose great height and dilapidation gave it a menacing appearance to passers-by. Its exterior was faded and bleached by time and storm, and from neglect and decay the upper stories had settled and projected forward, so that in the dim nights, when its tall outline stood relieved against the sky, it looked like a gaunt giant bent with age and decrepitude. High, narrow windows, in many places broken or begrimed with the dust of years, admitted a faint, uncertain light into its numerous

rooms, the walls of which were dark and discolored and hung with cobwebs. Occupants it once had, and the time had been when this old house had held up its head and lorded it over its more humble neighbors ; but that time was gone by, and now it was the home only of the spider and the rat.

There was, however, one exception. This was an attorney, who had a suite of offices at the end of a long, dark passage on the second floor. He was the only living tenant of the house, and even he confined himself to his own portion of it. There were dark rumors concerning him, and many shunned him as they did his house. His age must have been forty, though the deep furrows which ploughed his high, narrow forehead and the haggard and wasted look of his face might have added ten years to his appearance. His eyes were deep-set and glittering, of that jetty, opaque character which seem to emit their brilliancy from the surface, and to enable them to peer into the secrets of every one without reflecting any of their own. He was under the middle size, and of that wiry make which indicates great powers of endurance rather than positive bodily strength.

Piles of loose papers were scattered carelessly on a table at his side, and several open law-books, which appeared to have been in recent use, were lying on different chairs about him. In the recesses of the office were huge cases of pigeon-holes filled with dust-covered papers of ancient, hopeless, and perhaps long-forgotten lawsuits. Book-cases of dingy volumes were ranged against the walls ; massive folios were piled in corners of the room. A profusion of torn papers were scattered over the carpet and added not a little to its disorder. Upon the table stood a small lamp whose faint light scarcely dispelled the gloom in its immediate vicinity, and gave a murky, spectral appearance to the tall book-cases and furniture, indistinctly visible beyond.

For some time the attorney sat with his thin fingers resting upon his knee and his eyes fixed on the fire. By degrees his brow grew anxious, and he compressed his lips tightly, moving his head from side to side and muttering to himself. At length he rose from his seat, and stepping to the door, he locked it, trying the knob to see if it was secure. He then shaded the windows to prevent the light from being visible from without. This done, he took from a drawer a large brass key, and drew from an iron safe in the wall a bundle of papers, from which he selected one, and replacing the others, seated himself at the table. He unfolded the paper and held it up to the light, narrowly examining the handwriting, and particularly the signature attached to it. Apparently not satisfied with this, he got up and searched among other papers until he found one bearing the same signature. "It *is* his handwriting!" said he, after a careful comparison of the two ; "and if I could but find that man, this would make me. I must find him—ay, though the devil himself bring him!"

A single knock at the door upon the heels of his speech, so sharp and sudden that it seemed a response to it, so startled him that he let the paper fall. The next moment he caught it up and folded it

without attending to the summons until he had replaced it in the safe, locked the door, and restored the key to its former place.

The knock was repeated. "Who's there?" he demanded.

"Come and see," replied a harsh voice from without, and the knocking was renewed with an energy that said little for the patience of the person on the outside, and which threatened in a short time to leave no obstacle to his entrance.

"It's you, Jim, is it?" said he in an altered tone. At the same time he unlocked the door and admitted a tall, powerful man clad in an overcoat of coarse, shaggy cloth, and with his hat slouched over his eyes. "You are the very man I wanted," said the attorney, as he came in, at the same time shutting and locking the door.

His visitor strode into the room, took a chair, and then staring fixedly at him, said, "What's up now? Whenever you send for me I know there's some deviltry on foot. What is it?"

"I want your help, Blair; that's all. I want an idea or two."

"Ah! What about?"

"Who came here with you?"

"No one. I always travel alone."

"Are you sure? Just peep out into that hall again, will you?"

Blair took the light and went out. "No one about," said he, re-entering the room; "now go on with your show." As he spoke he drew a chair directly in front of the attorney, and placing a hand on each knee, looked in his face.

"Can you keep what I tell you secret?" asked the attorney after a long scrutiny, and looking into two eyes that never blenched.

"Can't you tell, Davis? You ought to be able to."

"Will you swear?"

"What's the use? It don't bind any stronger than a promise. Out with it; I'll keep a close mouth."

"Well, then," continued Davis, watching him sharply to see the effect produced by his communication, and at the same time drawing his chair closer and speaking in a whisper, "suppose you knew of a man murdered for his money, and there was a reward of a thousand dollars offered, and you knew the man who did it, would you give him up?"

"No; I'll have no man's blood on my head," replied Blair; and pushing back his chair, he took up the light and held it full in the attorney's face. "Is that so, Davis?"

"No," returned Davis, apparently relieved.

"Well, what have you got to tell?"

"Suppose," continued Davis, "the crime was theft, and the reward the same: what would you do?"

"That's only imprisonment: I'd give him up."

"But what if you were paid *not* to do so?" said Davis eagerly.

"Then I wouldn't," said Blair quietly.

"What if you were paid to have a hand in it? Would you do it?"

"What is the pay?" demanded Blair, instantly catching his meaning.

"A thousand dollars."

"I'll do it."

"And will not let it out?"

"No."

"Nor turn State's evidence?"

"No."

"But suppose the person to be wronged is a girl, young and handsome?"

"Mr. Davis," said Blair, assuming an air of decision, and thrusting one hand in his breeches-pocket while he extended the other, "I'd cheat her all the same; for a thousand dollars I'd cheat my own mother!"

"All right then; I'll trust you," said Davis, going to the safe and drawing forth again the two papers he had been examining. "Look there; what do you call that?" and he handed over one of them to his visitor. On it was written in a plain, bold hand this:—

"Ug hoy stlfpq Ftpgp rpzhs nhtfo cz hoy rrhcg Hoy nyty hoyfp um thrxd i zgx ohghywf h ypn t l rhbf hohihnf o phrxyel ug nhgph.

"To Jack Lawson."

JACOB GRIFFIN."

"I would call that a cipher," said Blair, after inspecting it closely for a few moments. "What the deuce can it mean?"

"Ah! that's just it, Jim. If I only knew!"

"Where did you get it? and who is Jack Lawson?"

"Not so loud, Jim—not so loud! You knew old Griffin, the pawnbroker, who did business in this house a year ago, didn't you? Well, he made an awful pile of money here."

"He did? Why, I thought when you settled up the estate you reported this building as all the property the old man had."

"So I did; and that's just the luck of it. You see, Jim, I was the only friend he had in the world. Why it was that he took a fancy to me I can't tell, unless it was because I was poor and had no practice, and did all his dirty work at half price. But no matter about that, he and I were good friends, and he often told me he was making lots of money."

"What became of it then?" interrupted Blair, who had been listening with the greatest interest—"what became of it then? He was miserly and never spent a cent, and had no wife nor children to give it to. What did he do with it?"

"Hid it," said the attorney mysteriously.

"Hid it! Where?"

"That's what I've been trying to find out ever since he died, Jim. That paper tells whereabouts, just as sure as you are born."

Blair looked at the paper again, and puzzled over the mysterious characters for some time. "It beats me," said he at length; "but tell me all about it. Where did you get it?"

"I found it in his tin box," answered the attorney. "And all I know about it is, that the old fellow was in the habit of hiding his valuables somewhere about this house. For fear that he might die suddenly, and nobody ever be able to find his cash, he made this cipher, telling the place of concealment. It is an old French affair that I hunted up for him; and the peculiarity of which, I remember, is that you can't translate it even with the key, unless you know the word by which it was constructed."

"Why, what an old fool!" exclaimed Blair. "Why didn't he put his money in bank?"

"Oh, miser-like, he was afraid of banks, and wanted his cash always about him. He made me executor of his will, and I moved in here to take charge until Lawson turns up. I have been here a year now, and have spent the whole time in hunting for that money. It's here somewhere, Jim."

"Who is Jack Lawson?"

"I don't know much about him. He is a nephew of Griffin, and I believe the old man once adopted him; but they quarrelled about some woman, and Jack was discarded. He went away and has never been heard from since. The old man relented when he came to die, and made him his heir. The will reads: 'I give this house *and all that is in it*' to Jack Lawson. It don't say a word about any money, and nobody knows that there is any. For that reason, as soon as I saw it, I made up my mind to find the cash and keep it."

"I say, Davis, what an infernal rascal you are, anyhow!" chuckled Blair.

"And what are you, Jim? If you were not worse than I am, I would not want you," replied Davis.

"What is it you *do* want? You must have been only drawing me out when you spoke of a girl and a thousand dollars, weren't you? A thousand! why I must have half at least."

"Of course, Jim, the divide will be even; but we must get the money first. Now, as I have searched this house pretty thoroughly, I know that the only way to get it is to first get the key to that cipher; and that is what you must do."

"Me!" exclaimed Blair; "how in the world am I going to get it?"

Davis drew his chair closer to his companion and spoke in a whisper. "Before Griffin and Jack quarrelled, Jim, the old fellow gave him a key, without telling him what it was; and Jack has it yet. Find him and take it."

There was a dead pause, in which these two confederates sat looking each other in the eyes.

"What's the punishment if we trip up?" asked Blair.

"Ten years' hard labor," replied Davis; "at least that, even if Jack be not hurt. If anything should happen to him it would be this," and he made an expressive motion with his finger around his neck, and pointed to an imaginary beam in the air.

Blair reached out his hand, took the attorney by the collar, drew him down to him, and whispered in his ear: "I know something will; don't you?"

"Yes, I suspect so," replied the attorney. "We must have that key, whatever it costs. I ran the risk of taking the cipher to an expert, but it was of no use. He could make nothing of it, and said so. Old Griffin was smart—curse him!"

"Have you any clue to where Lawson is? We musn't lose any time in finding him."

"I don't know that I have," replied the attorney. "I have an old musty-looking letter which he sent to Griffin some months ago; maybe you can make out something with it—I can't."

"Let me see it."

The attorney went to the safe, and taking out several papers and letters, handed one to Blair. "Here it is," said he. "It is post-marked Iuka, Kansas."

Blair took the letter and studied over it long and intently. In the upper right-hand corner was written, "Iuka, Kansas." The I was blotted, and this peculiarity immediately arrested Blair's attention. He took the letter to the window and examined it carefully. "There is a clue here," said he. "Get me a post-office directory, will you? This letter was sent to Iuka to be mailed; he did not live there."

"What makes you think that?" asked the attorney, bringing the book and looking over Blair's shoulder.

"If you will look at that I closely, you will find that some other letter had been written there first and then blotted out," replied Blair. "And I am very sure that that letter was an X."

"I believe you are right, Jim. But how will that help us?"

"Why, it's just this, Davis: I know that when a man begins to write a letter, the very first thing he does is to write the name of the place in which he lives in this top corner. That is what Lawson began to do; and after he had written an X, he recollected that he did not want Griffin to know where he was, and that he intended to mail the letter in Iuka, so he rubbed out the X and then wrote I."

"Well, and what then?" exclaimed Davis, considerably astonished.

"I'll tell you what then when I have looked in this book," replied Blair, taking up the directory and hastily turning the leaves. "Yes here it is!" cried he, joyfully. "I have him! There is but one town in Kansas whose name begins with an X, and that is Xenia, Bourbon county."

For more than an hour the two men stood together near the window, talking earnestly and in whispers. Presently Blair turned to go. "Davis," said he, as he took his hat, "there is danger in this, and if you undertake to fool with me, I'll —"

"You'll what?"

"*That!*" said Blair, opening his vest and touching the handle of a dirk.

"That?"

"Yes, that!" returned Blair savagely, setting his teeth, "or shall I speak more plainly? I'll cut your throat. Do you understand now?"

"Hush, Jim!" said Davis, his thin features turning as white as marble. "Don't you see I'm in as deep as you are?"

"All right," said Blair, striding out into the street; "only recollect it, that's all!"

The attorney listened to his companion's steps as they echoed along the passage until they died away, then carefully putting away his papers and locking the door, he too passed out into the street.

II.

A little weather-boarded house in the outskirts of Xenia was Jack Lawson's home. There were but two rooms on the lower floor, one the parlor, the other a kitchen. The parlor was small and scantily furnished. A rag-carpet, a small looking-glass, a deal-table, a lounge, and a few rush-bottom chairs were all that it contained; but with all its poverty it had an air of cheerfulness. A bright fire burned merrily on the cleanly-swept hearth, and window-shades of painted paper, such as is used for walls, served to shut out the cold and to impart an air of greater comfort. Everything bespoke extreme poverty, combined with that rarest of all its accompaniments—cleanliness.

The only tenant of this room was a girl of scarcely more than nineteen, who sat at the table repairing some article of man's apparel. There was an expression of hopeful anxiety in her large dark eye, and a lighting-up of features which had once been very beautiful, but were now rather thin and sharp in outline, and a nervous, restless motion of the body, and a hasty glance at the door as each successive step approached, and a corresponding expression of disappointment as it receded. How sure, yet who indefinable is the certainty with which we recognise a familiar footstep! For half an hour at least the girl had feverishly watched and waited. At last came a quick, firm step. She started to her feet, and had scarcely time to exclaim "There he is!" when the door opened, and Jack strode in and caught her in his arms. "I knew it was you!" exclaimed she joyously.

Jack was a young man of not more than three- or four-and-twenty, tall, thin, with a quick bright eye, black hair and pale complexion. There was a look of earnestness, perhaps of sadness, in his expression, and he bore the appearance of one who had buffeted his way through the world, and even in the outset of life had become a stern and determined man. His face, however, was prepossessing, for frankness was stamped on every feature; and when he laughed, which he frequently did as he talked to his wife, there was something gushing, heartfelt and child-like in its tone, which showed that trouble, and not nature, had wrinkled his brow and saddened his spirit.

His uncle's displeasure had not prevented his marrying the woman of his choice, and for more than a year after the wedding all had gone well with them. At the end of that time sudden sickness had come upon him, and with it the loss of a situation which returning health had not brought back. Then grim poverty came in at his door, and remained for many dreary days. His fortunes were just now at their lowest ebb, and as he kissed his little wife, it was with a trembling voice he said: "Bad luck again, little woman."

"I am sorry, Jack, very sorry on your account, not mine. As long as I have your love with it, bread and butter is good enough for me." There was a slight quivering of the lip as she spoke, to conceal which she busied herself at building up the fire. Then she drew a chair beside her husband, and seating herself in it, took his hand. "Don't look so sad and discouraged, Jack," she said, "it makes my heart ache. I am happy and content, indeed I am."

"Bless your dear heart!" he replied. "You deserve the best in the land, and I'd work like a dog to get it for you; I needn't tell you that, Lucy."

There was silence for a few moments, then laying her hand on his arm and sinking her voice, she said: "Jack, I have something on my mind which I wish to tell you, and yet I am half afraid."

"*Afraid, Lucy?*"

She said not another word, but placed in his hand a little slip cut from an old newspaper. He took it up wonderingly and read aloud: "Died, in this city, on the 12th inst., Jacob Griffin, in—" "Oh! Lucy," he cried, dropping it on the floor, "where did you get this?"

"It came to me, Jack, as though sent by fate. It was in a copy of the *Times* of a year ago, that came to-day, wrapped around a loaf of bread. It was the first thing I saw."

"Then he has been dead a year," said he. "I wonder if he could have forgiven us before he died?"

"There is nothing more likely, Jack; and you must go on to New York at once. It may be that you are being searched for now."

"But I haven't a penny in the world, Lucy; not a single penny."

Gently she wound her soft fingers around his hand, and creeping closer to him, said, "So I feared, dear Jack; and now, don't be angry, but I have found work. Women's work is more in demand than men's just now, and so—"

"Hush, Lucy! don't talk so," said he, compressing his lips and coughing down the choking sensation in his throat. "I never could use the money anyhow."

"Yes, you could, for my sake, Jack. You may be a rich man now for all you know, and you must go and look up your fortune."

Jack looked at her wasted face, and those features, which were already becoming so pinched and sharp from care for him, and those bright glowing eyes, which were looking so lovingly up to his, and a great spasm of pain shook his frame. Taking her hand in his, and spreading the thin white fingers on his own large palm, "Lucy," said he, "look at these fingers. What can they do? They have scarcely strength enough to crush a straw, and are as hot as fire, and each one throbs as if there were a pulse in it; and yet you talk of work! *Work* indeed! No, darling, I must try again. Please God, I shall not always fail!"

How little a space there is between sorrow and joy! Scarcely had Jack done speaking, when there came a quick rap at his door. His face brightened as though the knock were a familiar one, and he called out gladly: "Come in!"

The door opened, and in walked an elderly man of about five-and-fifty. If ever a face bore the stamp of frank and open honesty and kindness, his did; and as he entered the room and spoke to Jack and Lucy, his voice was full of that honest gladness which the heart instinctively springs forward to meet, even in a stranger. "Bless my soul!" said he, in a cheery voice, "what's the matter? Not crying, Lucy? And Jack, you young dog you! what do you mean by this sort of thing, sir? What have you been saying to your wife that has made her cry?"

"The old, old story, Doctor. No work yet, and here's Lucy talking about getting work herself; and she taking medicine too."

"God bless me! you don't tell me it's that bad, Jack! Why have you not told me of this before? Here am I, Lucy's old medical, and we the best of friends, been attending to her for a month, and you not — and upon my soul! I believe you haven't had any supper!" Saying which, good old Doctor Crawford glared at Jack with the utmost indignation.

"Nothing but bread and butter, Doctor," replied Jack.

"Bless me! and she sick too! Here, take this, you ungracious young dog you! and go out and bring in something; some wine, mind you, and be quick now." Taking out a bank-bill with one hand and his handkerchief with the other, he handed the first to Jack, and blowing his nose very hard with the second, got up and walked to the window and looked abstractedly out into the street.

When Jack had gone he turned to Lucy, and taking her hand said, "How do you feel, my little woman? Are you better?"

"You are very kind," said Lucy, faintly; "but it isn't medicine I need most just now."

"What is it then, my dear?" asked the Doctor, doubtfully.

"Wait till Jack comes," said she, "and then I'll tell you."

Presently Jack came in, loaded down with a large basket, which he unceremoniously dropped in the middle of the floor. The Doctor took from it a long bottle, and pouring out some of the contents, handed it to Lucy. "There, drink that, my dear; it will put life into you."

When she had finished swallowing the last drop, he peremptorily ordered Jack to sit down, and demanded to hear their whole story. It was quickly told: how Jack had been adopted by Jacob Griffin; how the old man had one day given him a mysterious paper, with a strict injunction never to lose it; how Jack had fallen in love with Lucy; how he had been discarded on account of it; how they had been married nevertheless; how they had lived and starved, and how at last the strip of paper had come to them, and found them without means to look after their interest in the dead man's estate.

At last the Doctor got up, walked to the window, looked out, cleared his throat with great emphasis, took a pinch of snuff, and then came back and seated himself. "My God! my poor girl! this is dreadful treatment!" exclaimed he. "And that uncle of yours," cried he to Jack, growing excited, "what an infernal scamp he was! Why I'll—"

Lucy laid her hand on his arm. "Ah! sir, remember he is dead. He did not know me, and had a right to object to me. He may have been sorry before he died."

"God bless me!" exclaimed the Doctor, perfectly nonplussed. "God bless me! did you ever hear the like! I'll be d—d ("I beg pardon," said he), but I'll be positively d—d if she isn't standing up for the rascal who kicked her own husband out of doors! She's mad — must be. It can't *be* that any one in her senses would justify such an infernal good-for-nothing—"

"Doctor! Doctor!" said Lucy. But the Doctor would not be restrained — he must vent his indignation, and he did so with a vengeance.

After awhile he calmed down a little, and then he asked Jack for the paper his uncle had given him. Jack produced it from a little bag that hung around his neck, and the Doctor slowly opened it. Then he spread on the table before him this :

"A key to the cipher in my box."

A B	a n	b o	c p	d q	e r	f s	g t	h u	i w	k x	l y	m z
C D	a z	b n	c n	d p	e q	f r	g s	h t	i u	k w	l x	m y
E F	a y	b z	c n	d o	e p	f q	g r	h s	i t	k u	l w	m x
G H	a x	b y	c z	d n	e o	f p	g q	h r	i s	k t	l u	m w
I K	a w	b x	c y	d z	e n	f o	g p	h q	i r	k s	l t	m u
L M	a u	b w	c x	d y	e z	f n	g o	h p	i q	k r	l s	m t
N O	a t	b u	c w	d x	e y	f z	g n	h o	i p	k q	l r	m s
P Q	a s	b t	c u	d w	e x	f y	g z	h n	i o	k p	l q	m r
R S	a r	b s	c t	d u	e w	f x	g y	h z	i n	k o	l p	m q
T U	a q	b r	c s	d t	e u	f w	g x	h y	i z	k n	l o	m p
W X	a p	b q	c r	d s	e t	f u	g w	h x	i y	k z	l n	m o
Y Z	a o	b p	c q	d r	e s	f t	g u	h w	i x	k y	l z	m n

"The word is 'Concealed.'"

JACOB GRIFFIN."

The Doctor's anger was all lost in wonder and amazement as he gazed at this mysterious document. "What in the world did the old rascal mean by it, Jack? Have you any idea?" said he.

"He was always very fond of keeping his money hid somewhere about him," answered Jack, "and I think there is a cipher among his papers, of which this is a key, telling where he kept it. He gave me this key when he intended me to be his heir, and it may be the only clue to his treasures."

"Bless me! I believe you are right, Jack; and some rascally lawyer may be enjoying what belongs to you, at this very time. You must go to New York to-morrow — on the night express."

"Just what Lucy said, Doctor, but I have no money."

"Never you mind about that, Jack. There's a young man got the management of this affair who intends to put it right through. *I've* got the money, my boy. You and Lucy eat your supper now, and then get yourself ready. I'm going home. Good-night!"

Good-night, and God bless you, dear old Doctor Crawford! You have made two hearts very happy to-night! God bless you, faithful, simple heart!

III.

Right across the street from the depot in Xenia was a small eating-shop, down six steps in a cellar, and with glass-doors shaded by scanty curtains of red moreen. It was none of your new-fangled establishments which aspire to French cookery and clean table-covers ; it was a solemn place, dark, damp and smoky, with dingy table-cloths, broken castors, and the usual number of dead flies reposing at the bottom of the oil-cruet. In the middle of the room was a small stove, near which a sleepy barkeeper dozed in his chair, and between his naps kept an uneasy eye on a customer who sat at a small table with his hat on, his coat buttoned to the chin, and his legs resting on a chair. There was something in the calm composure of the man not to be mistaken : it was Mr. James Blair. He had arrived in Xenia by a late train, and had stopped here to procure his supper.

He had long since finished his meal, as an empty dish and plate testified, and was deeply immersed in a newspaper. Occasionally he raised to his lips a small mug which had contained beer, but which had been empty more than an hour, and then plunged into the newspaper more deeply than ever. At every rustle of the paper the barkeeper opened his eyes heavily, concentrating them with a dull leaden stare on Mr. Blair, wondered what there could be in that paper to take up so much of his attention, why he did not pay for his supper and go, and then in the midst of these reflections nodded off into another slumber. Still Mr. Blair read on, up one column and down another ; he turned the paper over and over, and over again. It grew dusky, then dark. He ordered the lamp which stood in the bar to be lighted, and slowly and deliberately read on — everything, editorial, statistical, geographical, shipwrecks, accidents, outrages, mariages and deaths, and then, with a coolness that was perfectly astounding, he commenced upon the advertisements. Three mortal hours had he been there. The little eating-house furnished him secure concealment until it was sufficiently dark to carry out his plans against Jack Lawson.

The barkeeper, ignorant of his design, presently stood bolt upright, walked across the room, coughed violently, and poked the fire. Then he went to the glass-doors, and drawing aside the red curtains, looked up into the street. The large lamp in front of the depot cast a bright light across to the steps in the pavement. When the barkeeper drew aside the curtains, Blair threw down his paper, stepped to the door, and looked out also. A train was making ready to leave, and quite a number of people were hastening into the depot. Among the number was Jack Lawson, supplied with money by Doctor Crawford, and on his way by the night-express to New York. Just as he entered the depot the light fell full upon him, and Blair saw that he answered the description given him by the attorney. Pointing after the retreating figure, he turned to the barkeeper, and eagerly asked : "Who was that?"

"The young man with a satchel and shawl? Why, that was Mr. Lawson," was the reply.

Throwing down a bank-note, and not waiting for any change, Blair rushed out of the door, sprang hastily up the steps, and followed Jack into the depot. It needed but a glance at his excited features to see that his mind was made up for some act of violence. It was very dark ; for although the night was clear there was no moonlight. The depot stood at the very edge of the town, in a lone, dreary spot, where a blow might be struck or a stab given, and the last cry of the victim be heard only by those too much accustomed to sounds of suffering and despair to heed them.

Jack purchased his ticket, looked at the clock in the office, found that he had nearly a half-hour spare time, and then began to walk up and down the platform at the side of the train. He walked out to the end of the building, turned and noticed that he had been followed. He strode on a few steps, and the man, waiting for him to come up, walked on by his side. "A fine night, sir," said he. Jack looked at him, but made no reply, and slackened his pace to permit him to pass. The man, however, seemed to have no intention to do so. Jack then pushed on, but the stranger did the same.

At length Jack stopped and said : "If you have any business with me, name it ; if not, pursue your course and leave me to pursue mine. I will not be dogged in this manner."

"For the matter of that," replied the man, "this building is free to everybody ; and if I happen to go in the same direction that you do, or to walk fast or slow, or to stop when you do, I suppose there is no law to prevent it."

"You have the devil's own coolness," replied Jack, with a sneer ; "I'll do you *that* justice."

"Then I'm more in luck than you are likely to be without my aid ; for without it you'll never get justice done *you*," replied Blair, for of course it was he. "Your name's Lawson," he continued, "*Jack* Lawson, or I'm much mistaken."

"My name *is* Lawson," said Jack. "And what then?"

"If you will go with me out there, where no one can hear," replied Blair, pointing to the door that led to the rear of the depot, "I'll tell you all about Jacob Griffin."

Jack hesitated ; it was nearly car time, and the man was an entire stranger. But then how did he know of Jacob Griffin? Yes, he would go. "Lead on quickly," said he ; "I have but a moment."

Had there been light sufficient for him to have seen the expression that passed over Blair's face — the black eye lighten up until it seemed to glow with red heat, the compressed lips, which trembled in spite of him, the clutched fingers—he would not have walked on so carelessly without dreaming of harm. He thought he was but taking a step that would bring him nearer to the accomplishment of his purpose. But fate has a strange way of interfering with human plans. It takes its course of mingled storm and sunshine, thwarting the best-devised projects, blighting hopes, bringing happiness where all was despair, crushing bright hearts to the very dust ; but onward, forever onward, never pausing, never resting, carrying plotting, scheming, restless, rebellious man in its giant arms. The journey looked forward to with such bright hopes was about to come to a sudden end.

Blair led the way to the door, passed out, and Jack followed. He turned to fasten the latch behind him, and as he did so a crushing blow from a slung-shot descended upon his head. He fell without a groan.

If ever there was a felon stroke it was that, and for a moment Blair felt it to be so. With nervous, trembling hands he searched Jack's prostrate form. He found the ticket without trouble, and after a little longer search the silken pouch of papers also; to make sure, however, he took every paper he could find. Just as he finished transferring these articles to his own pocket, the whistle blew and the cars began to move. He sprang on board the train, and in a moment sped off in the darkness. Drawing himself up in one corner of his seat, he pulled his hat down low over his eyes, and gave himself up to thought. He feared that he had killed Jack, although not intending to do so; but in the excitement he had struck harder than he intended. He had no fears of the body being discovered before morning, and so he kept on in the same train till sunrise. When the cars drew up at the next station he got off. He did this because he feared the sleepy barkeeper at Xenia might remember him sufficiently well to telegraph his description ahead of him. He felt nearly altogether secure, for no one, not even Jack, knew of the cipher in New York; no one knew of the key he had stolen; no one knew he was from New York, and no one would suspect he had gone thither.

Five days after leaving Xenia he was again in the city. He waited for night to come, and then directed his steps towards the old building which was Davis' office. He followed several narrow streets until he came to a great thoroughfare, where he joined the crowd which poured along it in the direction in which he wished to go. He was so engrossed with his own thoughts that he did not observe a man who stopped suddenly as he saw him, and who turned to look after him when he had passed. Had this not been the case he would also have observed that the same man now followed him, accelerating his pace when he quickened his, now stopping to gaze in a shop-window, now lagging to read some illuminated sign, but always with his eyes on him, and always preserving the same relative distance between them. When Blair entered the attorney's house, the man crossed over the street and stood there gazing up at the window, from which shone a dim light. Blair closed the outer door after him, ascended the narrow stairs, and feeling his way along the dark passage, knocked at the door of the office. A cautious step was heard within, the key was noiselessly turned to induce the supposition that the door had not been locked, and in a few seconds he was told to come in. On entering he found the attorney sitting at a table strewn with papers, one of which he appeared to be perusing. His hair was disordered, his face pale and wan, as if from fatigue, and his whole person in disarray. He looked up as his visitor entered, and seeing who it was, threw the paper aside, rose, and holding out his hand, said, "Why, Jim, so you've come. I am mighty glad to see you."

"I thought you'd be," said Blair; "and I've got the paper."

induced any one to sleep in such a place ; it was very inconvenient, and on a dark night like this not a little dangerous. "Suppose I had broken my neck?" thought he ; "or suppose I had broken his?"

He stopped, for it just then occurred to him that something of the kind had happened ; the sleeper had not stirred after the accident, nor even spoken. As this idea presented itself, he paused to make up his mind. This was soon done, and he went back to the person, who lay just as he had left him. Taking him by the arm he shook it smartly. "Wake up, my good fellow!" said he.

There was no motion nor reply. He raised the arm, and it fell back lead-like and heavy, like that of a corpse. "Drunk!" said he. "Good God! what will they come to!"

As he spoke he slowly passed his fingers over the man's face. "Blood! Heaven grant that I have not killed him!" he exclaimed earnestly, placing his fingers on the man's wrist, and scarcely breathing lest any sign of animation should escape his notice. A pulsation, so faint and fluttering that it would have been overlooked by one less intently anxious, was felt beneath his fingers. Strengthened by intense excitement, he caught the man up in his arms, and half carried half dragged him to the door of the little eating-house opposite. Springing down the steps two at a time, he rapped until the house echoed. The sleepy barkeeper put his head out of a window and exclaimed: "Who's there? and what do you want? Speak quick! You'd better, or I'll fire!" And something, which looked more like a poker than any kind of fire-arm, was protruded from the window.

"If you don't open the door I'll give you something to fire for," exclaimed the Doctor on the outside.

Apparently the voice of the speaker was recognised, for the next moment the door opened, and the man, with a considerable abatement in the ferocity of his tone, said: "Oh! Doctor Crawford. It's you, is it, sir?"

"To be sure it is. Hold the light here — quick!"

The barkeeper, however, had heard strange stories about how doctors amused themselves in the night-time ; how they stole into grave-yards and carried off dead people in their shrouds ; how coffins which ought to have been tenanted were found empty ; how a black man, who had murdered a lady, and was hanged for it, was buried in Potter's-field, and nothing was found when they went to look for him afterward except a hand with a wart on it. With these and many other facts of the same kind floating through his mind, he became strongly impressed with the belief that the elderly gentleman before him had stolen a corpse, and had brought it there in his arms for dissection ; and having no great predilection for the company of dead people, he sprang out of the room with an agility quite singular in one usually remarkable for the great perseverance with which he was slow in everything.

"Bring back the light, you fool, will you?" said the Doctor, depositing his burden on the floor. "I'm afraid he's dead."

"Of course he is ; I know'd it from the fust, sir," said the barkeeper, extending the light as near to, and his body as far from the

object of his fears as a man exactly four inches over five feet conveniently could. "I hope it wasn't small-pox he died of, sir; I never had it myself, and I've seven young 'uns as has never been 'nocolated."

The Doctor stared at him for a moment, and then grasped the light himself, and ordered the man to bring in some wine. He now held the lamp so that the light fell upon the bloody face on the floor. "God bless me! it's Jack!" he cried, in a horrified tone. "And murdered, as I live!" he continued, feeling the wound on the head.

But Jack was not dead; the thick hat and abundant hair had broken the force of the blow, and he had only been stunned. The wine which the Doctor managed to force down his throat soon restored him to life, but he remained unconscious for many days.

As soon as he began to breathe naturally again, the Doctor searched his clothes. His pocket-book was untouched, so that it was plain money had not been the object of the assailant. When he discovered this, a suspicion flashed upon Crawford, which was confirmed when he found that the little silk bag was missing.

"Have you noticed any stranger about here or at the depot to-day?" said he to the barkeeper.

That individual pondered over the matter for a moment, and then suddenly remembered his queer customer of the evening. "Yes," said he, "I did, and an owdacious cha-racter he was too; I know by a sign that never fails."

"What sign? What was he like? Tell me, quick."

"The sign," replied the barkeeper confidently, "I know it by, is the cut of his eye."

"The what?"

"The cut of his eye," reiterated the barkeeper positively. "It was a willinous cut all over." And having expressed this opinion, he, in confirmation thereof, gave the Doctor a description of Blair, and an account of his rather singular doings.

Crawford understood the whole matter at once, and after a moment's reflection, determined what course to pursue. A train would leave early in the morning; he would take that, and hasten as swiftly as steam could take him to New York. His blood was up now, and he determined to see Jack righted if it should take the last dollar he possessed.

"See here, Stubbs," said he, turning to the barkeeper. "Isn't your name Stubbs?"

"Yes, Sir, in course it be."

"Well, Stubbs, I must go away now for a little while, and you must attend to Lawson. You'll look after him, will you?"

"To be sure I will," said Stubbs.

"He must be kept quiet: no talking if he gets sensible."

"He sha'n't open his mouth," said Stubbs resolutely.

"He mustn't get up," continued the Doctor.

"If he does, I'll knock him down," replied Stubbs, in a determined tone.

"You mustn't hurt him."

"Oh no, in course not. I'll knock him down gently."

The Doctor paused, reflecting.

"Any physic to be took?" asked Stubbs. "Don't be afeard. If it's to be took, say so; cuss me if he sha'n't swaller it! You say the word, that's all."

"No," replied Crawford. "You must not disturb him in any way till I come back." Saying which he hurried off to see Lucy.

Stubbs followed the Doctor's last advice to the letter; for no sooner was the latter gone than he seated himself on the floor, and placing his back against the door so that it was impossible to open it without awakening him, in less than one minute was completing the sound nap which had been interrupted when he was summoned to enter upon his present duty.

When morning dawned Jack was removed to his own home, and Crawford hastened on his way towards the East.

Detective Cutbill knew Attorney Davis well; he also recognised in barkeeper Stubbs' description of the man who had followed Jack Lawson, Mr. James Blair. He listened patiently to the story told him by Doctor Crawford.

"And so I suppose you wish Davis arrested as well as Blair?" said he, when the Doctor had got through.

"Of course I do!" exclaimed Crawford, thumping his cane vehemently on the floor. "Confound it, Sir, if you will not, *I'll* do it!"

"On what ground?" inquired Mr. Cutbill coolly.

"What ground, Sir?" exclaimed the Doctor, growing more and more excited as he began to suspect that the officer was also leagued against him. "What ground, Sir? It strikes me the ground is palpable enough! On the ground, Sir, that he's a thief!"

"What proof have you?"

"Proof, Sir! proof, Sir!" exclaimed the Doctor, thumping his cane now very hard. "I say confound proof! I repeat it, Sir, confound proof! It's the greatest stumbling-block that an honest man ever had in the way of his rights. Besides that, has he any right to be keeping Jack out of his property?"

"Perhaps he has," replied Cutbill. "Did you know Griffin?"

"No."

"Ever read his will?"

"No."

"Then you know nothing about this matter, Doctor. Now, I'll tell you," said he, dropping his cold manner, and entering with some warmth into the feelings of his visitor—"this man is a shrewd lawyer, and we must be careful. As executor of Griffin's will he has a right to hunt up all the property. I shall arrest Blair for assault, and Davis as his accomplice, though there is no proof of it."

"Confound proof!" began the Doctor.

"Wait a moment," continued Cutbill, placing his hand on Crawford's arm. "As I said, if he can find any money, he has a right to hold it till Lawson comes. Now, if you had a power of attorney, it would be all right. But you have not. I'll have a man watch for Blair; when he arrives in the city he shall be followed, and when they get the money, we'll arrest them and take charge of it. Will that suit you?"

"Splendid!" exclaimed the Doctor, as enthusiastic now as he had been excited, "splendid plan, Sir! You are a credit to your profession."

Officer Juniper was called and received his instructions. On the very next night he reported that he had tracked Blair to Davis' office, and had left him there. Cutbill and Crawford, accompanied by Juniper, at once sallied forth to make the arrest.

"We must be cautious, Doctor," said Cutbill, "and not nab them too soon, or they may destroy the papers. I think we'll let them go ahead with their search." They all noiselessly entered the old building, and slipped into one of the vacant rooms opposite the staircase which led to the upper stories of the house.

The slight creaking of the hinges as they closed the door after them was the noise that startled Blair. He and Davis listened a moment, but the sound was not repeated. "Lord, Jim, what a haul we have made!" said the attorney.

"It's time we were on the move to get it," was the reply. "Come." Davis arose, and taking the light, followed his comrade out into the dark hall.

When they came to the staircase, Blair stopped and looked up into the darkness. "It's ghostly work," said he, "and I don't half like it."

"Come along, will you?" cried Davis impatiently. "You are not afraid, are you?"

"Well, go on," replied Blair. "You lead the way, for it's bloody dark, and smells as damp and close as a churchyard."

Groping their way up the dilapidated stairway, they came to the garret-door. "Here we are," said Davis, pausing. "Inside that door is the place. Now mind, Jim, it's to be an equal divide — no grabbing."

Blair uttered a low, significant laugh, and pulling down his hat lower over his head, said "Pshaw! go on, won't you?"

Davis, reassured by the indifferent manner of his comrade, opened the door and entered the room. The door closed after them, and all was quiet for a little while. In about ten minutes they came out, quickly groped their way down stairs again and entered the office. Blair deposited a little box on the table, smashed in the lid and disclosed the contents. It was full of money and bonds. They glared at the heap of valuables for a few moments in a stupor of delighted amazement; then they were aroused by hearing a step in the hall. Slow, deliberate and solemn it came; there was no haste in that tread, no hesitation.

The abject terror of Blair on hearing it rendered him a pitiable sight. His limbs shook, his fingers clenched together involuntarily, and the quick, hard pulsations of his heart might have been distinctly heard. There was a heavy consciousness of crime and blood upon him that told him his victim's avenger was at hand. His terror made him helpless as a child. Not so, however, with the attorney; he had no blood upon his hands to make him fearful of every sound. This might be some straggler; at any rate he would brave it out.

The step approached the door, the knob was turned, and Cutbill

entered alone. He had left his companions on the outside. His first movement on entering the room was to lock the door and put the key in his pocket. Then going to the fire, he held his fingers over the flame. The attorney's heart sank as he watched this performance, for he recognised in his visitor the most noted and vigilant detective officer in the city. The improbability that he could be connected with the assault on Jack, and the impossibility of any one knowing of the money, flashed across his mind and gave him courage. Cutbill was only acting on suspicion, he thought, and had come here to frighten him into making some admissions. Thinking this, he prepared to play his part with that coolness and skill which was one of his great characteristics, and which had guided him safely past many a rock on which his previous roguery had nearly wrecked him.

Covering the box with a newspaper, and bowing to his visitor, he coolly said, "Well, Mr. Cutbill, what can I do for you?"

"Put on your hat and overcoat," responded Cutbill laconically.

"With pleasure, if it is necessary," replied Davis, somewhat startled at the stern, abrupt tone of the speaker; "but what is the nature of the business, and where am I to go?"

"The business is uncommon; the place the lock-up."

Davis felt a chilling presentiment of the worst, but he would not give up while there was a chance. "Ah," said he thoughtfully, "some poor fellow in trouble? What is it? Felony, or what?"

"Felony of the first degree," replied Cutbill.

"Is he in prison?" demanded Davis, for the purpose of sifting the enigmatical meaning of the officer.

"He's as good as in," replied Cutbill, feeling the key in his pocket. "He'll soon be in; he's took."

Davis threw a hasty glance around the room. The windows were all closed and high from the ground. He glanced at his own spare frame, and measured its strength with that of the muscular man before him. He looked for Blair; but that individual, after the manner of his cowardly, bullying kind, was helpless from terror. Then he looked for a weapon. On the top of a desk near him lay an old hatchet. As his eyes rested on it his purpose was fixed; so was that of Cutbill, who had watched his eye and also saw the weapon. Without changing his position or altering a muscle, Davis turned to the officer and said, "Speak out, will you, and tell me what you want?"

"Well then, plainly, I want you and James Blair," responded Cutbill, "to answer for theft."

"Theft!" ejaculated Davis.

"Ay, theft, Mr. Davis, and conspiracy, and probably *murder*. I saw you steal that money from this garret; and you hired Blair to kill Jack Lawson."

"'Tis false — false as hell!" shouted Davis. "I did not. You can not prove it. I am Griffin's executor, and have a right to his money. I'll not go with you on a charge like that! See here!" he shouted, springing to the hatchet and brandishing it like a maniac over his head, "see here, I'll defend myself to the last gasp! One step toward me — ay, one inch — and I'll bury this in your skull!"

The officer drew a revolver from his pocket, cocked it, and pointed it at the attorney. "Look you, Mr. Davis," said he, "an axe is a dangerous weapon, but this is more dangerous. I've no objection to your being frightened. It's all in course, and you may even shake your cleaver at me ; but you mustn't come nearer with it, and you mustn't resist the law, for I came here to take you, and, living or dead, I'll do it. So put up your axe or I'll quiet you with a bullet."

For a moment the attorney glared about him like a baffled tiger, and measured the distance between himself and the muzzle of the pistol. Had there been the slightest tremor in the hand that held it, he would have hazarded the struggle ; but there was none. He saw that resistance and denial were useless, and with a muttered curse he dashed the hatchet to the floor.

In a moment he and Blair were handcuffed together, and then Cutbill called in his companions. They gathered up the money and papers, and started off in the direction of those dens of darkness and misery yclept the Tombs.

When Jack Lawson woke up from his long sleep it was to find all his work already done, and that he was a rich man.

I. EVERETT PEARSON.

THE REFUGEES.

"BANKS is advancing up the country with an army forty thousand strong, and our troops are rapidly retreating before him," read Eugenia Lestor from an *extra* which had been given her by a passing courier.

"Bully for Banks !" remarked her brother George.

"You ought to be ashamed of yourself to be bullying for any such person," was Eugenia's indignant reply. "One would suppose you did not care a straw for your country."

"I have cared an arm for it," replied George, glancing down at the empty sleeve of his old threadbare uniform-coat ; "and if it would like to have my other arm, it is welcome to that too. Mother," continued he, addressing himself to an elderly lady who had just entered the room, "you must have some *sure-enough* coffee to-night ; perhaps we may have company to supper."

"Who is coming ?" asked Mrs. Lestor unconcernedly.

"Why, General Banks is coming just as fast as he can. Confound these trans-Mississippi troops: they can't fight worth a continental. Now if I had my old regiment over here —"

"Oh your everlasting old regiment!" interrupted Eugenia, who had a very particular friend in the trans-Mississippi army, and who therefore did not share her brother's prejudices. "To listen to you, one would suppose the —th Louisiana could whip out all of Yankeedom and not half try."

"No," said George. "Numbers are bound to tell in the end; but I'd bet my bottom dollar that if the —th Louisiana were here, it wouldn't be running away every time the Yankee gunboats started up Red River."

"Well," returned Eugenia, "everybody knows that the better part of valor is discretion."

"Yes," said George —

'He who fights and runs away
Lives to fight another day.'

"So also I suppose does he who doesn't fight, but runs away at the first alarm."

"I hear somebody hallooing at the gate," said Eugenia. "Go, George, and see who it is."

"I suppose it is some straggling soldier who wants 'to git to stay all night,'" said George, as he went yawning to the door. "Shall I tell him he may come in?"

"Certainly," returned Eugenia; "we may thereby entertain an angel unawares."

"I am not inclined to think that there are very many angels hiding their wings under Confederate uniforms," replied George; "but this fellow, if he is a soldier, may stay here on account of *the cause*." So saying, Mr. Lestor went out on the piazza, and replying to the stranger's call with the usual "halloo yourself!" was informed by him that he was trying to procure some corn for a widow lady who had recently been obliged to leave her home in Avoyelles Parish, and who had arrived in the neighborhood of Spanish Town with very little of anything except Confederate money, of which she had an abundance, and which she was anxious to exchange for provisions. "How much corn does she want?" demanded Mr. Lestor.

"As much as she can get," was the reply. "She has got her carriage-horses and about two dozen mules to feed. All the nigs have gone over to the Yankees; and joy go with them, I say, for the Lord knows how we should ever have got them up here, or what we would have fed them on after they came. Bacon seems to be powerful scarce in these parts, and the Yankees burnt up all our'n when they came after our sugar. I tell you what, Sir, between you and me and the post, I believe the Confederacy is just about gone up."

"Gone up, thunderation!" replied Mr. Lestor, with infinite scorn. "That is the way with most people; just as soon as their property is meddled with, they think it is all over with the South, and old Bob Lee whipped out completely. When does this lady want her corn, and what is her name?"

"Her name is Prudhomme, and she wants her corn jist as soon as she can git it."

"Whereabout is she staying?"

"At the house of a man by the name of Foster. I reckon you know him; he don't live more'n half-a-dozen miles from here."

"Jack Foster, I suppose; yes, I know him. Well, tell Mrs. Prudhomme to send her wagon over to-morrow, and she can have a load of corn."

"All right. What is your price?"

"Nothing. I never sell corn to refugee widows."

"But this one has got dead-loads of money."

"Then she can get her corn somewhere else."

"But nobody else ain't got none round about here; leastways so they say."

"Then Mrs. Prudhomme had better take mine on my terms. Good evening, Sir," and Mr. Lestor turned and went into the house.

The next morning brought the widow in person. She came in a stylish britzska which was driven by a crippled soldier. It was evident that her wardrobe had sustained no injuries from the hard times, for in dressy half-mourning, with an elaborately trimmed *sky-scraper* on her head and a "fascinator" thrown over her rosy face, she looked as if she had just run the blockade and was direct from Paris.

"Hark, hark! the dogs do bark,
The beggars are come to town;
Some in rags, and some in tags,
And some in velvet gowns,"—

quoted George, when he caught sight of the widow as she descended from the carriage, assisted by her seedy-looking driver.

"Mr. Lestor, I believe," said Mrs. Prudhomme, as that gentleman met her at the door.

"Yes, Madam," replied he with his best bow.

"I am Mrs. Prudhomme."

Whereupon Mr. Lestor gave the lady the same invitation that the spider gave the fly, though not with the same malicious designs. Mrs. Lestor's "little parlor," which had been refurnished just before the war, was considered by her neighbors to be a handsome one; but somehow it seemed to grow faded when the stylish Mrs. Prudhomme seated herself therein. Mrs. and Miss Lestor too were considered very elegant women, but before that showy stranger they seemed to hide their diminished heads. Mrs. Prudhomme was what the boys would call a "stunner." There was no mistake about that, and she was very well aware of the fact. With her overwhelming affability she very soon demolished her lady entertainers, and then she commenced on George, who succeeded much better in holding his own with her.

"And did Mr. Lestor think because she was a poor wandering refugee that she was a beggar into the bargain? She must insist upon paying for the corn which it was so kind in him to let her have. Although she had been driven away from her beautiful home, she still had plenty of Confederate money, and could still pay her way as she went. Really she couldn't be under such obligations to any one, not even her brother," etc.

George listened to her patiently, but when the handsome *portemonnaie* made its appearance he firmly though respectfully declined taking the notes which the widow pressed upon him. Then Mrs. Prudhomme pouted and wished to know if he considered her an object of charity, and asked if it were kind in him to force her to receive alms whether she would or not. Then she seemed to grow weary of the discussion and asked if Mr. Lestor had seen the last *extra*, and wished to know if it could possibly be true that Early had again been defeated in the Valley, and informed her host that she had heard a horrid man say not long before that, if not recognised by England within the next two months, the Confederacy would be obliged to succumb. "How could people say such disagreeable things," continued the widow, "after what we have gone through! By *we* I mean we poor refugees. You who are so fortunate as to live in this favored region know nothing whatever of the horrors of war. Oh, it is dreadful to give up the comforts one has been accustomed to all one's life, and to be driven from one's home to find a refuge among strangers. Though if all strangers were like the Lestors —"

"Spare my blushes and those of my aged mother and sister," interrupted George, who was growing weary of this monologue, and who wished to have an opportunity to return a decided negative to the widow's query in reference to the prophecies relating to the ruin of the Confederacy. Mr. Lestor was a self-deceiver who believed against belief and hoped against hope. The Confederacy was his idol, and he was not going to relinquish it without a desperate struggle, although the nation which had sprung into existence a few years before, and had enjoyed a season of ephemeral prosperity, was now sinking again into nothingness. He was always willing therefore to lend his voice to the Southern chorus, "Never despair!" and those Cassandrian prophets, at that time popularly known as "croakers," were his favorite aversion. He assured the widow that it would all come out right in the end, even though England were ignorant of us, and France acknowledged us not, and quoted for her benefit what the poet of poets has said —

"Freedom's battle, once begun,
Bequeathed by bleeding sire to son,
Though baffled oft, is ever won."

The widow made a long call that morning, and when she was going away, invited the Lestors to come and see her, informing them that she should go to housekeeping in a few days, having rented a disused school-house in the neighborhood. "I cannot entertain you as I could have done at home," said she, "as there are but three rooms in my little academic cottage; but I and my little ones will do our little best to make you enjoy yourselves."

"You have children then?" said Mrs. Lestor with suddenly awakened interest.

"Yes; a little girl and a little boy, both of whom are the delight and the plague of my life. My wretch of a governess left me in order to marry some jayhawker or other not long before I left home, and since she went away the children's education has been a load on

my mind. Is there anything in the shape of a teacher in this neighborhood?"

"No," replied Eugenia. "The gentleman who had been teaching here since the beginning of the war was drawn in the conscription a short time ago, and his place has not yet been supplied. The neighbors have been begging my brother there to teach for them, but he has refused."

"Oh, Mr. Lestor, how I wish you would comply with their request!" exclaimed Mrs. Prudhomme. "I should so much like to have my little ones under the care of a gentleman of your education and intellect."

Mr. Lestor wondered how much education and intellect he had given token of during that morning's conversation; but he acknowledged the compliment by a profound bow, and after a little more talk Mrs. Prudhomme made her adieux and was driven away.

That afternoon Mr. Lestor in taking his usual solitary walk strolled in sight of the old school-house, and having forgotten all about Mrs. Prudhomme and her affairs, was surprised at the bustle that was going on in and around what was usually a deserted building. There were two or three wagons in the yard, a great pile of furniture on the piazza, men were walking hither and thither repairing refractory shutters, patching holes in the floor, renovating dilapidated stair-steps, raking up trash, and in short making themselves generally useful, working all the while under the directions of a stately queen, who issued mandates from her rocking-chair throne on the piazza. The widow Prudhomme seemed to be in her element in this sort of business, and as Mr. Lestor watched her from afar he could not but admire her energy and vivacity of manner. But he did not approach nearer; he only leaned for a minute or two against the rail-fence that surrounded what had once been a play-ground, and then he turned away, quoting half aloud the words of the wise and venerable stage-driver, "One vidder is equal to twenty-five ordinary women in coming it over a feller."

As he was sauntering through the pine-woods on his way home, Mr. Lestor encountered a nondescript whom he was at first disposed to consider as a little girl, but who when she arose to her feet (she had been gathering the flowers of the sensitive plant) proved herself, in size at least, to be one of more mature years. The dress she wore would have suited the age of ten, but face and figure bespoke fifteen at least.

"Good evening, Sir," said the young person, apparently nowise abashed at meeting a stranger. "Can you tell me how far I am from the school-house?"

"Just about half a mile," replied Mr. Lestor. "Do you intend going there this afternoon?"

"Yes; mother has been there ever since dinner. She told me to stay home and mend my dress, but I finished that job two hours ago; and since then I have been trying to find my way to the school-house. I should have been dead tired by now if it hadn't been for the dew-berries I found along the road. You have nice dew-berries up here in these wild woods."

"Are the woods any wilder up here than they were where you came from?" asked Mr. Lestor.

"Dear life yes! the country is ever so much more thickly settled down in Avoyelles. However, I believe I like woods better than I do people — that is, unless people are very nice indeed."

"You are Byronic in your tastes —"

"Oh, don't you love Byron? I have read every line of him except *Don Juan*, and I would have read that too if Mother hadn't said I shouldn't."

"Are you fond of reading in general?" asked Mr. Lestor, looking down with some interest into the youthful, sunburnt face.

"Yes: I should be sorry for myself if I wasn't."

"Why?"

"Because I should be so lonely. Mother won't let me be a young lady, and I am sick and tired of children and their foolishness. But good-bye, Sir; I must go on to the school-house, so I can ride home with Mother in the britzska."

"Let me accompany you there," said George.

"Certainly you may go if you like. You are Mr. Lestor, ain't you?"

"Yes; how did you happen to guess?"

"I didn't guess, I knew. Mary Foster pointed you out to me in church last Sunday, and said you lost your arm in the charge at Malvern Hill. Oh, I did want so much to be a man when I heard of those battles around Richmond!"

"Why?"

"So I could go and fight too. If I were a man, catch me getting furloughs, or pretending I was sick, or being in the commissary department! If I could only go into a battle and lose an arm like you, I should walk on thrones all the rest of my life. Don't you love for people to look at your empty sleeve and ask you where you lost your arm?"

"No, I do not enjoy it particularly. In fact it has become rather monotonous, as I am asked that question about half-a-dozen times a day on an average."

"Who asks you?"

"Travellers who stop to get dinner or stay all night. Take care, you can't jump that bayou."

The warning came too late, and the young lady now stood laughing in the middle of the stream, considerably above ankle-deep in mud and water.

"Now I've gone and done it!" exclaimed she. "What will mother say?"

"Here she comes now," said Mr. Lestor, for he saw the elegant britzska driving rapidly up with the elegant widow reclining gracefully on its cushions.

"Let's hide," said Mr. Lestor, laughing in spite of himself at the bedraggled and woe-begone little woman, who had now waded out of the bayou and was looking at her clay-cumbered little walking-shoes.

"Agreed!" exclaimed she; and without losing a moment they started up a cow-path that followed the windings of the bayou, and

by the time the britzska had reached the ford they were safely ensconced among the foliage of a huge overturned sweet-gum which had been uprooted by a recent storm.

"Oh, isn't this nice!" exclaimed the young lady. "I am so glad Mother didn't see me."

"Isn't what nice?" asked George, glancing mischievously at his companion's draggled skirts and muddy shoes.

"Oh, you know I don't mean myself," said the demoiselle, with a half blush. "I am talking about our narrow escape."

"Escape from what?"

"Mother, of course. You are the stupidest man I ever saw."

"And now how are you going to get home again?"

"Walk, I suppose."

"But it is so late."

"I can't help it. You will go with me, won't you?"

"Yes, if you will go home with me first and get your feet dry while my buggy is getting ready."

Great was the surprise of George's mother and sister when he introduced their youthful guest; but the practical elder lady did not waste time in asking for explanations, but took the new-comer into her room, and in a short time had dressed her in some of Eugenia's *ante-bellum* habiliments. And very nicely did the young lady look in the old-fashioned pink barège and Grecian zone. Her great black eyes were glittering with amusement at her complete transformation, her cheeks were red with exercise, and her wealth of raven hair, gathered up under one of Eugenia's nets, no longer gave her the Witch of Endor aspect which she had worn while it was dangling about her shoulders.

"Mother will hardly know me when we get back to Mr. Foster's," said she confidentially to Mr. Lestor as they were driving rapidly through the pine-woods in the deepening twilight; "she isn't accustomed to seeing me nicely dressed."

"Do you like to be nicely dressed?" asked Mr. Lestor.

"Of course I do; I am so much prettier when I am nicely dressed than when I am in my every-days."

"But 'favor is deceitful and beauty is vain.'"

"Oh, that is all nonsense! I know better."

"What! Nonsense in the Bible?"

"Oh, is that in the Bible? I didn't know," and the young lady blushed painfully. "I only know that when I used to be bad my nurse would always call me 'ugly gal.' I wish I was as pretty as Mother, and had as fine clothes. It is nice to be a widow; don't you think so?"

"Any nicer than to be a school-girl?"

"Yes, ever so much. There is Mother yonder on the front piazza, talking to Captain Rembert. I bet she won't know me."

The young lady was right. When Mr. Lestor assisted her up the steps of the piazza, the widow looked at her in blank surprise, and it was some time before she could be made to understand the state of the case. Then she reprimanded her daughter slightly and sent her off to change her dress. The demoiselle obeyed quickly; but after

she was gone her mother remained grave and thoughtful, that is for her, until Mr. Lestor took leave. She had been conversing with a young moustachioed carpet-knight, who scowled as fearfully as French politeness would permit when Mr. Lestor interrupted the *tête-à-tête*. The latter remained only a few minutes, and then made his adieux to the widow with much more urbanity than he had displayed that morning, assuring her that his mother and sister would give themselves the pleasure of calling as soon as she had become established in her new abode.

The next afternoon and the next found Mr. Lestor in the old school-house taking a lively interest in what was going on, and he soon became Mrs. Prudhomme's right-hand man, although his arm being lost prevented his being of any practical use except in the way of superintendence. Sometimes the daughter was there too, but oftener she was not.

"I try to bring up Adèle," said the widow, "according to the old maxim, 'Little girls should be seen and not heard'; and as she will make herself heard on every possible occasion, I have found that the best way is to keep her behind the scenes as much as possible."

George thought the widow had rather singular ideas in regard to littleness and bigness, as the "little girl" she alluded to was at least an inch taller than her mother, but he did not put his thoughts into words.

Captain Rembert was also a constant visitor at the school-house, although he was only a drone in the swarm of busy bees that collected there every day, as he did nothing but twirl his gauntlet or whip his brightest of boots with his jauntiest of riding-whips, all the while looking unutterable things at the fascinating widow, who seemed to regard him as something better than her parrot, a little dearer than her poodle. In a short time the old house was pronounced habitable, and the widow moved in with her lares and penates.

"Now your troubles are over," said Eugenia Lestor as she glanced around the room which served both for parlor and dining-room, and observed how nicely it had been fitted up.

"Ah no," returned the widow; "my troubles are only commencing. What am I to do with my little ones? I cannot procure a governess for love or money; there is no school to send them to, and they will grow up to be perfect ignoramus. My dear Eugenia, could not that handsome brother of yours be prevailed upon to hear them say their lessons occasionally? He tells me he is fond of children, and though I say it who shouldn't say it, mine are by no means dull."

"Why don't you teach them yourself?" asked Eugenia rather abruptly.

"I? Why I have my hands full already. What with housekeeping, visiting, and altering dresses, I have no time to devote to geography and Latin, though it grieves me so to think of my children growing up in ignorance of these things."

Eugenia told George what the widow had said, and rather to her surprise he readily agreed to teach the young Prudhomme ideas how to shoot.

"Can it be possible," thought Eugenia, "that that wretched widow

has already bewitched him to such an extent as to make him forget his chronic disease of laziness?"

Such seemed to be the case. Regularly every morning George walked over to Mrs. Prudhomme's, and there remained till dinner time, taking Adolphe and Adèle bravely through *amo, amas, amat*, and endeavoring to make them comprehend the why and wherefore of *minus* into *minus* giving *plus*. While these exercises were going on the widow would sit by the window in her little straw rocker and knit socks and gloves for the soldiers, or make "auld clothes look amais't as good's the new" for the benefit of herself and family. Captain Rembert had returned to his command. Beaux generally were at a premium in the neighborhood, and the demoiselles of that part of the country complained bitterly of the widow's monopolising the beau par excellence, the handsome George Lestor; but that gentleman continued to hover around Mrs. Prudhomme, apparently forgetful of the old warning —

"Many things in the world that look bright, pretty moth,
Only dazzle to lead us astray"—

and before long the neighborhood had them engaged and the day fixed. Of course the widow denied the thing, but as on such occasions she always looked conscious and tried to blush, her denial went for nothing. Adèle and Adolphe were wont to wax wrathful when sly allusions were made in their presence to Mr. Lestor's becoming their stepfather as well as preceptor. Adèle especially was loud in her refusal to credit such a thing, saying she would as soon think of her mother's marrying that finical Captain Rembert. Mr. Lestor kept his own counsel, and let people talk as they pleased; they had had him engaged to fifty girls in his time and had never married him yet. However, he seemed nearer the matrimonial point now than ever before, and the widow, after she had accepted an invitation to ride with him one afternoon, took a long look in the glass as she was donning her riding-habit, and discovering a gray hair or two and an incipient wrinkle, came to the conclusion that when asked the question she would answer "yes." The horses were ready some time before Mrs. Prudhomme was, and Adèle suggested to her teacher that it wouldn't hurt anything for them to mount the animals and take a short gallop while the elder lady was arranging her braids. Mr. Lestor agreed, and the widow had been ready and waiting almost long enough to lose her temper when the equestrians returned, but George was so apologetic and polite that her serenity was soon restored. After his apologies were concluded they rode on awhile in silence. Mr. Lestor seemed to be in a brown study, and the widow was thinking, "Is he ever going to asked that question?"

A question came at last, but not *the* question. George asked abruptly, "How old is your daughter?"

"I never could remember ages," replied the widow drily, "but she is somewhere in her early teens."

"Fifteen, think you?"

"I do not know. Why do you ask?"

"Because she has promised with your permission to become my

wife when she is old enough, and I wish to know how long I shall have to wait."

If a stroke of lightning had suddenly rent the tall pine-tree in front of her, the widow could scarcely have been more astonished ; but she quietly asked, "When did Adèle make this promise?"

"About half an hour ago. May I have her?"

"She is too young and unformed."

"Those are defects that time will cure. May I have her — say in two years from this time?"

"Yes, if she has not changed her mind. You know children never keep in the same mind for a day."

"I will risk it in this case."

"Haven't we ridden far enough? I am tired, and besides I am expecting company this evening."

The company had arrived when Mrs. Prudhomme reached home ; they were Major Harding and Captain Rembert. The former was an uncle of the widow. That night they had a game of euchrè, Mrs. Prudhomme and Captain Rembert playing partners against Major Harding and Adolphe. Adèle seated herself by a candle-stand at the farther end of the room, and read *Lalla Rookh*. Pretty soon the widow and her partner became tired of cards, and they strolled out on the piazza, while Major Harding and Adolphe engaged in a game of chess. Moonbeams and starbeams looked down consentingly, and while uncle and nephew fought with red and white ivory, while Adèle read the "Fire Worshippers," substituting the name of George for that of Hafed, Captain Rembert told the widow a good many fibs, mixed with a few truths, in regard to his idolatrous adoration of her, and she in return promised to try to love him.

C. M.

REVIEWS.

A Pair of Blue Eyes. By Thomas Hardy. New York: Holt & Williams.

AS we write this heading we are reminded of a sin of omission, for which we beg to apologise to our readers. We ought before this to have noticed *Under the Greenwood Tree* by the same author ; one of the brightest, freshest little stories that we have come across for many a day ; full of sparkling bits of description, vivacious conversation, quaint sketches of character, and amusing incident. We ought, we say, to have noticed it ; but as that is now too late, we advise our readers to get it for themselves.

The book before us is written in a rather more serious vein, but has much of the vivacity and light graceful touch that won our admiration in the other story. There are no intricacies of plot, no crowding of the canvas; a few figures well-drawn, an easy sequence of incident, a touch or two of strong passion stirring the depths of the heart—but these are managed with a skilful hand.

Elfride Swancourt, the heroine, is a pretty English girl, with a lovely pair of blue eyes, who lives with her father, the rector of a retired parish on the west coast. Elfride has seen so little of the world that at the age of nineteen or twenty she was nearly as girlish in thought and feeling as she had been at fifteen, the difference lying in the possibilities of stronger feeling and more energetic action in case an occasion came to call them forth.

The first break upon her quiet life is the arrival of Mr. Stephen Smith, a young architect from London, to see about some repairs to the old church. Much to Elfride's astonishment, this guest turns out to be a handsome, boyish-looking young fellow, very nearly as ignorant of the world's ways as she is herself. Elfride's blue eyes, and her singing and sprightly talk, soon perform their natural function, and Stephen is presently head-over-ears in love with her, while she is—or thinks she is—in love with him. Mr. Swancourt, not knowing a certain mystery about Stephen, decidedly favors the young people's fancy for each other, and all goes on swimmingly for a while.

Mr. Swancourt, a hale, manly, handsome widower of forty-five, with a considerable remnant of the old Adam in him, is very well sketched. He is very fond of Elfride, and confesses to Stephen in private and with much pride, that she often writes his sermons for him; a confidence which astonished him the less that Elfride had already informed him of the fact, and imparted her receipt for sermon-writing:—

"You do it like this. Did you ever play a game of forfeits called 'When is it? where is it? what is it?'"

"No, never."

"Ah, that's a pity, because writing a sermon is very much like playing that game. You take the text. You think why is it? what is it? and so on. You put that down under 'Collectively.' Then you proceed to the First, Secondly, and Thirdly. Papa won't have Fourthlys—says they are all my eye. Then you have a final Collectively, several pages of this being put in great black brackets, writing opposite, '*Leave this out if the farmers are falling asleep.*' Then comes your In Conclusion, then A Few Words, And I Have Done. Well, all this time you have put on the back of each page, '*Keep your voice down*'—I mean," she added correcting herself, "that's how I do in papa's sermon-book, because otherwise he gets louder and louder, till at last he shouts like a farmer up a-field. Oh, papa is so funny in some things!"

The rector has an odd shambling sort of factotum, William Worm, "a poor wambling body" as he calls himself, who is afflicted with a peculiar species of deafness, "like fish frying in his head." Accompanied by Worm he shows Stephen some of his own repairs to the church:—

"We worked like slaves, didn't we, Worm?"

"Ay, sure, we did; harder than some here and there—hee, hee!" said William Worm, cropping up from somewhere. "Like slaves, 'a b'lieve—hee, hee! And

weren't ye foaming mad, sir, when the nails wouldn't go straight! Mighty I! There, 'tishn't so bad to cuss and keep it in, as it is to cuss and let it out, is it, sir?"

"Well — why?"

"Because you, sir, when ye were a-putting on the roof, only used to cuss in your mind, which is, I suppose, no harm at all."

"I don't think you know what goes on in my mind, Worm."

"O, doan't I, sir — hee-hee! Maybe I'm but a poor wambling thing, sir, and can't read much; but I can spell as well as some here and there. Doan't ye mind, sir, that blusterous night when ye asked me to hold the candle to ye in yon workshop, when you were making a new chair for the chancel?"

"Yes; what of that?"

"I stood with the candle, and you said you liked company, if 'twas only a dog or cat — maning me; and the chair wouldn't do nohow."

"Ah, I remember."

"No; the chair wouldn't do nohow. 'A was very well to look at; but, Lord! —"

"Worm, how often have I corrected you for irreverent speaking?"

"— 'A was very well to look at, but you couldn't sit in the chair nohow. 'Twas all a-twist wi' the chair, like the letter Z, directly you sat down upon the chair. 'Get up, Worm,' says you, when you seed the chair go all a-sway wi' me. Up you took the chair, and flung en like fire and brimstone to t'other end of your shop — all in a passion. 'Dame the chair!' says I. 'Just what I was thinking,' says you, sir. 'I could see it in your face, sir,' says I, 'and I hope you and the Lord will forgie me for saying what you wouldn't.' To save your life you couldn't help laughing, sir, at a poor wambler reading your thoughts so plain. Ay, I'm as wise as one here and there."

We will not give enough of the story to spoil our readers' interest in the book itself. Stephen goes away, after a private engagement to Elfride, and Mr. Swancourt marries again. Elfride writes a romance, and is much distressed at a rather caustic review in a magazine. Soon after she makes the acquaintance of the reviewer — Mr. Knight, barrister-at-law and man of letters — who pays them a visit. And now commences a contrast boding ill for poor Stephen. Stephen was in many things her inferior and naturally looked up to her, giving her a pleasant feeling of patronage and guidance, which formed an important element in her love for him. Henry Knight is her superior in everything, and the sense of inferiority, of reliance upon a stronger intellect and wider experience, in a character like Elfride's, lays the foundation of a far deeper feeling. The development of Elfride's mind under the influence of Knight's, is very finely indicated.

An adventure which came near having a frightful ending, places the relations of these two beyond mistake, and tears away the veil which Elfride's consciousness of her previous pledge, and Knight's reticence due to Elfride's ambiguous conduct toward him, have interposed between them. They have been visiting a precipitous cliff, and Knight incautiously sprang over the verge to a sloping ledge below, to get his hat. This ledge is covered with fine shale, which proves so slippery that he cannot maintain himself. As he is gliding almost over the edge, he manages to clutch a tuft of grass, by which he can support himself for a few minutes. Elfride vanishes from his sight on the bank above.

Haggard cliffs, of every ugly altitude, are as common as sea-fowl along the line of coast between Exmoor and Land's End; but this outflanked and encompassed specimen was the ugliest of them all. Their summits are not safe places for scientific experiment on the principles of air-currents, as Knight had now found, to his dismay.

He still clutched the face of the escarpment — not with the frenzied hold of despair, but with a dogged determination to make the most of his every jot of endurance, and so give the longest possible scope to Elfride's intentions, whatever they might be.

He reclined hand in hand with the world in its infancy. Not a blade, not an insect, which spoke of the present, was between him and the past. The inveterate antagonism of these black precipices to all the strugglers for life is in no way more forcibly suggested than by the absence of the minutest tufts of grass, lichens, or conservæ from their fronts and ledges.

Knight pondered on the meaning of Elfride's hasty disappearance, but could not avoid an instinctive conclusion that there existed but a doubtful hope for him. As far as he could judge, his sole chance of deliverance lay in the possibility of a rope or pole being brought; and this possibility was remote indeed. The soil upon these high downs was left so untended that they were unenclosed for miles, except by a casual bank or dry wall, and were rarely visited but for the purpose of collecting or counting the flock which found a scanty means of subsistence thereon.

At first, when death appeared improbable, because it had never visited him before, Knight could think of no future, nor of anything connected with his past. He could only look sternly at Nature's treacherous attempt to put an end to him, and strive to thwart her.

From the fact that the cliff formed the inner face of the segment of a huge cylinder, having the sky for a top and the sea for a bottom, which enclosed the cove to the extent of more than a semicircle, he could see the vertical face curving round on each side of him. He looked far down the façade, and realised more thoroughly how it threatened him. Grimness was in every feature, and to its very bowels the inimical shape was desolation.

By one of those familiar conjunctions in which the inanimate world baits the mind of man when he pauses in moments of suspense, opposite Knight's eyes was an imbedded fossil, standing forth in low relief from the rock. It was a creature with eyes. The eyes, dead and turned to stone, were even now regarding him. It was one of the early crustaceans called Trilobites. Separated by millions of years in their lives, Knight and this underling seemed to have met in their death. It was the single instance within reach of his vision of anything that had ever been alive and had had a body to save, as he himself had now.

This creature represented but a low type of animal existence, for never in their vernal years had the plains indicated by those numberless slaty layers been traversed by an intelligence worthy of the name. Zoöphytes, mollusca, shell-fish, were the highest developments of those ancient dates. The immense lapses of time each formation represented had known nothing of the dignity of man. They were grand times, but they were mean times too, and mean were their relics. He was to be with the small in his death.

Knight was a geologist; and such is the supremacy of habit over occasion, as a pioneer of the thoughts of men, that at this dreadful juncture his mind found time to take in, by a momentary sweep, the varied scenes that had had their day between this creature's epoch and his own. There is no place like a cleft landscape for bringing home such imaginings as these.

Time closed up like a fan before him. He saw himself at one extremity of the years, face to face with the beginning and all the intermediate centuries simultaneously. Fierce men, clothed in the hides of beasts, and carrying, for defence and attack, huge clubs and pointed spears, rose from the rock, like the phantoms before the doomed Macbeth. They lived in hollows, woods, and mud-huts — perhaps in caves of the neighboring rocks. Behind them stood an earlier band. No man was there. Huge elephantine forms, the mastodon, the hippopotamus, the tapir, antelopes of monstrous size, the megatherium, and the mylodon — all, for the moment, in juxtaposition. Farther back, and overlapped by these, were perched huge-billed birds and swinish creatures as large as horses. Still more shadowy were the sinister crocodilian outlines — alligators and other horrible reptiles, culminating in the colossal lizard, the iguanodon. Folded behind were dragon forms and clouds of flying reptiles: still underneath were fishy beings of lower development; and so on, till the life-time scenes of the fossil confronting him were a present and modern condition of things.

These images passed before Knight's inner eye in less than half a minute, and he was again considering the actual present. Was he to die? The mental picture of Elfride in the world, without himself to cherish her, smote his heart like a whip.

He had hoped for deliverance, but what could a girl do? He dared not move an inch. Was Death really stretching out his hand? The previous sensation that it was improbable he would die, was fainter now.

However, Knight still clung to the cliff.

To those hardy weather-beaten individuals who pass the greater part of their days and nights out-of-doors, Nature seems to have moods in other than a poetical sense : moods literally and really — predilections for certain deeds at certain times, without any apparent law to govern or season to account for them. They read her as a person with a curious temper. Thus : she does not scatter kindnesses and cruelties alternately, impartially, or in order — shining on them one day, raining on them the next — but heartless severities or overwhelming kindnesses in lawless caprice. Their case is always that of the prodigal's favorite or the miser's pensioner. In her unfriendly moments there seems a cruel fun in her tricks — a feline playfulness begotten by an anticipated pleasure in swallowing the victim.

This way of thinking had been foreign to Knight, but he began to adopt it now. He was first spitted on a rock. New tortures followed after a while. The rain increased, and persecuted him with exceptional persistency, the reason of which he was moved to believe to be because he was in such a wretched state already. An entirely new order of things had been observed in this introduction of rain upon the scene. It rained upwards instead of down. The strong ascending current of air carried the rain-drops with it in its race up the escarpment, coming to him with such velocity that they stuck into his flesh like cold needles. Each drop was virtually a shaft, and it pierced him to his skin. These water-shafts seemed to lift him on their points : no downward rain ever had such a torturing effect. In a brief space he was drenched, except in two places. These were on the top of his shoulders and on the crown of his hat.

The wind, though not intense in other situations, was strong here. It tugged at his coat, and lifted it. We are mostly accustomed to look upon all opposition which is not animate, as that of the stolid, inexorable hand of indifference, which wears out the patience more than the strength. Here, at any rate, hostility did not assume that slow sickening form. It was a cosmic agency, active, lashing, eager for conquest ; determination ; not an insensate standing in the way.

Knight had over-estimated the strength of his hands. They were getting weak already. "She will never come again ; she has been gone ten minutes," he said to himself.

This mistake arose from the unusual compression of his experiences just now : she had really been gone but three.

"As many more minutes will be my end," he thought.

Next came another instance of the incapacity of the mind to make comparisons at such times.

"This is a summer afternoon," he said, "and there can never have been such a heavy and cold rain on a summer day in my life before."

He was again mistaken. The rain was quite ordinary in quantity ; the air in temperature. It was the menacing attitude in which they approached him that magnified their powers.

He again looked straight downwards, the wind and the water-dashes lifting his moustache, scudding up his cheeks, under his eyelids, and into his eyes. This is what he saw down there : the surface of the sea — visually just past his toes, and under his feet ; actually one-eighth of a mile, or more than two hundred yards, below them. We color according to our moods the objects we survey. The sea would have been a deep neutral blue, had happier auspices attended the gazer : it was now no otherwise than distinctly black to his vision. That narrow white border was foam, he knew well ; but its boisterous tosses were so distant as to appear a pulsation only, and its plashing was barely audible. A white border to a black sea — his funeral pall and its edging.

The world was to some extent turned upside down for him. Rain ascended from below. Beneath his feet was aerial space and the unknown ; above him was the firm familiar ground, and upon it all that he loved best.

Pitiless nature had then two voices, and two only. The nearest was the voice of the wind in his ears, rising and falling as it mauled and thrust him hard or softly. The second and distant one was the moan of that fathomless ocean below and afar — rubbing its restless flank against the Cliff without a Name.

Knight perseveringly held on. Had he any faith in Elfride? Perhaps. Love is faith, and faith, like a gathered flower, will live on a long time after nutriment has ceased.

Nobody would have expected the sun to shine on such an evening as this. Yet it appeared, low down upon the sea. Not with its natural golden fringe, sweeping the farthest ends of the landscape, not with the strange glare of whiteness which it sometimes puts on as an alternative with color, but as a splotch of vermilion red upon a leaden ground—a red face looking on with a drunken leer.

Most men who have brains know it, and few are so foolish as to disguise this fact from themselves or others, even though an ostentatious display may be called self-conceit. Knight, without showing it much, knew that his intellect was above the average. And he thought—he could not help thinking—that his death would be a deliberate loss to earth of good material; that such an experiment in killing might have been practised upon some less developed life.

A fancy some people hold, when in a bitter mood, is that inexorable circumstance only tries to prevent what intelligence attempts. Renounce a desire for a long-contested position, and go on another tack, and after a while the prize is thrown at you, seemingly in disappointment that no more tantalising is possible.

Knight gave up thoughts of life utterly and entirely, and turned to contemplate the Dark Valley and the unknown future beyond. Into the solemn depths of these reflections we will not pry. Let it suffice to state what followed.

At that moment of taking no more thought for this life, something disturbed the outline of the bank above him. A spot appeared.

It was the head of Elfride.

How she managed to rescue him, we will leave our readers to find out, and also the sad and unexpected conclusion of the story. But we think they will admit that there is great power of description, all the more intense because of the simplicity of the language, and a terrible life-likeness in the statements. We almost fancy that the author must have had some ghastly experience of the sort.

We had marked many passages, but have only room for a little bit in quite the Flemish style. Mr. and Mrs. Worm are visiting the Smith family.

"Have ye ever tried anything to cure yer noise, Master Worm?" inquired Martin Cannister.

"O ay; bless ye, I've tried everything. Ay, Providence is a merciful man, and I have hoped he'd have found it out by this time, living so many years in a parson's family, too, as I have, but 'a don't seem to relieve me. Ay, I be a poor wambling man, and life's a mere bubble."

"True, mournful true, William Worm. 'Tis so. The world wants looking to, or 'tis all sixes and sevens wi' us."

"Take your things off, Mrs. Worm," said Mrs. Smith. "We be rather in a muddle, to tell the truth, for my son is jist dropped in from Indy a day sooner than we expected, and the pig-killer is coming presently to cut up."

Mrs. Barbara Worm, not wishing to take any mean advantage of persons in a muddle by observing them, removed her bonnet and mantle with eyes fixed upon the flowers in the plot outside the door.

"What beautiful tiger-lilies!" said Mrs. Worm.

"Yes, they be very well, but such a trouble to me on account of the children that come here. They will go eating the berries on the stem, and call 'em currants. Taste wi' junivals is quite fancy, really."

"And your snapdragons look as fierce as ever."

"Well, really," answered Mrs. Smith, entering didactically into the subject, "they are more like Christians than flowers. But they make up well enough wi' the rest, and don't require much tending. And the same can be said o' these miller's wheels. 'Tis a flower I like very much, though so simple. Having them is like asking your relations to a party—they count up for a show, and you haven't the trouble of complimenting 'em. John says he'd never care about the flowers o' 'em, but men have no eye for anything nate. He says his favorite flower is a cauliflower. And I assure you I tremble in the spring-time, for 'tis perfect murder."

"You don't say so, Mrs. Smith!"

"John digs round the roots, you know. In goes his blundering spade, through roots, bulbs, everything that hasn't got a good show above ground, turning 'em up

cut all to slices. Only the very last fall I went to move some tulips, when I found every bulb upside down, and the stems crooked round. He had turned 'em over in the spring, and the cunning creatures had soon found that heaven was not where it used to be."

"What's that long-favored flower under the hedge?"

"They? O Lord, they are the horrid Jacob's ladders! Instead of praising 'em, I be mad wi' 'em for being so ready to bide where they are not wanted. They be very well in their way, but I do not care for things that neglect won't kill. Do what I will, dig, drag, scrap, pull, I get too many of 'em. I chop the roots: up they'll come, treble strong. Throw 'em over hedge; there they'll grow, staring me in the face like a hungry dog drove away, and creep back again in a week or two the same as before. 'Tis Jacob's ladder here, Jacob's ladder there, and plant 'em where nothing in the world will grow, you get crowds of 'em in a month or two. John made a new manure mixen last summer, and he said, 'Mariar, now if you've got any flowers or such like, that you don't want, you may plant 'em round my mixen so as to hide it a bit, though 'tis not likely anything of much value will grow there.' I thought, 'There's them Jacob's ladders; I'll put them there, since they can't do harm in sich a place,' and I planted the Jacob's ladders sure enough. They growed, and they growed, in the mixen and out of the mixen, all over the litter, covering it quite up. When John wanted to use it about the garden, 'a said, 'Nation seize them Jacob's ladders of yours, Mariar! They've eat the goodness out of every morsel of my manure, so that 'tis no better than sand itself!' Sure enough the hungry mortals had. 'Tis my belief that in the secret souls o' 'em Jacob's ladders be weeds, and not flowers at all, if the truth was known."

We trust our readers will agree with us that we have reason to congratulate ourselves on making the acquaintance of this genial, pleasant, and natural writer.

W. H. B.

Outlines of German Literature. By Joseph Gostwick and Robert Harrison. New York: Holt & Williams. 1873.

WITH the present expansion of the study of German, a clear, vivid, compact compendium of German Literature is one of the urgent necessities of teacher and scholar. The work of Prof. Evans, published some time since by the same house to which we owe the American reprint of the *Outlines of German Literature*, by Messrs. Gostwick and Harrison, was far from filling the void. Lectures have seldom proved to be good text-books, no matter how useful and how stimulating they may be as lectures; and second-hand reproductions of lectures have always invariably damaged the reputation of author and copyist. Prof. Evans's *Abriss* resembles nothing so much as a rehash of old notes. We may forgive want of proportion, partial judgment, and fantastic hobby-riding to the living speaker, for every teacher desires to impress his personality on his pupil, and every teacher is tempted to accumulated exaggeration and to epigrammatic point. He must pile up in order to leave his mark: he must stab his *bête noire*, the criticised author, in order not to bore his *bête de somme*, the unfortunate student. Now, whether the theory as to the origin of Prof. Evans's book be correct or not — and the theory is not new — his "Outline" has all the defects of the luckless class of books in question, the leisurely introduction, the elaborate theoretical preparation, the undue expansion of the earlier part, and the perfunctory despatch of the latter, the slovenly and incorrect style, the acrid temper and the ungenerous spirit of the average German lecturer. But unless I am mistaken, Prof. Evans's book has been so conspicuous a failure

that it is unnecessary to waste words on it. Even if it had been perfection in its matter, the form would have been enough to condemn it, and the typographical arrangement alone would have been fatal to its usefulness. With such a foil Messrs. Gostwick and Harrison are sure of a warm reception, and, apart from this great advantage, every one must accord to them a fair measure of commendation for their success in a difficult task. It would have been far easier, as the authors say, and far more useful, as I must say, to have adapted such a work as Kurz's to the needs of English students; but they have done their best in a manly spirit, and if that best is after all only tolerable, we must be grateful for a book that is so sorely needed. They have done their best—that is in the time—for these Outlines bear too evident traces of hasty work to meet a pressing demand. The authors, I gather, are personally familiar with certain sections of German literature, and when they come to ground which they have made their own, they move with an elasticity that contrasts with their hampered gait elsewhere. Outside of their proper beat, eye and hand and foot are all uncertain. It would appear that neither author has any intimate acquaintance with the First Classic Period, as it is sometimes called, the literature of the 12th and 13th centuries. The tone is that of a half-learned lesson, and the result a deplorably dry summary. It is true that for the ordinary student this department must be regarded as simply preparatory to the literature of the new High German language, but for that very reason longer extracts should be given, and sufficient outlines presented of the stories of the great mediæval epics, so that the reader may have some approximate appreciation of this great field of study. But no one would be allured by Messrs. Gostwick and Harrison to attack the *Nibelungen Lied* or the *Gudrun*, although these great monuments are of comparatively easy access to one who has mastered current German. But the importance of the book does not justify a detailed review, and it is not worth while to enlarge on defects which are sufficiently patent. The style is not free from Germanisms, the attempts at humor are ineffective, and the illustrative translations mediocre. Some of the omissions are simply unaccountable. So, for instance, to leave out the humorous side of Tieck's authorship, is to give a very imperfect notion of that versatile, if unsatisfactory writer. But, on the other hand, the general views are just and generous, the literary judgments are sound, the parallels are fair, and the newspaper style has also something of the freshness of the newspaper. A novel feature in a book of this character is the effort to present in a popular form the literary outcome of German philosophy, and the clearness of exhibition is commendable. The work is worth recasting, and even as it stands, will be a welcome addition to the apparatus of the teacher of German.

* * *

Critiques and Addresses. By Thomas Henry Huxley, LL. D., F. R. S.
New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1873.

UPON the critic who shall venture to pronounce anything like a dogmatic judgment on such a work as this or the questions discussed

in it, one of two things is incumbent: either that he shall have made the matters treated of the subject of long, faithful, and intelligent study, or that he shall be penetrated with a sense of the utter insignificance of his opinion, whatever it may be. To a mind possessed by a sincere love of truth and respect for all who honestly seek it, nothing can be more offensive than the flippant way in which writers in the religious or secular press undertake to condemn or to approve such works as Mr. Darwin's *Origin of Species*, in which a devoted seeker of truth, a man of extraordinary intellectual power, has embodied the calm conclusions of twenty years of patient observation and thought, while these gentlemen in all probability have not given as many hours, and quite likely not one hour nor one minute of really honest thought to the matter. Mr. Darwin, or Mr. Huxley, may be right or may be wrong; their views may convince us or may fail to convince; but beyond this statement that we are or are not convinced by them, with our reasons, if we choose, we—that is, all but the careful students of these matters—have no right to express any judgment whatever; and of that statement it is scarcely possible to exaggerate the unimportance.

We shall therefore confine our remarks to a brief notice of the most interesting papers in this collection.

Of these perhaps the one of most general interest, because it treats of phenomena familiar to all, is that on Yeast. "It has been known," Mr. Huxley says, "from time immemorial, that the sweet liquids which may be obtained by expressing the juices of the fruits and stems of various plants, or by steeping malted barley in hot water, or by mixing honey with water—are liable to undergo a series of very singular changes, if freely exposed to the air and left to themselves, in warm weather. However clear and pellucid the liquid may have been when first prepared, however carefully it may have been freed, by straining and filtration, from even the finest visible impurities, it will not remain clear. After a time it will become cloudy and turbid; little bubbles will be seen rising to the surface, and their abundance will increase until the liquid hisses as if it were simmering on the fire. By degrees, some of the solid particles which produce the turbidity of the liquid collect at its surface into a scum, which is blown up by the emerging air-bubbles into a thick, foamy froth. Another moiety sinks to the bottom, and accumulates as a muddy sediment, or 'lees.'"

"When this action has continued, with more or less violence, for a certain time, it gradually moderates. The evolution of bubbles slackens, and finally comes to an end; scum and lees alike settle at the bottom, and the fluid is once more clear and transparent. But it has acquired properties of which no trace existed in the original liquid. Instead of being a mere sweet fluid, mainly composed of sugar and water, the sugar has more or less completely disappeared, and it has acquired that peculiar smell and taste which we call 'spirituous.' Instead of being devoid of any obvious effect upon the animal economy, it has become possessed of a very wonderful influence on the nervous system; so that in small doses it exhilarates, while in larger it stupefies, and may even destroy life."

The two most striking phenomena accompanying these chemical

processes, are that the fermenting substance swells, or *rises up*, and that it presents a *boiling* appearance, with the disengagement of gas. From these two phenomena are derived all, or nearly all, the names referring to this process, in ancient or modern languages. The Greeks and Romans were especially struck with the *boiling* appearance, and hence the Greek *zymê*, "leaven," and *zythos*, "beer," from *zên*, "to boil"; and the Latin original of our *ferment*, *effervescence*, from *fervere*, "to boil." In the Teutonic tongues we have *gähren* and *gischen*, "to ferment" (the latter probably imitative of the hissing noise of effervescence), whence *gas*, Van Helmont's word, applied to the escaping air. The Low German tongue calls the scum of a fermenting liquid, *gäsch* or *gisch*, which in Old English is *gest*, *gist*, and *yst*, whence our *yeast*. Thus "yeasty waves" are literally foaming waves.

From the second phenomenon, - that of the *swelling* and *rising* of the fermenting liquid or paste, come another set of names, such as the French *levure*, our *leaven* and *rising*, the German *hefe*, from *heben*, "to lift," and the dialectic and Low German *barm*, from *bären*, "to bear," "lift."

But there is another and still more extraordinary circumstance connected with the phenomena of fermentation — the production of alcohol, and its remarkable qualities. In reference to this our author says: "It is highly creditable to the ingenuity of our ancestors that the peculiar property of fermented liquids, in virtue of which they 'make glad the heart of man,' seems to have been known in the remotest periods of which we have any record. All savages take to alcoholic fluids as if they were to the manner born. Our Vedic forefathers intoxicated themselves with the juice of the 'soma;' Noah, by a not unnatural reaction against a superfluity of water, appears to have taken the earliest practicable opportunity of qualifying that which he was obliged to drink; and the ghosts of the ancient Egyptians were solaced by pictures of banquets in which the wine-cup passes round, graven on the walls of their tombs. A knowledge of the process of fermentation, therefore, was in all probability possessed by the prehistoric populations of the globe; and it must have become a matter of great interest even to primæval wine-bibbers to study the methods by which fermented liquids could be surely manufactured. No doubt, therefore, it was soon discovered that the most certain, as well as the most expeditious, way of making a sweet juice ferment was to add to it a little of the scum, or lees, of another fermenting juice. And it can hardly be questioned that this singular excitation of fermentation in one fluid, by a sort of infection, or inoculation, of a little ferment taken from some other fluid, together with the strange swelling, foaming, and hissing of the fermented substance, must have always attracted attention from the more thoughtful. Nevertheless, the commencement of the scientific analysis of the phenomena dates from a period not earlier than the first half of the seventeenth century.

"At this time, Van Helmont made a first step, by pointing out that the peculiar hissing and bubbling of a fermented liquid is due, not to the evolution of common air (which he, as the inventor of the term 'gas,' calls 'gas ventosum'), but to that of a peculiar kind of air

such as is occasionally met with in caves, mines, and wells, and which he calls 'gas sylvestre.'

"But a century elapsed before the nature of this 'gas sylvestre,' or, as it was afterwards called, 'fixed air,' was clearly determined, and it was found to be identical with that deadly 'choke-damp' by which the lives of those who descend into old wells, or mines, or brewers' vats, are sometimes suddenly ended; and with the poisonous aëri-form fluid which is produced by the combustion of charcoal, and now goes by the name of carbonic acid gas.

"During the same time it gradually became clear that the presence of sugar was essential to the production of alcohol and the evolution of carbonic acid gas, which are the two great and conspicuous products of fermentation. And finally, in 1787, the Italian chemist, Fabroni, made the capital discovery that the yeast ferment, the presence of which is necessary to fermentation, is what he termed a 'vegeto-animal' substance—or is a body which gives off ammoniacal salts when it is burned, and is, in other ways, similar to the gluten of plants and the albumen and casein of animals."

The problem remained at this stage when it was approached by the illustrious Lavoisier, who brought to its investigation the great truth of the persistence of matter, which laid the foundation of all rational chemistry, just as the co-ordinate truth, the persistence of force, has in our own time laid the foundation of rational dynamics. Lavoisier therefore saw distinctly that the elements of the fermented substance must be exactly recovered in the products of fermentation. And his experiments proved that the process resulted in a separation of the elements of sugar into two portions, one consisting of the carbon and oxygen in the form of carbonic acid (the gas that escapes), and the other of the hydrogen and carbon, with a little oxygen, in the form of alcohol. The most recent analysis has but slightly altered Lavoisier's results, by showing the production of small quantities of succinic acid and glycerine.

But this process of fermentation will not be set up without the presence of a certain substance to commence the action, which then propagates itself indefinitely; and the investigation of this phenomenon has led to interesting results. In yeast there are always found minute cell-like organisms, closely allied to the fungi, or moulds, which possess the power of multiplying with great rapidity, and it is the vital activity (if the phrase may be allowed) which overthrows the chemical equilibrium of the saccharine solution, and causes it to rearrange its molecules. Now this microscopic plant, the *torula cerevisiæ*, as it is called, is a cell, analogous to the cells of which animal and vegetable organisms are constructed; it contains a substance into whose composition nitrogen—the great retainer of stored-up forces—enters, and which seems to be the strange "protoplasm" or primitive life-substance out of which animal and vegetable tissues are built. Thus the study of yeast, starting with familiar phenomena, leads us through the paths of chemistry to bring us face to face with some of the most mysterious problems of biology.

The paper "On the Formation of Coal" is also full of interest. The fine free-burning coal of England "is always found in sheets, or

'seams,' varying from a fraction of an inch to many feet in thickness, enclosed in the substance of the earth at very various depths, between beds of rock of different kinds. As a rule, every seam of coal rests upon a thicker, or thinner, bed of clay, which is known as 'under-clay.' These alternations of beds of coal, clay, and rock may be repeated many times, and are known as the 'coal-measures;' and in some regions, as in South Wales and in Nova Scotia, the coal-measures attain a thickness of twelve or fourteen thousand feet, and enclose eighty or a hundred seams of coal, each with its under-clay, and separated from those above and below by beds of sandstone and shale."

Now this coal, if cut into thin slices and examined under the microscope, is seen to be dotted all over with little disks, which prove to be spore-cases of a kind of club-moss or lycopodium. To confirm this, in many instances portions of the plants which produced these were found perfect, or nearly so, in form, but entirely carbonised. The inference is irresistible that these coal-seams are each the remains of a forest of gigantic club-mosses which from year to year dropped their spores and leaves upon the ground at their feet, piling up a mass of vegetable débris until the slow subsidence of the soil converted the forest first into a marsh, then into a lake, and covered it with sand which has turned into shale or sandstone, and fine mud which has turned into slate. But before this mud had been hardened into slate, the surface arose again, the waters drained off, and a new forest-growth began upon the under-clay. "This flourished and heaped up its spores and wood until the stage of slow depression recommenced. And in some localities the process was repeated until the first of the alternating beds had sunk to near three miles below its original level at the surface of the earth."

But the time estimated by geologists to be requisite for the formation of these layers of vegetable matter, and of the strata of stone and clay between them, is something enormous. Principal Dawson, whom Mr. Huxley refers to as "the last person likely to be guilty of exaggeration," after a thorough study of these ancient club-mosses, comes to the conclusion that the least average time that can be allowed for the growth of the plant was ten years, and that a foot of bituminous coal represents certainly not less than fifty of these generations, or five hundred years. But "the superimposed beds of coal in one coal-field may amount to a thickness of fifty or sixty feet, and therefore the coal alone, in that field, represents $500 \times 50 = 25,000$ years. But the actual coal is but an insignificant portion of the total deposit, which, as has been seen, may amount to between two and three miles of vertical thickness. Suppose it be 12,000 feet—which is 240 times the thickness of the actual coal—is there any reason why we should believe it may not have taken 240 times as long to form? I know of none. But, in this case, the time which the coal-field represents would be $25,000 \times 240 = 6,000,000$ years. As affording a definite chronology, of course such calculations as these are of no value; but they have much use in fixing one's attention upon a possible minimum. A man may be puzzled if he is asked how long Rome took a-building; but he is proverbially safe if he affirms it not

to have been built in a day ; and our geological calculations are all, at present, pretty much on that footing."

Having remarked upon the extreme singularity of this vegetation, and its unlikeness to anything now seen upon earth, he concludes his paper with the following remarks, by way of moral:—"Let us suppose that one of the stupid, salamander-like Labyrinthodonts, which pottered, with much belly and little leg, like Falstaff in his old age, among the coal-forests, could have had thinking power enough in his small brain to reflect upon the showers of spores which kept on falling through years and centuries, while perhaps not one in ten million fulfilled its apparent purpose, and reproduced the organism which gave it birth: surely he might have been excused for moralising upon the thoughtless and wanton extravagance which Nature displayed in her operations.

"But we have the advantage over our shovel-headed predecessor—or possibly ancestor—and can perceive that a certain vein of thrift runs through this apparent prodigality. Nature is never in a hurry, and seems to have had always before her eyes the adage, 'Keep a thing long enough, and you will find a use for it.' She has kept her beds of coal many millions of years without being able to find much use for them; she has sent them down beneath the sea, and the sea-beasts could make nothing of them; she has raised them up into dry land, and laid the black veins bare, and still, for ages and ages, there was no living thing on the face of the earth that could see any sort of value in them; and it was only the other day, so to speak, that she turned a new creature out of her workshop, who by degrees acquired sufficient wits to make a fire, and then to discover that the black rock would burn.

"I suppose that nineteen hundred years ago, when Julius Cæsar was good enough to deal with Britain as we have dealt with New Zealand, the primæval Briton, blue with cold and woad, may have known that the strange black stone, of which he found lumps here and there in his wanderings, would burn, and so help to warm his body and cook his food. Saxon, Dane, and Norman swarmed into the land. The English people grew into a powerful nation, and Nature still waited for a full return of the capital she had invested in the ancient club-mosses. The eighteenth century arrived, and with it James Watt. The brain of that man was the spore out of which was developed the steam-engine, and all the prodigious trees and branches of modern industry which have grown out of this. But coal is as much an essential condition of this growth and development as carbonic acid is for that of a club-moss. Wanting coal, we could not have smelted the iron needed to make our engines, nor have worked our engines when we had got them. But take away the engines, and the great towns of Yorkshire and Lancashire vanish like a dream. Manufactures give place to agriculture and pasture, and not ten men can live where now ten thousand are amply supported.

"Thus, all this abundant wealth of money and of vivid life is Nature's interest upon her investment in club-mosses, and the like, so long ago. But what becomes of the coal which is burnt in yielding this interest? Heat comes out of it, light comes out of it, and if we

could gather together all that goes up the chimney, and all that remains in the grate of a thoroughly-burnt coal-fire, we should find ourselves in possession of a quantity of carbonic acid, water, ammonia, and mineral matters, exactly equal in weight to the coal. But these are the very matters with which Nature supplied the club-mosses which made the coal. She is paid back principal and interest at the same time ; and she straightway invests the carbonic acid, the water, and the ammonia in new forms of life, feeding with them the plants that now live. Thrifty Nature ! Surely no prodigal, but most notable of housekeepers ! ”

The 7th, 8th, 9th and 10th papers are for the most part too technically scientific for extended notice here. In the 7th, which resumes the latest results of ethnology, he presents very clearly the main arguments of the Monogenists, or those who hold that mankind sprang from a single pair, and of the Polygenists, or those who insist upon a number of primitive stocks. He admits that neither doctrine can be fairly said to be proved or disproved ; and finds a reconciliation in the Evolution theory, the holders of which may admit that existing races of men “are distinct species, or distinct genera, if you will,” and yet derive them from a single pair of human ancestors.

The doctrine of Evolution is more particularly treated of in the succeeding papers. Confessing ourselves incompetent to pass any judgment upon this the most momentous scientific question of the day, upon which men of such eminence are divided in opinion, we shall confine ourselves to a brief statement of its terms.

The theory of Evolution rests upon two great facts which are undisputed : the fact of Variation and the fact of Natural Selection. By Variation is meant the fact that there is a tendency in all organic creatures to differ in some greater or less degree from the parents. These differences may be due to difference of external surroundings, or to causes not known to us ; they may be so slight as to be scarcely discoverable, or so considerable as to constitute striking dissimilarity. But this fact — or law, if the term be preferred — of Variation, would have no definite results, were it not for another law, its exact opposite, the law of Inheritance, according to which each creature tends to resemble its parents, and reproduce their peculiarities. These opposed laws do not counteract one another, but, like the Centrifugal and Centripetal forces in Dynamics, produce a resultant force compounded of the two. Thus while there is a constant tendency to variation, there is also (1) a tendency to reproduce these variations, and on the other hand (2) a tendency to drop the variations and return to earlier types.

Why does not then the organic world become a chaos of irregular forms? — what guides and separates the immense mass of organised creatures into certain tolerably-well-marked roads and paths which we recognise and name orders, genera, and species? Here the second great fact comes into play, and it is the fact of Natural Selection. Everywhere that animal or vegetable life exists, there is a fierce struggle for existence going on — a struggle with climate, soil, elemental phenomena, foes of all kinds, rivals for the means of continuing or propagating existence. Every life is a battle which must be

lost at last. But everywhere a system of balances exists: for instance, if by the multiplication of insectivorous birds, the insects in a given country should be nearly exterminated, a great part of these birds would perish from famine, and the insects would have the opportunity to multiply again. So in these nicely balanced contests, slight advantages are of great importance in increasing or diminishing the chances of survival. Hence all variations which tend to diminish these chances, are likely to be extinguished; while those which give their possessors any advantage over the rest, are likely to be retained, as those possessing them will have the best chance of survival and propagation. And slight changes of this sort have very far-reaching results. Haeckel remarks: "There are small oceanic islands whose inhabitants live essentially on a species of palm. The fructification of these palms is effected principally through insects, which carry the pollen from the male to the female palm. The existence of these useful insects is endangered by insectivorous birds, which in turn are pursued by rapacious birds. But the rapacious birds often succumb to the attacks of a small parasitic mite which develops by millions in their feathery coats. These small destructive parasites are killed by parasitic fungi. Fungi, rapacious birds, and insects, in this case would favor, bird-mites and insectivorous birds on the contrary would endanger, the growth of the palms, and consequently the life of the population."

Closely allied to this is the fact of Sexual Selection. Among the higher animals it is found that certain peculiarities of form, color, voice, etc., are most attractive to the opposite sex, and therefore those possessing them are most likely to find mates and propagate their kind, transmitting these advantages to a part at least of their progeny.

From these facts, the data for which have been collected in amazing variety by Darwin, Wallace, and others, it will readily be seen that there is perpetual modification going on among organised creatures, and that the general tendency is to their improvement. Are there definite limits to this? Mr. Darwin, and those who hold with him, think that limits can not be assigned; that given sufficient length of time, not merely varieties, but those more strongly marked varieties that are called species, may arise by this process. But if species, then genera and orders, may so arise, and all existing organisms may have been developed from lower forms. And on the other hand, in the course of time higher forms than any the world has seen yet may make their appearance.

Of the truth of this doctrine, we are, as we said, not competent to express an opinion. It is a purely scientific question, and can only be judged from scientific data. And it behoves those who cannot meet a Darwin, a Wallace, a Huxley, or a Haeckel with a wealth of knowledge and a power of reasoning at least comparable to their own, to hold their peace and let the question be settled by a competent tribunal.

W. H. B.

Cachet; or, The Secret Sorrow. By Mrs. M. J. R. Hamilton. New York: Carleton & Co. 1873.

THE motive of this story is one that has our heartiest approval. It is to express strong reprobation of the "unification" doctrine, or amalgamation of the white and negro races, especially in the way of marriage. To effect this purpose we are introduced to two young quadroon females, adorned, by the author's lavish fancy, with every charm of person, mind and heart—in beauty seraphs, in innocence scarcely more than children, in piety little less than saints. Two gentlemen become enamored of them; being kept in total ignorance of their blood, are accepted, and on the eve of marriage, when the fatal secret comes out, and of course marriage is not to be thought of, a result which drives one of the girls to suicide and sends the other into consumption.

While we quite agree with the author's sentiments, as expressed by one of her personages, that "nothing can atone for such a crime—" [the intermarriage of whites and negroes] "It is treason against the God of Nature and the Bible; and I pray God that every statute-book in the land will enforce its direst penalty upon such a confusion of races"—we are surprised that she has not seen that in her desire to present her subject in the most touching aspect she has quite lost the logical basis of her doctrine. She is perfectly right in her feelings, but has neglected to justify them with the reason. If quadroons or mixed breeds of any shade ever could by any possibility be the seraphic beings Mrs. Hamilton has depicted, then indeed would the repugnance of whites to intermarriage with them be nothing but a prejudice and a sentiment; and an advocate of such mixtures might turn her own argument against her with telling effect by asking what, beyond mere prejudice and the fear of public opinion, caused Colonel Mayford and Dr. Beaumont to recoil from the women in whom they had found every charm and every virtue; and had they been members of a community that felt no aversion to mixed marriages, would they not have found in such a union all the happiness that they expected? It is impossible, from the data in this book, to show that they would not.

The fact is, as we have often before remarked, that the great mistake with regard to the negro by people who know nothing about him from actual observation—and sometimes indeed by others—is to regard him as a white man with a black skin, whose only drawback is his lack of education and opportunities; so far does a foolish sentimentality blind them to the facts of history and science. The simple truth is, that this singular creature, the negro, whether descended from the accursed Ham, or developed from a chimpanzee, is and ever must be a savage. His brain and intelligence can develop up to a certain point, and no further. Perfectly incapable, as history shows, of ever raising themselves above the plane of savagery, yet docile, tractable, and endowed with a remarkable faculty of imitation, they can be artificially raised to a higher plane than their own by the presence and unremitting control of a superior race; but the savage nature remains unchanged and unchangeable, and so soon as the

authority or social pressure is removed they begin to lapse into their natural savagery.

No crossing with white blood can remove this savage element: the palest quadroon or octoroon remains a negro, if not in appearance or intelligence, in impulse and instinct; and in moments of excitement, in conflicts of passion and judgment, in absence of responsibility, the negro element will prevail and rule the conduct. The individual is a hybrid, containing within himself incompatible and conflicting qualities. He can not take things as they come with the easy recklessness of the full-blooded negro: his infusion of white intelligence, bringing ambition, care for the future, discontent, prevents that. Nor can he lay out and pursue any rational plan for his improvement: he finds the savage instincts and impulses continually dominating his reason and frustrating his intentions. The consciousness grows upon him, sometimes dimly, sometimes clearly, that he is a being that has no place in the plan of creation, and whose very existence is the result of a crime against nature.

Here is the true ground for reprobating the intermingling of the white and black races; and from this point should the question be treated by all who wish to denounce it on rational grounds.

The object of the book being of paramount importance, we have left ourselves but little room to speak of the story as a story. It is evidently written by a lady of warm and just feelings, and of delicate sensibilities. Many of the scenes seem sketched from life; and unless we are much mistaken, its readers will recognise portraits in one or two of the personages.

W. H. B.

THE GREEN TABLE.

WE have received a number of communications expressing sympathy with the suggestions made in "The Duty of the Hour," and readiness to coöperate in such a movement. One of these — from the distinguished sculptor, Mr. E. V. Valentine — we lay before our readers, and beg their consideration of its suggestions. The formation of a nucleus for a Southern historical, scientific, artistic and industrial Museum seems to us an idea full of promise, and not difficult of realisation. We await further suggestions from friends of the cause.

Editor of THE SOUTHERN MAGAZINE:

The well-timed article in the August number of your Magazine, entitled "The Duty of the Hour," from the pen of Mr. Ewbank, should, I think, receive the earnest attention of all who look to the future welfare of our na-

tive South. While it is a fact very much to be deplored that our section in the past has sadly ignored concentrated action in matters of culture, yet the time has now arrived when Southern men must meet together in council, and uphold what they consider to be true ideas of civilisation and culture, or else receive intellectual and moral instruction at the feet of a people whose chosen representatives have, by the enfranchisement of the negro race, brought about the spectacle which South Carolina and Louisiana to-day present. Are we to seek from among African negroes of the South, or their depraved allies, men capable and worthy of filling positions of great moral, intellectual and social importance? While protesting against this dread alternative, and looking about him for the means to prevent it, the Southerner must be conscious of the obstacles that now confront him. From a want of encouragement of its own authors and men of culture generally in the past, and from a lack of concert of action among these, we see the South to-day in the field with all the disadvantages arising from this neglect. Her forces in science, literature and art are scattered, and the first step now should be to concentrate all available means in order to go earnestly to work.

I would suggest that after time has been allowed for your correspondents to express their views as to the best means of advancing the cause of Southern culture, that several prominent gentlemen agree on some time and place for holding a preliminary meeting, for the purpose of calling together all those interested in Southern literature, science and art. In order to give additional interest to this meeting, it would be well to procure from the different Southern States a collection of historical portraits from the settlement of the country to the present day. When this collection has been well arranged, the portraits possessing artistic merit or historical interest might be engraved, lithographed or photographed, by permission of the contributors, and bound in book form, with a biographical sketch of each personage. By this means copies could be preserved of many interesting works, should the owners unfortunately at any time lose them. Here could be seen to a certain extent the history of the Southern States represented by this gallery of their distinguished sons.

But this is only the beginning of what might follow in some city of the South. The interest manifested, and the enthusiasm which it is hoped would characterise the prominent men of the South on such an occasion, may lead to the establishment of a permanent Southern Museum. A well-arranged museum is one of the most valuable institutions for imparting knowledge. Within the walls of such a building might be collected all objects of Southern historic, scientific, literary and artistic interest, books, maps, manuscripts, Southern inventions, Indian archæological specimens, Revolutionary and Confederate relics, genealogical information, arms, uniforms, and all the military inventions made before, during and since the war, autographs, seals, etc. But the historic collection of portraits chronologically arranged might be the first step towards the establishment of a permanent institution. From this assemblage of "Southern Worthies" of the past we may learn a valuable lesson for this our age.

Very respectfully yours,

Richmond, Va.

EDWARD V. VALENTINE.

Editor of THE SOUTHERN MAGAZINE:

Much has been said in the periodicals of the day, both by the clergy and by laymen, as to the religious practices of the negroes, and their capacity for moral and ethical development. It is a vexed problem whether emancipation, in removing all restraint and leaving them free to follow the dictates of their own natures, will tend to the development of their moral sense, or whether they will be hurried on to the darkness of superstition prevalent in the tribes of Africa. Has the negro capacity for further moral development,

or has he attained by contact with the white race the height of that capacity; and will he, when left to himself, sink again into the superstitions and fetishism of his ancestors? The problem is being worked out now. As yet it is too new for any theory to be established, and we can only collect evidence of the tendencies which are exhibited. With this view, and for the purpose of recording it as a matter of testimony, I forward to you the enclosed paper, which came into my possession through a negro servant, who stated that the rector of her church (a negro) having announced from the pulpit that he had received this miraculous document, had it distributed among his congregation, taking from each member a small fee, and charging them to preserve the copy as a talisman against all evil and misfortune.

St. J.

"A Copy of a Letter from Jesus Christ.

"And found eighteen miles from *Iconium*, sixty-five years after our blessed Saviour's crucifixion; transmitted from the Holy City by a converted Jew; and faithfully translated from the original Hebrew copy, now in possession of the Lady Cuba's family at Mesopotamia. This letter was written by JESUS CHRIST, and found under a great stone, both round and large, at the foot of the Cross, eighteen miles from *Iconium*, near a village called Mesopotamia. Upon the stone was written and engraved '*blessed is he that shall turn me over!*' All people that saw it prayed to God earnestly, and desired he would make known to them the meaning of this writing, that they might not attempt in vain to turn it over. In the mean time there came a little child about six or seven years old, and turned it over without help, to the admiration of all the people that stood by. And under this stone was found a letter written by Jesus Christ, which was carried to the city of *Iconium*, and there published by a person belonging to the Lady Cuba; and in the Letter was written the commandments of Jesus Christ, signed by the angel Gabriel, twenty-eight years after our Saviour's birth.

"A Letter of Jesus Christ.

"Whoever worketh on the Sabbath day shall be cursed; — I command you to go to Church and keep the Lord's day holy, without doing any manner of work. You shall not idly mis-spend your time in bedecking yourselves with superfluities of costly apparel and in dresses, for I have ordained it a day of rest — I will have it kept holy that your sins may be forgiven you. You shall not break my commandments, but observe and keep them. Written with my own hand — write them on your hearts and steadfastly observe this was written with my own hand, spoken by my own mouth. You shall not only go to Church yourselves, but also your man servants and your maid servants, and observe my words and learn my commandments; you shall finish your labor every Saturday in the afternoon by six of the clock, at which hour the preparation for the Sabbath begins. I advise you to fast five Fridays in every year, beginning with good Friday, and to continue the four Fridays immediately following, in remembrance of the five bloody wounds which I received for all mankind. You shall diligently and peaceably labor in your respective vocations, wherein it hath pleased God to call you. You shall love one another with brotherly love, and cause them that are not baptised to come to Church and hear the holy Sacrament, viz: Baptism and the Lord's Supper, and be made members thereof: in so doing I will give you long life and many blessings, and your land shall replenish and bring forth abundance. I will give you many blessings, and comfort you in the greatest temptations, and surely he that doth the contrary shall be cursed and unprofitable. I will also send hardness of heart upon them, until I have destroyed them, but especially upon the hardened and impenitent unbelievers; he that hath given to the poor shall not be unprofitable.

"Remember to keep holy the Sabbath day, for the seventh day I have taken to myself; and he that hath a copy of this letter, written with my own hand and spoken with my own mouth, and keeps it without publishing it to others, shall not prosper; but he that publishes it to others shall be blessed of me, though his sins be in numbers as the stars in the sky; and he that believes in this shall be pardoned; and if he believes not in this writing and my Commandments, I will send my plagues upon him, and consume both him, his children and his cattle; and whosoever shall have a copy of this letter, written with my own hand, and keep it in his house, nothing shall hurt them, neither pestilence, thunder nor lightning shall do them any harm. And if a woman be with child and in labor, a copy of

this letter be about her, and she firmly put her trust in me, she shall safely be delivered of her birth. You shall have no news of me but by the Holy Spirit, until the day of Judgment.

"All prosperity shall be in the house where a copy of this Letter shall be found."

STEPS have been taken, says a New York paper, toward the erection of a statue of W. H. Seward in Central Park. It is well that a people should thus honor those who have honored them by their greatness, or blessed them by their goodness; but when we remember that this was the man who sent the despatch, "Faith as to Sumter fully kept: wait and see," and boasted to Lord Lyons that he held the liberty of every man in the country at the mercy of his caprice or his spite—we may safely say that to find the counterpart of this votive offering of any people, we must go back to the five golden emerods that were made and dedicated by the afflicted Philistines.

A CORRESPONDENT writes us:—

"When dining with Sir Archibald Alison at Lee Castle, Scotland, during the war, he remarked, 'the history of this war can not be written for years to come; but you should collect and treasure up for future use things which must otherwise die with those who alone know them.' He afterwards wrote me,—'We all sympathise with those noble men who are engaged in one of the noblest causes that ever called forth the virtues of mankind.'

"I therefore wish to put on record a scene which I once beheld, which has left an impression on my mind which will never be effaced. It happened near Yorktown, Virginia. A number of troops from Texas, Georgia, Mississippi, and North Carolina were gathered under the shade of forest trees. They were assembled there to partake of the Lord's Supper. Gen. Pender, and quite a number of general and field officers, including some of the staff of Gen. J. E. Johnson, were present and participating in the services. A small table was placed under a spreading oak, and covered with a white cloth. Upon it were a cup of wine and a plate of bread. The officiating clergyman was the Chaplain to the 6th N. C. Reg't. After the regular communion service of the Episcopal Church, he briefly addressed the assemblage, inviting all, of whatever denomination, who could draw near in faith, to approach and partake the sacrament.

"The officers first approached, and then the rank and file, many of whom here received the sacrament for the first and last time in their lives.

"Ever and anon there came a shell from the enemy's trenches, that crashed through the tops of the trees and burst in mid-air. Then in the silence that followed there could be heard the death-rattle of the poor soldier who was breathing out his life in a neighboring tent. It was a grand sight to see those brave fellows kneeling in semicircles around that table amid such monitors of death. No one who witnessed that scene will ever forget its wonderful power.

K. S."

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EARLY SETTLEMENT OF EUROPE.

III.

THE BRONZE AGE—PERIOD OF THE BASQUE AND ETRUSCAN TYPE.

I CALL this the Period of the Basque and the Etruscan Type because I believe the Basques and the Etruscans, whether they were the same race or races wholly distinct, to have occupied the greater part of Europe at this time, and to have reached in some way a high stage of civilisation as compared with their previous condition. I believe that though there may have been Aryan races pressing into Europe as conquerors, and Phœnicians trading along the coasts, there was as yet no decided change in race corresponding with the change in the grade of civilisation. It is indeed uncertain whether the bronze implements and the art of manufacturing them were the results of the native development and progress of the Basques, or were introduced by commerce, or were brought into Europe in the first instance by an invading race to whom some tribes of the earlier race became subject. Probably each of these events took place in different parts of Europe. However this may be, it is certain that the ancient Basques, known to the Greeks and Romans as Iberians, and in their day inhabiting the Spanish and French regions about the Pyrenees from the Garonne to the Rhone, were famous from the earliest historical times as miners. They were a grave and sober people, famous for their defence of walled cities, good sailors, addicted to robbery, and exceedingly courteous to women. In personal

appearance they were small, swarthy, dark-haired and long-headed. By these characteristics, or at least by height of person and shape of head, the Silurians of England, the Ligurians above the Genoese coast, and the tribes of the Massilian coast, are identified with them. The Kelts, and perhaps the Belgians, are distinguished from them by the fact that they were tall, fair-faced, fair-haired and round-headed ; while the Teutons, though long-headed, are distinguished from them by the fact that they were tall, fair-faced, fair-haired and less delicate of feature. Sir John Lubbock, in assigning the round-headed skulls found in the barrows to the Bronze Age, limits the population of that period to the Keltic race. This limitation I am inclined to admit, as far as the north of Europe, the land of the barrows, is concerned ; but in the south of Europe the Basques and Etruscans were probably dominant through the greater part of this period.

The language of the Basques is generally admitted to be non-Aryan. It is allied to that of the Finns ; it is in the agglutinative stage ; it resembles the Turkish in its power of incorporating particles in the body of the verb-stem to modify its meaning ; it has, like the Finnish, active and passive forms for its nouns ; and the article follows the noun. These, indeed, are but a few of the points in which it shows kinship with the Turanian tongues.

As to the Etruscans, Tuscans, or Rasena, ethnologists are all agreed in rejecting the account of their Lydian origin given by Herodotus. Donaldson believes them to have been originally Scandinavian, small, stout and active, allied to the Low German tribes, who afterwards settled the Norse colonies of Iceland, and they were first established in Southern Europe in the Rætian territory, which we now call the Tyrol, and migrated thence into the plains of Lombardy, and intermingling there with the Tyrrhenians or Tower-builders, were finally driven by the Kelts down into Etruria. He thinks they were also mingled with the Umbrians, and traces in their language three elements, the Teutonic of the Low Germans, the Pelasgic of the Tyrrhenians, and the Lithuanian of the Umbrians. He therefore regards them as wholly of Aryan blood, both in their earlier condition while still in the Rætian highlands, and afterwards when mingled with races whom they had subdued or merged into their own.

In this opinion, however, Donaldson stands almost alone. The great body of ethnologists, though hesitating to fix upon any race to which the Etruscans may be definitely assigned, agree in pronouncing them to have been non-Aryan. Their sculptures show us short sturdy figures with large heads and thick arms. Catullus, himself born in the land over which they once ruled, when newly descended from their Rætian home, and himself so un-Roman in his love for the sea, in the lines in which he sneers at the shining teeth of his Keltiberian rival, applies to the Etruscan the distinctive epithet *obesus*, "fat," "stout," "plump." These features belong rather to the Turanian family of races than to the Aryan, especially in a southern climate. That they belong also to the Low Germans may be due to their more rigorous climate, though some races — the Kelts, for instance — certainly retain their characteristic of lofty stature in cold latitudes.

Then, as to their religious rites: these were characterised by gloomy superstitions rather than by the joyous ceremonies of the Hellenic race. Livy says that they were more devoted to religious rites than any other people. They set a great value on the mysterious significance of numbers, and cultivated the art of soothsaying to a remarkable extent. They made use of women as diviners, which custom is also that of the Finns. Their religious characteristics may be said to be Turanian, not Aryan.

Their skill in mining was as remarkable as that of the Basques, who settled so near them in the islands between Spain and Italy. They worked in clay and bronze at a very early period, but there is evidence that they borrowed these arts as well as their alphabet from the Greeks or the Phœnicians. Their architecture, too, is believed to have been derived from the Greeks, though it differed from that of the Greeks in the point of height of roof and distance between the columns, the Etruscan roof being lower and the Etruscan columns placed at wider intervals. If it be true that they borrowed these arts from the Greeks, the fact that they originated no striking modification may perhaps be taken as significant of the mechanically imitative skill of the Turanian stock.

They long ruled the seas during their time of dominion on the sea which bore their name. But at an earlier period still they sent out their trading ships and piratical cruisers from both the eastern and western coasts of Italy. We have the authority of Livy, himself of the land which they had once ruled, that their dominion formerly included Lombardy. He says (v. 33): "Before the time of the Roman rule the power of the Tuscans extended far by land and sea. The names of the upper and lower seas by which Italy is girt like an island may be considered a proof that this is the case; for while the Italian nations have called the one the Tuscan, by the general name of the race, they have named the other the Adriatic, from *Adria*, a colony of the Tuscans. The Greeks call these same seas the *Tyrrhenian* and the *Adriatic*. This people inhabited the country extending to both seas in confederacies of twelve cities each: first on this side of the Apennines towards the lower sea; afterwards across the Apennines, having sent thither as many colonies as there were capital cities in the mother-country; and these occupied the whole territory beyond the Po, as far as the Alps, except the corner of the *Veneti*, who dwelt round the gulf-curve of the sea. There is no doubt that the Alpine nations, especially the *Ræti*, have the same origin, but these have lost their civilisation on account of the influences of climate and locality, so as to retain nothing of their original type except their spoken language, and not even that without corruption."

Livy, it will be seen, knows the general fact of their kinship with the *Ræti*, but looks upon the mountaineers as a colony. Donaldson thinks this an inversion of the real history of the race, such as often occurs in writers who know only one part of the facts, and are pre-occupied with the conviction that the things they have known best must be capable of originating accounting for the things they know least of. Mommsen holds the same view, stating besides as an

ascertained fact that the Ræti, the oldest traceable settlers in the Grisons and Tyrol, spoke Etruscan down to historical times, which statement seems to be founded on this passage of Livy.

My own opinion is, that at the beginning of the Bronze Age a people of slightly varying type, but of the same Turanian stock, from Britain to the Baltic's shores, and from the Bay of Biscay to the Adriatic, were living a pastoral and agricultural life, besides hunting and fishing; and that the Phœnicians and the Greeks in succession imparted to them the art of mining for the metals and manufacturing the implements which are found through that whole area, and yet are neither distinctively Greek nor Phœnician. During the later years of the Bronze Age, and towards the beginning of the Iron Age, the Hellenic race passed from Asia Minor to the two Mediterranean peninsulas, the extremities of which they colonised, about the same time succeeding the Phœnicians in the possession of the adjacent islands. About the same time the Italic race, or rather group of races — and the same form of words should be used in speaking of the Hellenes, or the Kelts, or the Teutons, or the Slavs — with various dialects and various customs, but all closely allied, came into northern Italy, probably by land from the east, for none of the Italic races were seafaring. Perhaps even before this time, the Kelts had passed, by a land route, though keeping close to the rivers — which still retain the names they gave them — and to the shores of seas, from the old Aryan home in the table-land of Mid-Asia to the western shores of Europe; and were now pressing back the Iberians in Spain, and beginning to press upon the Etruscans in Lombardy.

It is not certain, as I have said, whether the Etruscans derived the handicrafts they practised from abroad, or whether they were developed independently at home. But it is known that the extensive commerce which they carried on enabled them to import many articles which are unquestionably foreign. In the oldest sepulchres of Kære and Vulki in Etruria, for instance, were found, besides gold ornaments with winged lions which are conjectured to be of Babylonian manufacture, several vessels of bluish enamel or greenish clay, stamped with Egyptian hieroglyphics, perfume-vases of Oriental alabaster, ostrich-eggs carved with sphinxes and griffins, and beads of glass and amber. From abroad, also, came their linen and purple cloths, ivory and frankincense. The vessels of bronze and of silver were of native manufacture; and their skill in working bronze seems to have been admitted by the nations with whom they traded, bronze candle-sticks as well as gold cups from Etruria being early in much request among the Attic Greeks. But this was at a time later than the period we are now considering.

As far as the argument from language is concerned, no definite opinion can be formed as to whether they were Aryan or Turanian. Parts of their language were unquestionably Aryan; but these have been traced to the influence of the Italic races among whom they settled. But there is an element which has not yet been satisfactorily assigned to any family of tongues. Those who are willing to believe with Donaldson that this element is Scandinavian, must consider them as wholly distinct from the Basques and Finns.

Of whatever blood were the races which covered Europe during the Bronze Age, the remains show them to have either been admirable artists, or to have carried on an extensive trade with a people of some civilisation. The bronze swords, spear-heads, knives, and other implements found in some of the lacustrine remains of Switzerland, in the crannoges of Ireland, in caves, marsh-villages, and burial mounds from the North Sea to the Mediterranean, are of great beauty both in form and ornamental design. It is believed by many that the trading ships of the Phœnicians, visiting even the coasts of Cornwall, and their colonies in Africa, Spain, and the Mediterranean isles, spread these works all over Europe. But the objection which has been urged against this theory is that the bronze art of the European remains exhibits marked unity of design, while it is notorious that the Phœnicians copied the art of every race with which they came into contact, leaving remains in Sidon of Egyptian and of Assyrian style, and in Carthage of Greek style. Dr. Wiberg has identified a great deal of the workmanship of the European bronze remains with the art of the Etruscans. Though the Etruscans seem to have resembled the Phœnicians in being great copyists in other departments of art, their bronzes seem to have been unique, and to have been objects of great esteem wherever their traders penetrated. According to Pliny's statement, Etruscan bronzes were spread over all countries. Dr. Wiberg maintains that the people of Lombardy and Etruria carried on an extensive commerce by the over-land route with the inhabitants of the valley of the Rhone and the basins of the Danube and the Rhine. Most ethnologists are of opinion that the river-banks and shores of middle and northern Europe were now settled by Keltic tribes. The theory that these bronze implements found their way to the lands north of the Alps by caravans of Etruscan traders, accounts for the fact that stone implements are so often found with the bronze, under circumstances which indicate that they were in use at the same time. For while the chiefs and the more powerful members of the tribe would supply themselves with the costly bronze implements, the humbler folk would have to content themselves with their native manufacture of stone.

Sir John Lubbock argues, from the absence of implements made either of copper or tin, that the art of making bronze was introduced into Europe, and was not developed by the races settled there. If it had been invented there, he thinks that before the use of implements made of the two metals in union, there would have been an age, whether of short or of long duration, in which copper and tin would have been used separately in manufacture. He regards as strongly corroborative of this view the fact already mentioned that these works all exhibit great unity of design.

The view I would advocate then, is that the Etruscans derived the art of making bronze from some Oriental people, but developed such native skill in the manufacture of implements from that material as to secure for themselves the trade of Europe in all bronze articles.

I must now name some of the more important particulars in which the advance in civilisation of the Europeans during the Bronze Age may be traced. First, let us see what the remains found reveal as

to their dress. It has already been shown that during the last Stone Age cloth of a coarse texture was made. But the probabilities are that men in that age clad themselves for the most part in the skins of beasts. Now, however, we find them far better furnished in the matter of clothing. In a burial-mound in Jütland was found in 1861 the entire dress of a chief of the Bronze Age. These garments had been buried with the body in a coffin to which a movable lid was fitted. Of the body it is needless to say anything more than that the bones had decayed into a kind of blue powder. Where the head had lain was a thick woollen cap of hemispherical shape, about six inches high, with several black hairs still sticking to it. Short loose threads covered the outer side of the cap, each ending in a little knot. Where the body of the man had lain was, first, a coarse woollen cloak, shaggy inside, almost semicircular in shape, and scalloped out round the neck. It was three feet and four inches long, and wide in proportion. Under the cloak were two shawls, one covering the feet, the other about the body. They were square in shape, ornamented with a long fringe, and four feet and a half in length by three feet and a half in width. Beneath this, again, was a woollen shirt, cut out a little for the neck, and fastened at the waist by a long woollen band passing twice round the body and hanging down in front. At the feet were two pieces of woollen stuff, fourteen inches long by three and a half wide, and supposed to have been leggings. At the end of the coffin were found traces of leather, which may have been fragments of shoes or boots. On the left side of the body was a bronze sword in a wooden sheath. It is two feet and three inches long, and has a solid handle without ornament. On the right side was a box, tied up with strips of osier or bark; and in it was a smaller one, without a lid, in which were found two woven caps of wool, a small bronze comb, and a bronze razor-knife. Finally, around the whole had been wrapped an ox's hide. From the extended posture of the body and the character of the razor-blade, Sir John Lubbock thinks this body is to be assigned to the close of the Bronze Age. Nevertheless, it furnishes evidence that in that period a great variety of woollen garments were worn.

As to the dwellings of the Europeans of this age, we have a very definite idea furnished us of the shape, at least, of some of them, from the "hut-urns," or urns in the shape of huts, found in Italy and Germany. The pottery of which they are made is peculiarly dark and compact; and while the presence of bronze knives indicates that they belonged to the Bronze Age, there are also found with them some fragments of iron, which make it probable that they belong to the very close of the Bronze Age. They were found, however, under consolidated volcanic ash at Albano near Rome, and belong therefore to a time when the volcanoes near Rome were still active. The Albano hut-urn shown in Sir John Lubbock's *Pre-historic Times* is circular, with a conical roof, and a huge door fastened with a bolt on the outside, as to me seems evident at a glance, though, because the urn opens by the taking off of the roof, some archæologists have fancied that the huts imitated were entered from above.

Another piece of pottery, now in the Museum at Munich, repre-

sents a Lake Village, consisting of seven small round huts, all placed on a platform, supported by four columns, which represent logs piled upon one another. The roof over the whole is wanting, but there is a porch in front with the representation of a thatched roof over it; and it is likely that the entire cluster of buildings was roofed over in the same way. The sides, or outer walls, are ornamented with that curious double spiral which is considered as characteristic of the Bronze Age.

Hence we see that the more civilised races of the Bronze Age could build as well as make clothes, and were comfortably sheltered and comfortably clad. There is some reason to believe that the Lake-dwellers still continued to be the leaders in civilisation; and though the Kelts are generally credited with being the Lake-dwellers of the Bronze Age, I am disposed to believe that they were mainly Etruscans, and that the Keltic tribes were still confined to the banks of the Danube and the shores of the Baltic.

At this time, however, the Phœnicians in the eastern islands of the Mediterranean were displaying a high excellence in art, which they had attained long before. Di Cesnola's recent explorations in Cyprus have brought to light an extensive burial-place of the Phœnicians under the Greek necropolis at Dali. The Phœnician works of art found here consisted of gold ear-rings with the drop of crescent shape; bronze and copper mirrors, tweezers, knives, axes, spear-heads, swords, and arrow-boxes; stone statues and statuettes; and many articles of terra-cotta. Among the terra-cotta designs were little houses, with heads showing at the windows and women at the doors. There were vases in great abundance, and of every variety in shape and size. Works of Assyrian and of Egyptian art are numerous both among the Greek and the Phœnician remains. Rawlinson, in his *Ancient Monarchies*, accounts for the Assyrian element in the art of Cyprus. About B. C. 707, Sargon, King of Assyria, the contemporary of the prophet Isaiah, having lately overthrown the Babylonian empire, received tribute from the seven kings of Cyprus, and sent his image to be set up at Idalium (now Dali.) They were too far, however, from the Assyrian empire to be kept in subjection, and in the reign of Sennacherib, helped the Kilikians against him. The Greek kings and their allies being defeated, Sennacherib built, or rather strengthened and enlarged, Tarshish (the Tarsus of the Greek writers), and kept that region in subjection. Later still, the Cyprian kings joined the Syrian and Phœnician in furnishing materials for the palace of Esarhaddon at Nineveh. One of these kings was Pythagoras, king of Kitium, from which city the people of Israel derived their name for the isle of Cyprus, the Kittim mentioned in the Bible along with Tarshish. The island afterwards fell under the power of the Persians, and occupies an important place in the history of the long struggles between the Greeks and the Persians. Its earlier history, obscure as it is, seems to shed some light upon the development of the Bronze Age in Europe. Long before the Assyrians ever heard its name, it seems to have been colonised by the Phœnicians, who brought with them Egyptian and Babylonian art. The Greeks afterwards mastered the isle; but the great body of the inhabitants seem

to have always been Phœnician. Here was worked that copper ore which in European tongues has even taken its name from the island, and which enabled the Phœnicians to hold the monopoly of bronze manufacture, until the Etruscans learned the secret from them, procuring their supply of copper from the rich mines of the neighboring Elba. Cyprus was an outpost of Asian civilisation, from whence the dawnings of civilisation spread to Europe; and that civilisation of Asia was already old when Europe received it. In the remains of the temple of Golgos were found terra-cotta statuettes of the divinity we call by her Latin name of Venus, under forms which indicate the transition, through ages, of the associations of the islanders, from the races and creeds of the East to those of the West. The Chaldaean Nana, the Phœnician Ashtoreth or Astarte, the Assyrian Ishtar, the Babylonian Mylitta, and the Greek Aphrodite, all tell of influences which, passing through Cyprus into Europe, for many ages affected the tastes, instincts, and morals of the western world.

In the remains lately found by Dr. Schliemann, the explorer of the site of ancient Troy, there were articles evidently still older than the bronze implements of Phœnician workmanship found by Di Cesnola in Cyprus; and yet in Dr. Schliemann's opinion they belonged to the Age of Bronze. He says: "I shall begin with the objects left by the earliest inhabitants (the Trojans), who built on the primitive soil their houses of stones joined with clay. In common with all their successors at this place, until the beginning of our era, and perhaps later, they have round objects of terra-cotta in the form of volcanoes and 'carousels,' with and without ornaments. Some similar terra-cottas, without ornamentation, are in the museum in Athens, and two ornamental ones, which were found in the terra-mares of Italy, are in the Museum of Parma; but these are the only examples I have ever seen in any museum. Here I find them by thousands, and about half are ornamented. These terra-cottas are from two to four centimetres broad and high, and have always a hole through the middle. Those found at a height of two metres above the virgin soil represent the sun with his rays—sometimes stars are intermingled with the rays—or the sun in the centre of a cross. Copper nails, seventeen centimetres long, were found on the virgin soil. There was no trace of metal weapons or implements, but the nails are a sufficient evidence that the people knew and worked the metal copper, and of course weapons existed. [Articles so valuable were of course carried away in the plunder of the city.] I found many small saws of flint stone, four and a half to five centimetres in length, and hand millstones of lava, thirty-three centimetres long by seventeen broad, in the form of an egg cut in its length into two halves. With little exception, all the terra-cotta vessels I found in the layers of rubbish of the Trojans are broken, and but few can be put together. Everything in the nature of pottery was apparently destroyed by the huge stones that fell in the ruin. But I possess all the pieces of some black vessels and of one red double goblet, and these I shall be able to reconstruct. I have also a great part of a black double goblet; but of a dozen more of these I have only the central part, sufficient to show what they were. Without exception, all the terra-cottas of the

Trojans of which I have found pieces, and particularly the black urns with Assyrian ornamentation — the shining black bowls with a tube on each side, the very small round black pots which represent the human face (and of which I have one nearly perfect), as well as the larger vessels and bowls with tubes on each side for suspension, and sometimes with three feet — are all very fine.

“I would particularly call the attention of archæologists to the great resemblance between the black Trojan bowls, plates, etc., and the black Etruscan bowls and plates, although whenever the Trojan terra-cottas are ornamented, and whatever the ornamentation may be, it is always entirely different from the ornamentation of Etruscan pottery, because in the Trojan articles the ornamentation is always engraved — cut in while the ware was still soft and unburnt, and the cut lines filled with a white substance. Many vessels are ornamented inside and out. The Trojan palaces and dwellings in which these splendid terra-cottas were used were of great size, because in their walls belonged all the immense masses of hewn and unhewn stones which cover these fragments in layers of from four to six metres in thickness. . . .

“Until last week the only Trojan symbol I had found in all my explorations was the sun, and this, it then seemed to me, might almost as well be no symbol at all, since in one view it is universal, and the absence of symbolical indications had left me in doubt as to what race the Trojan people belonged. But last week I found a large number of symbols which enable me to say with certainty that the Trojans were Aryans. The cross, and that cognate symbol which may be described as a cross with a hook at the end of each limb at right angles with the limb, are the symbols of those two pieces of wood which our Aryan forefathers used, together with the ‘pramatha’ (from which the Greek Prometheus) for kindling the holy fire. The crotcheted cross symbol was found on utensils discovered on the banks of the Oder, and is a symbol of great importance in religious history. Thousands of times I have noted it in the Roman catacombs, and it may be seen around the pulpit of St. Ambrosius at Milan. [Here he seems to me to be confounding the cross of the early Christians with the ancient Aryan symbol; and yet he might well say that there is no evidence of the use of the former by the Semitic missionaries of Christianity.] It is on a Keltic funeral urn in the British Museum, which was found in the county of Norfolk, at Shropham. In the Ramayana this symbol is on the front of all the ships with which King Rama transported his soldiers across the Ganges on his expedition to India and Ceylon.”

Dr. Schliemann found also many other interesting remains, which I have not space to note; and he satisfied himself that the race which immediately succeeded the ancient Trojans was substantially of the same blood, and that Aryans long remained in possession of this site. It is probable, however, that the ancient Trojans were a mixed race, having supplanted a Hamitic race on this soil and become intermingled with them.

Here then are stepping-stones from the East to the West, Troy and the Isle of Cyprus, by which Asian civilisation passed over into

Europe. In the case of Troy, the very slight trace of metal would seem to indicate that an Aryan tribe in a very early stage of development was making its way westward, unless, indeed, we suppose the plunder of the city to have been so complete as to account for the absence of implements of metal. In the case of Cyprus, we know that Egyptian—probably in Phœnician ships—and subsequently Phœnician settlement, had given it an ancient civilisation before the Greek colonies, which the Greek writers assign to a period later than the Trojan war, were planted on its shores. The probability is that its influence was great in extending the benefits of civilisation to the Pelasgic and Hellenic tribes when these were still semi-barbarous settlers in the Greek peninsula, the neighboring isles, and the borders of Asia Minor.

Now let us trace back that Asian civilisation which the rude tribes of the upper Mediterranean shores received at a time when all Southern Asia and Egyptian Africa had long been in the enjoyment of a high degree of culture.

The first empires of the world and centres of civilisation were founded by the primitive princes, Mizraim and Nimrod, both descendants of Ham, whose race has often been erroneously confounded with the black tribes of Africa. The oldest of these empires was the Egyptian, old even in the days of Abraham, and early developing the arts of architecture, sculpture and painting, and recording its history in hieroglyphics. The next in order of time and power was the Chaldæan, which first consolidated itself at the head of the Persian Gulf. The early kings are represented on their monuments as ruling over four races; and Rawlinson believes the nation to have been composed of Hamitic, Semitic, Aryan and Turanian elements. Their ancient capital was that "Ur of the Chaldees" from whence Abraham went out with his father, wife and nephew to colonise in Canaan. This Ur and the name Chaldee itself both meant in two of the languages of the land the Moon God; and Job, who dwelt near the Chaldæans and suffered from their bands of spoilers, had evidently seen a great deal of this nature-worship, for he protests: "If I beheld the sun when it shined, or the moon walking in brightness; and my heart hath been secretly enticed, or my mouth hath kissed my hand: this also were an iniquity to be punished by the judge: for I should have denied the God that is above." Their later capital was that Babylon which Nimrod himself had founded, and which was destined to be the capital of a long succession of empires. The Chaldæans had reached the Bronze stage of development at an early period. Indeed it is doubtful whether the races in Southern Asia had ever wholly lost their knowledge of the art of working in the metals, that art having been discovered long before the occurrence of the Asiatic deluge. But it was probably kept an inviolable secret in certain privileged families for many ages, and transmitted to the rest of the world very gradually. The Chaldæans also worked with some elegance in clay. They wove cloth, used the form of writing called by us "cuneiform inscriptions" from the characters being wedge-shaped, had some scientific knowledge, traded in ships, planted grain, and dwelt in cities. Their my-

thology is believed by Rawlinson to have originated both that of the Greeks and that of the Romans. Early in the period of Chaldæan dominion the Phœnicians, a Semitic people, emigrated from the shores of the Persian Gulf and founded a great maritime power on the eastern shores of the Mediterranean, building Tyre in process of time, and getting dominion over the Hamitic people of Sidon, an ancient city. Placed midway between the civilisation of Egypt and that of Chaldæa, they profited by both; and planting colonies and carrying on trade throughout the Middle Sea, they taught many things to the Greeks in the East and to the Etruscans in the West.

The Empire of the Chaldees lasted about a thousand years, when it was overthrown by the Assyrians, a Semitic people, who had grown into strength in the upper part of the Mesopotamian valley, and whose kings ruled at Nineveh, which had been founded at an early period by Asshur. They succeeded to the civilisation as well as to the empire of the Chaldæans; and besides being a proud and warlike race, they became remarkable among the Asiatic nations as architects, designers — their bas-reliefs are wonderful combinations of history and art — sculptors, workers in clay, metal and ivory, upholsterers, glass-blowers, engravers, and embroiderers of dresses. The Phœnicians copied from them as they had copied from the Chaldæans and the Egyptians; and Greece inherited the civilisation of them all, reproducing it in forms suggested by the admirable genius of the Hellenic mind, in which proportion and symmetry were the master principles.

We see all these elements at work in the ancient Isle of Cyprus: Egyptian art and Assyrian art, Phœnician imitations of both, and Greek modifications of them all. Knowing then the Phœnician influence upon the Greek settlements of the eastern Mediterranean, and Phœnician commercial activity throughout the western Mediterranean, the probabilities become very strong in favor of the view, that it was from the Phœnician traders and colonists that all Southern Europe received that form of civilisation which characterises the Bronze Age in Europe, a form which had for ages been flourishing in Egypt, Chaldæa, Assyria, and probably in most of the countries of Central Asia. By the newly civilised races of Southern Europe, the Greeks in the East and the Etruscans in the West, some of the benefits of this civilisation were transmitted to the races of Northern Europe, to the Pelasgic tribes beyond the Greeks of the pure Hellenic stock, to the mingled Basque and Keltic tribes in the Helvetic area, and to mingled Basque and Keltic tribes of the west of Europe, the race called by the Romans Keltiberians.

Now what was the ethnic condition of Europe at the close of this period? How were the races distributed? To give any clear account of the ethnic features of Europe at this era it is necessary for me to turn back once more to Asian soil, and give a rapid sketch of the distribution of races from the common centre in the region just south of Central Asia. The cradle of that portion of the human race from which sprang the Hamitic, Semitic, Aryan and Turanian families — for of the origin of the yellow, red and black races we as yet know nothing positive — after the Asiatic deluge, was the highland in

which the Indus, the Oxus and the Iaxartes have their sources. At an early period the Turanians, conjectured to have sprung from Magog, one of Japhet's sons, were driven out eastward, northward and southward by the superior races; and some of their tribes wandered into Europe, probably entering it by land from the east, and dwelt there during the Polished Stone Age, until during the Bronze Age the Kelts drove them before them in the southeast and north of Europe, mingling with them in the west, and the Pelasgic, Hellenic and Italic tribes pressed upon them from Western Asia and from the Mediterranean isles and peninsulas.

The Hamitic family migrated westward, and founded the empires of Egypt and Ethiopia, its Canaanite branch being extirpated by the Semitic people of Israel. The empire of Egypt during many ages comprised great possessions, or at all events tributaries, in Asia.

The Semitic family also passed westward, and founded great empires in Western Asia, dispossessing the Hamitic nations, or at least coalescing with them. The Lydian Empire, in Asia Minor, was their power nearest the European countries.

The Aryan family were the last to migrate from Bactria and Sogdiana, one branch, the Hindoo, going southward, and the other branches northward. The Medes and Persians founded empires not far from the original home of the race. The Kelts, Pelasgians, Italians, Hellenes, Teutons and Slavs went westward, and settled Asia Minor, Europe and the Mediterranean isles. Some of the Aryans at a very early period settled parts of Northern Africa, and even threatened the stability of the Egyptian Empire. The Aryans were slower in attaining civilisation than the Semitic and Hamitic races, but developed language, the instrument of thought, in higher perfection. The Turanian races have never advanced in their languages beyond the agglutinative stage; and some of them, perhaps, have even remained monosyllabic, though it is not certain that the races speaking these are Turanian. The Hamitic and Semitic races spoke languages nearly akin, and partaking of the characteristics of both agglutinative and inflected tongues. The Aryan races developed inflected languages, free for the most part from traces of the agglutinative stage, far more elastic than the lower orders of speech, and capable of indefinite change and unlimited development.

During the Bronze Age the Kelts, who had penetrated into Northern Europe, probably at the very beginning of this period, and perhaps still earlier, possessed themselves of the British Isles, driving the Silurian Basques into the hill country, established themselves in Gaul, pressing continually upon the Aquitanian, and Ligurian Basques upon the southern coasts, and settled along the great rivers in Germany. At a later period they penetrated into Spain, and combined there with the Iberian Basques, forming the race of the Keltiberians, and pouring into Lombardy, they drove the Etruscans from their seats on the banks and at the mouths of the Po. At a still later period they were formidable to the rising power of Rome, and swept with their brethren of Illyria through the Pelasgic countries in the north of the Grecian peninsula, ravaged Asia Minor, and founded a State there, where their language was spoken some centuries after

the time of our Saviour. They were divided into two great branches, the Gaels and the Kymry, who probably entered Europe at different times. The Kelts of Ireland, Scotland and the Isle of Man were Gaels; the Kelts of Wales, Cornwall and Brittany were Kymry. There is no certainty as to the division to which the Gallic and Belgic Kelts respectively belonged; but it is believed that the Gauls lying between the Bretons and the Belgians were Gaels, while the Belgians (who were settled from the North Sea to the borders of the Ligurians) were Kymry, and, when the Romans first reached their territory, were largely mingled with German tribes. The Kelts may have brought with them from their home in Asia those arts which we find them to have possessed; but it is more probable that they lost during their long nomadic life the higher civilisation which their Asian forefathers had known, and were indebted to the trade carried on by the Phœnicians and the Etruscans for its restoration. Their language now exists only in the Kymric Welsh and Armorican, and the Gaelic of the Scotch Highlands, of Ireland, and of the Isle of Man.

The Italian tribes, closely related to the Hellenic, held the greater part of Italy in the dawn of recorded history; but they were probably preceded by the Pelasgians. During the earlier part of the Bronze Age it is probable that the Etruscans had the supremacy in Italy, and that both Italians and Pelasgians were at first tributary to them, or became mingled with them in some parts of Italy. The Pelasgians were widely distributed over the two peninsulas and the Thracian land. Their place in the Aryan family is still unsettled. Donaldson thinks they were Slavs, but the general opinion is that they were an early tribe of the same blood with the Hellenic and Italic races in an inferior stage of development. Professor Pott calls them Illyrians; Rev. F. W. Farrar, Albanians: both agreeing in considering them an offshoot of the yet undivided Græco-Italic stock. They seem to have held the Grecian peninsula at the time of the first Hellenic settlements.

The Teutons do not appear in history until a comparatively late period; but they may have entered the eastern part of Europe during this Age of Bronze. Max Müller, arguing from the evidence of language, is inclined to believe (*Science of Language*, II. 252), "that the Teutonic and Italic Aryans witnessed the transition of the oak period into the beech period, of the bronze age into the iron age, and that while the Greeks retained *phēgós* [oak] in its original sense, the Teutonic and Italian colonists transferred the name, as an appellation, to the new forests [of beech trees, the Latin *fagus*, the Gothic *bōka*, the German *buche*, whence *buch*, or beechwood tablets] that were springing up in their wild homes."

It is probable that the Hellenic tribes were already replacing the Pelasgic in Greece. Homer's mention of iron is probably due to the fact that he is describing in all such allusions facts of his own age, and not facts proper to the period of the Trojan War; and yet by the evidence of his poems the use of iron was rare in his day, and arms, instruments and vessels were generally made of bronze. Hesiod, who wrote not long after Homer's day, says of the forefathers of his

race: "They had arms of bronze and houses of bronze, and they labored with bronze, for the black iron was not as yet." We have seen too the very slight traces of metal which Dr. Schliemann found in the Trojan remains, though, it is true, that fact may be plausibly accounted for. It is very probable on the whole that the Bronze Age in Europe was not over when the Trojan War occurred.

The Pelasgians were most likely giving way on the peninsula before that elder race of Hellenic heroes whose names and deeds belong to the legends prior to the age of Agamemnon.

"To this primeval period," says the late Professor Felton, in his *Ancient and Modern Greece*, "belong those gigantic Pelasgian works which are found not only in Greece, but east and west of this classic centre, proving the existence, the activity and civilisation of European races whose monuments were antiquities in the days of Homer. I venture, despite the uncertainty that hangs over the origin and fortunes of the Pelasgians, who have given so much trouble to historians and antiquaries, to designate by this term all those migrations, whether by sea or land, and all those elements of language, art, religion and social life which preceded the Hellenic proper, by which I shall denote the immediate basis of Greek culture, both before the line of ascertained history commences and through the successive ages of Grecian letters and life. By some of the Greeks the Pelasgic element was thought radically distinct from the Hellenic, and the Pelasgic language a barbarous speech wholly distinct from any form of the Hellenic; by others some vague notion of the real and radical identity of the two was entertained. The broader views of the moderns place this identity quite beyond a doubt. The Pelasgians of Greece and those of the farther East, I believe it must be admitted, came often into conflict and collision by sea. The coasts of Asia Minor were visited by ships long before the earliest war of Troy recorded in the *Iliad*; and on the shores of Greece hovered many a fleet long before the Phœnician sailors kidnapped and carried away the daughter of the Argive king, and so, according to the tradition recorded by Herodotus, laid the foundation for the hostilities out of which sprang the Trojan War, from which afterwards followed the Persian invasions, and later still the campaigns of Alexander.

"I draw the line then between the Pelasgic or primitive basis and the Hellenic or historical superstructure of Greek life, nationality, art, letters and poetry; and I am inclined to the opinion that even in those remote and primitive times, corresponding with the older dynasties of Egypt, with the establishment of the Phœnicians on the east of the Mediterranean Sea, with the primitive patriarchs of the Arabian races, with the first monarchs and earlier arts of the Brahmins and the Chinese, there existed on the soil of Greece religious centres, hymns and songs of temple worship and a written language. . . . Contemporary, or nearly so, with the epoch of Hellenic legends, we have the mighty monarchies of Assyria and Babylon, whose early splendors still amaze the world in their architectural and sculptural monuments; the flourishing ages of Phœnicia, who gathered the wealth of the world in her magnificent cities of Tyre and Sidon, and carried her commerce to every quarter of the then known world;

Egypt, already an ancient kingdom, and perhaps drawing nigh the period of her decline ; the States of Italy, with their Oriental types of civilisation consolidated into permanent forms of civil and religious polity ; Thrace and Scythia, crowded with tribes of roaming barbarians, assailing from time to time the growing civilisation of the South ; Asia Minor, occupied by Trojan, Phrygian and Lydian kingdoms ; and along the Indus and the Ganges those populous and ancient monarchies, even then embellished with letters and philosophy.

"This period is filled with supernatural legends and the achievements of the demigods ; and here I think we are to place the first establishment of those religious centres whence flowed the earlier streams of Grecian song in the North — Olympus, Dodona, and Delphi — where the magnificent hexameter was first used, having been invented by Phemonoe, the priestess."

Undoubtedly most of the legends of this early period refer to contests between the Hellenic heroes and the Pelasgic race, whom they found in possession of the soil. And yet I cannot believe that this is always the case. There are indications that a race still more alien to the Greeks of Hellenic blood than their Pelasgic brethren dwelt in the mountain fastnesses. This was no doubt that Basque race, whom the Pelasgians had driven into the mountains just as the Kelts of Britain had driven the Silurian Basques to the mountainous parts of Wales. Homer's *Φῆρες ὄρεσχωι*, "wild men of the mountains," whom Nestôr tells us the heroes Peirithoos, Druas, and Poluphemos fought with and destroyed —

*Κάρτιστοι δὴ κεῖνοι ἐπιχθονίων τράφεν ἀνδρῶν
Κάρτιστοι μὲν ἔσαν, καὶ καρτίστοις ἐμάχοντο,
Φηρσὶν ὄρεσχωισι, καὶ ἐκπάγλως ἀπόλεσσαν —*

were evidently a remnant of the older race, the Basque. *Φήρ*, while it is essentially the same word with *θήρ*, "wild beast," is identical with the Latin *ferus*, "wild," and possibly with the fairy, fay, fée, the wild and strange being of the northern legends. It has been conjectured, and there is reasonable ground for the conjecture, that the continued presence of different tribes of this widely extended race of Basques in wild and remote regions of Europe, long after the settlement of the various members of the Aryan family, originated many of those superstitious beliefs current from time immemorial among the nations, and taking different forms among the Teutonic and Keltic races from those they bore among the Italic and Hellenic races, on account of the difference between the Basque races of the North and those of the South. The legends of the North generally represent the objects of the popular terror as a dwarfed race of subterranean life, and skilled in mining, dealing in magical arts, ugly and uncouth, with yellow skins and cunning eyes, kind and serviceable when once propitiated, but terrible enemies when once incensed, of insinuating address, and excessively prone to lust. These legends seem to have been founded on the experiences derived from occasional contact with such of the Basque Finns as chose to remain free and had retired to the mountains and forests. Some of this race, however, became the thralls or slaves of the invaders, and are described

by the ancient Skalds (see Mallet's *Northern Antiquities*) as black-haired, of unsightly countenance, and of low stature, deformed in person, and designated by their lords by names of opprobrious meaning. The fairies, those delicate creatures of northern legend, in my opinion had a different origin in the popular mind, and can be traced back to the myths of their Asian home. The Scandinavian Eddas make the same distinction between the Elves of Light and the Elves of Darkness, which the various Oriental systems of legendary lore make between the angelic host who remained faithful to God, and the jins or genii who rebelled with the Spirit of Evil and were condemned to an inferior form of life. The legends of giants also in all probability came from the East, and may be reminiscences of the Pelasgians, who were everywhere described as a race of remarkable stature, and were certainly very widely diffused. The Philistines, for instance, have been ascertained to have been not Canaanites originally, but Pelasgian immigrants into Canaan from the isle of Crete.

The Hellenic legendary reminiscences of the Basques of the South were of an altogether different character from those which the Aryan races of the North had of the Basques of the Lappish and Finnish type. The race in the mountains of Thessaly seem to have been strong and warlike, the race which Homer twice in the *Iliad* calls Phêres, and once Kentaurs. Homer, it must be remarked, nowhere attributes to this race the form—half-man, half-horse—which the later legends assign them. He has but two epithets for them—"mountain-dwelling" and "shaggy"; but he makes every allusion to them on the occasion of referring to the exploits of the house of Peirithoos. The race of the Lapithæ, who carried on these struggles with the Phêres, and invited Nestôr to join them, were probably a Pelasgic race, their name being considered to be etymologically the same as that of the Tyrrhenians, the Pelasgic Tower-builders.

The Pelasgians, though a brave race, were not actively warlike. They practised the arts of peace and led an agricultural and pastoral life. They evidently formed the basis of both the Greek and Roman population, and gave to the Greek and Latin tongues that element which is common to them both. The Trojans also were apparently Pelasgians; and the war waged against Troy by the Hellenic stock with their Pelasgian allies, tributaries and subjects of the peninsula and the islands, seems to have been the final triumph of the Hellenic Aryan over the Pelasgic.

The poems of Homer may then be taken as evidence of the first definite establishment of the higher race of Greeks in that part of Europe in which they soon developed so brilliant a civilisation. This period of blended Pelasgic and Hellenic elements was certainly coincident with the Bronze Age. Now by the aid of this relation of the Trojan War to the Bronze Age we can fix the date of that age at least approximately. Gladstone, in his *Juventus Mundi*, has pointed out the fact that Phœnician Sidon was still in its vigor at the time of the Trojan War. Both in the *Iliad* and in the *Odyssey* the Sidonians are mentioned as noble workers of metallic art and weavers of embroidered robes, while the city of Tyre is never mentioned. Now the

city of Sidon was destroyed by the Pelasgian Philistines in the year 1209 B. C. Hence the war against Troy must have taken place before this time ; and indeed it is probable that Homer himself lived before this time, as he would otherwise have been likely to have made some allusion to the fall of Sidon and the rise of Tyre. We must then consider the Bronze Age in the south of Europe as coming to its close about this time. Iron, we learn from Homer, had begun to come in use, but was rare, and was used in general only for cutting instruments, and chiefly for woodmen's axes.

The Greek world consisted at this time of a Pelasgian populace in the agricultural districts, peasant proprietors, making in the time of war the bulk of the army ; larger proprietors, possibly feudal suzerains of the former, who were generally of Hellenic blood or of foreign extraction, such as some of the royal dynasties were sprung from ; handicraftsmen, skilled diviners and physicians, and merchants, most frequently of foreign origin, who dwelt in the cities or belonged to the court ; the royal family itself, often of Danaan (possibly Egyptian) blood, of Æolian (possibly Phœnician) blood, oftenest of Achaian or pure Hellenic blood ; and lastly the slaves, who seem to have been mainly captives taken in war or in piratical expeditions. Many of them may have been Basques. It is from the deathless pictures of him who sang the Wrath of Achilles and the Wanderings of Odysseus, the Ruin brought about by the Faithless Wife, and the Joy reserved for the Faithful Wife, that we have some conception of the history of this period in the Grecian world ; and we observe in them a curious blending of Asiatic modes of warfare and the material civilisation Asia had given to Greece, with the chivalrous customs which belonged to Europe during the feudal period in after-ages. The work of a highly inflected language as the noblest instrument of thought is already begun.

Italy at this time was unknown to the Hellenic Greeks. It is not unlikely that it was already settled in various parts by the Pelasgians and the Italic races ; and there can be little doubt that the Etruscans had long been in the land. It was from them that, in my opinion, the civilisation of the Phœnician traders was now affecting the races to the north of Italy. But I am not inclined to believe that anything like the full culture of the Greeks, seated so near the Egyptians and the Phœnicians, had reached the tribes in the north of Europe at the period of the Trojan War. The Phœnicians, it is true, had settled on the western coast of Italy and in Spain, and had established trading colonies all around the isle of Sicily. But their trade was mainly Mediterranean, and their only settlement in Italy itself was the town of Kære, afterwards one of the dominant cities of the Etruscans. It is impossible to fix the period at which the Hellenic Greeks made their earliest settlements on the Italian and Sicilian shores. All that can be definitely said is that it was certainly later than the Trojan War, and probably later than the days of Homer — later than 1200 B. C.

If Max Müller's conjecture, founded on the evidence of language be a sound one, the Kelts and Teutons were both fairly within the limits of Europe at this time. The Kelts, as I have said, had

probably long been on European soil ; but I am disposed to believe that the Teutons were just arriving at the close of the Bronze Age. Some writers have fixed the very date named above, 1200 B. C., for the movement of the Teutonic tribes westward from their first temporary settlement in the northern part of Asia. They settled, it is believed, in the country north of the Black Sea, and remained there for many ages.

We have now fairly reached the close of the Bronze Age, though it should of course be fixed much later for the tribes of the continent than for the cultivated races of the peninsulas of Italy and Greece, the Etruscans in the former and the Achaians or pure Hellenes in the latter.

I shall next take up what I shall call *The Iron Age—Period of the Aryan Family*.

C. WOODWARD HUTSON.

BECK.

THE Professor hearing the sharp clatter of horse's hoofs, looked up from his book and saw Beck drawing up her horse without the gate. With a languor from which his movements were never wholly free, he arose from his seat on the porch steps, and advanced to assist her to alight. But he was too late. With the dexterity of long practice she had already disengaged her dress from the pommel and jumped lightly to the ground.

"Good evening, Miss Rebecca," he said, approaching. "Why did you anticipate my good offices?" He extended his hand as he spoke, which Beck, gathering up her skirts with one hand, took with its long slim fellow, slim despite the loose buckskin gauntlet, in a cordial grasp.

"I am so accustomed to helping myself," she answered, laughing, "that I forgot I ought to have waited for you. But I am obliged to you nevertheless." Then, looking into his haggard anxious face, she added, "We are all so glad you have brought Lollie back to us. How did she and the baby stand the trip?"

The Professor sighed. "Not very well," he said ; "Laura was hardly strong enough to have undertaken it ; and the baby, poor little mite ! has never had much strength to boast of."

"I dreaded it for both," she said, "but now that it is over I hope everything from the change. Shall I find Lollie in her old room?" she questioned, as they ascended the steps.

"Yes," he answered ; "but I will show you the way."

"Oh pray, don't let me take you from your book," she said. "It is quite unnecessary, I am not afraid of getting lost," and so saying ran quickly through the hall and up the stairway to her friend's room.

Beck is preparing to leave. She is standing with the baby in her arms, which she has been petting and talking as much nonsense to as if it were one of Raphael's cherubs instead of the very smallest specimen of infant humanity, all wrinkles and solemn-looking eyes. Lollie is gazing at her half sadly, half admiringly. "How well and strong you are, Beck!" she says ; "so fresh and pretty!" Then she sighs, and at that moment the Professor enters. He understands the sigh, the tone.

"My dear Laura," he says reprovingly, "Miss Rebecca and yourself are such entirely different types of your common womanhood, that any resemblance would be impossible. Even in perfect health you would never have her robust physique. It would be unnatural for one of your peculiar nervous organisation." He looks at Beck as he speaks, standing tall and straight beside him, with her superb figure showing to its best advantage in the closely-fitting riding-habit ; looks coldly at the erect, proudly poised head, the broad full shoulders, the graceful curves which sweep into the slender waist, then glances with eyes full of tenderness at the wasted figure of his wife lying weak and helpless before him. What a contrast the two form ! Beck, with a rich oleander-like bloom on lips and cheeks, with glossy dark hair, compactly coiled under the jaunty little hat, with beautiful candid eyes which look out fearlessly from the long-lashed lids ; health, life, overflowing vitality in every limb, in every movement ; with an air of decision, of thoroughness in word and act, which carries conviction to the hesitating, strength to the weak ; and above and over all, a ready sympathy of look and tone, a genuine womanliness which cannot be purchased. The other worn and pallid, with great shadowy dark eyes which seem ever "to seek and not to find" ; with a face wherein "the intellect burneth as a lamp in an alabaster vase." Beck knows (none better) that in the Professor's fond eyes Lollie typifies the spiritual, the intellectual, while in herself he sees only the material, the physical ; that he beholds almost with contempt, that he views almost as a crime, the magnificent development of her beauty ; that on the other hand he almost venerates the weakness of his wife. But his opinion does not particularly depress her.

"That speech," says Beck, smiling, "is almost enough to frighten me from carrying out the promises I have been making Lollie. I have just predicted that my nursing will make her as 'robust' as myself, and now I am not at all sure that you do not prefer her as she is." Then she kisses mother and child with the warmth of the generous tender nature, shakes hands with the Professor, and is off.

Once more at home, as she pours out the coffee for the family, the Colonel asks about her visit. "Found Lollie, I suppose," he says, "complaining as usual ; with a puny delicate baby, I'll bet my head?"

"I found Lollie ill, without exaggeration," answers Beck, gravely, "so ill that she cannot see to her baby at all, and the poor little thing is suffering for proper attention. I was thinking, Uncle, if you did not object I would bring it here until she is stronger."

"If he does not," says Tom, loudly and angrily from across the table, "I do. I should think, Beck, your hands were full enough with all these brats (pointing irefully at his younger brothers and sisters). You are working yourself to death; and I mean to stop it if nobody else will."

"Quite right, Tom," says the Colonel; "I think, Beck, you had better let people take care of their own children. It is a thankless task at best, as you will find out."

But despite Tom's angry, and the Colonel's milder, disapproval, Beck, having softened the latter with a sight of the pitiful, pinched little face, brought the baby home in triumph, thereafter to grow and strengthen under her watchful care. Nor is it her only charge. When her aunt had died three years before, on her had devolved the care of a family of six, omitting the Colonel and Tom, who after all required more looking after than all the others. And notwithstanding the weight of her responsibilities and her twenty years, there is no house neater and cleaner than the Colonel's, no children brighter and fresher, no table better than his. This taste for the realities of life had grown with the girl's growth. "Dear Beck," Lollie would say when at school Beck had kept both wardrobes in faultless order, "what a blessing it is to be practical." But in her heart she felt a sense of superiority which contradicted her words. And so, while Beck had taken the orphan children to her warm young heart, Lollie had followed the bent of her genius, had cultivated her talents, poring over German metaphysics and dabbling in paints in a dim little studio. Shut off from the rest of her family, with Ruskin in one hand and her brush in the other, she had grown learned in the mysteries of Art. Then when she met the Professor, whose suppressed worship for it only waited means of development, who discoursed by the hour on æsthetics and revelled in subtle abstractions, what more natural than for each to believe they had met their ideal, as doubtless they had? It was fortunate for these two impractical young creatures that the Professor's salary was sufficient for bread and butter without much skill in managing. But notwithstanding, Lollie had drooped out of her studio, and when the cares of motherhood were added, faded perceptibly from day to day.

At first during the summer her chief pleasure was being driven to the Hall. It was one's ideal of a country-house, which is neither an Italian villa nor a suburban palace; old-fashioned, irregularly built, with long wide halls, airy high-pitched rooms, and an air of scrupulous neatness and comfort from cellar to garret. Lollie's favorite way of spending the day was lying on a sofa in the sitting-room, too weak to talk very much, watching the flickering shadows play hide-and-seek among the old portraits on the white walls, dreamily inhaling the pure sweet air which came in through the closed blinds, laden with the odor of spicy pinks and slumberous heliotropes, dreamily watching Beck as she taught the children, or converted yards of cloth into shapely garments with her busy sewing-machine, or petted and cared for the equally helpless mother and child. As the days passed these visits ceased; but just in proportion as her strength failed she grew more dependent on Beck. It was

always Beck, until the Professor became almost jealous. There were no arms so strong as Beck's, no hands so gentle, no presence so quieting to the excited nerves.

Who may tell the thoughts which came to the dying woman that summer, the truths that were borne in upon her mind, the startling revelations which were made? She would follow Beck around with great restless eyes and troubled lips, and at last catch her hand, hold it tightly, convulsively, look up despairingly into the kind eyes, and cry out, "Oh, Beck! oh, Beck!" in passionate, unutterable longing. It would be impossible to portray the womanly sympathy, the wonderful tact which in those moments were never at fault, were never at a loss in soothing, in strengthening.

One day in September the Professor came in, his face aglow, holding an open letter, which brought the news of an unexpected legacy. If not rich, they were no longer poor. He could devote himself to art, and Laura in dear old Italy would grow well and strong again. She listened to his words with dreamy pensiveness. "I am very glad for you, Ranny," she said at last, "but you must make up your mind, dear, to go without me."

He tried to reply, but the unexpectedness of her speech disarmed him. His voice was choked.

"I know you will tell me," she continued, calmly, "that of that day and hour no man knoweth; but I do not think I am mistaken. And, in view of this, I wish to say something to you of our child. Dear Ranny, when I am gone, I beg you to leave it with Beck. I choose her from among all women to raise my baby."

"I trust in God," he answered brokenly, "that you alone may have that sacred privilege. But —"

She interrupted him. "You think," she said, "my choice a strange one — that it is opposed to all the ruling principles of my life. But, oh, Ranny, dear Ranny, this summer has made me a different woman. I have seen, with what anguish God alone knows, the failure of my life. I have learned there are higher things in life than abstractions, I have learned that duty is greater than art. One day your eyes will also be opened, and you will thank me for saving my child; but you will also see how weak a wife, how poor a mother, I have been. And it is Beck who has taught me this; Beck, upon whom we both looked with conscious superiority in our blindness." And here she who had shed no tears at the thought of death, wept like a child.

That night Beck was summoned, to find the household in confusion, and Lollie drifting in those waters where the bravest sink. And it was Beck's trembling lips which repeated the divine words of comfort to the fainting soul, it was to Beck that she clung in those supreme hours, and it was upheld in Beck's strong young arms, on Beck's faithful heart, that the "mortal put on immortality," the faint breath fluttered from the white lips, and life was no longer a mystery!

Two years passed. Early in the second spring the Professor returned for the summer. He had spent those years in Europe studying his art, and brought with him some reputation, some finished pictures,

and a great many unfinished ones. He came that he might be near his child. While in the quiet of the country he devoted himself to his great work, to the working out of his greatest conception, to the embodying of the dream which had haunted his mind from his youth up. He found his little Lollie small it is true, but with round active limbs and sweet dimpled face, as merry a little sprite as one could wish. And his heart was satisfied. Then he arranged his studio, and made it perfect in its way. In it hung a sketch of the picture he was to paint. With the gracious affability of old, which savored so much of condescension, he showed it to Beck. It was to be called "Womanhood." It might have been Una in her virgin purity, or St. Cecilia in her rapt adoration. It represented the hour when moon and stars are beginning to pale in the light which breaks in the east. Emerging from a dark, dim forest, half lost in the ghostly shadows, appeared a woman with weird yet beautiful face. Her eyes were turned to the eastward. In her hand she bore a lily, an emblem of the fearless innocence which, protected by itself alone, watched and waited through the long drear night for the dawn of light upon the earth. There was a suggestiveness, a mystical depth of shadow surrounding the picture which fascinated one. He never doubted it would be a success, and yet for weeks the canvas was untouched, the brush idle, the palette unsoiled. He felt for the first time a disinclination for work impossible to subdue, and so he told himself that it was a natural reaction after long-continued labor, and that he could afford to rest awhile. Then followed long, quietly happy days at the Hall, where he amused himself in his grave dignified way with his child; and never having spoken to one before, he grew to believe her the most wonderful of her sex. As the days passed by he found nothing so pleasant as sitting dreaming over a book with the broken chatter of little Lollie floating around him, watching Beck in her neat trim dress, with beautiful unruffled face, doing (so it seems to him) a thousand things at once. He used to wonder in lazy fashion why it was she never tired, why her energy never flagged, though from morning to night it was always "Beck" from the Colonel and Tom down to his own little Lollie. He began to see that however much her heart might be in her work, there must have been times when the busy feet were weary, the elastic frame overtaxed; yet no one saw her otherwise than cheerful and happy. He did not seek to penetrate the girl's inner life, to discover the motive-power of that untiring effort, that almost entire self-abnegation. It is to be doubted if it ever occurred to him that such a life existed. There are so many great moral obligations which the world with all its hollowness fastens upon us, there are such palpable and powerful motives for our acts in the praise or blame of man, that I think it is very seldom we suspect or look for more hidden ones. And sometimes when a deeper, a purer feeling or principle underlies our lives, there are very few who from the surface indications can tell of the gold which is veined beneath, there are very few whose souls are sufficiently elevated to thrill at the approach of the mighty spirit which flashes from the dull clouds that drift around them.

One evening Beck is sitting on the porch-steps with her work, he

quietly reading near her. "I should think, Miss Rebecca," he says, after a thoughtful study of the clear pure profile, "that after the morning's work you would prefer reading to sewing?"

"You are right," she says, "I would prefer it. But it is hardly the time one would choose for heavy reading, and I do not care for novels — or rather," she adds, correcting herself, "I do not care to read them."

"And why, may I ask?" he questions. "Do you consider it a waste of time?"

"No," she answered; "but to confess the truth (lifting her honest eyes to his), I am silly enough to put them down feeling dissatisfied with my quiet life, although I know no other could be happier."

"No other could be happier?" he repeats, half questioningly, half to himself, gazing dreamily before him. "Are you sure of that, Miss Rebecca?"

Despite every effort her cheeks burn, but she is spared an answer, for Tom comes suddenly up. "Put up your work, Beck," he says, approaching, "and come out with me for a walk."

"Thanks, Tom," she answers, "but I wish to finish my sewing this evening. I will go with you some other time."

He looks quickly at the work. It is a dress for little Lollie. His eyes flash. An insane jealousy lashes him into fury. He seizes her hands. "Beck!" he cries, "will you put up that work and come?"

"No," she says gently; "I cannot, Tom."

"Once more," he cries more vehemently, "are you coming?"

"No," she says, lifting her head proudly. "*I will not*, Tom."

He throws her hands from him. "Then stay," he says; "and may you be rewarded for your unselfish devotion to that miserable little —"

He stops abruptly. The Professor is standing before him.

"Pray finish your sentence," he says sternly. "You have not restrained your insults to your cousin, there is less reason why you should to me."

Tom glares sullenly at him, but fortunately just then the Colonel rides up, and joining the party, effectually prevents a reply. Finally he drags Tom off, and again the two are alone together. With the quick decision of her character, she raises her eyes to his face and is about to speak. But he divines her meaning. "I know it," he says gently. "I understand it all."

She turns away her face with a sigh, then speaks: "Since you know a part," she says, "through no fault of mine, it is due myself that you should know all; or at any rate why I still stay in his father's house. It has been going on for years. I talked to him plainly from the first. I reminded him how dependent his father and the children were upon me, and I told him for their sakes, however painful it might be to me, I would remain if he would never mention the subject again. This he promised to do, but in the last few months he has taken advantage of my unwillingness to desert those so dear to me, and now I feel that it is no longer my duty to stay. I must leave them."

She speaks very quietly, but with a thoughtful decision which shows it is no hasty resolve. And the Professor? All at once, with the

quickness of lightning, the truth breaks in upon him. He is no longer blind. He is filled with wonder as he thinks of the quiet devotion, the unswerving adherence to duty, not only through daily trials of bodily strength and patience, but through difficulties he had never dreamed of. And with this sudden light in darkness, a great humility falls upon the man, a reverence akin to awe arises in his soul. He would give worlds to tell her the thoughts which overpower him ; he could throw himself at her feet and pour out with passionate self-reproach his penitence, the joy, the sorrow of this awakening. But a new feeling of almost timidity restrains him ; and so, rising up sorrowfully, he wrings her hand, and not so much as lifting his eyes to her face, goes silently from her presence. Shortly afterwards he announces that his picture is begun, and thereafter they see but little of him. But when at rare intervals he comes, though he is growing thinner and paler under the close confinement, a different spirit seems to possess him. There is a light in his eyes, a tremulous half-smile about the grave lips as of one who hears the distant footsteps of a far-off joy, who waits the coming of long-deferred hope. Beck notices the change, and it is to her an augury of the success of his picture. And for herself, though the strong young heart does not faint, the trials of the summer are sore, and the sweet color pales on the lovely cheeks and the smiles die from the beautiful lips. How she loved that dear old home — every room was sacred. How she wept over those children, whom she had so faithfully loved and tended. Sometimes listening to the wind fluttering the white curtains, bearing up to her the merry noise of the children at play in the yard below, it would all seem a terrible dream. The next moment the acute realisation of the truth would be full of a bitterness inexpressible, and for the time her strength would fail. But no eye save God's beheld her weakness. Heaven knows what the tender heart suffered, what the brave spirit endured.

At last in the fall the Professor wrote over to say that his picture was finished, and that he would come for her that evening to see it. As she wished to speak to him of Lollie, he found her ready to return with him. Her sympathy in his pleasure was as genuine as of old, but with a pang he noted how much more delicate were the outlines of face and figure, for he no longer saw with contempt that splendid physical perfection. They had only a mile to walk, through woods just beginning to wear a thousand lovely tints. Beck was the first to speak. "I have wished for some time," she says, "to speak to you of Lollie. I go in a week to live with my aunt, and it is possible you may prefer that she should not go." She is very calm ; her words are almost cold. The self-control she is putting upon herself buries her feelings out of sight.

"That I shall leave to you to decide, Miss Rebecca," he says gently. "You surely have the best right to her. As long as you wish to keep her I shall never take her from you."

His gentleness overcomes her. She, whose sympathy is ever ready, whose pity and thoughtfulness for others never fail, has received so little of either in her short life that the kindness of the tones breaks up the great fountains of her soul. Tears rush from her eyes, great

sobs stifle her utterance. She weeps with the utter abandonment of a strong nature whose struggles are finally overcome. The Professor seats her on a fallen tree and stands beside her. He does not attempt to check those tears ; he knows what a relief they must be to the overcharged heart. Finally, as the storm subsides, she says, brokenly :

"I cannot thank you for your kindness : it is unnecessary. You know that to keep Lollie will be the one pleasure of my life. But it is perhaps selfish to wish it, and I beg that you will think of yourself, not me."

It touches him to the soul to hear this woman speak of selfishness. He gazes into the pure depths of the matchless eyes still brimming with tears. He sees the exquisite face beautiful with the inner glory of the grand true soul, and he thanks God who has at last opened his eyes to this perfect womanhood.

"I shall never take Lollie from you," he repeats, his voice full of a tenderness she has never heard in it before, "but I beg, I pray you, Beck, to bring her to me." His face is white with emotion ; and she, surprised for an instant, keeps her silent, then she buries her face in her hands with a low moan. A terrible anxiety assails him.

"Beck !" he cried, "I love you, and you turn away from me ! Have I then nothing to hope ?"

Her face is still hidden, her voice almost inaudible as she answers : "You are deceiving yourself. It is impossible that you should love me, so opposed to all of your ideals. You only pity me in my sorrow, you are only grateful for my love to your child."

"But, Beck," he cries eagerly, "suppose I prove to you that you alone are my ideal, that this is no new feeling, no sudden impulse, what then ?"

She shakes her head. "That is impossible," she says simply.

"At least, then," he cries, "give me a chance ! Come with me, Beck."

Then they passed silently through the fragrant wood in the mellow golden sunset, and reaching the house, he takes her to his studio. He opens the door. Just where the rich light will best fall upon it is the picture, with a cloth spread lightly over it. The Professor approaches it, he draws the cloth away, and there, looking down from the canvas, she sees her own face, with no mystic shadows marring its beautiful serenity, but with tender loving eyes and sweet half-smiling lips. And at that sight a great joy rushes in upon the girl. Half-shyly her eyes seek the Professor's. The cloth has fallen from his hands, his arms are outstretched.

"Beck ! Beck !" he cries, and then — the curtain falls.

S. W. H.

GRANT'S CAMPAIGN IN NORTH MISSISSIPPI IN 1862.*

GENERAL J. E. JOHNSTON,

Vice-President Southern Historical Society.

DEAR GENERAL :—

AFTER the repulse of Van Dorn from Corinth on the morning of October 4th, he fell back to Chewalla, eight miles from Corinth, with his shattered forces, and bivouacked there. The division of Lovell having taken no part in the assault upon the works of Corinth, was the only portion of our army in good order, and now served a good purpose by marching in the rear and presenting a good front to the enemy, should he pursue us. On the march to Chewalla and during the night Maury's and Greene's divisions were continually receiving accessions of stragglers, and by daylight of the 5th our companies and battalions were reorganised, and, as the result proved, we were again in good fighting order.

Our ranks had been fearfully thinned by the combats of the two previous days. Maury's division had marched from Chewalla to the attack of Corinth on the morning of the 3d with forty-eight hundred muskets in ranks; on the morning of the 5th our roll-call showed eighteen hundred men present for duty. Greene's division had suffered almost as severely; and worst of all, as we looked upon our thinned ranks and noted the loss of our bravest and best men, then lying upon the slopes of Corinth, we felt how bootless had been their sacrifice, and how different the result would have been had our charge upon the works been supported. The utmost depression prevailed throughout the army, and it was with no elation we heard our dauntless leader, Van Dorn, had determined to make another attack that day on the enemy at Rienzi. The pioneers, preceded by an advance-guard of cavalry, had already before daylight of the 5th been sent forward on the road to Rienzi, when Van Dorn was induced by the representations of some of his principal generals as to the condition of their troops to countermand the orders for the Rienzi movement, and to take the route for Ripley, *via* the Tuscumbia and Davis's bridge over the Hatchie. Our wagon-train was parked at the Tuscumbia bridge. Wirt Adams's cavalry brigade, with Whitfield's Texas Legion, had been thrown forward across the Hatchie, and guarded the approaches from Bolivar to Davis's bridge. No serious apprehension was entertained of being opposed on our return route; but we had every expectation of being pursued by Rosecrans from Corinth. Therefore Maury's division, having suffered most severely, was placed in front of the army, and Lovell's not having suffered at all, marched as rearguard of the army.

By sunrise we were on the march. At the Tuscumbia we found our wagons; and hundreds of our stragglers who had passed the night

* The narrative of the earlier part of this campaign will be found in Vol. XI, No. 5.

with the train, where rations and water were so plentiful, and where the presence of the cheerful retinues of the quartermasters and commissaries gave assurance of safety, were induced to resume their proper places in our ranks. It was about 10 A.M., and we had arrived with the head of our column to within one mile of the bridge over the Hatchie, when a courier from Wirt Adams galloped up and reported to General Van Dorn that "the enemy in heavy force is moving from Bolivar to oppose the crossing of the Hatchie." Van Dorn turned to General Maury, who was riding by his side, and said with the cheerful manner which the near prospect of a fight always gave him, "Maury, you are in for it again to-day. Push forward as rapidly as you can and occupy the heights beyond the river before the enemy can get them." Moore's brigade, about eight hundred strong, moved forward at the double-quick promptly at the word, crossed the bridge, and had reached the foot of the high ground south of the river when the enemy's line was discovered already forming on the crest, and a six-gun battery opened an enfilading fire with canister and grape upon us. At this moment the brigade, in column of fours, was marching along a narrow lane which led straight towards the enemy's battery. General Maury and General Moore, with their staff-officers, were at the head of this column and within five hundred yards of the battery when it opened fire upon us. The aim seemed good, for the shot spattered in the sand all around us, and the sabots bounded with their humming sound close about us; yet not a man in the brigade was touched. In the next second the lane was cleared, and the brigade was forming into line of battle to the right of it, and prepared to storm the heights. These were already occupied by the forces under General Ord, which had been rapidly pushed down from Bolivar by that officer, and now to the number of eight or ten thousand held the ground which covered the only practicable crossing of the Hatchie river. Ord did not wait for Moore to assault him, but forming his troops into two lines of battle, swept down the slope towards the river, forcing Moore back, and breaking up his whole brigade. Some were captured, some were driven into the river, and scarce an organised company came out of the conflict.

By this time the Texas brigade, Russ's dismounted cavalry, had come up. General Maury rapidly formed them on the little ridge which commands the bridge from the north side. Colonel Burnett, Chief of Artillery of Maury's division, one of the bravest and ablest artillery-officers of our army, now saw his opportunity, and rapidly massed all the batteries of the division on this eminence. About two hundred yards before them lay Davis's bridge, over which Ord's forces must pass to attack us. Burnett charged his guns with double canister, and swept that bridge until near five hundred of the enemy were laid on or about it. Ord was wounded and his army held in check. Cabell's brigade (Arkansians) rapidly formed up on the right of Russ's, and though the two combined did not exceed twelve hundred men, they checked every attempt of the enemy to cross, and steadily held their ground, until after several hours they were ordered to retire. It is only just to these gallant troops to say that *they* saved Van Dorn's army that day.

The whole of our train, about five hundred wagons, and our army now lay in the forks of the Hatchie. The Tuscumbia river, crossed only by a bridge, was in our rear, and the Hatchie river and bridge in our front. On our left flank, six miles distant, was another bridge crossing the Hatchie by what is called the "Boneyard road" to Ripley. Early in the day Armstrong had been sent with his cavalry brigade to guard this road and destroy the bridge. He had begun the destruction of the bridge when he heard the sounds of battle at the Davis's bridge, and with a soldier's instinct understood at once the condition of affairs. He sent a courier to Van Dorn to say that he might turn the train and army into the Boneyard road, and he would have the bridge repaired by the time they would reach it. This was promptly done, and when all were fairly on the new route, Maury was ordered to withdraw from his position and follow the train. By 10 P. M. we were all safely over the Hatchie, and without the loss of a wagon. The night was clear, the moon was full, and we, relieved from the danger of capture which had seemed inevitable, marched so lightly along our road that by daylight we were bivouacked eighteen miles beyond the Hatchie river, while Ord with eight thousand men guarded Davis's bridge, and Rosecrans with twenty thousand men watched the Tuscumbia bridge, neither of them doubting that in the morning we would surrender without another shot on the appearance of the summons they would send us.

Never did an army more narrowly escape than did Van Dorn's from the forks of the Hatchie. Before Ord's guns had ceased firing on our advance Rosecrans had attacked our rear at the Tuscumbia. They could each hear the other's artillery; and ignorant of the existence of the Boneyard road, they seem to have felt secure of their prey, and indisposed to press an enemy at bay whose prowess they had such good reason to respect. After this they made no energetic pursuit, and we continued on our march towards Holly Springs without further molestation.

At Holly Springs five thousand exchanged prisoners taken at Fort Donaldson joined us, and many absentees and stragglers came in. The enemy remained supine, and for more than a month we were encamped about Holly Springs, and actively engaged in reorganising, refitting and reinforcing our army. A vigorous pursuit immediately after our defeat at Corinth would have prevented all this and effectually destroyed our whole command.

It was late in October before Grant moved upon us at Holly Springs. We retired before him without offering battle, and occupied a strong line we had fortified behind the Tallehatchie, about twenty-five miles south of Holly Springs. Here again Grant delayed in an unaccountable manner his further advance upon us, and it was late in November before he moved from Holly Springs. His army had been largely reinforced, and was now estimated at sixty thousand men. Ours numbered about sixteen thousand infantry and artillery, with less than three thousand cavalry.

Sending a strong column around our left flank, Grant came along the main direct road from Holly Springs, which crosses the Tallehatchie by a bridge half-a-mile below the railroad bridge. Maury's

division held these crossings from November 29th to December 2d, and checked the advance of Grant's army until all our trains and troops were well on the march for Grenada, where we would make our next stand. December 2d we fell back to Oxford, where we halted for the night. Next day we marched eight miles beyond Oxford and bivouacked. Next day we crossed the Youghoney, or Yocone, bivouacking near Springdale. On the 4th and 5th December we halted near Coffeeville, where we rested one day. The enemy's cavalry pressed upon us here, until it was handsomely repulsed by Tilghman's brigade, after which we marched unmolested to Grenada, and took position behind the Yallobusha to receive battle on December 6th.

But again Grant remained inactive in our front. Pemberton had now taken command of our department, and Van Dorn was in immediate command of our army. Chafing under this deposition from the chief command which followed his defeat at Corinth, Van Dorn's ardent temper burned for some brilliant achievement which would vindicate his soldiership and restore the prestige of his former high reputation. He ascertained from his outlying pickets that Grant had accumulated vast depots of supplies at Holly Springs, which were guarded by no very large force, and resolved to destroy these depots and thereby compel the retreat of Grant's army, which depended on them. Just before Christmas therefore Van Dorn organised a cavalry force of two thousand men, and taking command in person, passed around Grant's army, and dashed into Holly Springs about dawn one winter's morning, surprising and capturing the garrison, and gaining complete possession of the great depots of supplies which filled the place. These he destroyed, and made good his return to Grenada without having sustained any serious loss. This brilliant blow ended Grant's campaign in North Mississippi, caused the immediate retirement of his army, and enabled Pemberton to detach reinforcements to Vicksburg, where General Sherman had landed a formidable expedition, intended to carry the place by *coup-de-main*.

It has always seemed inexplicable that General Grant retained the confidence of his Government after the failures of this campaign. His mistakes were palpable, and their consequences disastrous. At Iuka Grant's combined movement, concerted with Rosecrans, failed through Grant's delay. Rosecrans made his circuitous march of near twenty miles by the Jacinto road around Price's left flank and attacked before 4 P. M. Grant on the same day moved from Burnsville, eight miles distant, to attack us in front; but so tardy were his movements that Rosecrans had fought his battle and been repulsed, and night had fallen, before Grant deployed his line of battle; and he actually remained all night two miles from the battle-field, with no enemy in his immediate front except the picket-line of Maury's division. This unexplained slowness enabled Price to extricate his army and train from between Grant and Rosecrans, and escape what would have been certain capture had Grant been prompt as Rosecrans.

Again, two weeks later, after the defeat of Van Dorn at Corinth, Grant failed to press his beaten enemy, but permitted him to lie un-

molested at Holly Springs for one month, and until his (our) army was refitted, reinforced and reorganised. Grant then moved most slowly and cautiously to Holly Springs, and remained there one month, while we lay behind the Tallehatchie, twenty-five miles off. Late in November he moved from Holly Springs with sixty thousand men, sending a column around our left flank, so that we abandoned our defences on that line and retired towards Grenada.

Here we remained until near Christmas, when Van Dorn seized the opportunity which Grant's crowning blunder afforded, swooped upon his unguarded depots, and terminated his campaign in North Mississippi. What was the mysterious influence of this man over his Government, that he was treated with unabated confidence after such flagrant *lachesse* and incapacity?

We must now go back a little to relate the more clearly the sequel of these operations of General Grant, which ensued only a few days after his Holly Springs disaster, terminated in Sherman's defeat at Chickasaw Bluff, and was the last act of the Grant campaign in Mississippi in 1862.

In December, while Grant was so leisurely moving down the Central Railroad and bearing our little army back towards Grenada, Sherman was sent with a force, estimated at twenty thousand men, to seize Vicksburg. He would then move to Jackson, and thus Van Dorn would be placed with his little army of just 16,000 men between the armies of Grant and Sherman, and would have been forced to evacuate Mississippi. Sherman disembarked his army on the Yazoo river, above Vicksburg, about December 20th. The place was then defended by an insufficient force, and must have fallen an easy prey to an energetic attack by such an army as General Sherman now brought against it. But Sherman delayed his attack several days, thus losing precious time and opportunity, and it was not until December 27th that he moved in battle array to fight the battle of Chickasaw Bluff, which so far as we know is the only battle General Sherman ever did fight.

On that day General Stephen D. Lee commanded five regiments of infantry and two light batteries, twenty-five hundred men and twelve guns, which confronted Sherman's army on the Chickasaw and Willow bayous. Lee arrayed his little force along the road which leads under the Chickasaw bluff. His centre fronted the opening between the bayous through which Sherman would debouch to the attack. An open cotton-field six hundred yards across lay between the hostile lines. The centre of Lee's line, Louisiana troops, lay in the road, with the bluff at their backs. There was no ditch or embankment, or cover of any sort along this part of Lee's line; nor was there any obstacle to the approach of the Federal forces, except the steady rifles of the brave men who that day achieved the most signal victory of the war.

The troops of Lee's wings were much better posted than his centre; they were on more elevated ground. Their front was in great part securely covered by deep and impassable fissures or gullies, which the enemy could not discover until within point-blank range, and

their fire could sweep the whole front of attack. About four o'clock P. M. the enemy in a heavy column marched out of the timber beyond the bayou, crossed the narrow neck between the bayous, and marched straight against Lee's centre. The column of attack was commanded by General Frank Blair, and moved up in fine and formidable array ; but so deadly was the fire of Lee's line, and so steady were his men, that before the foremost enemy could come within one hundred yards, their lines were broken, the attack was repulsed, the Federals were retreating in disorder to the cover of the woods, leaving one thousand dead, wounded and prisoners on the field, and General Sherman was defeated, and from that moment abandoned all further efforts at an attack, and turned all his energies and attention to effect a safe retreat.

In no battle of the war was the disparity of numbers greater, or was the disparity in losses so great. Lee captured on the ground two hundred and fifty prisoners, officers and men, who in their fright had fallen down ; our men thought them dead, until examination proved them to be entirely unhurt. Several hundred wounded were removed by Lee to his own hospitals, and more than one hundred were killed upon the field. Captain Hamilton, of Lee's staff, killed by the explosion of a caisson, was the only Confederate killed ; ten others were wounded, and this was Lee's whole loss.

It was about the 22d of December when our little army at Grenada heard of the landing of Sherman's large force before Vicksburg, in our rear. Van Dorn had just gone off on his expedition, and those of us who knew his destination were in the deepest anxiety as to its result. This was relieved by the news of his complete success which reached us next day, the 23d, and on Christmas eve our hearts were gladdened by rumors of Grant's retirement from our front. Christmas day was brightened by the certain intelligence that Grant had fallen back with his whole army, and next day Maury's division marched to reinforce Vicksburg. Our advance entered the town as the last cannon-shots were booming on the battle-field ; and we found troops and people in great exultation over Lee's victory, though still anxious for the results of the battle, which would be renewed, as we all believed, at dawn in the morning.

The night closed in stormy and very dark ; but the troops found their suppers already cooked for them, and by nine P. M. we were on the march for the battle-ground, six miles above the city. We were only four hundred, but we were veterans of many battles, and we knew the whole of our division would be up in time for the fight. We felt confident of the result, and our arrival imparted renewed confidence to Lee's little army.

When daylight came it revealed to us Sherman's lines formed as if for defence, in the timber beyond the bayou. All day long they held their places in rifle-pits they had dug during the night. All day long, and for the next two days, our forces were increasing, until the whole of Maury's division was up, immediately followed by Stevenson's, and by the 30th we were prepared to assume the offensive, when on that day, about midday, a flag of truce came from Sherman's lines requesting a truce to bury their dead. Three days before, on the

27th, Lee had sent out burial parties to bury Sherman's dead, but they were fired on and driven in by the enemy's pickets, and his dead had therefore remained on the field in view of both armies, swelling and festering in the rains and the sun until the evening of the 30th. The letter requesting truce was signed by General Morgan. It contained a vague apology for the delay which had occurred in attending to this requirement of civilised war. It was brought to General Maury, commanding on that part of the line, and General Lee was instructed to reply to it and to grant a truce of four hours. Ninety-six dead bodies were removed and buried during the truce, which lasted until near dark. Next morning Sherman had disappeared from our front, and the smoke of many steamers on the Yazoo told us he was making his escape from the scene of his disaster and disgrace. Lee, with the 2d Texas and five or six other regiments, got some flying shots at his rear-guard, and as we afterwards ascertained, inflicted a heavy loss on some of the steamers which were late in getting off.

Thus terminated Sherman's first independent expedition. From Vicksburg he went up to Arkansas Post, and took part in the capture of that place by Porter's fleet. And here it was that Grant came down to meet him and turned him back, saying, "Vicksburg must be taken if it requires my whole army."

The conduct of Sherman during this, his first independent expedition, is open to criticism. The grandeur of his intentions and preparations is in strong contrast with the impotent conclusion. His delay and hesitation in making his attack, the feebleness of that attack, and his unjustifiable readiness to abandon the whole enterprise, evinced incapacity for command. His attempt to evade admitting that the battle-field was Lee's in not applying at once for a truce to bury his dead, and his petty assumption of dignity in causing a subordinate officer to sign the letter which he finally sent requesting a truce, and the gross neglect of his gallant dead consequent upon this unsoldier-like course, were characteristic of the man who has proclaimed that Wade Hampton's troops burned Columbia, and that his did not, and who announces that "*the honor of military men is very different from the honor of politicians.*"

In pleasing contrast with Sherman's conduct of this battle was that of his antagonist, Brigadier-General Stephen D. Lee. Twenty years younger than Sherman, he was yet a soldier of tried experience, and was fresh from the army of Northern Virginia, that school of war commanded by the great master of the art, and had borne a conspicuous part in all of its great battles. Like Sherman, Lee was now commanding for the first time on a field where all was committed to the hazard of battle. The odds against him were fearful — near ten to one — and it was not possible to perceive that the advantages of position were so strongly in his favor as to compensate for his unequal numbers. A commander of less experience and nerve than Lee might have posted the centre of his army on the bluff instead of in the road at its base. But Lee perceived that if his line were on the bluff there would be a dead angle along its front of such extent that the enemy would be safe from fire a long way off, and could

carry his position by escalade. Therefore he resolved to receive the attack at the base of the bluff, and to depend on the marksmanship of his troops and their tried courage, animated by his example, for his sole defence. While Sherman never during the battle showed himself in its front, but remained with his reserves, which he never brought up, Lee's presence was constantly seen and felt along his whole line. Never did commander show himself in battle more freely to friend and foe, and never was such exposure justified by richer results.

The remarkable brevity of General Sherman's references (in his report to the Joint Committee on the Conduct of the War) to operations extending over a campaign of three months, is explained by the failure to accomplish results and by the necessity for *suppressio veri*.

"From December 25th, 1862, to January 1st, 1863, made repeated attacks on the bluffs between Vicksburg and Haines' Bluff, but failed."

The above paragraph contains one statement of fact only, viz., in the last two words. The rest of it is full of the author's characteristic mistakes. It should have read "made an attack on the bluff, etc., but failed." If any other attack besides that I have above described was made on the bluffs between Vicksburg and Haines' Bluff by General Sherman's army in the winter of 1862 and 1863, we who were defending those bluffs *were not aware of it*.

It is well to append here the following report of General W. T. Sherman on his operations during the campaign of 1862-63:

"On September 24th, 1862, by Major-General Grant's order, took command of the first district of West Tennessee.

"November 25th, pursuant to orders of General Grant, moved out of Memphis for Tchulahoma (?) to report to him at Holly Springs, to attack and drive the enemy, then in force along the line of the Tallehatchie river. December 3d crossed the Tallehatchie at Wyatt's, and December 5th met General Grant at Oxford, Mississippi. By his order returned to Memphis December 12th, leaving all my command but one division. Organised out of the new troops there and at Helena, Arkansas, a special command to move by water and by a sudden *coup-de-main* carry Vicksburg. Embarked December 20th, and from December 25th to January 1st, 1863, made repeated attacks on the bluffs between Vicksburg and Haines' Bluff, but failed."

DABNEY H. MAURY.

THE MARTYRS OF SANDOMIR.

A LEGEND OF THE THIRTEENTH CENTURY.

BRAVE Polish chiefs went forth from Sandomir
With words of peace the Tartar foe to greet,
And in the Friars' convent, high and clear
Arose the matin chant where brethren meet.
The illumined, gold-clasped tome the novice took,
These words intoning from the Holy Book:—

“The martyrs forty-nine, at Sandomir—”

“My son, what say'st thou?” Prior Sadoc said;

“Give me the Book!—So, brethren, it *is* here,
In characters of light, now truly read!

‘The martyrs forty-nine.’ *We* are forty-nine!
God's Holy Spirit thus makes clear the sign!

“Fathers and brothers, friends who with us pray,

Blest tidings! On the morrow shall unfold
The heaven of heavens to welcome us! our way
By Tartar swords carved to the gates of gold!

Death holds to us the martyr's crown; let fear
Be banished! Friends, my faithful counsel hear:—

“Give all this night to prayer; to-morrow morn

Let us the bread of heaven with thanks receive:

So shall the courage of true faith inborn,
Inspire us each our life with joy to give.”

In solemn preparation passed that night;
Through the tall eastern windows morning light

Fell on the kneeling group of white-robed men,

Army of martyrs! Stoled in priestly state,

Sadoc went up the mass to celebrate,
And each the bread and wine received again.

Silence enwrapped the city; silence fell
O'er all the convent, till the vesper bell

Summoned them to the choir. Magnificent

The compline through the lofty arches swelled,
Each spirit soaring with the gorgeous chant,

On wings of faith in heavenward flight upheld—

“Who dwelleth in the help of the Most High,
Under His shadow shall abide!” their cry.

Hark to the Tartar war-cry ! clear below,
Deadly and terrible. The convent gate
Shivers amain to many a shattering blow !
Quickly the friars form in solemn state.
The *Salve* chanting in triumphant tone,
Into the nave the serried band moves on.

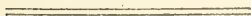
They pause before the altar, every face
Uplifted in that self-commending prayer ;
The pastor gives the sacrament of 'grace,
Passing to every suppliant kneeling there.
The doors are burst, the Tartar foes rush in,
Starting in wonder at the wondrous scene :

Those kneeling forms enrobed in spotless white,
Those hands devoutly crossed, the sacred psalm
Swelling from lips in sacred rapture calm !
The infidels, infuriate at the sight,
Sprang on the flock like wolves, with maddened cry !
One friar started up and turned to fly.

He gained the door ; one backward glance he threw :
He saw his brethren by the sword struck down,
His butchering foes too busy to pursue ;
He heard the joyous anthem swelling on
From lips already cold — no power had death
To still the praises of their dying breath !

"O shame on me of little faith !" he said ;
"Shall I alone refuse for Christ to wait ?
Forgive me, Lord !" and back he swiftly sped,
The anthem singing as he met his fate !
Through ages down to faithful souls 'twas dear
To keep the Martyrs' Feast in Sandomir.

E. F. ELLET.



PLEAS FOR ASTROLOGY.

— divinas artes, et conscia fati
Sidera, diversos hominum variantia casus,
Cœlestis rationis opus, deducere mundo
Aggredior.—*Manilii Astronomicon*, I. 1-4.

THERE are few subjects so unpromising or so repulsive as to have escaped literary treatment. Eulogies in verse and panegyrics in prose have been indited on topics which might seem barren of suggestion and hopeless of praise. Human ingenuity can transmute flint and sea-weed into the semblance of rubies and emeralds and diamonds, and can manufacture pearls out of fish-scales, and the tints of the rainbow out of coal. So the fantasies of credulity and the magic of "strong imagination" can convert into idols of the mind the wildest or the least attractive subjects of meditation.

"All things are bigge with jest; nothing that's plain,
But may be wittie, if thou hast the veine."

From materials immediately at hand it would be easy to draw up a list of twenty-five essays or encomiastic poems on the Donkey, not including Coleridge's apostrophe "To a young Ass"; eighteen in praise of the Gout; fifteen in laudation of Ignorance; thirteen in behalf of Poverty, omitting Patristic Homilies; still more in defence of Nothing; nine in commendation of Folly, headed by the *Moriæ Encomium* of Erasmus; as many in appreciation of Indolence, without counting Thomson's poem; as many eulogies of the Beard, to which should be added the Emperor Julian's *Misopogon*; five lauds of the "Flea"; while the blasts and the counterblasts of the votaries and the adversaries of "Tobacco" are counted by the score, of whom the British Solomon James I. is the chief. "The reason," says Montaigne, "overflows with contradictory aptitudes; it is a two-eared vessel, and may be taken by the left side as well as by the right." The question, moreover, may always be raised, Which is the right side, and which is the left? A mere change of position may reverse the decision.

Encouraged by these reflections, and by the examples which have provoked them, an attempt may be hazarded in favor of a long-abandoned dream, and a brief apology may be offered for Astrology, notwithstanding the reverential belief of centuries has experienced the unmitigated scorn of late generations. One who has seldom "blessed his stars" has little temptation to become a star-gazer or a star-worshipper; and one to whom the planetary courses have not been wholly unpropitious, is not provoked to denounce the signs of his nativity and to quarrel with the significances of the heavens. An apology for past error is no advocacy of the delusive faith; it is only an effort to explain the causes of its acceptance, to render intelligible the tenacity of a belief which now seems to be excessive

stupidity, and to exhibit the slender filaments of truth which have been overlaid by the fantastic embroidery of superstition.

There must be some mysterious adaptation of the mind and heart of man to the grand order of the universe, and especially to the mazes of the stellar world, in its intricate repose or in its various motion. How otherwise could the delusions of the elder time continue to make such a profound impression upon all but the most prosaic temperaments? Despite of all demonstrations of their falsity, and despite of the contumely with which they are now habitually repudiated, we are still attracted by them, if in them we no longer believe. Wallenstein in his tower consulting the portents of fate; Josephine, extending her hand, not yet imperial, to the sable fortune-teller; Napoleon, trusting to the star of his destiny, and following it from victory to victory and from triumph to triumph till it burst forth as "the sun of Austerlitz"; these, and examples like these, exercise a strange fascination over the feelings which is not wholly due to the magnitude of the interests or the eminence of the personages with which such fancies are entwined. Bulwer's *Zanoni* and his *Strange Story* may assure us of the potent charm which even fictitious tales may derive from the dexterous employment of such antiquated or resuscitated imaginations. This potency cannot be explained without admitting some latent or discernible cause adequate to the influence produced. The universal and ineradicable appetency reveals a perennial spring within. All nature is linked with golden cords about the throne of God; but all nature is also linked with multitudinous but invisible chains about the heart of man. An all-embracing sympathy flows out to the utmost bounds of existence, and thrills through every member:

"— still, the light
Where to all elements contribute, burns
About us and within us, world and soul —"

Deep answereth unto deep across immeasurable distances, and harmonious impulses throb continually through the innumerable orders of the wide creation. This fine communion is vaguely felt by every one in the stillness of midnight, in the exaltation of fancy, in moments of tender sensibility, when the suggestions of daily routine are hushed, and the quiet heart drinks in the whispers of the universe. The music of the spheres, which delighted Plato's unworldly sense, was only the recognition of this large concord. Poets in their fine frenzy, and philosophers in their profoundest speculations, have often felt and have variously avowed the intimate association:

"Man is all symmetric:
Full of proportions, one limbe to another,
And all to all the world besides:
Each part may call the farthest brother;
For head with foot hath private amitie,
And both with moon and tides."

It is not merely to the unchecked reverie of the bard, or to the enthusiasm of youthful love, but is equally to the sober meditation of mature and cool thought, that this universal affinity reveals itself and enforces its acknowledgment.

"— still the heart
 Doth need a language, still
 Doth the old instinct bring back the old names,
 And to yon starry worlds they now are gone,
 Spirits or gods, that used to share the earth
 With man as with their friend.
 Yonder they move, from yonder visible sky
 Shoot influence down; and even at this day
 'Tis Jupiter who brings whate'er is great!
 And Venus who brings everything that's fair!"

The circumstances under which Astrology arose, were well adapted to implant or to extend this intuitive perception of the connection of man with even the remotest objects of the sensible creation. It was at first less an opinion than a creed: not a conclusion of reason so much as a postulate of faith. It was identified with religion: the essence of Sabæism rather than its fruit. It may be impossible for those whose glory it is that they live in the *age of intellect* to appreciate the simple awe and the infantile credulity which looked upon nature with reverential wonder, and venerated natural forces under their most distant but most constant manifestations. Those who regarded with bursting hearts and vacant minds the marvellous and ever-shifting phenomena of life and terrestrial matter, must have looked with eager anxiety for some indication of the persistent power which was concealed by the mutations which it governed. The adoration of the powers of nature was inevitable on the part of those who apprehended a regular order, but who had learned from no revelation the existence of a Divine Sovereign and Legislator. When night descended upon the arid deserts of Arabia, and the cloudless skies of that tropic clime were rapidly illuminated by the multitudinous points of light which started out from the dark and silent depths of space, it was easy for the simple shepherds of the waste to imagine and to believe that there was a divine intelligence and a conscious premonition of fate in the regular but bewildering dance of those kindling orbs. The pillar of cloud by day and of fire by night had guided the wandering Israelites over a part of that vast and dreary wild. A loose rumor or a mutilated tradition of the miraculous journey might suggest or confirm the belief that the celestial fires which burnt for no other apparent use, might veil deities who watched over and governed all temporal change, and who signified by the aspects and combinations of their starry abodes the impending fortunes of nations and men. From various associations, from accidental accordances, from the intensity or the hue of the radiance, special significances and potencies would be assigned to the several planetary bodies; and these imports would be modified by the alterations in their respective houses, by their exaltations and descents, by their relations to each other, as trine, quartile, sextile, conjunctile, or opponent. With these would be ultimately combined their several dominations, terms, triplicities and faces. Thus system growing by art, and growing by diligent artifice, would finally convert into a hallucination or an imposture the dream which had been originally only an indistinct and aberrant apprehension of the wondrous order and mysterious governance of the heavens. Then "the numbers of the sky, and the stars cogni-

sant of fate" would be regarded as an illuminated and mystic scroll, in which the future was recorded long before it arrived, and on which "coming events cast their shadows" in mazes of stainless and unfathomable light.

How profoundly this religious fantasy of the pastoral Arabs, this systematic creation of the Chaldæan sages, impressed itself upon the hearts of other generations, is evinced by the introduction of stars and their influences into the Book of Job and into the Apocalypse; by the continual faith in astrology in Syria and Egypt and Asia Minor; by the tampering with its pretences in Greece and in the Roman Empire; by its diffusion throughout the long obscurity of the Middle Ages, and in some measure even down to our own passing day. Zadkiel's Almanac has not altogether lost its hold on public credulity, though Zadkiel Tao Sze was unmasked as Lieutenant R. J. Morrison, R. N. But Zadkiel and other astrological prophets were not the only relics of the old belief. Many astronomical terms and symbols still in use are bequests of the ancient science of the stars. To that discredited branch of speculation are due the signs of the zodiac; and from the same source have been derived their portentous relations to the parts of the human body, and the lunar influences on seeding and harvesting, on planting and digging roots, on cutting timber and building fences, which adorn our "Farmers' Almanacs," and constitute the oracles of rustics. These indications are elaborately expounded in the vigorous but wearisome verse of Manilius, who assigns them to an Egyptian origin. They are repeated six centuries later in the obscure prose of Joannes Lydus, and through many secret channels they have flowed down the centuries, with a failing and a darkening stream, to the current years. The vitality of these delusions shows the primitive energy of the root whence they sprung. "The stars in their courses" which "fought against Sisera," no longer regulate the tides of battle, or determine, like the beard of Sir Hudibras, the rise and fall of States; but they still continue in some localities to direct the culture of onions and potatoes, and the cutting of pot-herbs and simples.

Confess the folly and the frivolity of all such applications, yet there was both fine imagination and earnest faith in the constant recognition of the divine power pervading all things, and of the Divine Providence, however divided and dismembered, pre-ordaining and accomplishing all the vicissitudes of fortune, and signifying the heavenly decrees by signs and portents upon earth, and by hieroglyphics in the skies. The oldest form of the credulity is surely more poetic, as it is not less full of impressive suggestion, than the dogma into which it was converted by pagan philosophy. That pure, ethereal, living flame, which circulated through the universe—*ignæus vigor*—shaping, sustaining, animating and controlling all rational and irrational existences, furnishing the inspiration of the one and the physical law of the other; which was the ultimate and all-embracing divinity of Pythagoras, the *anima mundi* (or soul of the world) of the Stoics—was not unreasonable, and was less attractive than the simple creed of the first believers in astrology. Yet this Pythagorean and Stoical fiction was treated with respect by Cicero

and Tacitus, commended itself to the pious speculation of Henry More, was half accepted by the learned Cudworth, and is virtually revived and *redivinised* by Moleschott and the most recent scientific materialists. If the elder world had its follies, the living time has its inductive dreams which can scarcely be distinguished from them.

Astrology gave local habitations and specific names to those diffused forces which were intuitively regarded as determining the processes and preserving the order of "the universal frame" and of all its diverse manifestations. The divided agencies which were termed by credulous faith Jupiter or Mars, Mercury or Venus or Saturn, might be all united in the permeating action of an eternal and intelligent fire, in a diffused and constraining ether, in a plastic power, in a disembodied nature, or in the hollow and impalpable abstractions of physical law. The hypothesis, in its more refined and sublimated types, delighted Plato and Plotinus, and was not unwelcome to the large idealism of Bishop Berkeley and Thomas Taylor. We may renounce, but we should not too bitterly despise hypotheses which under various transmutations have fascinated such minds. It is only the old and wrinkled lover, with a youthful wig to cover the silvered hair of age, which courts acceptance in the theories of Darwin, and Huxley, and Spencer.

A plausible defence may be made for Astrology even under its rudest and least discriminating form. If "all are but parts of one stupendous whole," all parts must be connected together by relations of interdependence and of constant interaction. It is and must be so with every organised structure, and the intercommunion becomes closer as well as more intricate with the increasing complexity of the organism. The *mens sana in corpore sano* is only one exemplification of this indispensable principle in a single though noble member of the universe. The law, however, operates along every fibre and through every function of the creation. A living harmony must at all times traverse the vast diapason, and each vibration of every chord must transmit reverberations across the breadth of creation, because all are necessarily tuned in unison. The electrical current which encircles our earth and throws off transverse streams of magnetism which affect all the hidden motions of nature, may be the chain which holds the planets to their courses, and may form "the bands of Orion," and of his most distant constellations. As messages are transmitted in scarcely appreciable moments of time through vast spaces along the telegraphic wires; as angels ascended and descended continually the ladder of Jacob, bringing the orders of heaven, and reporting the transactions of earth—so a constant communication may be supposed to exist between sublunary changes and the aspects of the skies. Is it less miraculous, or more credible, that the intangible currents of electricity should bear our words and thoughts through air and ocean; or that the impalpable rays of the sun should draw our lineaments, or reproduce all images of earth, with unerring accuracy—than that there should be mysterious correspondences between the movements of man and the motions of the stars? Is one of these credences easier than the others?

In these latter days we have learnt to look with curious and often

credulous gaze into the obscure forces of the universe, and science and philosophy alike condescend to illuminate our darkness and to invigorate our recalcitrant faith. If the pre-ordained harmony of Leibnitz be received with ordinary respect, it is difficult to discover any consistency in contemning the astrological reveries of an undisciplined age, since the universal harmony would necessitate an intimate correspondence of all phenomena, and would render each incipient mutation a prognostic of all accordant changes elsewhere.

It is no wonder that this large conception of "the universal frame" fascinated the quick imagination and easy belief of ages untrained to the scientific accuracy of the present time, but protected, even by their error, from the hard, narrow, incredulous arrogance of recent materialistic science. It is no wonder that this interminable concord in the midst of infinite variation gained the firm adherence of those unfettered minds, in consequence of its vast significance instinctively perceived, since it won upon the fancy of Pythagoras and Plato and Plotinus, as well as upon the more sober meditations of Aristotle and Zeno, and many brilliant moderns. Outside of revealed religion no grandeur of thought is more splendid or more captivating, none veils higher truth in its mystical splendor, than this ceaseless and boundless concert of the whole creation.

"From harmony, from heavenly harmony
This universal frame began;
From harmony to harmony
Through all the compass of the notes it ran,
The diapason closing full in man."

Each change produces change through all the breadths of creation, and conspires to produce still further change in all things. Each motion is the result of all anterior motions, and the exponent of all motions throughout space. The heedless shout of a boy vibrates beyond the atmosphere, beyond the empyrean, and does not die without responding effect, even on the shores of eternity. There is no absurdity then in supposing that the stars in their shining courses may be indices on the grand dial-plate of creation, moved by the clock-work of the skies, and significant of all terrestrial and other mutation. The general principle is espoused by Leibnitz; it underlies and animates his whole theory, and it is explicitly avowed by him.* Is a doctrine to be utterly contemned on account of its excesses and misapplications which in the eighteenth century inflamed and sustained the superb and all-comprehending intellect of Leibnitz?

The correspondence between the stellar aspects and sublunary changes is not altogether delusive, or it would be impossible to foretell for centuries, or to calculate retrospectively, the occurrence of eclipses and occultations, and the return of comets. The alternation of day and night, the succession of the seasons, the phases of the moon, the ascensions of the sun, the rising and setting of the constellations, the fixed and wandering stars—all act on man and animals and plants, or mark changes by which they are affected.

* "Omne corpus ab omni eo officitur quod in universo accidit, ita ut is qui omnia perspicit in unoquoque legere possit quod per totum accidit, imo etiam quod jam factum, aut adhuc futurum, in presenti observans quicquid tam secundum tempus, quam secundum spatium elongatur."—*Principia Philosophiæ*, § 63.

"Ipse Pater statuit, quid menstrua Luna moneret,
Quo signo caderent Austri, quid sæpe videntes
Agricolæ propius stabulis armenta tenerent."

Unless there were some agreement between celestial combinations and events on earth, there could be neither scientific prevision in astronomy nor regulated order in human operations. Do not the mariner's sextant and his observations of the sun guide his vessel across the ocean and reveal its place on the waste of waters? If such an agreement exist, the pretensions of astrology are not absolutely unfounded, however extravagant and untenable they may have often been. Doubtless the old astrologers — Chaldaean sages on the Babylonian plains, Tarutius Firmanus casting the horoscope of Rome, Thrasyllus questioning the skies about the fates of Emperor Tiberius and himself, or Jerome Cardan, Dr. John Dee, or the notorious Lilly — may have spent their lives in futile labors. All is not therefore false. There is much that is worthy of admiration as well as of pity, in the long vigils which with misdirected zeal "outwatched the stars," to elicit from their flaming characters and mazy dance the secrets of destiny. The charlatanry of Henry Cornelius Agrippa, of Michael Nostradamus, and of all that tribe, may merit derision and scorn; other treatment is due to the misapplied industry of philosophers like Roger Bacon, who sought to tame to modest ends the rash efforts of their contemporaries. More than three hundred years after the Franciscan friar, Francis Bacon neatly distinguished between the aims and claims of the discredited science, admitting that "the ends or pretences are noble; for astrology pretendeth to discover that correspondence or concatenation which is between the superior globe and the inferior." In like manner, in the revision and expansion of his *Advancement of Learning*, while following St. Augustine in declaring that "astrology was so crammed with exuberant superstition that scarcely anything sound could be found in it," he added, "nevertheless we deem it worthy of correction rather than of total rejection."

The extravagance of the pretensions of Astrology, and of the hopes or professions of its votaries, produced flagrant folly and consequent contempt. Nowhere is there a more amusing outpouring of the violence of ridicule on this subject than the controversy between Hudibras and Sidrophel. But Hudibras is no more of a sage than Sidrophel. There are considerations, however, which may commend the moderation of Lord Bacon. The laughs may have wit, but they have not all the reason on their side.

Since Bayle's refutation of cometary portents, and his disproof of their prognostication of the death of princes or the decay or overthrow of states, none will be so hardy as to revive the exploded theory. Yet there is some mysterious concomitance between wonders in heaven and marvels on earth. The frequency and intensity of auroral discharges demonstrate disturbance of electrical equilibrium. The derangement of electrical conditions does not merely disorder telegraph lines, but it affects the physical constitution, engenders fevers in the blood, acts on bodily distemperature, and perhaps affects the development of vegetation. The spots on the sun, with their irregular periodicity, are conjectured to have some connection with

storms, temperatures, and other atmospheric phenomena. Whatever judgment may be formed in regard to the incandescent gases which fringe the sun with solar flames, they too exercise a subtle influence on the sustaining and illuminating medium by means of which all things exist and receive visibility and hue. Earthquakes and volcanoes are intelligibly associated; but they have also some connection with electrical agitations and with tempests, and these again with astral movements. Comets may wheel in their amazing orbits without destroying planets in their course, without effecting a single visible change in the economy of the heavens or conveying a solitary message to wondering man. Still some explanation is needed for the surprising concurrence of cometary visitants, of electrical commotions, of earthquakes and inundations, droughts and deluges, with pestilences, famines, wars, and political convulsions. Is there no sympathy between things in heaven and things on earth? Is there no order in this parallelism of disorder? May not the same Supreme Governor who guides the fortunes of humanity, who settled and maintains the whole cosmical scheme, have decreed that there should be consonance and conformity between the sublunary and the supralunary spheres? If "the whole creation groaneth and travaileth in pain together," may not the placid stars in the heavens above reflect in some abstruse manner the fortunes of the world below? To say that they do, would transcend the design of this inquiry. To say that they do not, as is ordinarily said, appears equally to transgress the evidence for such a negation. The excesses of astrological pretenders, and the indiscriminating repudiation of their professions which has thus been provoked, have diverted attention from the plausibilities of Astrology, and may have concealed something that was true in its claims.

It is presumptuous to adopt the long-current tone of unreflecting skepticism in regard to all that lies beyond "our philosophy," and to reject as entirely false what so long secured general credence, and so recently retained the partial faith of eminent philosophers. It is unreasonable and inconsistent to glory in such rejection in a day that believes in clairvoyance, table-turning, Darwinism, and planchette, and has witnessed the wonders of steam, telegraphy, and the spectro-scope.

This apology, which is not all paradox and jest, and is far from being all earnest, may be fitly closed with a citation from Leibnitz. "I confess," says he, "that it is possible that the motions of the stars may be signs of occurrences in the world, as the lines of the hand are of things in the body." (*Leibnitiana*, § xcix.) The subject had attracted much of his attention, as is manifest from his correspondence with Placcius.

G. F. H.

A VISIT TO PARAGUAY.

II.

ASUNCION.

THE city of "Our Lady of Ascencion," or Asuncion as it is almost always called, the capital of Paraguay, lies in latitude 25° south, and longitude 57° west. It is prettily situated on the left bank of the river Paraguay, on land rising some fifty feet above the river. The river Paraguay is here a quarter of a mile in width ; and with a depth of water in the most favored seasons of from fifteen to twenty feet, with a well-defined channel and few natural obstructions to navigation, it was well adapted to commerce. Not a single hotel was to be found in this "great capital," as the Paraguayans call it, a city of seven thousand inhabitants. His Excellency the President had, however, most courteously given orders that we should be quartered in one of the houses that his predecessor Francia had confiscated, and which was now the property of the "Estado," or State. This house had once boasted of some architectural proportions, but was now alas ! sadly shorn of its size and beauty. Francia had desired to have the streets of the capital straight and the frontage even. A notification to the owner was all that was necessary ; he was compelled to halve, quarter, or entirely demolish his house at his own expense, and this was to be done by a certain day, else the Government undertook it and the proprietor was charged with the cost. Our domicile was cut in half by the street, and the proprietor not being able to pay for this division, the remaining half was confiscated to pay for it. This was one of many houses in the capital owned by the State, and their possession was obtained in like manner.

Our arrival was officially communicated to the Minister of Foreign Affairs, and on calling to pay our respects, arrangements were made for our reception by His Excellency Señor Don Carlos Antonio Lopez, the President of the Republic of Paraguay. Passing a file of soldiers in front of the Government House we entered the vestibule, when one of two sentinels stationed at a side door came forward, received our cards, and announced soon afterwards that we could pass into *the presence*. Entering the door thus guarded, we found ourselves in a long and rather narrow room, on either side cane-bottomed chairs arrayed next the wall, and at the farther end, seated at a round table, on which lay a few books and papers, was a portly figure in full uniform with cocked-hat on, whom we were not slow in recognising as the President of Paraguay. Without rising, but uncovering, he motioned us to seats ; when after thanking him for his kindness in furnishing us a guard, we informed him of the reason of our visit to Paraguay. It was to offer the mediation of the United States between Buenos Ayres and Paraguay, and prevent the latter

from affording aid to the Governments of England and France. Buenos Ayres had no sooner been mentioned when His Excellency became eloquent in denunciation of that Government and the many wrongs that Paraguay had received at her hands. Without disclosing his purpose, we came to the conclusion, after several interviews, that the independence of Paraguay must be recognised as a condition precedent to negotiations, but that out of respect to the Government of the United States he would accept the mediation. His position was simply this : Grant me all I ask and I will treat with you. We took leave of the President highly impressed with his astuteness. To everything pertaining to the interests of Paraguay he was keenly alive, and was thoroughly informed on all questions of boundary and navigation of the interior rivers which had arisen between his Government and that of Buenos Ayres and Brazil. He professed the greatest admiration for the Government and institutions of the United States of "North" America, and next to Paraguay thought it the greatest of republics. At a subsequent visit we presented him with a book containing copies of the Constitution of the United States, Declaration of Independence, and tables of statistics concerning population, products, commerce, and extent of territory. We received in return a copy of the Constitution of Paraguay in the "*Seminario*," the only paper printed in the country, and which is issued at irregular intervals, and contains little besides the decrees of Government.

One of the many things that were indeed strange to us in Paraguay was the fact, that although settled by Spaniards, and now inhabited by their descendants, the Spanish was not the language of the country. The almost universal rule that the conquerors impose their language on the conquered was here reversed, and the once powerful tribe of Guaranis had given their language to their oppressors. This Guaranis nation comprehended innumerable tribes, and occupied the greater part of Brazil and the country east of the Paraguay and Parana rivers. Owing to their tractable nature, and the facility with which their soft and easy-flowing language could be acquired, the Jesuits found them their best subjects for pupils, and here they established their missions. Their language, although entirely different from all others of the many idioms of South America, was yet the same among all their tribal organisations, and was more universally spoken than any other Indian idiom of which we have any knowledge. Speaking the Guaranis language, one could pass through the whole of their territory, that is through Brazil, Paraguay, Buenos Ayres, and even to the confines of Peru, finding no perceptible change in the language. A residence of some years in Buenos Ayres had enabled us to acquire a knowledge of the Spanish sufficient for all practical purposes, and this was of course of great service to us here ; for all the better class could speak Spanish. The language of the people, however, was the Guaranis ; this they always spoke in their own families and among acquaintances, and their Spanish was never used except to a stranger unable to speak Guaranis. As a matter of convenience we soon learned a few phrases in this simple Indian language.

Always curious and interested in all that concerns the poor Indian, we accepted a kind invitation from a Justice of the Peace having charge of Indian affairs in Paraguay, to visit the huts of the warlike and once powerful tribe of the Payaguas. This tribe, from whom the river Paraguay takes its name, had been famed as the most warlike and ferocious of the tribes with whom the Spaniards in the settlement of the country had to contend, and were in all respects in strange contrast with the Guaranis. As an evidence of their prowess a place just above the city of Asuncion still retains the name of *La Lucha*, or the struggle, where the Spaniards met with great slaughter, and were opposed by three hundred canoes of the Payaguas. At a low calculation each canoe would contain ten braves, and one in ten as the number of fighting men in proportion to population would give thirty thousand, and their number probably largely exceeded this.

Since the arrival of the Spaniards among them, and the destroying influences of both the sword and rum, they have continued to decrease, until now the small remnant of this once powerful tribe are accommodated in some twenty huts. These were just outside the city, immediately on the bank of the river, and were within a short distance of each other. Their huts consisted of wooden frames from three to five yards square, some five feet in height, covered with hides fastened to the sides and joined together at the top. We visited them on one of their feast days, and men and women were all more or less under the influence of liquor; the greater part beastly drunk, unable to stand, lying on the ground in all manner of postures, and almost in entire nudity. Some were fast asleep, while others were cutting all sorts of antics, foaming at the mouth, and singing some one thing and some another, in a loud tone of voice which, in compliment to our visit, they raised to the highest possible pitch. All this bestiality, and the squalid condition of everything both in and around their huts, caused a feeling of deep regret and mortification to see that, although for upwards of a hundred years they had remained faithful allies to the Spaniards, nothing had been done to ameliorate their condition, and they were fast passing away to be numbered among the things that were.

After remaining a short time examining their cooking utensils and articles of earthenware, we turned from where this drunken orgie was at its height, and sought the hut of the chief, whom, from his rank, we hoped to find less intoxicated. On arriving at the aperture in the hut through which they crawled, the Justice of the Peace called the chief by name, who immediately answered, and rising from the hide on which he lay stretched, came forth to present himself. He stood before us, and we saw the *cacique* (chief), priest and doctor, who was lord of the once powerful Payagua nation, and whose state of intoxication corresponded admirably with his rank, for he was to all appearance as drunk as a lord. In obedience to an order from the Justice he soon arrayed himself in his dress as chief, which consisted of a magisterial cap, made of the skin of some wild animal, adorned with feathers of various colors, and a great abundance of monkeys' tails; he also wore on each arm bracelets of white feathers.

The chief was then ordered to bring out something which he showed great reluctance in exhibiting, and on which he set more value than on aught else beside. This article so highly prized he regarded evidently as his commission as chief, his diploma in medicine, and his license as priest. It was a piece of smooth hard wood, dark colored, six inches in length, with four sides, each two inches wide, on which were inscribed various hieroglyphics, with small bits of looking-glass inserted here and there. This article we wished to purchase, and showing him money he agreed to part with it, but would soon change his mind and undo the bargain, when an additional piece of money would be tendered, and the same thing would be repeated. All would not do; fond as he was of money, his mace had no price, and although very much in his cups, he had sense enough left to reject all proposals for its purchase.

On different occasions I would speak to them of a future life. Some have told me that they had no idea of such a life, while others told me that the bad Payaguas went to a place where there was an abundance of fire and kettles, but that the souls of the good will remain among the aquatic plants, and will feed on fish and *jacarès* (alligators). And here I must, as a simple *raconteur*, mention a fact of which Mr. Darwin is clearly entitled to the benefit. I asked those who had the idea of a future life why they did not go to the heaven of the Spaniards. They promptly replied that was impossible, as their origin was different, and said their first father was "a fish that we call *Pacu*; yours was the fish that you call *Dorado* ("the gilded"), while the first father of the Guaranis was a *toad*. This is the reason that your color is more bright and beautiful than ours, the only thing in which you excel us, and this is the reason that the Guaranis are ridiculous and despicable like the toad."

Our house was of one story with tiled roof, with some four or five rooms, and yard and garden attached. The dwellings in the city of Asuncion are usually of brick, of one story, and of tiled roof. Our house was comfortable in every respect, except that there was a total want of glass in the windows, which in wet weather was unpleasant, as then, to keep out the rain, it was necessary to exclude the light also. Meals were sent us from a private house, and although abundant, were always plain, and with little or no variety. Fowls and eggs, indifferent beef, either stewed or roast, with the inevitable mandioca, from which a most excellent bread is made, constituted our usual bill of fare. Of vegetables there was a great want, but their place was more than supplied by the great abundance of tropical fruits — oranges, almost every day a large basket from some kind family, and grapes, figs, and bananas in season. Early in the morning our servant, a negro boy, brought us the *maté*, or Paraguay tea, which, as a fine tonic and stomachic, we came to prefer to either tea or coffee. Fortified with six or eight cups of this pleasant beverage, we have ridden a hundred miles a day without tasting food until night, and felt no inconvenience.

The Paraguayans take life easily, and owing to their warm climate and want of incentives to industry and the precarious nature of their possessions, are never in a hurry. A *tertulia*, or evening party, may

cause them to lose sleep at night, but no engagement of any kind will prevent them from taking their *siesta*, which lasts from midday until 4 P. M. Then, say the Paraguayans, only foreigners and dogs are to be seen in the streets.

Were it not for the insect pests, mosquitoes, fleas, and last but not least the *piqué*, or *chigo*, life could be passed most pleasantly, and the *dolce far niente* of the Italian fully appreciated. This *piqué* is a very small insect, not larger than the point of a small needle, which burrows in the flesh of the foot, usually under the nail, and deposits its eggs there in a small sack about the size of a pea, causing excruciating pain until extracted.

The thermometer ranged from 75° to 90° Fahrenheit during the greater part of our residence in the capital; and passing the time within doors during the warmest part of the day, we made ourselves quite comfortable, except during the prevalence of the north wind. Of the effect of this north wind in Buenos Ayres on the bodily system, Sir Woodbine Parrish says: "The sirocco of the Levant does not bring with it more disagreeable affections than the sultry *viento norte*, or north wind of Buenos Ayres; indeed, the irritability and ill humor it excites in some people amount to little less than temporary derangement of their moral faculties. It is a common thing to see men among the better classes shut themselves up in their houses during its continuance, and lay aside all business until it has passed; whilst among the lower order it is a fact well known to the police that cases of quarrelling and bloodshed were infinitely more frequent during the north wind than at any other time." The Paraguayans had not only to bear the ill effects of this *viento norte* upon themselves, but its effects on the temper of the despot Francia were directly visited on them, and it was always observed that his executions were most frequent during the time of its prevalence.

September 7th.—To-day is the anniversary of the birthday of His Majesty the Emperor of Brazil, and on all sides are seen the Paraguayan and Brazilian flags. In many places are entwined the banner of the sole South American Empire and the young Republic whose independence the present Minister of Brazil, Señor Bueno, has just recognised. To-morrow the Brazilian Minister gives a large ball, to which nearly all the young ladies in Asuncion are invited, and nothing else is talked of, and they are on the tip-toe of expectation.

This ball was certainly the most brilliant thing of the kind we witnessed during our stay in Asuncion. The ladies were all dressed in white, but rather old-fashioned, being according to the last book of Paris fashions received in Paraguay, which was of no very recent date. The young ladies present greatly outnumbered the other sex, as most of the young men of the capital were with the Paraguayan army, acting as aides and subordinates to the young general, the President's son, aged about eighteen.

Our music was from a Paraguayan harp, violin, and flute. The harp and harper deserve some notice. The harp was entirely domestic in its manufacture, and although rude in shape, had nevertheless a very sweet tone. The performer was self-taught, and gifted with a fine ear for music. Owing to his decided ability our harper

was in great request, and not a ball was given without his attendance. The President's family had him engaged whenever they gave a party; the Brazilian Minister had a standing engagement with him, as in fact had all the *élite* of the capital. The quick succession of dinners and parties that succeeded our arrival in Asuncion increased his occupation, and so severely taxed his powers of endurance that often he would be quite overcome with sleep. Many were the droll figures and awkward positions he sometimes caused the young ladies to assume. While in the midst of a figure, when he was the sole performer, suddenly would the music cease, and sounds so joyful would be followed by a silence as startling as it was sudden. The cause was soon explained by bestowing a glance at the corner where the musician sat. He who had for so many nights and days made battle had at last to yield to the demands of exhausted nature, and there he was, his hands fallen down by his sides, his head resting on his harp, his eyelids weighed down with sleep, and he entirely unconscious of all that passed around him. He who had during the first half of the figure been making bows to the company so profound that they served to wake him, at last made obeisance to his guitar, and remained in a sleep so deep that it would have done credit to a professor of mesmerism.

We reserve for another occasion an account of the public buildings, of our visit to the library of the Jesuit fathers, with some notes of their missions, together with a notice of some of the distinguished *déténus* of Francia, among them Monsieur Bonpland, the friend and companion of the illustrious Humboldt.

DON.

JOHN BROWN'S INVASION OF VIRGINIA.

THE question whether the United States Government ought to have permitted the triumph of the Oberlin radicals* in their persistent nullification of its law, is one that would be answered very differently by different partisans; and perhaps few politicians would now give the same answer that they would have given before the war. It is certainly evident that a state of insurrection ought not to continue; but the restoration of permanent peace is not an easy matter, else all armies might be speedily dissolved; and restoring peace is often like the attempts to produce sudden silence, wherein those who

* See *Southern Magazine* for August.

cry silence make the most, if not all the noise. The Government could have quelled the Oberlin rebellion at once; but it well knew that such a quelling would raise another rebellion still greater, and which it would be much more difficult to quell; and so one rebellion might have followed another until the whole country had been burnt over by the flames of civil wars. The country was divided not only into two great contending political parties, but the dividing question itself had finally become a purely sectional one, so that, as soon as it came to be a fighting matter, the country would certainly divide geographically to fight it out. It was to avoid precipitating such a struggle as this that the United States Government quietly permitted itself to be triumphed over by the authorised and unauthorised radicals of Lorain county, and of Ohio and the Northern States generally.

But neither severity nor clemency can be absolutely relied upon to cure any evil. The Northern radicals were neither to be mollified by forbearance nor to be intimidated by severity. Forbearance was tried at Oberlin, and severity applied at Harper's Ferry; but still there was an "impending crisis," and the "irrepressible conflict" came. The tornado of war and the whirlwinds of its passion are now so far past that we may consider the different events and their immediate causes without going into the questions of individual accusation or blame. Truly, in one sense no one was to blame, because, in the nature of people and things, the fight had to come at some time. In another sense all were to blame, that it should be necessary to settle any kind of question by a fight. While in still another sense, some persons were more to blame than others; because at all times there were people on both sides who were ready to do justly as to all the vexed questions; while others were implacable and really thirsty for blood—of others, not their own. Thus, Senator Chandler, of Michigan, uttered in a speech the elegant and patriotic sentiment that "without some blood-letting the Union was not worth a cuss!" And while the war was going on, the writer of this article heard a country-loving contractor say in a railroad car: "It is a glorious war. I have made one hundred thousand dollars out of it, and I want it to go on until I make as much agin"—whereat an energetic lady sitting near him gave him a slap as she said, "I have two sons in the army."

The precipitation and failure of the Abolition raid into Virginia led people in the North to give out the impression that its leader, John Brown, was simply a childish old man, partly demented, and a monomaniac on the subject of slavery, and that his mission had neither support nor sympathy in the North. But this was not at all the real state of the case. John Brown was a leading man in the great anti-slavery conflicts in Kansas, and not only self-styled leader and captain, but so recognised by his "Free-soil" brethren and friends in all parts of the United States; and his whole life, and especially its closing scenes, marked him as a man of broader mental scope than many of his party who followed him and occupied high places both in the army and the Government. If John Brown was something of a monomaniac on the subject of slavery, he was no

more so than the vast majorities of citizens, soldiers, and "qualified electors" in all the Northern States. He agreed with them, and they with him. To be sure, he was mistaken in his plans; but many another commanding general has made blunders more extensive and expensive than his. He was especially mistaken in one thing: he thought the slaves would rise and fight for their liberty. But notwithstanding his complete demonstration of the folly of that theory, how many further similar demonstrations were required before his Abolition brethren in the North would give it up? He was convinced of the truth by a single trial; but how many trials had to be made by the whole school of political satraps, from Sigel to Pope, or from Fremont to Butler, before the Republican party in the North were convinced? If the slaves could have been incited to insurrection, the North would never have waited for war to commence by secession. If one thousand slaves had taken up the pikes and rifles offered them by John Brown, the war would have sprung upon the country; and with the strength of the North, aided by four millions of natural allies in the heart of the South, a shorter but decisive struggle would have taken place, and John Brown would doubtless now be our President, Commanding-General, Dictator, or whatever else he might be pleased to call himself, surrounded by a kind of titled family of really brave sons, not mere boys suddenly promoted to be lieutenant-colonels.

Who was John Brown, and what were his designs and plans? He was an Abolitionist, neither more nor less. His whole purpose was to free slaves in Virginia and the other Southern States as he had done in Kansas, and in the quickest and most direct way. How did his intention differ from that of all or any of the two million voters who drove the South to resistance a few months later? What man who voted for Abraham Lincoln did not desire the entire abolition of slavery, and by the quickest mode? And who will now say, after the loss of a million lives for that end, that John Brown's plan and method was not better as well as quicker than the one which was adopted by the unprincipled and time-serving politicians of the country? Mr. Lincoln had declared his conviction that the country "could not endure half free and half slave," and Mr. Seward had asserted the doctrine of "the irrepressible conflict." John Brown had exactly the same idea, and only believed that he could make the conflict short, sharp and decisive. If one disregarded constitutional guarantees, so did the other; if the Chicago Abolition platform was right, John Brown was beyond all question the hero and martyr of the age; if John Brown did wrong, the whole Abolition movement in politics is convicted with him.

The Abolition party have in vain endeavored to acquit themselves of complicity in John Brown's intentions by calling him a fanatic and madman, but they have never succeeded in giving any better definition of themselves. Slavery existed throughout the country when the Union was formed, and no constitution either was or could have been adopted that did not both admit and provide for its existence. Hence slavery could not be ended by the Federal Government except by a revolution from the States at starting; and so every member of the Abolition party was by that fact a revolutionary fomentor of discord.

John Brown had been an Abolitionist from his youth up; he regarded himself and was regarded by his friends as a champion of Abolitionism. Kansas became a free State mainly through his military partisan leadership. He had been the recognised commander-in-chief of the Republican soldiers wherever he had been present. He was certainly engaged in violent measures in his attempts in Virginia; but so was he also in Kansas. But he had the entire moral support of millions throughout the whole North in the one: why should it be withheld in the other? An account of his ancestry and life will show that he compared only too favorably with the unprincipled, shifting, cruel and tyrannical leaders who succeeded him in the command of the Northern hordes in their subsequent invasion of the South. While John Brown lived the Abolitionists had no soldier who compared with him; and now when people recall the iniquities of Butler, Burnside, Pope, O'Neil, Mumford, and Custer, they might well have hailed old John Brown and his provisional government as a deliverance.

John Brown was born at Torrington, Connecticut, May 9th, 1800. He was descended from the Pilgrim Fathers, being of the sixth generation in direct male line from Peter Brown, who landed from the *Mayflower* at Plymouth Rock in 1620. His grandfather on his father's side was another Peter Brown, a Connecticut captain who joined the Continental army at New York in 1776; and his grandfather on his mother's side also served in the Revolutionary War as a lieutenant. Brown's father removed to Ohio when John was five years old, and settled in the Western Reserve, at Hudson. At twelve years old John and his father witnessed the surrender of Hull's army at Detroit, whither the two had gone with beef-cattle for the army. At sixteen years old he was received as a member of the Congregational Church. From fifteen to twenty he was engaged in learning the trade of tanner and currier. He then commenced a course of study with a view to the ministry; but inflammation of the eyes setting in, prevented this design. At a little over twenty he was married, and when thirty-two years old was the father of seven children. His wife dying, he married the following year, and had thirteen children more. His second wife and eight of his children were living at the time of his death. In 1835 he went into the wool commission business, and in dictating prices to the New England manufacturers came at length to an open rupture with them, when he took 200,000 pounds of wool to London, and afterwards travelled considerably over Europe. Soon after this, in 1839, he formed the plan of becoming himself the liberator of the negro race. In furtherance of this design, ten years later he removed with his family to North Elba, Essex County, New York, to some land given him by the Abolition philanthropist, Hon. Gerrit Smith, and in the vicinity of which Smith had already established a colony of negroes. These negroes were unable to endure the blessings of freedom in this chosen spot, but the enterprising family of Brown remain there to this day.

Before the passing of the Kansas-Nebraska Act in 1854 the four elder sons of Brown went to Kansas, with the intent primarily, as was represented, to make Kansas a free State, and secondarily to make

homes for themselves and their families. If the four sons were not actually sent out by their father, he very soon followed them, and with the sole purpose of combatting the institution of slavery. He said he had no intention of making Kansas his home, or remaining there after he had accomplished his purpose. His design was to fight slavery in a military way, as a soldier; for he held all kinds of politics in great contempt. The manner in which the father and sons helped Kansas to become a free State I may describe in another paper; but their plan and purpose are well shown in a letter sent by young John Brown to Ralph Plumb, one of the leaders in the Oberlin Rebellion.*

People do not generally realise the amount of fighting that actually took place in Kansas to make it a free State; but a condition of civil war was continuously kept up for several years, during which Brown as leader or commander-in-chief was the hero of a number of battles, among which may be enumerated those of "Black Jack," "Ossawatimie," "Lawrence" and "Marias-des-Cygnés." In the battle last mentioned thirty-two Missouri settlers were killed and between forty and fifty wounded, while old John Brown brought off his force after the ammunition was exhausted with a loss of but five or six in all.

Soon after Brown's successful defence of Lawrence he started East to raise funds to carry on the war. He made three several trips for this purpose, returning for the last time to Kansas in 1858. Through the reinforcements sent out by the New England Emigrant Aid Societies, Kansas had become conquered territory for the free States, and Brown's occupation there was gone. But even after the war was considered closed, Montgomery, one of the Free-State leaders, with one hundred and fifty men captured Fort Scott, a military post and Federal land-office, and liberated some Free-State prisoners held there; and Captain Brown, dividing his forces into two parties, crossed into Missouri, liberated some slaves, killed some Missourians and kidnapped some others. For this offence the Governor of Missouri offered three thousand dollars for the arrest of Brown, and for the same purpose President Buchanan offered two hundred and fifty dollars more.

Early in January, 1859, Brown left Kansas for the North, taking with him four white companions, three of whom continued with him and fought under him at Harper's Ferry. He had also three negroes; and the party of seven on their way repelled an attack made by a force of over forty, and took four of the assailants prisoners.

Flushed with his successes, Brown went North to Oberlin and Cleveland, Ohio, where he sold some of his captured property, and made arrangements for the Abolition raid into Virginia. More than a year previous he had entered Canada as a triumphant liberator of negro slaves in the United States; and while in Canada a secret convention was held, at which a provisional government and constitution *for* but not *of* the people of the United States was adopted. This arrangement might well be regarded as the original "carpet-

* See *Southern Magazine* for August, p. 212.

bag" government, and as perhaps a better model than any adopted afterward.

After establishing this secret provisional government, he again returned to Kansas and fought some of the battles already mentioned; but the Oberlin rebellion led him to think the time had come for action in Ohio. He had been uniformly upheld in his Kansas endeavors by the moral support of the whole majority at the North; he had all the means he ever needed. He could travel from one portion of the country to another through Canada, and be under foreign protection against all political offences at any time. He could at any moment take the British refuge which he had so often furnished for negroes. He could get all the support needed for any Abolition enterprise he ever desired to undertake. What was to hinder him from going on in his work? If it was right to make Kansas a free State by force and violence, why not Virginia as well? If it was right to make war upon slaveholders in Kansas, why not in other portions of the country? If Brown had been recognised as a hero throughout the North for his Kansas leadership, why should he not continue to be so recognised and supported for his work in Virginia? Where was the difference in the morality of one work and that of the other? The truth is that there was no difference either in his view or in that of his supporters.

After some time spent in Northern Ohio in conference with the leaders of the Oberlin Rebellion, he visited New York city, Rochester and Boston, making preparations for the approaching struggle. On the 3d of June, 1859, he closed a contract at Collinsville, Conn., for a thousand pikes that he had ordered some time before. He was soon after in Northern Ohio, at Cleveland and Oberlin, where his plans were made known to those in his confidence, and their co-operation secured.

One of Brown's best qualifications as a party leader was his ability to keep his own counsel, and so, who the persons were who were to furnish the necessary aid and reinforcements for the Virginia campaign may never be fully known. But the dying confessions of some of those who were mortally wounded and captured, showed the complicity of the Abolition rebels, both at Oberlin and Cleveland; while the statements of his confidant, Colonel Forbes, an English collaborer with Brown in Kansas, and that of his devoted biographer Redpath, are conclusive as to the fact that Brown was not reckoning without his host. The following confession of John Copeland, of Oberlin, proves a direct connection between the Oberlin conspirators and the John Brown men. Brown's precipitate action saved the neck and reputation of many a Northern man. Listen to Copeland's statement:

Q. Are you John Copeland, of Oberlin, and the same person that was indicted last year at Cleveland for rescuing the slave John? A. I am.

Q. Do your parents reside in Oberlin? A. They do.

Q. Who induced you to enter into the Harper's Ferry movement? A. J. H. Kagi and John Brown, Jun., wrote letters to Leary, at Oberlin, which I saw, and was thus induced to go into it.

Q. Who furnished you the means to come to Virginia? A. Ralph and Samuel Plumb gave me the money (\$15) to bear my expenses.

Q. What other Oberlin persons were at Harper's Ferry? A. None but Leary and myself.

Q. Where is Leary? A. He was killed in the river, near the Rifle-works.

Q. Did you come through Cleveland? A. Yes.

Q. On what day did you leave there? A. The day of the October election.

Q. Where did you stop at in Cleveland? A. I stopped at Isaac Sturtevant's, on Walnut street; was there from Monday noon until Tuesday evening at nine o'clock.

Q. Did Mr. and Mrs. Sturtevant know what you were going to Virginia for? A. Mrs. Sturtevant did; she was the person who talked to me about it; I suppose Mr. S. knew it.

Q. Where did Plumb give you the money, and who was present? A. Ralph Plumb gave it to me; Samuel Plumb and Leary were present; it was in Plumb's office, at Oberlin.

Q. Did the Plumbs know where you were going? A. Yes, and wished us good luck, and gave me the money just before leaving, Monday morning.

Q. Did Charles H. Langston see you in Cleveland? A. He did, and knew I was coming on to join Brown's company.

Q. Who directed you to go to Sturtevant's at Cleveland? A. Leary; he was directed by John Brown, Jun., to go there.

Q. Did you hear Ralph Plumb, on the day the slave "John" was rescued, urge persons to go to Wellington, and if so, where? A. I did; he was on the pavement in front of Watson's grocery.

Q. Have you any knowledge of an attempt to raise an insurrection in any other State or region of our country? A. I understood that there was an intention to attempt a movement of that kind in Kentucky about the same time.

Q. Did you know from Brown or any other person that help was expected from the slaves in the neighborhood? A. I did from Brown, that help would come from the slaves; but I did not understand at any time before Monday morning, after the fight had commenced, that anything else than running off slaves was intended, I being at the Rifle-works, half a mile from the engine-house.

Q. Did you learn from Brown or any of the company that persons at Harper's Ferry sympathised with them, or were in any way connected with the movement? A. From Brown I understood that there were laboring men at Harper's Ferry who wished to get rid of the slaves, and would aid in running them off.

Captain Leary, who was shot and mortally wounded while guarding prisoners held by Brown in the armory, in his dying statement made a similar confession.

Brown himself during his confinement declared that he could bring to his aid five thousand men if he were again at liberty. It is known also that expeditions were on foot, if not actually awaiting orders, to march to release Brown. But the one thing which Brown utterly refused at all times to do, was to tell who were concerned with him in his conspiracies. All the members of his Virginia expedition were sworn to secrecy in this regard; and as Brown visited his fellow-prisoners the last time before his execution, he steadily warned them, one by one, to die like men and not to betray their friends. At the same time he gave each one an emblematic parting-token of silver.

Several prominent politicians felt themselves obliged to write and publish letters to help to free themselves from the open charge of complicity. Among these were John P. Hale, the former Abolition candidate for President, and Governor Chase. From the whole tenor of the latter's denial it is evident that he was fully aware of the plan, and knew all about the time it was to be put into execution. A great many prominent politicians who had been intimate friends, advisers, and aiders of Brown in his other unlawful acts, felt a terrible shaking in their boots when Brown's expedition failed. In the case of the Hon. Gerrit Smith the matter developed into downright lunacy. With regard to the insanity of Gerrit Smith the *Utica Herald* said:

We are greatly pained to learn that Gerrit Smith, the free-hearted but sadly erratic philanthropist, became on Monday last an inmate of the New York State Lunatic Asylum, where it has been found necessary to place him on account of marked insanity. We learn that he is very violent, and has exhibited a disposition to commit suicide, and that an attendant keeps constant watch over him to prevent him from laying violent hands on himself. This result we hear attributed to the connection of Mr. Smith's name with the Harper's Ferry affair, though many will regard it as the consequence of long-seated and marked disease. . . . A nephew of Mrs. Smith, Colonel Fitzhugh, was the captor of the fugitive Cooke, a fact which greatly disturbed the mind of Mr. Smith. John Cochrane, a Democratic politician of this city, another nephew of Gerrit Smith, has also, by his speeches, purged himself of any complicity in the Harper's Ferry affair.

A dispatch from Utica, dated November 10, 1859, says :

"Gerrit Smith shows continued marks of insanity. No one is allowed to see him, but it is understood that he refers in his ravings to the Harper's Ferry matter, and supposes himself arrested."

A dispatch to the *New York Herald*, dated Utica, November 11, says:

"The Hon. Gerrit Smith, ex-member of Congress, has been confined in the Lunatic Asylum here since Monday last. His mind is considerably disordered, but his condition is not so hopelessly bad as has been represented, and his physicians hope that the regimen and care to which he is subjected, and the absence of excitement, will effect a radical cure.

"It was only by stratagem that his friends succeeded in getting him here. He has been, ever since the arrest of Brown and his Harper's Ferry followers, haunted with the idea that he was culpably responsible for all the lives that have been and will be sacrificed ; and so much have this reflection and the fear of being called on to answer at the bar of justice preyed upon him, that his mind, never exempt from a tendency to be unhinged, gave way, and reason deserted its throne."

In referring to the same subject, Mr. Thurlow Weed says in the *New York Journal* :—

The Harper's Ferry insurrection was an attempt to carry the teachings of prominent Abolitionists into practical effect. It was foreshadowed in a letter from Mr. Smith to the "Jerry Rescuers." That he ever really intended slaves should rise, rob and murder, we do not believe ; but in speeches and letters he indulged in language which bears no other construction.

How difficult it was to get the particulars of Brown's plan from himself, or any evidence from him to implicate others, is well shown by the following attempts on the part of Mr. Mason, of Virginia, Mr. Vallandigham, of Ohio, and others. The following report is from an Abolition paper of that time :—

Mr. Mason. Can you tell us, at least, who furnished money for your expedition ?

Mr. Brown. I furnished most of it myself. I cannot implicate others. It is by my own folly that I have been taken. I could easily have saved myself from it had I exercised my own better judgment, rather than yielded to my feelings.

Mr. Mason. You mean if you had escaped immediately ?

Mr. Brown. No ; I had the means to make myself secure without any escape, but I allowed myself to be surrounded by a force by being too tardy. . . .

Mr. Mason. But you killed some people passing along the streets quietly.

Mr. Brown. Well, Sir, if there was anything of that kind done it was without my knowledge. Your own citizens, who were my prisoners, will tell you that every possible means was taken to prevent it. I did not allow my men to fire, nor even to return a fire, when there was danger of killing those we regarded as innocent persons, if I could help it. They will tell you that we allowed ourselves to be fired at repeatedly, and did not return it.

A Bystander. That is not so. You killed an unarmed man at the corner of the house over there (at the water-tank) and another besides.

Mr. Brown. See here, my friend, it is useless to dispute or contradict the report of your own neighbors who were my prisoners.

Mr. Mason. If you would tell us who sent you here — who provided the means — that would be information of some value.

Mr. Brown. I will answer freely and faithfully about what concerns myself—I will answer anything I can with honor, but not about others. . . .

Mr. Mason. How many are engaged with you in this movement? I ask those questions for our own safety.

Mr. Brown. Any questions that I can honorably answer I will, not otherwise. So far as I am myself concerned, I have told everything truthfully. I value my word, Sir.

Mr. Mason. What was your object in coming?

Mr. Brown. We came to free the slaves, and only that.

A Young Man (in the uniform of a volunteer company). How many men in all had you?

Mr. Brown. I came to Virginia with eighteen men only, besides myself.

Volunteer. What in the world did you suppose you could do here in Virginia with that amount of men?

Mr. Brown. Young man, I don't wish to discuss that question here.

Volunteer. You could not do anything.

Mr. Brown. Well, perhaps your ideas and mine on military subjects would differ materially.

Mr. Mason. How do you justify your acts?

Mr. Brown. I think, my friend, you are guilty of a great wrong against God and humanity—I say it without wishing to be offensive—and it would be perfectly right for any one to interfere with you so far as to free those you wilfully and wickedly hold in bondage. I do not say this insultingly.

Mr. Mason. I understand that.

Mr. Brown. I think I did right, and that others will do right who interfere with you at any time, and all times. I hold that the golden rule, "Do unto others as you would that others should do unto you," applies to all who would help others to gain their liberty. . . .

Mr. Mason. Did you consider this a military organisation, in this paper (the Constitution)? I have not yet read it.

Mr. Brown. I did in some sense. I wish you would give that paper close attention.

Mr. Mason. You considered yourself the Commander-in-Chief of these "provisional" military forces?

Mr. Brown. I was chosen, agreeably to the ordinance of a certain document, Commander-in-Chief of that force.

Mr. Mason. What wages did you offer?

Mr. Brown. None.

Mr. Vallandigham. Did you expect a general insurrection of the slaves in case of your success?

Mr. Brown. No, Sir; nor did I wish it. I expected to gather them up from time to time and set them free.

Mr. Vallandigham. Did you expect to hold possession here till then?

Mr. Brown. Well, probably I had quite a different idea. I do not know that I ought to reveal my plans. I am here a prisoner and wounded, because I foolishly allowed myself to be so. You overrate your strength in supposing I could have been taken if I had not allowed it. I was too tardy after commencing the open attack—in delaying my movements through Monday night, and up to the time I was attacked by the Government troops.

Mr. Vallandigham. What time did you commence your organisation in Canada?

Mr. Brown. That occurred about two years ago, if I remember right. It was, I think, in 1858.

Mr. Vallandigham. Who was the Secretary?

Mr. Brown. That I would not tell if I recollected, but I do not recollect. I think the officers were elected in May, 1858. I may answer incorrectly, but not intentionally. My head is a little confused by wounds, and my memory obscure on dates, etc.

This Secretary was afterward found to be one Richard Realf.

Brown's actual intention in his expedition, as well as some of his foundation for hope of success, may be gathered from his speech to the court before sentence was passed on him, of which we give an extract:—

In the first place, I deny everything but what I have all along admitted, of a design on my part to free slaves. I intended, certainly, to have made a clean thing of that matter, as I did last winter when I went into Missouri, and there took slaves without the snapping of a gun on either side, moving them through the country, and finally leaving them in Canada. I designed to have done the same thing again on a larger scale. That was all I intended. I never did intend murder or treason, or the destruction of property, or to excite or incite slaves to rebellion, or to make insurrection.

The reason for Brown's commencing at Harper's Ferry ought to be evident to every man of sound judgment, but especially to every military man. Harper's Ferry was a small town near the northern border of a slave State, with a strip of another slave State just wide enough to hinder State jurisdiction, but not to hinder an invasion. The town was a natural fortification among almost inaccessible mountains. It contained the largest of the two armories in the United States. It was entirely undefended, there being not a single soldier on the premises. The workmen employed were principally Northern mechanics not in sympathy with slavery or the South, and who would naturally be expected to coöperate with any Northern movement in the interest of their own free labor. There were a good number of free negroes in the town who could be relied upon for a beginning. There were no Federal soldiers near, and the railroad bridge could be destroyed, the railroad torn up, the trains stopped, the telegraphs cut, and the place could be held long enough to gain time for slaves to come in from the South and for the white reinforcements to arrive from the North. There were 200,000 stand of arms at the armory, which would supply all who should join the movement. There were but one thousand soldiers in all the military department of the East, extending from Fort Mackinac to the Atlantic. Brown felt and knew that his natural chances here were ten to one in favor of his effort in Virginia over his successful venture on the open plains of Kansas. He felt that he was the hero, and had the moral support of the great majorities at the North. What then was to hinder Brown from accomplishing the grand mission of his life? The result shows. He made his great mistake in supposing that the negroes would fight for their freedom if they had the chance — an error which Brown discovered, but which other Abolition generals clung to throughout the war which followed, even until after the siege of Petersburg, when an occasion served to test the extent of negro bravery. At the battle of the "Crater" the colored troops were called out and compelled to show their valor. They had seen but little fighting, and were ordered to a charge. The commanding general had taken the precaution to place a strong rear-guard behind them armed with revolvers. But the first fire of the enemy sent the negroes to their faces on the ground behind little hillocks and furrows, where they lay panic-stricken, crying out "Oh, Lord!" at regular intervals of twice a second, but forgetting either to load, shoot, or advance until they were actually killed as they lay. All who retained enough presence of mind to enable them to run, fled backward; and with the bayonets in their hands they wounded more of their friends in their panic than they saw of the enemy. The white officers in command strove energetically to rally their

black-livered cowards; but more of the negroes were killed by the rear-guard stationed to stop a panic than by all the enemy. The rear-guard were armed with revolvers, and they were all emptied; and yet the officers were obliged by political hopes to report that the "colored troops fought nobly"!

The action of John Brown's colored recruits was well represented in an account by the artist Strothers, who lived not far away, and was soon on the ground with pencil and pen to improve the occasion. After describing the attempt and its failure, and picturing the bravery of Brown and his dead and dying sons, he says:

And all about the good-humored, good-for-nothing, half-monkey race — the negroes. Let us walk through the streets of Harper's Ferry and see what part they have played in the drama. It seems that there is not the remotest suspicion that a single individual among them had any foreknowledge of Brown's movement. It is well ascertained that neither threats, promises, nor persuasion could induce one of them to join the movement when it was proposed to them. Heywood was shot dead while heroically expressing his horror of their nefarious designs. Brown discovered early that he could make no use of such as he had captured, and on Monday morning sent Cooke and two other white men, with eleven negro prisoners over to the Maryland side, where they were employed in removing the arms and munitions of war from the Kennedy farm to the log school-house in the mountain opposite the town. This was done that they might be more convenient for those imaginary recruits which the insane brigands still seemed confidently to expect.

As Cooke and his companions went at times to the river to fire across at the Virginians these negroes escaped, dodging through the woods, swimming the river, and running every hazard, returned to their respective homes. I conversed with several of them who narrated their adventures, while in the power of these cut-throat strangers, with great humor and vivacity. One fellow said that, when he was taken, a pike was put into his hands by Brown, who told him to take it and strike for liberty.

"Good Lord, Massa," cried Cuffee, in a tremor, "I don't know nuffin 'bout handlin' dem tings."

"Take it instantly!" cried the philanthropist, "and strike home! This is a day that will long be remembered in the history of your race — a glorious anniversary."

"Please God, Massa, I've got a sore finger," and Cuffee exhibited a stump, the first joint of which he had lost in a wheat-machine some years before.

Finding that he had no mind to be a hero, Brown took him to the Armory, and during the siege sent him out for water. As soon as he got out of range of their guns he broke the pitcher and fled for his life. I narrate the story faithfully as it was told to me. Many similar anecdotes I gleaned from the darkies themselves, but have not space to relate them. In the town they were passing to and fro with entire freedom, jubilating over their own escapes and jeering at the dead carcasses of the Liberators. Several told me that Brown, in urging them to arm, said repeatedly, "Don't you know me? Did you never hear of John Brown of Kansas — old Ossawatimie Brown?" This only frightened the negroes more. They dropped the pikes, like the devil's gifts, and took to their heels, hiding everywhere under straw-ricks, barns and stables. On the other hand, there is sufficient and full evidence to show that, had their masters been present in any instance, the slaves would in their defence have very cheerfully thrust the pikes into the bodies of the pseudo-philanthropists, proving that they were not so ignorant of the pitchfork exercise as they pretended.

As for the non-slaveholding inhabitants, on whom Brown calculated so confidently for assistance, it is estimated that at least four out of five of those who volunteered so promptly were non-slaveholders and of non-slaveholding families. They were the fighting men of the occasion, the stormers, who went to work with a remorseless ferocity equalling that of the outlaws themselves.

The expedition failed entirely because the very negroes themselves would not fight, and least of all against those who were represented as their cruel masters. The white men were as cool and brave as

ever pulled a trigger; but they sacrificed themselves in a vain attempt to prove the absurd doctrines of a false philanthropy.

The result of Brown's endeavor is so well known that the facts connected with it need be only briefly recapitulated. Going from Northern Ohio he made his way through Pennsylvania, arranging to keep a line of retreat open through the North to Canada. He appeared at Hagerstown, and registered as "Smith and two sons from Western New York." He was never an adept at lying. He told his landlord that he was looking for a milder climate in a location adapted to wool-growing. After looking around Harper's Ferry several days they found a vacant farm with three unoccupied houses. These they rented until the March following for a trifle, paying the rent in advance. After living there a few weeks attracting no attention, others joined them, including two of Brown's young daughters. Meantime the greater number of men kept out of sight during the day so as not to attract attention, while their arms, munitions, etc., were being gradually brought from Chambersburg, Pennsylvania, in well-secured boxes. Religious services were regularly held during these days of preparation, and no meal was tasted until after a blessing had been asked upon it by their leader.

The night of the 24th of October was originally fixed upon by Brown for the first blow in Virginia by the capture of the Federal arsenal at the Ferry. Brown's biographer and intimate friend, Redpath, asserts that "many were on their way to be with him on that occasion," when they were paralysed by the intelligence that the blow had been already struck and had failed. The reason given for this by one who was in Brown's confidence—the Col. Hugh Forbes before mentioned—is that Brown, who had been absent on a secret journey to the North, suspected that one of his party was treacherous, and that he must strike prematurely or not at all.

The women had been sent away, and the singular complexion of the household had begun to excite curiosity, when on Saturday, the 15th, a council of war was held and the plan of operations discussed. On Sunday evening another council was held and the programme of the commander-in-chief unanimously approved. He closed it in these words: "And now, gentlemen, let me press upon your minds this one thing. You all know how dear life is to you, and how dear your lives are to your friends; and in remembering that, consider that the lives of others are as dear to them as yours are to you. Do not therefore take the life of any one if you can possibly avoid it; but if it is necessary to take life in order to save your own, then make sure work of it."

Brown's forces consisted of seventeen white men and five negroes, although others assisted by cutting the telegraph-wires and tearing up the railroad-track. The small party entered the town about ten o'clock Sunday night without creating any alarm. They first rapidly extinguished the lights of the town, then took possession of the armory buildings, which were only guarded by three watchmen. These they seized and locked up in the guard-house. At half-past ten the watchman of the Potomac bridge was captured. At midnight his successor, a free negro, arriving, was hailed by Brown's sentinel

and solicited as a recruit ; but he ran, and a shot was fired after him, from which he died next morning. At a quarter past one the Western train arrived. The conductor found the bridge guarded by armed men. He with others attempted to walk across, but were turned back by aimed rifles. The passengers took refuge in the hotel, and were afraid to go on, though permitted afterwards. A little after midnight the house of Colonel Lewis Washington was visited by six of Brown's men under command of Captain Stevens, who captured the Colonel, seized his arms and horses, and liberated his slaves. After this they went to the house of Mr. Alstadt and his son, captured them and liberated their slaves. These prisoners were confined in the armory, and each male citizen as he appeared in the street was captured and added to the number, until by eight o'clock more than sixty were held in durance.

Soon after daybreak as Brown's guards were halting two citizens, they were fired on by a man named Turner, and immediately after by a another named Boerly, who was instantly killed by the return fire. The Virginians having obtained possession of a room overlooking the armory gates, fired from thence at the sentinels guarding them, one of whom fell dead, and another, Brown's son Watson, was mortally wounded. But the prisoners were held throughout the forenoon, and were as kindly treated as circumstances would permit, being allowed under guard to visit their families in order to give assurance that they were alive and well treated.

At half-past twelve a militia force one hundred strong arrived from Charlestown and took possession of the several roads leading into the town. In taking the Shenandoah bridge they killed one of the invaders and captured another. The rifle-works were next attacked and quickly carried, being defended only by five, four of whom were killed in their attempt to cross the river, and the fifth surrendered. All the houses around the armory building were now held by the militia. At the arsenal gate Captain Turner was killed by the sentinel as Turner was raising his rifle to fire. Here also Dangerfield Newby, a Virginia slave, and Jim, one of Col. Washington's negroes, and a free negro were shot and killed ; and Oliver Brown, another of John Brown's sons, being shot, came inside the gate as his brother Watson had done, lay quietly down, and in a few moments was dead. Mr. Beckham, mayor of the town, was killed by the insurgents. Aaron D. Stevens, of Brown's party, was accidentally killed in an attempt to go out with a flag of truce. At length Brown, seeing his assailants in overwhelming force, retreated to the fire-engine house, where he made a successful stand, and killed two more of his assailants and wounded six.

At nightfall the firing ceased, when Brown's forces were reduced to three unwounded whites besides himself, with a half-dozen good-for-nothing negroes from the vicinity. During the night Colonel Lee with ninety United States marines and two pieces of artillery arrived and took possession of the armory guard very close to the engine-house. Brown knowing that his doom was fixed beyond all earthly hope, watched through the night perfectly cool and calm. His prisoner, Colonel Washington, declared that "Brown was the coolest man

he ever saw in defying death and danger. With one son dead by his side and another shot through, he felt the pulse of his dying son with one hand, held his rifle with the other, and commanded his men with the utmost composure, encouraging them to be firm and to sell their lives as dearly as possible." He told Colonel Washington that he had not urged his sons to join him in this expedition, but did not regret their loss, as they had died in a good cause.

On Tuesday morning Lieut. Stuart of the United States marines endeavored first to have the insurgents surrender, guaranteeing them protection from immediate violence and the opportunity to answer before the civil courts. Brown refused. Long and earnestly Stuart humanely entreated, but without success; and as he slowly retired from the door he gave the signal to storm the entrance. Two marines sprang forward with sledge-hammers to batter down the door; but the insurgents had placed the engines against the door, firmly closing it. A ladder was then taken as a battering-ram, the men falling flat after each blow to avoid the expected fire of the insurgents. At the third blow the doors fell, and the advancing party were fired upon by those inside. The marines had orders not to fire, but when two of their men were wounded they returned the fire; and the brave Lieut. Stuart engaged the partisan leader hand to hand, and with his sabre felled him to the earth. In a moment more all resistance was over: John Brown's last battle was fought, and his military expedition at an end.

A day or two after, a detachment of marines and some volunteers made a visit to Brown's house. Here they found a large quantity of blankets, boots, shoes, clothes, tents, and fifteen hundred pikes with large blades affixed. They also discovered a carpet-bag containing documents throwing much light on the nature of the expedition, printed constitution and by-laws of an organisation, showing ramifications in various States of the Union. They also found letters from various individuals at the North—one from Gerrit Smith about money matters, and containing a check or draft by him for one hundred dollars endorsed by the cashier of a New York bank. All these were taken in charge by the authorities.

The Governor also, in his message to the Legislature of Virginia, which met December 5, 1859, reviews the Harper's Ferry affair at great length. He speaks of the "spirit of fanaticism and one idea of the Abolitionists which has seemed to madden whole masses of one entire section of the country, which enters into their religion, education, politics, prayers, Courts of Justice, and Legislatures; which has trained up three generations in moral and social habits of hatred to the masters of African slaves in the United States, but turns not upon slavery elsewhere; which would have sent a rescue to assassins, robbers, murderers, and traitors, whom it has sent to felons' graves. Unless the numerical majority shall cease to violate the confederate faith, and cease to disturb our peace, to destroy our lives and property, and to deprive us of all the protection and redress under the perverted forms and distorted workings of the Union, we must take up arms. The issue is too essential to be compromised any more. We cannot stand such insults and outrages as these of

the Harper's Ferry, without suffering worse than death as citizens, and without suffering in dishonor the death of a State. It is not to be denied that we have many sound and sincere friends in the non-slaveholding States; but the conservative elements are passive, while the fanatical are active, and the former is fast diminishing, while the latter is increasing in numbers and force."

With regard to the insurgents, he says it is "a mockery to call them monomaniacs. If they were, then a large portion of the people of many of the States are monomaniacs. The leader himself spurned this plea, and it was not put in upon the trials. They were prompted by the evil spirits of incendiarism which demoralised a numerous host of enemies behind them, who now sympathised with their deeds before the world. These hired them, without themselves incurring the risk of their crimes, and no wonder they now sympathise with them even to madness, and that John Brown despised the hypocritical cant of their pretence that he was insane. The execution of our laws is necessary to warn future victims not again to be the tool of this sympathy. We have friends or we have not in the State whence these invaders came. They must now be not only conservative, but active to prevent the invader coming. It was impossible for so much of such sympathy to exist without exciting bad men to action — rescue or revenge. On this he acted. He has been compelled by the apprehension of the most unparalleled border war to place the State in as full panoply of military defence as if foreign enemies invaded the United States. Indeed, one most irritating feature of this predatory war is that it has its seat in British provinces, which furnish asylums for our fugitives, and send them and their hired outlaws upon us from depots and rendezvous in the bordering States. There is no danger from our slaves or colored people. The slaves taken refused to take arms, and the first man killed was a respectable free negro while running from the philanthropists who came to liberate the black race."

The Hon. C. L. Vallandigham, who had received all the information that could be obtained from Brown about his designs and plans, gave the following conclusion as the result of his investigations; although himself an opponent of Brown, and of all his political principles in every way. He said: "It is in vain to underrate either the man or the conspiracy. Captain John Brown is as brave and resolute a man as ever headed an insurrection; and in a good cause, and with a sufficient force, would have been a consummate partisan commander. He has coolness, daring, persistency, the stoic faith and patience, and a firmness of will and purpose unconquerable. He is the farthest possible removed from an ordinary ruffian, fanatic, or madman. Certainly, it was one of the best-planned and best-executed conspiracies that ever failed."

Of Brown's trial by the Court we need hardly speak. He himself uniformly acknowledged the justice of his conviction as against the law, and gave his testimony to the kind and considerate treatment he received from the officers, although, as might have been expected, another impression was given at the North.

On the morning of the execution, December 2d, Brown was taken

to the cells of his fellow-prisoners to bid them good-bye. The first cell visited was that of Copeland and Green. He told them to stand up like men and not to betray their friends. He then handed each of them a silver coin, quarter of a dollar, with the casual remark that he had no further need of money. He then visited Cooke and Coppic, who were chained together, and remarked to Cooke, "You have made false statements." Cooke asked, "What do you mean?" Brown answered, "Why, by stating that I sent you to Harper's Ferry." Cooke replied, "Did you not tell me in Pittsburgh to come to Harper's Ferry, and see if Forbes had made any disclosures?" Brown, "No, sir; you know I protested against your coming." Cooke replied, "Captain Brown, we remember differently," at the same time dropping his head. Brown then turned to Coppic and said, "Coppic, you also made false statements; but I am glad to hear you have contradicted them. Stand up like a man!" He also handed them coins, and shook them both by the hand, and they parted. He next went to Stevens' cell. Kindly greetings were exchanged, when Stevens said, "Good-bye, Captain; I know you are going to a better land." Brown answered, "I know I am," and then told him to bear up and not betray his friends, at the same time giving him a coin like the others. Brown then told the Sheriff he was ready. His arms were pinioned, and with the same clothes worn by him during the trial he was led to the door, apparently calm and cheerful. At the door a guard of six companies of infantry and one of cavalry, with General Taliaferro and staff, were waiting for him. Walking down the steps he took his seat in an open wagon, on a pine-box containing a fine oak coffin; Captain Avis, the jailor, also took a seat with him. The wagon was guarded on both sides by files of riflemen in close order; the place of execution was guarded by a large military force; picket guards were established and the citizens kept back, in apprehension of an attempt at rescue, which had in fact been actually set on foot.

Brown was the first man to ascend the gallows platform, and he walked firmly up the steps. Sheriff Campbell asked him if he would take a handkerchief in his hand to drop as a signal when he was ready. "No," he replied, "I do not want it; but do not keep me longer than necessary." At a quarter past eleven the trap fell. A slight grasping of the hands and twitching of the muscles were seen, and then all was quiet. The body was several times examined, but the pulse did not cease for thirty-five minutes. The body was then cut down, placed in the coffin and conveyed under military escort to the depot, whence it was taken at four o'clock by special train to Harper's Ferry.

Two of the other prisoners were executed a fortnight afterward, and the remaining three paid the penalty of the law some three months later, on the 22d of March, 1860. Thus ended what may now be called the second Northern expedition for the invasion of the Southern territory and the liberation of the negro slaves. It was a dire failure, because, in the first place, the negroes themselves would not fight for their liberty; and second, because the movement could not be made under a pretence of "Union," or "loyalty to the flag" or the "Government;" it could not openly gather its recruits and

fight under the cover of "crushing out the rebellion," and "saving the country from traitors." But when the Abolition party did get the chance to use these blinds, it did carry out John Brown's purpose and plan, in a shifting and bungling way, killing two white men for every black one in slavery, and enslaving all classes of both white and black in an everlasting bondage of debt.

D.

CAMEOS.

SO you want a "composition"!—
 Some sage theme to write upon,
 Of the lore of old tradition,
 Timbuctoo, or Prester John.
 Say, what wonder of the ages
 Shall my willing pen indite?
 Barons, squires, counts or pages?
 Silken bower, or clanging fight?

Shall I sing the mystic story
 Of those distant Happy Isles,
 Where a veil of wondrous glory
 All the dazèd sight beguiles;
 Where King Arthur, crowned and shriven,
 Sheathes at last Excalibur;
 Where the chains of Time are riven,
 And all good things are that were?

Shall I tell you of the magic,
 Silken-sailèd, golden barge,
 Which bore on that lady tragic
 Down the river's flowery marge?
 How the soft waves rocked her pillow,
 How the shallop tarried not
 Till, past surge of wind or billow,
 Rested she in Camelot?

Shall we seek the fatal hollow,
Where in that far sunset land
Sleeps, past ken of snake or swallow,
Merlin in Broceliande?
Shall we track the "wilesome Vivien"
On her path of doom and dole,
And from shades of pale oblivion
Snatch the spells that slay the soul?

Or from stores of old tradition
Shall I sing that magic isle,
Where the sage forgot his mission
In the goddess' deadly smile?
All the perils of Ulysses
In that weary homeward quest,
Serpent-fears and siren-kisses
Wooing to a fatal rest?

Or the tale of that bold sailor
Who, beyond the sunset's gates,
Saw the lamps of night grow paler
Where a purer Glory waits;
Saw the gold-walled, star-strewn City,
Streets of pearl and jasper-stone;
Saw the waves of Love and Pity
Lave the Inca's ivory throne?

Or that weird-like, old-world notion
Thrilling still the soul to hear,
Of a zone in midmost ocean
Where the wandering marinère
Feels a great calm stealing through him,
Hears strange music pulse and cease,
While soft unseen fingers woo him
Into everlasting peace?

Or the tale of that dear maiden
Who for ruth and charitie,
Pure as erst when earth was Aidenn,
Rode through awe-hushed Coventrie;
And how each step of her charger
Raised once more the people's ban,
Till we wonder which is larger,
Love to God or love to man?

Or that convent-story, stranger
 Than aught else the ear hath heard,
 How the nun woke, warned of danger
 By some angel-whispered word;
 Rose and prayed with bold besiegement
 Of God's throne, till dawn of day
 Saw the foeman's baffled legions
 Down the dim waste melt away?

Or that other legend, hoary
 With the dust of buried years,
 How the Georgian queen her glory
 Won with toil and pain and tears;
 How on Tiflis' flowered meadows
 Waves of flame earth's beauty marred,
 Till from this life's blinding shadows
 Passed she to her full reward?

Or again, how through the ages,
 With long watching wan and pale,
 While the Tempter chafes and rages,
 Seeking still the Holy Grail,
 Rides the White Knight, steadfast ever
 That great prize to find and win,
 Till the might of pure endeavor
 Baffle all the wiles of sin?

Or that magic mount of wonder
 Where the Queen of Love is set,
 Snaring all who pass thereunder
 With her subtle amulet;
 Luring them with false caresses
 To all lustful thought and act,
 Till they wake in wildernesses
 By the hounds of horror tracked?

Or that cavern closed and sealèd
 Where through blocks of ribbèd stone,
 To no mortal eye revealèd,
 Barbarossa's beard hath grown;
 Waiting till the trumpet summon,
 With an echo sweeter far
 Than the loving voice of woman,
 That bold spirit to the war?

Or the tale of that dark battle
 'Mid the Pyrenean hills,
 Where like herds of frightened cattle
 Which some lion smites and kills,
 Fell the sons of France, and Roland
 Wound that latest bugle-call,
 Telling all the deadly dole and
 Woe of fatal Roncesval?

Shall we thrill the gloom of Endor
 With the sleeping prophet's form?
 See that Hebrew chieftain tender
 Bow beneath the battle-storm?
 Hear that wail of grief half-heathen
 O'er a triumph dearly won:—
 "O that I had died for thee then,
 Absalom, my son, my son!"

Here are stories, songs and visions
 Wonderful to hear and tell:
 Will they suit for "Compositions"?
 Will they do for "Mademoiselle"?
 Well, I fear my breath is failing—
 Hand up these, perhaps they'll do;
 Sure they can't be unavailing
 When there's rhyme and reason too!

If you left the choice to me though,
 None of these would be my theme;
 Far, far better it would be, though,
 Than old song or vagrant dream.
 I would leave the realms of story,
 Giant, fairy, imp or elf,
 Lucifer or Jack-a-Nory:
 I would write—*about yourself!*

BARTON GREY.

THE SERGEANT'S LITTLE STORY.

TO our great surprise and commensurate gratification, the Sergeant was less reticent than usual, and seemed to be growing even autobiographical. He was not a painfully handsome man: that odd-looking cavern, or sunken scar, in his leathery cheek was plainly not a dimple, nor could it in a spirit of the most elastic courtesy be regarded as a beauty-spot. The Sergeant sat next the decanter.

"Well, 'twas touch and go—a snap for him, a snap-shot for me; but the luck was mine. After catching the horse—a troublesome business—I went up to the man and inquired how he felt. He was lying on his face and made no answer. I turned him over. He seemed to be a fine-looking fellow, as well as I could judge in the deepening twilight, and about my own age. My ball had struck plumb-centre, a little above the line of his eyebrows; but as he'd fallen and bled face downward, he was not much disfigured. No time was lost in going through his pockets and haversack; the ford being not more than half a mile away, I was afraid they might have a double picket there, in which case they'd like enough be sending presently to see what the shot meant. Finding nothing about his person worth conveying, save his official dispatches, I hurriedly crammed them into my haversack along with a lot of late Washington and New York papers that I had got for General Lee's amusement from a lady friend near Frederick, then mounted the horse—a fine tight-built trotter, apparently of Morgan blood—and moved slowly and warily down toward the river. Two hundred yards from the ford I drew rein and listened. Everything seemed quiet. A solitary light shone in an upper window of the house at the canal-bridge—you ought to remember the house, Captain S—. The roaring of the water among the rocks ahead was the only sound that broke the silence of the night, until presently a big owl began his melancholy laughter in the wood behind me. Having been born in the woods, I didn't allow the solemn old cuss to frighten me, though I did wish he'd shut up, that's a fact. Dismounting, I pulled the horse up a steep bank into the dense shadows of the woods skirting the roadside, hitched him securely to a swinging limb, and limped along as best I might afoot to reconnoitre the ford. The coast was clear. This important discovery I effected by a simple little stratagem which had served my purpose on a previous occasion: without going dangerously near, or even crossing the canal, I merely brought my school-boy skill at yerking into play, and dropped a stone, like a shell from a miniature mortar, just where the vidette would be standing if about there at all. Having repeated the experiment without eliciting so much as a cuss-word in response, I advanced with confidence. The river was considerably lower than I had expected to find it. Groping along the water's edge I found a place where the mud was stiff enough to sit upon, then shucked my boots

and peeled off my socks, bringing several square inches of blistered skin with them, and paddled my feet in the cool water. Dead beat as I was, the delightful sensation of relief from long agony almost sent me to sleep in spite of myself; but I thought of Uncle Bob's impatience, my own great danger, the importance of the dispatch I bore, the rest and refreshment and well-earned praise that awaited me at headquarters; in truth, I was thinking of too many things, and was nodding once more, but with a sudden exertion of will I straightened up like a Jack-in-the-box and drew on my boots, without socks, despite the pain, and limped back toward where I'd left the horse, resolved to get across the river at once. I found him all right; but that ominous old owl had taken advantage of my absence to come and perch himself in a tree right over him, where he was to-hoo-hooing at a great rate. Before mounting I thought of a good plan to secure the dispatch; for you must understand I didn't more than half like the outlook: things were a little *too* quiet. Somehow I began to fear that a rough road and danger still lay between me and camp. I took a little air-tight India-rubber bag in which I carried 'fine-cut' (when I had any) and put the dispatch, neatly folded, inside of that; then I poked the bag down the neck of my canteen, blew it up with my breath as tight as I could, and tied a string around the neck so as to keep the air in and the water out, or whiskey, as the case might be. You will observe now that by keeping the canteen about half-full of water, or whiskey, as I said before, the bag would float always out of sight, keeping always on top, no matter which way the canteen might be held, while it would make no noise if shaken.

"When mounted, I felt better, and struck into a brisk trot for the river. My feet stopped paining me for one thing, and on reaching the ford I was so gay and imprudent as to let off a rousing war-whoop which reverberated for a mile around. I instantly sobered down, regretting the senseless act on finding that I got no answer from the Virginia shore save the startling echo of my own voice; for I had hoped to find there a picket of Fitz Lee's or Hampton's men. If there, they were afraid to answer my challenge. I didn't comprehend the situation; in fact, I hardly had sense enough left to comprehend anything: I was emphatically a used-up man, so weary and sleepy that I swayed in the saddle like a drunken man as I forced the horse down the bank and into the river. Owing to my stupid condition, or the darkness of the night, for the clouds hung low and heavy, I missed the proper line of ford and struck too low down stream. Before getting forty feet from the bank the horse stumbled and scrambled over a large slippery rock, nearly pitching me out of the saddle, then plunged head down into almost swimming water, soaking the little round button on top of my Scotch cap and waking me up. Three or four plunges and desperate struggles brought us out to a little island—I reckon some of you recollect it?—about thirty-five or forty yards from the Maryland shore. It was covered with willow trees and thick undergrowth quite down to the water's edge, except on the Maryland side and around the lower end, where there was a strip of clean sandy beach some ten or fifteen feet in

width. 'Humph!' says I, 'here's a nice berth for a fox-nap! Buck me! but I'll risk forty winks anyhow!'

"The fact is, gentlemen, human endurance has limits. I had now been on the trot for over two days and nights, and not even a sense of danger would make me hold up longer. So I rolled off the horse — leaving the saddle on him, but removing the bit from his mouth — fastened him to a willow-branch, crept round under cover of the thickest foliage at the lower point of the little island, and lay down to rest, using my well-stuffed haversack for a pillow. It was a dangerous chance I was taking. I knew it; but the night was so still, and everything seemed inviting me to snatch an hour's rest before continuing a perilous journey, the worst of which, for all I knew, might be still before me. Not a sound was to be heard betokening approach of danger — nothing save the rush and gurgle of the inky waters, the crunching of my horse's teeth leisurely chewing the willow-leaves, and the far-off whistle of the whippoorwill away up the river. Just before losing all sense in heavy slumber I noticed dreamily that the clouds broke away in the east, and I caught a glimpse of the crescent moon hanging by one horn in the top of a tall dead pine-tree high up on the Maryland bluff. It swung to and fro like a binnacle-light, and I remember thinking in a drowsy sort of way that if it wasn't careful it would drop off the limb and get broken. Just then the old owl opened again; only it seemed to me he had changed his base, and was now perched upon a leafless limb overhanging the roadside on the hill, and was talking to the poor fellow stretched out beneath, lying there so still and ghastly, the white face upturned to the moonlight, the wide-staring eyes, the purple spot in the pale forehead where the bullet went in and life came out. I seemed to be standing over him again, it was all so plain. Well, well, such is war — as the scout must wage it. There's no denying the fact though, it does make a man feel worse — more like a wild beast, like our elder brother Cain — to be obliged to slay his foe under such circumstances: alone, with no witness but his own conscience and the All-seeing Eye that pierces through the gathering gloom of night on the lonely forest road. But why it should be really worse than to do the same thing with the roar and crash and rattle of wholesale murder around you, I confess is not so plain to my mind. To single out your men — men not even aiming at you, neither — and pick 'em off one at a time, as some of us here have done, for an hour or two, that now appears to me — I beg pardon; where was I? Let's lick'er."

Having "lickered," the Sergeant proceeded.

"I must have slept like a Mississippi sawyer for I don't know how long, two or three hours perhaps, when *spi-yow! zweep!* — a shot from the Virginia shore, then three or four more in quick succession, answered by a rattling fusillade from the Maryland side. I was on my feet of course ere the second shot was fired and about to spring to saddle, but too late. The ford was crowded with Federal cavalry, cursing, yelling, stumbling and spurring furiously across the river, where our boys (a small picket from Hampton's command, as I afterwards learned) didn't stay to swop horses, as indeed there would have been no sense in doing; though why in thunder they didn't answer my

challenge I never could discover. Now indeed I found myself entrapped and entangled in the meshes woven by my own folly. Although, as you remember, the island is not exactly in the line of ford, being some twenty-five or thirty yards down stream, it was impossible for my horse to long escape notice, standing, or rather plunging impatiently, in the full light of the moon, now high in the heavens. Luckily for me I was in deep shadow cast by overhanging willows, and had time to beat the assembly, so to speak, to collect my startled faculties and make them fall in line. My first thought was for the dispatch. Having gone through purgatory to get it and fetch it so far, you may safely bet I hadn't any notion of lightly losing it. Raising the canteen to my lips, I drained it of the last swallow of 'blue ruin,' somewhat improved by the flavor of india-rubber; then stooping down, I cautiously refilled it about half-way with Potomac water and corked it tightly. By this time they had seen the horse; and some had stopped and were pointing toward him, but seemed rather shy about coming down. An officer ordered 'three or four' of them to 'ride down there and see what it meant.' While they hesitated I took advantage of their timidity and delay to cast about for a chance of escape, and make a few little arrangements, such as strapping my belt outside of my haversack and canteen cords, so's to keep 'em down to my side in case I took water. And that same I meant to do too; for I had already discovered from their talk that they'd found the dead courier, and I knew mighty well what to expect if they found me too. I have been in and got out of some pretty rasping scrapes, but this was the only occasion save one during the entire war when I remember to have made up my mind deliberately to die rather than be caught. Bitterly I cursed my stupidity in not concealing the courier's body; and then, by way of change, I believe I tried my hand at praying, but couldn't get any further than 'now I lay me down to sleep,' when I remembered what a blamed fool I'd been to do that very thing, and that set me to cussin' again. Fact is, it was a little too late for either cussin' or prayin', and I soon came to that conclusion. Dropping silently on my hands and knees, I crept along under the willow-branches close to the water's edge and listened. Noticing just ahead of where I was, on the western side of the island, a long drooping branch of willow hung out almost touching the surface of what looked like pretty deep water, on the instant a vague undefined plan or hope of escape began to shape itself in my mind.

"By this time two or three of 'em had got round the horse on the other side of the bushes, talking. 'Why, how is this?' What's this here on the saddle now?' 'Feels sorter wet and sticky, don't —' 'Blood, by jingo!' cries another. 'Can't you smell it, corp'ral?' Then the corporal yells out, 'Ride down here, Kurnel! Dang me if this here ain't the courier's horse!' 'What the — should the horse be doing thar without a rider?' growled back a deep hoarse voice like the mate's of a three-master. 'Look alive there, blast yer block-heads, and ye'll mebbly find the chap that rode him!'

"The devils now commenced shooting into the willow thicket, one of the balls grazing my right elbow: must get out of that some way. Sliding down into the water like a skilpot off a log, I found to my

great joy that it was deep enough for my purpose ; and so I lay low right under the overhanging limb, just keeping eyes, nose and ears out of water. Had hardly got settled comfortably (our ideas of comfort, you know, as of all else, are entirely relative) before the big Colonel himself was there, knocking, ripping and snorting around, poking his five-foot sabre into the bushes wherever he thought he spied something, and popping away every now and then with his revolver. Twice or three times the blamed officious old blunderbore came nigh hitting me, and I was getting right mad, when what should he do but come and stand on the limb, so's it pushed my head clean under water. Being taken unawares (I thought of course he was going to step over the limb, as anybody but a cussed old fool like him would have done), I couldn't help spluttering a little as my mouth went under. 'Aha !' says he, 'what's that ?' I had worked my mouth and nose out, and was trying to draw my breath easy, but the strain on my lungs was terrible. He wasn't at all sure he had heard anything, but just out of downright deviltry and officiousness he gave point in tierce right down through the willow. Instinctively I ducked ; but for all that I got the point of his confounded sabre through my cheek here, and have been trying ever since to digest a couple of big jaw-teeth. In making the thrust he lost his balance and came within an ace of piling in a-top of me. That was all that saved me : by the time he had gathered himself up I also had recovered in some degree my desperate composure, and was breathing as softly and steadily as a sleeping bull-frog. The limb knocked my cap off when he stumbled, and it was nearly floating out from under the willow ; but I caught it in time and drew it down beneath me. I could feel that I was bleeding like a stuck pig, but it was no time for squealing. By this time a dozen or so, mostly officers, were crowding down to the island to see what the row was about ; but the Colonel — God bless the old pudding-head ! — ordered 'em all back, and away they went and he with them. Just as the last man was turning the corner, almost out of sight, he stopped, faced about, and I caught the click-click as he cocked his revolver. Says he, 'Thar's a big fish under that limb, and I knows it.' Down went my devoted head deep as I could get it. I heard no report ; but the peculiar metallic ripping sound of the ball as it cut the water just above my ear I shall not soon forget. It sounded like tearing sheet-iron.

"That appeared to satisfy them. When I ventured to raise my head and look about me, they had taken my horse and were hurrying on to overtake their command. The long line of horsemen, riding by twos, still stumbled and splashed and clattered across the moon-lit river, and plunging up the steep bank, disappeared in the silent shadows beyond. How long I remained in the water I cannot tell ; it seemed to me many hours. I was growing sensibly weaker from the loss of blood, while the water chilled me to the very marrow ; yet still I kept my position, kneeling in the water beneath the sheltering willow. At length, as the moon forged slowly down the western skies, fleecy clouds began to gather and obscure her light once more. At length too the cavalry had all passed by ; some ambulances and a light wagon or two followed, and I was just crawling out from my

hiding-place, bracing my resolution for a bold push toward the old Virginia shore, when the head of a column of light artillery appeared. Here was a go! I had seen some crossing of artillery at this ford before: easy enough going in, but the very old Tommy to get out. If it should chance to be a large battalion, at all commensurate with the force of cavalry which had preceded it, there was very great probability that they wouldn't get over till long after daylight, in which event, you will understand, it was likely to be quite interesting for me. Pass the decanter, if you please.

"Still I felt quite confident of getting out of the trap in some way, particularly since the moon now shed so feeble a light that I could venture to stand up and shake myself—a very primitive, Newfoundland mode of making the toilette, but quite refreshing and satisfactory under some circumstances. Well, just as I feared, the leading carriage stalled at the steep and slippery bank on the Virginia side. No use to hitch in more horses: only a certain number—not more than four—had room to pull to advantage. Hearing the word passed back for picks and shovels and axes, I knew well what was to be done: while some were grading the ascent, others would be set to work cutting branches to throw under the horses' feet. To leave the island at the lower end and attempt to make the Virginia shore by wading and swimming in the rapids among the big boulders below the ford, I felt would be sheer madness in my exhausted condition. I was so wrapped in thought, striving to strike out some plan of escape from the perils thickening around me, that I failed to notice two men who had left the column near the Maryland side and were riding down toward the island, till the foremost one was nearly upon me. I drew back farther behind the willows, crouched, watched, listened. Never dog with hydrophobia dreaded water more than I did then; but I slowly edged off toward my former hiding-place, ready to take another plunge if it should prove necessary. The leading man was plainly drunk in the first degree, and when the other joined him there was a pair of 'em. From their thick-tongued talk about wagons, chests and such matters, it seemed they belonged to the bomb-proof departments. There was a rattling of canteens; the first comer handed his companion a key which he swore 'was the one t' th' blue ch-chist, 'n' the d-dimijohn was the one in th' lef'-han' corner.' He enjoined upon him to 'fill both canteens ch-chuck-full, 'n' not to g-guzzle it 'fore he g-got back, neither'; meantime he (the speaker) would 'knock it off' there. While giving his directions he had managed to roll off the saddle and fasten his horse to the very limb which I had used for the same purpose. The other chap rode off toward the rear, declaring he 'wouldn't be gone more'n half an hour.' My man then staggered to the lower end of the island, worked himself out of his overcoat, bundled it up awkwardly for a pillow, and laid himself out to 'knock it off.' Here was my chance: I was saved! Stealthily and slowly I grasped the handle of my trusty bowie-knife—the only friend I could depend on now, and the better for being a silent one, not given to noisy demonstrations—and drew him gently from the modest retirement and obscurity of my dexter boot-leg, where he had so long lain *perdu*, biding his time. Stand by me now, if ever,

old 'Buck-Horn,' friend and mess-mate ! Let but this one stroke be straight, sure and deadly, and never again shall thy glittering blade be condemned and degraded to the ignominious office of slicing mess-pork ! A sword, a battle-axe, and perchance a razor shalt thou be all the days of thy — life I was going to say, but changed my mind and substituted existence, as being more correct."

"You did, did you?" here broke in Sammy G——, a pert young nephew of the Sergeant, who believed in "turning things around and looking at 'em both ways," as he said. Then I put in. "Sergeant," said I, "you should remember that you are not telling this story for publication in the *Scribbler's Scrap-Book*. Do you mean to assert that you really were going to murder that person in cold blood, and that you really did apostrophise your bowie-knife in those terrible, awe-inspiring words, or words to that effect?"

"Sir," said he, with dignity slightly marred by a manifestation of temper, "I don't wish to be criticised in this way. If I didn't use precisely those words, 'those words,' as you style them, would have admirably expressed my sentiments, and would have been appropriate to the occasion. That should suffice. As to murdering people in cold blood, you should consider that I was about as cold and bloody as a man can well be, and laboring under heavy provocation besides ; but if any of you gentlemen think you can tell the story, that is to say if you imagine that you can narrate the circumstances better than I can, why just push ahead and do it."

Here Sammy thought it high time for him to say something again, and he cried out : "That's all in my eye ! Them calvary was Hampton's men, an' I heard Kurnel Toliver say 'at he ketched Uncle Tom [that's the Sergeant] on a island, and all wet, and give him a drink, I did !"

"O you be durned !" said the Sergeant, and immediately proposed a game of euchre.

W. H. K.

WEROWOCOMOCO.

THE tendency of modern thought is decidedly iconoclastic. It seems that the more thoroughly the facts of what is called History are looked into, the more apt they are to be considered fictions. The deep-delving investigators have left us very few of our ideals : personages whom we were wont in unquestioning faith to look up to

as models of heroic virtues or exemplars of all the moral perfections are hurled from their proud eminence. This war of the realists against the idealists was begun in Germany long ago between Wieland and Klopstock, and afterwards continued between Goethe and Schiller. From Germany it extended to France and England; and the triumph of the realists is shown by the present way of writing histories and novels. There is nothing like seeing things as they are, with no nonsense about them; but this seeking for the bare truth often goes too far, and leaves one nothing to rest on. For instance, we once religiously believed in William Tell, but we are now told by the savans that he never had a corporeal existence in Switzerland or elsewhere on this globe; and they trace in his story a Scandinavian myth revived. Even his name is philologically reduced to a corruption of *Toll*, which is the German for *fool*; so instead of saying to Gessler, for not bowing to the hat: "If I were not Tell, I would have done it!" the philologist says he (the nameless myth) said (if he said anything) "If I were not a *fool*, I would have done it!" This latter expression indicates a very common sort of "discretion" much practised by prudent citizens in times of civil commotion. Even the noble, pure-hearted Jeanne d'Arc is, in spite of Michelet and Schiller, elucidated into a fraud, and not a pious fraud at that. But the reader will readily recall the names of many whom he fondly believed his heroes in ancient and modern as well as American history, who are no longer heroes to his now opened eyes; all reduced to dry entities, very variant from what he imagined them as seen through the dimly-lighted vistas of time with all its softening shadows and coloring.

The realistic spirit has not left unquestioned the touching story of Pocahontas' rescue of the first famous John Smith. One Mr. Deane, of Boston, some years ago endeavored (but signally failed) to show that this most poetical episode in our rather prosaical colonial history was but a sweet fiction, fabricated by the Captain "to garnish the stories of his early adventures." But there is something so gentle and beautiful in what we are told of the life of this Indian maiden Pocahontas (the Bright-Rivulet-between-two-Hills), or, as she was also called, Matoaca (the Snow-Feather), that the heart will not willingly believe it a fiction. Besides, Smith's story is corroborated by the testimony of his companions, by Purchas in his "Pilgrims," and by other contemporary writers.

Here is the simple narrative of this world-famed event taken from "The Generall Historie of Virginia, New England and the Summer Isles, by Captaine Iohn Smith, sometymes Governour of those countreys and Admirall of New England," published in London, 1627:

"At last they brought him (Smith) to Werowocomoco, where was Powhatan their Emperour. Here more than two hundred of those grim courtiers stood wondering at him, as he had been a monster; till Powhatan and his trayne had put themselves in their greatest braveries. Before a fire upon a seat like a bedsted, he sat covered with a great robe, made of Racowcun skinnnes and all the tayles hanging by: on either hand did sit a young wench of 16 or 18 yeares, and along on each side of the house, two rowes of men and behind

them as many women, with all their heads and shoulders painted red ; many of their heads bedecked with the white downe of birds ; but every one with something : and a great chayne of white beads about their necks. At his entrance before the King, all the people gave a great shout. The Queen of Appamatuck was appointed to bring him water to wash his hands, and another brought him a bunch of feathers instead of a Towell to dry them : having feasted him after their best barbarous manner they could, a long consultation was held, but the conclusion was, two great stones were brought before Powhatan, then as many as could, layd hands on him, dragged him to them and thereon layd his heade, and being ready with their clubs to beate out his braines, Pocahontas, the King's dearest daughter, when no entreaty could prevaile, got his heade in her armes and layd her owne upon his, to save him from death : whereat the Emperour was contented he should live to make him hatchets and her bells, beads and copper."

How dramatic was the scene here described ! One can hardly read the account of it with unmoistened eyes.

The figure most interested in the situation was Smith. He was without doubt a brave and hardy soldier of fortune, who had seen a deal of life in his wanderings in Europe and Asia, and had served under various standards ; and his adventures in the Turkish wars show that, like all bold, brave, well-mannered men, he was a great favorite with the ladies. He certainly owed a great deal to "the young Charatza Tragabigzanda," a Tartar (merely by nation) who did him such a good turn ; and we now see that the young, inexperienced heart of Matoaca could not but be moved at his critical position.

Matoaca was then "a tender virgin of twelve or thirteen yeares." The deed which has rendered her name famous to all time, was done in the early winter of 1607. From that day she was ever the friend of the white men and the saviour of the colony of Virginia. Smith she always called "father," and she was to him as a daughter. Her devotion to him and the infant settlement was shown by many acts of kindness and by many warnings of danger from her people. Her life of twenty-two years closed at Gravesend, England, in 1617, as the Lady Rebecca, the Christian wife of "a worthy young Englishman, John Rolfe by name." She left an infant son Thomas Rolfe, who married a Miss Poythress, of England ; their only child, Jane Rolfe, married Col. Robert Bolling, of London, who settled in Virginia. The only child of this marriage, Major John Bolling, was the father of five children, and through them the blood of Pocahontas still runs in the veins of hundreds of lineal descendants, and mighty proud of it they are.

The other prominent figure in this memorable scene was Powhatan, so called, as Smith says, from one of his dwelling-places, but whose proper name was Wahunsonacock. When Smith first met Wahunsonacock he was already a man "who had seen the death of all his people thrice"—a Nestor—"tall and well proportioned, with a sower looke and a gray heade." The English called him "Emperour," as he ruled over "many kings or governours" of the tribes of lower Virginia. His sway extended to the Potomac, and his power

was respected as far as the Blue Ridge ; most of these tribes he had conquered. He lived in a sort of rude imperial state, and had various residences, and from the one to the other he made his annual progress. His palaces were built like "arbors, some 30, some 40 yards long." Smith describes these arbors as made of "small young springs bowed and tyed and so closely covered with mats, or the bark of trees, as to be as warm as stoves."

According to Jefferson, the territory of the Powhatan confederacy, south of the Potomac, comprehended about 8,000 square miles, 30 tribes and 2,400 warriors. The immediate subjects of Powhatan, within sixty miles of Jamestown, were about 5,000, of whom 1,500 were warriors. Smith gives about forty able men to Werowocomoco.

This was Powhatan's favorite abode. Here Pocahontas was born, and here she unconsciously acquired her place in history by the rescue of Captain John Smith. There is always a strong interest felt in the place where any famous scene has been enacted ; and we are more apt to realise the truth of history when we identify such place and connect it with the past. The old writers, and especially the author of the Book of Joshua, appeal constantly to the monuments of stones and other memorials set up on the scene of great events, as witnessing the truth of what they say, "even unto this day." There is a great deal in fixing the *locus in quo*. So with Werowocomoco. Where is the place? Smith says that "fourteene myles Northward from the river Powhatan (James) is the river Pamaunkee (York), which is navigable 60 or 70 myles, but with cottes and small barks 30 or 40 myles farther. At the ordinary flow of the salt water it divideth itselfe into two gallant branches : on the South side inhabit the people of Youghtanund, who have about 60 men for warres ; on the north branch, Mattapament, who have 30 men. Where this river is divided the country is called Pamaunkee (now West Point), and nourisheth neare 300 able men. *About 25 myles lower on the north side of this river is Werowocomoco, where their great King inhabited when I was delivered him prisoner.*" In another place he says that Werowocomoco was "some fourteene myles from Iamestowne." Rev. William Stith, the first native Virginian historian, and second president of William and Mary College, founded in 1692 at Williamsburgh, locates Werowocomoco "on the north side of York river, in Gloucester county, *nearly opposite to the mouth of Queen's creek*, and about twenty-five miles below the fork of the river." Jefferson praises Stith for his accuracy, and says, in his "Notes," that Werowocomoco was situate "about Rosewell."

Rosewell-House, begun by Mathew Page and finished by his son Mann Page, in the time of Queen Anne, is perhaps the grandest old private residence in Virginia. It is about seventy feet front and about fifty-eight feet deep, built of brick, four stories high, including a tall basement ; and, though now much out of repair from injuries received before and during the late civil war, is still a comfortable dwelling. By its massive walls (three feet thick), high pitched ceilings, rich carvings and heavy mahogany doors, wainscoting and balusters, and the substantial elegance of its general finish, it gives enduring evidence of the wealth, princely living, and refined taste of

the early colonial planter. The hall is grand in its proportions, and with its ample fire-place and arched passages recalls the similar apartment in the old English castle, wherein all might "take their rouse and keep wassel." Hospitality has always characterised the Virginians, and this noble mansion speaks welcome to all comers. Its original roof was flat, covered with sheet lead; and here Governor Page, the last inheritor of this palatial pile, was accustomed to sit and enjoy the cool air and the magnificent view of the York and the surrounding country, with his intimate friend, Mr. Thomas Jefferson. It is said that Mr. Jefferson prepared and read to his friend his first draft of the Declaration of Independence while on a visit to Rosewell, and a room is still shown which has always been known as "Mr. Jefferson's room."

Rosewell farm extends along the York nearly opposite Queen's creek. The river, a beautiful sheet of water, as blue as the ocean and very bright and sparkling, is here about two and a half miles wide; and on this farm Werowocomoco was without doubt situate. The spot said by the tradition of the neighborhood to be the site of the old Indian village corresponds to Stith's location, "nearly opposite to the mouth of Queen's creek." It was about twelve miles from Jamestown to the point on the south bank of the York where Smith says he crossed the river to Werowocomoco in "a salvage canow;" and as the river is here about two and a half miles wide, it makes this site "some fourteene myles from Iamestowne."

The spot said to be the site of Werowocomoco is a plain running about half a mile along the bank of the river, elevated above the beach about five or six feet, and extending in an unbroken level a half-mile or so inland. It is about half a mile from Rosewell-House, and commands a grand view up and down and far away across the river. Enormous beds of oyster-shells are found here some few feet below the rich loamy soil; and this and the quantity of Indian earthenware, stone hatchets, and arrow-heads occasionally picked up, indicate a dwelling-place of the natives, and fix the locality. The plain is now covered with pines, cedars, oaks, sweet-smelling myrtle and prickly cactus. For many years it has lain fallow; a deep silence rests over the spot, broken only by the dirge of the waves as they beat on the broad shore below.

L. M.

DE MORTUIS —

(J. R. T.)

To M. B. D.

I.

THIS friend now—a month or so only
Ago, and you smiled in his smile;
And when he grew weary or lonely,
You jested, to cheer him the while:
He prized the sweet solace you proffered,
When for gloom you gave laughter instead;
—You are glad of the gift that you offered,
Because — *he is dead.*

II.

And *because* he is dead, shall we gather
The humanest relics there be,
(All tenderer, dearer, the rather!)
And pile up a Pagan suttee?
Shall we speak of him, brows bending lowly?
Shall we whisper his name underbreath?
Is not life in its living, as holy
And solemn as death?

III.

As death? — What *is* death, but the ending
Of all that the mortal can claim?
— The drop of the mantle descending
From the soul's mounting chariot of flame!
Who wept for the prophet when guerdon
So grand was requiting all loss?
— Only grief for *the left!* — with the Jordan
Of trial to cross!

IV.

Ah, surely the angels who love us,
Must yearn with an ache of desire,
To point us the pathway above us,
Still bright with the trail of the fire,—
Must burn with compassion to urge us,
As hopeless we gaze on the tide,
To smite, till the faith-smitten surges
Of doubt shall divide.

v.

So—speak of our friend who is walking
 In his chorister-garments of white,
 With the calm that would mellow your talking,
 If he sat in your presence to-night:
 Yea—name him with gladder elation,
 With prouder contentment,—and shred
 No brightness from out the narration,
Because he is dead!

MARGARET J. PRESTON.

"DOMINIE SAMPSON."

I HAD rung the bell several times: no response. I protruded my head through my bedroom window at last. "Celestina! Celestina!" I cried, "bring me a pail of water. How often must I remind you to bring the water in good time?"

No answer to this entreaty: no Celestina; but Dorcas the cook stepped leisurely to the kitchen door, shading her eyes with her floury hands.

"Laws, Miss Phemie, is that you a yelling fur Celestiny? Celestiny gone long 'go."

"Gone! Celestina gone! Where?"

"Done gone, dress up in he white coat like other 'spectable folks."

"Gone, and in her white dress!" I cried in amazement. "Aunt Dorcas, do explain! What is it all about?"

"'Fore de blessed Master in heaven! I ain't none of yer aunt, Miss Phemie Kent; and de solemn troof is, if you's so hard of hearing, Celestiny's gone to de big 'zamination of de school."

Surely I had forgotten the colored school, nor was I bound to remember it at seven o'clock in the morning. Celestina was a regular attendant; that was part of the bargain in the hiring. I bound myself to give up Celestina for five hours in the busiest part of the day for the sake of her education; and to put all things in readiness during her absence, in order that *she* might enjoy her dinner on her return, and that *I* might enjoy the leisurely manner in which after the dining hour she picked her teeth and studied her "attalus" while the dinner was being digested.

"But, Aunt Dorcas," I remonstrated, "I should have known, I

should have been consulted ; and so early too, before I was out of my bed —"

"Celestiny know'd her rights, Miss Phemie ; rights ain't got no bargins. Celestiny goe'd 'cause she hab to meet de class, and 'cite every ting afore de 'zamination come. You tink Celestiny let pail ob water stan' 'tween her and edication ? Sartain she wouldn't ! Celestiny is orful 'bitious girl : 'specs to teach school in two or tree month."

"Well, Aunt Dorcas," I said, smothering my wrath, "I will settle the matter with Celestina on her return. Send little Jim up with the water, please."

"Jeem's gone long wid Celestiny."

"Jim gone too !" I cried in horror. "Why, I thought Jim had no pantaloons to drive me to church yesterday : I declare it is too bad !"

"Laws, Miss Phemie, church come 'long ebery day, ain't wurf de pantaloons ; white people's church mighty little 'count. Take he book any time and pray home jest as good, wid the table-clot on he back ; jest as good as wear out Jeem's pantaloons on de buggy-seat."

"Aunt Dorcas, you forget yourself. Jim and Celestina are hired to me for a certain sum to do certain work ; but never mind, I will settle with both of them myself. Bring me a pail of water yourself, please, fresh from the spring."

"Miss Phemie, I 'mind you two or tree time I ain't no aunt of your'n : my 'lations all 'spectable folks — fust-chop. And as fur dat pail of water what stick in yer gizzard, all I got to say is, de spring ain't so berry far off." So saying, Dorcas turned off and went into the kitchen.

What could I do ? Reader, what would you have done ? All-seeing, omnipotent Yankee, what would you have done in this extremity ? Flown into a passion, or ordered Dorcas off the premises incontinently ? I inclined to the latter ; but I had serious doubts whether she would obey my commands, so like an unready general I contrived to avoid the battle until the arrival of reinforcements. I drew in my head, made a demi-toilette, and descended to breakfast.

"Dorcas," I said sternly, after refreshing myself with some coffee (I felt very weak before), "Dorcas, I shall say nothing more at present about the conduct of my servants (great stress upon servants), but shall wait until your master returns home ; I shall put the matter in his hands. Take out the washing, and go on as usual."

I tried not to look at Dorcas as I spoke ; instinctively I knew that her arms were a-kimbo, and that the storm was gathering to burst from her tongue. Moreover, I felt so weak and unable to contend with fools ; but Dorcas was primed.

"You tink I'sé aferd of any massa ? De great Massa Lincoln done gone to heaven to 'cede for we. You tink we have any massa left here ? And as to dem washing, it's got to wait and tote itself to de wash-tub and back agin. Dat's what I gits for 'paring yer break-fas' and not going long wid Jeems and Celestiny. Jist as soon as I takes a leetle draff of coffee 'long wid a leetle corn-pone season wid herrin', I goes to de 'zamination to hear my granddarter 'cite all de

books froo. Much tanks I gits for fixing yer breakfast! Aunt Dorcas indeed! yer ain't none of my kin," and Dorcas walked off.

I was ready to cry; but just then remembering Jim's neglected work, I concluded not to cry, but to visit the stable and see after Dobbs, the old white horse. Dobbs neighed doubtfully when I entered his stall with a bundle of oats in my apron. I tried to feel secure under his nose, while he winked his eye knowingly at me as much as to say, "We see what we are coming to." As I left him he looked wistfully after me, as though saying, "Come often, then I shall be sure of my oats."

He might as well have spoken the words, for from that moment I doubted whether old Dobbs always had his oats in his master's absence; I resolved to visit old Dobbs once every day in his retirement. Next I proceeded to do the house-cleaning, and lastly the kitchen work, in which I was interrupted by the sudden entrance of several little girls of my acquaintance. "Miss Phemie! Miss Phemie!" they cried in one breath, "we want to go to the examination at the colored school; we want you to go with us."

"I wouldn't go for the world," I said.

"Oh do, Miss Phemie, do go! it will be such fun! Celestina is going to graduate."

"In what, for patience's sake?" I cried.

"That's what we want to see!" they all screamed into my ears at once. "Do go, Miss Phemie, it will be splendid; and you can write all about it to the magazine."

"That would be a gratification to Celestina herself."

But at last I was over-persuaded, and agreed to go provided my little tormentors would run down the lane and call Polly Riddick, a tenant of ours, to come to the house and oversee matters until my return. Polly was a sort of renovated mountain tackey, quite as exasperating in her way as the race of Jeemses and Celestinas in theirs. She belonged to a class never found in Northern latitudes, being a cross between the whites and negroes in moral and mental nature, their station in life being either a link or a severance between the two races, a species of Ishmaelite found in Southern desert-places. Polly Riddick was a character, and told a tale of her life which, written in black and white, would have made her a fortune; but Polly, with the rest of her tribe in their dens and their degradation, possessed no claim upon philanthropists and politicians. Polly herself was scarcely as intelligent as Dash, our house-dog, about some things, but she had some perception of the nature of a bargain, and would sit on the kitchen door-step for half a day with one eye on her dwelling and the other on mine. She despised the negro race, and was horrified when she understood the situation.

"Gwine to hear them free niggers spell book-larning, Phemie Kent? 'Taint wuth shoe-leather; can't take the niggerism out 'em, they'se so awful niggery. They can't teach you nary thing."

"I'm not so certain of that, Polly; they have taught me several lessons to-day by which I hope to profit in future."

We found the school-house quite full on our arrival; but one of the ushers, clad in black, relieved by white gloves and huge rosette, led

us to the reserved seats. I should have preferred a reserved seat in a higher and purer atmosphere just then, but I bethought me in time of the extreme cruelty of requesting sweet odors to be dispensed by the Freedman's Bureau. For the sweet perfumes of Araby I would not be the first to complain, lest by so doing I might bring a new misery on my country, viz., a law requiring "that all noses interfering with the rights of Africa in this respect shall undergo immediate amputation." No, I trust I know my situation better than that, so I took the reserved seat, held my tongue, and likewise my nose, a feature which knowing its rights refuses always to be trampled upon.

But to return to the subject of the day. The usher presently returned with a three-cornered note, which he handed to me. The contents were as follows:—

"Miss Femy Kent is unanimously chose by the comitee to conduct the examination in Euclids, and to take a sponisible seat on the flat-form."

I was now as ready to laugh as I had been to cry a few hours before. Memory carried me back to the hours when in my grandfather's study my brother Fred and I conned our Euclid, a book often mislaid, and concerning which the butler Sampson, now a dominie, often expressed a peculiar interest. The angles and triangles had a strange fascination for him, and information concerning their use and character was demanded of Fred and myself. When Sherman came along, Sampson disappeared, and Euclid with him. So Dominie Sampson sat now on the "flat-form," and a chair was placed near him for me. I pleaded that I was rusty in the sciences, "Euclids" particularly, being much more conversant with pot and oven-lids at present; which reply sent the usher off with a spasm about the mouth as though struck with a sudden pain somewhere.

Sampson was a kind of elephantine pet with me and Fred, and we were liliputian pets of his, in the days of "auld lang syne." We had taught him to read and write surreptitiously. Pompous, self-conceited, Sampson had ever been; but that was rare fun for me and Fred, who loved to teach him the most bombastic words and high-sounding expressions. Clothed now in his new authority, our pupil, in company with the school committee and a carpet-bagger who had made himself odious in the neighborhood, sat confronting a semi-circle of girls of all ages and colors, from charcoal to the lightest tan. The straight-haired ones rejoiced in heads à la Fejee, while the woolly ones were burdened with a stolen growth of furze, denominated "white people's har." Conspicuous among the rest sat Celestina in all the glory of her white drapery, holding in one hand a scroll bound with scarlet ribbon, and in the other a lace-bordered handkerchief surprisingly like my own. I fastened my eyes on the handkerchief for the space of a moment, at the end of which time Celestina felt compelled to put it in her pocket. I would have been willing just then to assist in the examination of the spelling-class, and request Celestina to spell and define "honesty."

First class in spelling called. Dominie Sampson putting on his glasses, peered through them with a learned, important air, and handed Webster abridged to the carpet-bagger, who cleared his

throat and began. Negroes are expert in the imitation of sounds, and as the words were given out with direct reference to this talent or gift, the spelling was quite a success. For instance, the word "musical," being divided "mu-si-cal," there was a slight mistake in the first syllable; the word was passed from the foot to the head of the class, where Celestina made it all right with an exactness and agility that proved her to be a pattern scholar.

This class disposed of, first class in geography called, and requested to give up their "attaluses," which being done, work commenced in earnest. There was some difficulty at starting in regard to the earth's form and motions; I am not sure that either the "Dominie" or the carpet-bagger was decided on these points. The next point was to explain why we did not fall off when the world made a summersault. One little piece of sable flesh, who had the audacity to contend with Celestina for the honors of the day, declared we did not fall off because we were "stuck on." "Dominie" indignant; Celestina, quite scornful, rising to her feet, declared, "Please, Doctor Sampson, we don't fall off because we're centered in gravity." A patronising nod and benignant smile from the Dominie on Celestina, and an angry look at the reserved seats from the carpet-bagger in consequence of the loss of gravity by the reserved seats at this reply. Nothing daunted, the geographical class pressed on until it reached the heart of Africa, where in mercy to us they should have been bodily at that moment. In these desert-wilds the class became thoroughly bewildered, made sad work of Livingstone's discoveries, unreprieved by the "Dominie" or the carpet-bagger; and no wonder, for it has puzzled many a wiser head to frame pronunciations fit for Christian tongues to utter. Ancient and modern names were confounded in a most remarkable manner. The Athens of Greece was evidently mistaken for the Athens of Georgia. A demand for information concerning the ruins of that ancient city was met by the prompt reply that "They was burnt by the Yankees." The Dominie scratched the naked spot where the "wool ought to grow," looked dubious: whether he was most astounded or gratified by this information I cannot tell; even Celestina, who was in a graduating state, dared not gainsay this information; she became absorbed in the contemplation of the scroll in her hand, while the carpet-bagger left the classic shades of Greece, opened the geography at hap-hazard, and plunged the class into the waters of the Indian Ocean, on whose banks it was declared our Indian tribes did dwell, a fact which we would gladly credit if we could.

History was the next subject under consideration. "Comedy of Errors" would have been the rightful name for the kaleidoscopic view now presented to the astonished reserved seats. Kings and queens, numbered and labelled at hap-hazard, came forth from the dim past, flourished around the semicircle, exchanged their royal robes and titles, then whisked into their tombs again. Mary Queen of Scots was proven guilty of poisoning her son some hundred years before she was born, which so enraged her father Henry VIII. that he cut off her head immediately. The Dominie and carpet-bagger were speechless, perhaps overwhelmed by the enormity of the crime.

Written history disposed of, the carpet-bagger proposed to ask a few questions relative to the late war. Among other inquiries one was proposed by Dominie Sampson himself: "Who fit the battle of Richmond?" A dead silence, during which the Dominie looked mournfully around the class. At this juncture the little lump of black flesh before mentioned, and whom a witty young friend has called "one of the knobs of the bureau," bounded from her seat and exclaimed, "Who fit the battle of Richmond? Why, Ginerl Sherman." "General Sherman fit no battles," was the prompt and truthful reply from the lips of Dominie Sampson. Another broad smile from the reserved seats: just and fitting tribute to the memory of the General whose war was waged with women and children. The carpet-bagger now conferred in whispers with the Dominie, who, rising from his seat, declared that "in consequence of much time having been kinsumed in the examination, the Euclids would be postponed until the second day, but that rewards, deplomys for spelling, geography, and history would be distributed before the cullation." Great excitement and firm expectations in the semicircle of young ladies. The Dominie takes a step forward.

"Miss Celestina Amelia Washington will come for'ard to the flat-form."

Miss Celestina arose, her face all aglow with the hue of a rotten apple, and obeyed. I sorely grieved for Celestina Washington at that moment: the thick perspiration rolled down her tawny face, and no handkerchief at hand to wipe the dew from her intellectual brow. Wreathed and beaded with the drops wrung from her by mental toil, she stood irresolute; then instinctively her hand went to her pocket, but a glance at the reserved seats caused her to withdraw it. She had at last to resort to the primitive African manœuvre, and use the back of her hand. Poor Celestina! I felt for her, and longed to give her some sign to signify a loan of the article desired. Alas! so near the summit of her intellectual fame, and to be elogged by this slight dereliction from the path of duty. Palsied be the tongue that would denounce her for a runaway and thief. But we are not in the school for morals: Dominie Sampson is conferring honors on Celestina.

"Miss Celestina A. Washington, it is my great pleasure to announce that you have done your infinite duty. In the face of this intelligent aujience I present you with the entire respect of the committee, and this roll of honor which you have obtained for the fust merit in spelling, geography and history."

I thought Celestina received the diploma with an air of disappointment. The most intelligent girls of fourteen scarcely feel gratified with a scroll bearing their names and inscribed with their virtues and attainments. Framing them as mantel-ornaments has gone out of date, like Moses in the bulrushes done in floss, silk or worsted. The negro, with his material ideas and love of show, must be educated up to a much higher idea in order to appreciate the little slip of parchment conferred in this instance. Some useful trifle bestowed for real improvement in the rudiments of learning, or moral conduct, might excite a proper emulation in the negro breast. While thus reflecting, Celestina had made her courtesy and returned to her seat.

I regretted that, through inadvertence, I had not seen this performance.

At this juncture a friend touched me on the shoulder. "There's a half-crazy woman under the window who has been calling for Femy Kent for the last half-hour; she says Fred's hongry."

Brother Fred come! I did not expect him until to-morrow. I must go. Hastening out into the road, I descried Polly Riddick spinning along at the top of the hill, sun-bonnet in hand (she never wore it on her head), aggravated I knew because she had been forced to leave her watch-tower on the kitchen-steps. Arrived at home, I found her seated as though she had never been driven off, and Fred in that state of depravity to which man sinks when on his return home he finds no womankind and the fire gone out. So soon as Fred's inner man was supplied with a double portion, composed of dinner and tea in one, I unfolded the day's events. Do you suppose that Fred expressed much gratification thereat? He did not, but fixed his eye on a particular spot in the wall in a way that meant determination. I left him to his thoughts, to arrange things for the night; when I returned, Fred had adjourned to the piazza with his cigar. O blessed cigar! As Sancho Panza blessed the man who invented sleep, so should woman bless him who invented this fragrant weed; many a masculine ailment and grief is puffed into the air, many a manly sorrow soothed by the insertion between the lips of a roll of tobacco and a ready match.

"Phemie," said my brother, "is this horrid examination over?"

"Oh no, the Euclids will be on the tapis to-morrow."

"Humph! What then?"

"Jim's examination next. The boy's school will occupy two days more."

"Humph! What next?"

"The 'scursion, you know, Fred. Indeed I believe there will be two."

"Humph! What then?"

"Why, vacation of course; with relations to visit, you know."

Silence on Fred's part, and as there was no wall, a spot on the post was selected for Fred's eye.

In the dusk of the evening three figures were seen coming leisurely up the path to the house. As they were about to pass the piazza, Fred called in a stern voice, "Dorcas, is that you?"

"Sartain sure, Mass Fred. Don't speak so skeert like. Jes bin to take leetle rest; gwine now to get supper."

"Stop," said Fred in a thundering way. "You shall never enter my kitchen again."

"Lawsy massy, what poor ole Aunt Dorcas done now?" Great stress upon the aunt this time.

"You will leave immediately — you, Celestina, and Jim. Jim, you little rascal, how dare you leave your work? and where did you find that bag of corn you hid under the stable floor?"

"Dem was leetle nubbin old Dobb 'fused to eat," replied Jim.

"Because they were mixed with stolen knives and forks, sir. Celestina, hand over that handkerchief of Miss Phemie's; your young mistress, I mean." Great stress upon mistress.

"I loaned that article of mine to a young lady in our school ; unfortunately she lost it."

"Well, we'll see about that some time. Be thankful that I let you off so easily. Now right about, march ; tramp, off with you !" cried Fred.

"And leab all my tings ? my big chist too ?"

"Have you not the key of your room in your pocket ? Come back here to-morrow and get them, at which time I will pay you up for the time you have been here, though you don't deserve it. I will not have all the work, even to feeding the horse, left to my sister while I pay three servants. Neither will I have a dishonest one on the place ; clear out."

"Oh, my poor tings ! my poor chist !" cried Dorcas.

"Tramp, march !" cried Fred ; "it is preposterous, perfectly preposterous."

"Mister Kent," said old Dorcas, growing wrathful and dropping her hitherto mild expressions, "'taint no use speaking cussing words ; I won't take 'em. There's law in dis country gin pore white trash for we. My grandfader live along of Ginerl Washington in de big war, and he tell me de Ginerl hisself use no cussing words."

"And I tell you," replied Fred, now provoked beyond endurance, "that my grandfather fought by General Washington's side, and he heard the General say it was preposterous fifty times a day. Now march, will you ?"

"Lawsy massy, dunno whar to go."

"Go to the carpet-bagger," cried Fred in great wrath.

Old Dorcas began again ; in fact she was of that peculiar dogged disposition that was willing to "fight it out on that line all summer ;" but as Fred, suddenly advancing to the front, assumed a threatening attitude, she suddenly determined to "change her base," and the trio quickly departed.

During the night all the "tings," with many articles belonging to ourselves, departed. Part of poor old Dobbs' mane and tail were among the missing.

"Oh, Fred," said I, "did you ever suppose that you could be a match for those people ? And, Fred, let me whisper a sisterly word in your ear. Never use high-sounding words on such occasions. I know an eminent divine who has been accused of profanity in consequence of the frequent use of grandiloquent words." Then we both laughed for the first time, for we had been quite melancholy in consequence of the disaster to poor Dobbs.

But Fred would push matters to the extremity of the law, the result being the recovery of a hammer and a tin-basin, with the loss of \$10 from his purse. Polly Riddick was the only one bettered by the operation, she being more frequently promoted to the post of observation.

Another Celestina, by the name of Cecilia Cornelia, and another Jim rejoicing in the appellation of Napoleon Alexander, visit us once during the twenty-four hours, and perform some jobs in a spirited manner under the supervision of Fred and myself. After their departure, when the gate is locked upon them, Fred and I have to our-

selves some of the happiest hours we ever expect to enjoy again, as we sit among the ruins of the past.

CHEVEUX GRIS.

THE RELIGIOUS ASPECT OF MURDER.

THE art of murder has apparently attained in our day its highest point of development. In the tragedies of Shakespeare we may study it in the true pre-Raphaelite stage: the Crook-Back stabs his victims in genuine gladiatorial style; the princes are smothered by hired ruffians in the most naturalistic manner; Othello asphyxiates his beloved wife with her pillow as the handiest weapon, just as Cain probably slew Abel with the first stick or stone which lay in his way. Macbeth was but an amateur ruffian, and but for the assistance of his wife would have supplied no more dramatic effect than any plebeian stabber. The taking-off of Hamlet's father was a touch far in advance of his age, but "exceptions only prove the rule." De Quincey studied the subject during the period of the Renaissance. Burke assassinating his victims in the service of science, however indirectly, reminds us of Parrhasius racking his aged captive in the desperate hope of catching with his callid brush the expression of a dying groan. Charlotte Corday had evidently read the story of Brutus, and probably that of Judith and Holofernes, and made a feeble effort to revive and improve the antique.

Even Dickens lived and wrote twenty years too soon. The death of Mr. Tulkinghorn pales ingloriously beside the Goodrich mystery; Bradley Headstone put up a very pretty job, but would be hissed off the stage for failure in the fifth act, for his murderess was dragged out of the water and recovered; Bill Sykes is but a brute, beating out Nancy's brains much as a mad bull might gore to death some favorite heifer which somebody had covered with a red cloth. It remained for our day to witness the culmination of the art; for it is inconceivable that any further progress is attainable, at least in the direction of unique and sensational accessories and the after-conduct on the part of the criminals.

It is not, however, in the mere matter of improvement, or even of frequency, that murder in our times differs from killing in all the ages that have passed. There are at least two features which have been developed in connection with the subject, the one as cause, the other

as effect, which are as novel and peculiar as they are startling, and which deserve, especially the latter, the most earnest attention and thoughtful study. We allude to "emotional insanity" as the invariable cause, and religious conviction and peace as the inevitable result of all cases of homicide where the perpetrator happens to be detected. We speak of these as "features" which have been "developed"; for so characteristic have they become of all killing "with malice prepense," and so infallibly do we expect them, that we gravely question whether these are totally new accessories begotten of the times, and not essential characters of murder in all times, only latent in some germinal condition until ripened by the æstual influences of modern civilisation.

The propensity to take human life at the promptings of revenge or avarice has always prevailed to a greater or less degree, and the most stringent laws of God and of man have never more than partially restrained it. For about five thousand eight hundred and sixty-four years, however, according to Ussher's chronology, it was the universal custom to try a man or woman suspected of murder by some system or other of jurisprudence, upon more or less satisfactory evidence, to settle simply the fact of the commission of the act. The penalty to the guilty was as universally death, unless commuted on account of the appearance of extenuating circumstances. The prisoner generally died "game," *i.e.* defiantly or stolidly, or else preached a hortatory sermon upon the text of his own miserable and well-deserved end for the warning of all who were present to witness the spectacle. But within the last decade or so all this has changed. It is now impossible to take up any daily paper without having thrust upon our attention some half-dozen murders or trials or executions. It is absolutely refreshing to find among these some case where the criminal frankly avows his sanity and rests his case squarely upon an alibi; or, being condemned and led to the gallows, dies with his lips closed and the secret of his religious condition known only to Him unto whom all hearts are open.

Now a comparison which we shall presently institute must convince us that either a great and terrible mistake has been committed in the matter through all the ages, or a greater and more terrible mistake is committing now. Let us first examine the particulars of a few old-time murders, first-class killings of their kind, not to gratify a prurient taste for horrors, but to see whether they differ from modern cases in any essential particulars which will account for the peculiar features presented by the latter. In the summer of 1806 a young girl named Barbara Reisinger disappeared in a town in Germany. For two years no clue was discovered by which her fate could be traced. In 1808 another girl named Catherine Seidel left her home and never returned. It was known that she had gone to have her fortune told by a charlatan named Andrew Bichel, and several months later her sister recognised some of Catherine's clothing exposed for sale at a tailor's, who stated that Bichel had left them there. The girl then appeared in court and deposed that several months before Bichel had sent a message to her sister that some one at his house wished to see her. Catherine went, but soon returned, saying that

Bichel could tell her fortune by causing her to look into a mirror, but that she must have clothes enough to dress herself three times, and they must be the handsomest she could get. She took the clothes and left home for Bichel's, whence she never came back. The sister made inquiries, and the fortune-teller stated that Catherine had gone off with a man who had induced him to send for her. The tailor stated that Bichel remarked when he sold the clothes that the girl, a peasant, had no further need of them, being now a lady and wearing French clothing. Investigations were made and other articles discovered belonging to both the women, and it was also found that Bichel had enticed other girls to his house, all of whom had disappeared. Still no positive evidence could be obtained of their death, until at last the dog of an officer who had Bichel under surveillance supplied it. The animal entered the wood-shed of the man's house, snuffing and scratching until he attracted attention. On digging a little way two bodies were found terribly mangled, but not too much for identification as those of Catherine Seidel and Barbara Reisinger. At first the prisoner denied all knowledge of the matter, but finally confessed that he had placed his victims before the mirror, persuading them to allow him to blindfold them and tie their hands, as a part of the incantation; he then stabbed them in the back of the neck. In the case of Miss Seidel the monster avowed that as soon as he struck her he became possessed by the desire "to see how she looked inside." Accordingly he opened her chest with a wedge and a cobbler's mallet; he did this, he thought, before she was quite dead. He barely restrained a fancy to cut off a piece and eat it! Then he cut up and dressed the body as a butcher dresses a carcass, and finally buried it, after hacking it with a hatchet, in a hole under the shed. He confessed that his only motive was to obtain the clothes, although he was not in need. Now here was a palpable case of "emotional insanity." There can be no doubt of it, because the man wished to eat a piece of his victim, which is just what Kate Stoddard did with the blood of Goodrich, and she is "emotionally insane"—very. But the stolid German judge chose to think the sensational part of the story a hoax gotten up to produce precisely this impression, and condemned the man to be broken on the wheel. This horrible punishment was not thought too severe for such offences in those evil days. It may be noted that Bichel did not die "happy."

Two more examples will suffice our purpose. In 1831 John Bishop and a man named Williams were executed in London for several murders. They belonged to the gang of the infamous Burke, and their crimes were committed for the profit derived from the sale of the bodies for dissection at the Anatomical Rooms. Bishop confessed that they had made away with two friendless boys and a beggar-woman, all in the same manner. The method was to entice the victim to drink at Bishop's house. He was there heavily drugged with rum and laudanum, and when fully under the influence of the narcotic, was taken to the well in the garden, tied by the feet with a stout rope made fast to the palings, and let down head-foremost into the water, where he was left to die while the villains caroused at a neighboring tavern. The teeth were extracted and sold to the den-

tists, the body was sold to the surgeons, nine guineas being the usual price, and the clothes, if worth anything, for what they would bring. It was afterwards discovered that the confession, sworn to on the very verge of the gallows, was full of lies told to mitigate in some degree the atrocious details. The men were believed to have been concerned in at least sixty such murders.

The last case which we shall mention is the most remarkable one of Lawrence, Earl Ferrers, who was executed during the reign of George II. for the murder of Mr. Johnston, his steward. The Earl was a violent man, who had acted so outrageously that his friends feared insanity; at least he behaved so ill towards his lady that a separation was effected. He took a great dislike to Johnston, who was the receiver of the family estates, and threatened his life. Seemingly pacified, he made an appointment with the steward to come to his house, and there deliberately shot him through the body while the unfortunate man was on his knees begging for his life. The shot was fatal, but not immediately, and Ferrers had the man cared for and provided with surgical aid until his death. He then surrendered himself at the bar of the House of Lords, avowing his intention to kill Johnston, and declaring that he would justify his conduct. The trial took place in Westminster Hall before the Lord-Keeper Henley and the assembled peers of the realm, a most august tribunal. The defence pleaded insanity, and established the fact of hereditary taint and of an undoubtedly disordered imagination on the part of the prisoner, a distinguished physician whose specialty was lunacy testifying that Ferrers was in his opinion *non compos mentis*. The prosecution admitted the insanity, but the Crown lawyers proved that the prisoner was never so demented that he could not distinguish between good and evil; that the murder was prompted by revenge for a fancied injury, and committed with deliberate malice. They urged that attacks of lunacy could not palliate a crime committed in a lucid interval, and that Ferrers' conversation immediately after the act had been exceptionally cool and consistent until he drank himself into a state of intoxication, and had been exceptionally clear and intelligent ever since his recovery from the debauch. The peers admitted the soundness of the plea, and found the Earl guilty of murder. The verdict was rendered on the 18th of April, 1760, and on the *same day* Ferrers was sentenced to be hung on the *Monday following* at the common place of execution, and his body to be afterwards dissected and anatomised. He was accordingly taken from the Tower on that day by the sheriffs and permitted to drive in his own landau to Tyburn, followed by a hearse and a mourning-coach and six. He was elegantly dressed, his light suit being embroidered with silver, and distributed money freely on the scaffold. He refused to join in the devotions of the chaplain, whom he had declined seeing until now, but knelt and said the Lord's Prayer, adding fervently, "Lord, forgive me all my errors! Pardon all my sins!" That was all. He died by the rope, and the sentence was fully carried out upon his body.

Now let us suppose these cases to have occurred A. D. 1873, and in one of our great cities. Bichel, the "Maiden-Killer," would perhaps have been hung, being a poor and ignorant man; with wealthy

friends, however, to secure able counsel and compliant witnesses, he would more probably have been imprisoned for life, and pardoned on account of his health in from two to five years. Supposing the hanging, however, he would have been converted some weeks before his death, and gone out of the world expressing his certainty of meeting in heaven every dead person he had ever known *except* his murdered victims. Burke, Bishop and Williams would undoubtedly have been executed, but not until they had been lionised in the jail for three months, the public being duly notified whenever they shaved or took an unwonted bath. Samples of clergy would have been submitted to them for inspection until they decided under what denominational influences they preferred to get religion; and after accomplishing that object in the regular manner, they would have expressed their earnest desire to leave this troublesome world, and gone to the gallows in a frame of mind which would go far to convince the five thousand gaping beholders of the scene that the steps of that lethal engine are a surer and more direct way to the home of the blessed than the ladder which Jacob saw at Bethel. Ferrers would never have come into court at all. A writ *de lunatico inquirendo* would have followed close upon the inquest, and the noble earl would have gone to a hospital, to remain until the next sensation had obliterated his case from the public mind.

Now it is a question whether human life is really held at a cheaper rate in our day than in other times in a corresponding state of civilisation; but there can be no doubt at all that murder, the cowardly taking of life when the victim is at the greatest disadvantage, and there is the least possible personal risk to the slayer, is more fearfully prevalent than it has ever been before. It is a sign, and a most unmistakable one, of the decadence of all national virtues; for cowardice is not a mere weakness, but the most contemptible and dangerous of sins, and the most certain to sap the foundations of every high quality. It is directly opposed to the spirit of all true religion; and the fact is blazoned upon every page of history, from the days of the Thundering Legion to those of Robert E. Lee, that the Christian soldier and gentleman is ever the bravest man. This is a very important consideration in deciding what relation can be borne by religion to the most cowardly of all crimes, and how far the maladministration of sacred things is responsible for its prevalence.

All men value and most jealously guard the right of freemen to bear arms, and we cannot forget that the Prince of Peace had no rebuke for those of His disciples who wore swords in accordance with the general custom of a turbulent and dangerous period. He only condemned the use of carnal weapons in defence of a spiritual polity. A discreet and well-balanced religious sentiment is therefore not in opposition to this dearly-cherished constitutional privilege. But it is a right which, like that to use intoxicating liquors, belongs to the higher faculties and attributes of true manhood, and can be exercised by those who are not thus gifted only at the risk of fearful and fatal abuse. Hence while human law and religious precept exceed their province in absolutely forbidding these divinely approved privileges, they should yet be equally hedged in and guarded by every

lawful restriction, for the conservation of the public safety and the moral status of the individual. Now the habitual carrying of weapons, which is the popular interpretation, however erroneous, of the right to bear arms, will directly foster either courage or cowardice, as they are carried openly or concealed. When every man wore his sword at his side, brawls were as common as now, and life was not held more sacred ; but cowardice was at a discount, and murder, as above defined, far more rare in occurrence and more surely punished. *Now* the hidden knife or pistol is drawn and used in a moment upon the unprepared victim, who has no time given him to use the arms which he may wear ; and if totally unarmed, so much the better for his assailant.

The next step to killing an unarmed man is the murder of a defenceless woman or child. *Then* the constant prologue to every assault was, "Draw and defend yourself !" The peers who convicted Ferrers wore swords, and would have crossed them fatally on small provocation ; but it would have been in fair, courageous combat, with equal risk to both parties. Heaven forbid that the writer of this paper should pen one word which might seem to palliate the criminal folly of duelling ; but if men must go armed, in the name of all that is brave and noble let them bear their weapons openly. He will be a benefactor to society who will revive the fashion of the sword as a substitute for the pistol and the knife ; for cool courage and practised skill in fence would again put the feeble and peaceable on an equality with the brutal and pusillanimous rough. Public sentiment would rise with public bravery, and the assassin would be kept in check by the storm of execration on his cowardice which would soon replace the namby-pamby sentiment which now bewails his sad fate, and offers the tribute to his memory of silver-plated coffins and garlanded flowers on his grave. The defiant felons of the last century swaggered to Tyburn-hill, and drank gin upon the gallows, because they knew how men despised them, and would set down any whining cant at the gibbet to the same cowardice which brought them there. The consolations of religion were freely ministered to all who would receive them, and possibly many a hardened criminal was brought into peace with God before he came to the drop ; but no public demonstrations were made save the recital of the burial office of the Book of Common Prayer, made more awfully impressive by the presence in life of the unfortunate man whose body was thus consigned to the grave. Those who had been savingly converted simply invoked God's mercy on their miserable souls, and left Him to publish their pardon in the great day of account. A brave, high-spirited people may be reckless of life, but they will be free from the stain of murder. The great object of religion is not simply to reform the individual criminal who has been adjudged unfit to live longer in this world, and ensure his passage to heaven : it is to prevent crime by disseminating the great principles of the Gospel and convincing men of their truth. Is the tone of our religious teaching calculated to do this ?

Cowardice is the sin of this age. It is fearful to see how little moral and religious stamina underlie the dash and spirit necessary to

success in life. Men strike daringly into the swiftest currents and recklessly plunge into the stormiest whirlpools, but with the first false stroke it is all over; they have no heart to make even one effort at recovery. Let them go under once, and all hope is abandoned; character, honesty, religion, life itself are given up without a struggle. Now the very same lack of courage prompts men to murder.

There is a great cry going up from the press that churches are now for the rich, and that if the poor were sought after with the Gospel's teachings, crime would decrease. Doubtless there is a vast field white to the harvest, and the clergymen are ready to occupy it when the lay-people will provide for the scanty living which, being men, they must require. But this heathenised class does not supply the gallows exclusively or chiefly. The Stokeses, the Walworths, even the Hollohans and Nicholsons, do not belong to it. There is a softness and effeminacy about the average pulpit-teaching which does not commend it to men; there is a vague sentimentality pervading most religious tracts which prevents the reading of three consecutive lines by those to whom they are given, and which characterises the greatest part of the religion which people "get" in these days. But if there is one feature which marks Christianity beyond all other religions, it is its manliness. The Divine Author of the Gospel is the type of true manly courage. Let all sensationalism be driven from the pulpit, and the greatest stress laid upon this point: let men be taught that the message is for *them*, and that the braver and more manly they are the greater their preparedness to receive it, and the effect will soon be visible.

But while this work is progressing slowly, as it must, what should be the course of the ministers of religion in dealing with the convicted felon? Things have changed greatly if there was ever any truth at the foundation of Banquo's ghost, or Spalatro's Bloody Hand; if any veritable Sykes was ever driven by remorse to wild flight and involuntary suicide. Now two men brutally kick to death the wife's grandmother to one of them while the good old lady is regaling them with cakes and wine. It has long been planned to secure the money which might as easily have been taken, and much more safely, had her life been spared. One of the murderers is found an hour afterwards playing a cheerful game of cards; the other writes a tender obituary on the dear deceased, adorned with some original poetry about the angels who were waiting to carry her to heaven. Was ever the face of God's fair earth defiled by a fouler crime or a more hardened exhibition of hypocrisy? Malice, hatred, ruffianism and deceit mark every subsequent page in their history until all hope of escape from death has faded out. Then they begin to weigh the merits of several kinds of religion, and having made their choice, find the least conceivable difficulty in becoming model saints. From that moment they are happy. The public is regaled with particulars of every prayer-meeting held, every psalm sung, and almost every word spoken. They feel the religion "jingling like silver half-dollars in their pockets." Then comes the end. Under the stimulus of the same treatment, somewhat intensified, they pre-

pare for the scaffold as for a wedding ; give the happiest of religious experiences while the dismal preparations are making, and then leap jubilantly into the arms of the angels who are waiting to take them to Paradise.

Now all this is just horrible. It is disgusting, disgraceful, indecent, and subversive of all public morality. And yet it has become the rule rather than the exception. If this is to go on, then the sooner the death-penalty is abolished the better, for hanging has become a reward instead of a punishment, and under some of the religious excitements now so common, we may see the gallows as eagerly sought as was martyrdom in days gone by. It is not long since a negro thanked God on the gibbet that he had committed murder, for otherwise he would not have known his Saviour ! That is true negro logic, and doubtless many a heartfelt "dat's so !" responded to the sentiment.

Now *per contra*, let us cite two examples which are very highly instructive. A clergyman once, in the wildest days of Arkansas, visited a desperado condemned for a brutal murder. The man was utterly hardened in crime and godlessness, and the most diligent instruction and exhortation failed to make any impression upon him. The only human feeling he exhibited was some gratitude for the kindly interest thus shown in him, and the expressed desire to be buried "like folks." He was in the very gall of bitterness, cursing and blaspheming against judge and jury, constables and witnesses, and all who had helped to bring him to this pass. The day of execution drew near, and he was to be removed to an adjoining county. The clergyman on bidding him adieu said, "Now, N., I want you to make me a promise. You have no sense or conviction of religion, and you know it. Don't play the hypocrite and pretend to what you have not got, but die silently and like a man. Have nothing to say on the gallows." The man promised, and was taken away in a wagon. He spent that night in a room with other prisoners, who were playing cards, and showed no apprehension of his fate. Next morning he mounted the scaffold and addressed the crowd ; professed conversion, died happy, and hoped to meet them all in heaven ! That was noted as a wonderful case of late repentance and acceptance. The same clergyman visited a condemned negro who, in a sudden burst of anger, and under the instinct of self-defence, had struck down a brutal overseer who was beating him severely. He declared that he had not intended murder, and professed deep contrition. He exhibited every token of repentance, and declared his trust in his Saviour. He was baptised with great privacy, and the day came for him to die. The advice to him was as follows : "Make no speech. If you have anything you want known, tell it to me and I will attend to it." This advice was faithfully followed. The man died in silence, with no loud professions of religion. This case was also noted as an instance of total depravity and stolid indifference to death. But which was the better ?

Before summing up our conclusions, there is one fact which we would like to be specially noted. The large majority of all the murders committed, and almost *all* the most shocking ones, happen in

the North and Northwest. In the South, torn and distracted as she is, and overrun by a population more than semi-savage, and more or less hostile to the white minority, there are comparatively few murders, and most of those are traced to men who have served in the Federal army. There are some of us who knew that organisation pretty well a few years back, and we are in no way surprised. But the fact is striking, and it might be profitable to inquire how much the "New England Idea" has to do with it. There is a religious tone quite popular in that section which is almost totally unknown in the South, and we may very justly put this and that together.

It is a terrible truth, but one patent to all, that murder, ghastly and cowardly, creeps everywhere through the land. His savage hand is bathed in blood upon every pretext and motive, and with no discoverable motive at all. Age and sex afford no protection; manhood and babyhood alike feed the ravening thirst for gore. Parents die by the hands of their offspring, brothers by brothers, wives by husbands, and whole families by strangers whom they never saw before. Every paper teems with the sickening details. Is there no remedy for the fearful evil? Shall the life of the slayer be held more sacred than that of the slain? Shall that dementia, which men hold all but sacred, be called in to shield the guilty, or be tempted by impunity to acts of death? And when the sentence has been passed, and justice is about to be vindicated, shall religion step forward and stay the executioner's hand, until with trumpet tones she has summoned the multitudes, and shown them how human law is more implacable than Divine judgment? These are questions of the gravest import to society, and they must be answered by the pulpit and the press. Let them boldly cease all pandering to a depraved and sickly sentiment, and boldly teach that man's life is sacred in the eyes of his Maker; and that by His immutable law, "Whoso sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed"; and that the death penalty is not essentially reformatory or terroristic, but is God's punishment for crime inflicted through human instrumentality. Let them demand that the gallows become *inevitable* in every case of fully-proven guilt, and teach that the judgment against Earl Ferrers was righteous and wholesome, and should be a guiding precedent in similar cases. Let the ministrations of religion be unostentatious, and unheard beyond the platform. The gallows should be made the ghastly, ugly thing that it is; the criminal should be treated in public with consideration and pity indeed, but still as one who is suffering the terrible and shameful penalty of an execrable crime; and above all, let him speak no word beyond a sad and solemn farewell, all statements for the public ear being made in writing to the proper authorities, to be published or suppressed by them as they may think best for the good of all concerned.

R. W.

SCENES, INCIDENTS AND CHARACTERS OF THE GREEK REVOLUTION.

II.

O Hellas ! who thy long-lost grandeur shall restore,—
Thy sons once more to glory and to freedom lead?

APPROACH OF THE OUTBREAK.

LET us, to survey affairs, take our stand toward the close of the year 1820. Greece had worn away in her sad bondage the latter half of the fifteenth century, and all of the sixteenth, seventeenth and eighteenth. The first quarter of the nineteenth as it expired was to witness her deliverance. Those ages of servitude had not extinguished the love and the hope of freedom among the Greeks. So far from this, the Hellenic heart was now throbbing with the strongest pulses toward it.

Some six years had passed since the Hetaireia as a political combination had developed itself from the "Philomuse," founded by Capo D'Istrias. It had now spread its ramifications not only amongst the Greeks of European Turkey, but to a large extent through the professed Christian populations, most of whom were of the one communion of the Eastern Church. Phlegmatic and careless as the Turks often show themselves when not roused by war, the preservation from discovery by them of the secrecy of such a national conspiracy, on the part of a people not inhabiting a separate locality, but dwelling on the same soil, in the same towns, villages and rural districts with those who were conspired against, mingling all the time the one with the other in business, and using each other's language, is one of the wonders of history. The "Apostles of the Hetaireia" had thoroughly traversed the regions lying between the Bosphorus and Matapan, and they whispered now to many who had not shared their secret before that the day of deliverance was at hand. By the time that the revolution began, which was the first months of 1821, the leaders of the great combination had become so emboldened by the formidable rebellion of Ali Pasha that they scarcely took pains any longer to conceal their operations, and the powerful satrap of Epirus fanned the flame. There is good authority for believing that about this time the Russian Emperor was secretly consulted by the emissaries of the Hetaireia, and that he advised the delay of any insurrectionary movement till Russia and Turkey should be again embroiled ; but this seemingly salutary advice was lost. The fire was now so far kindled that nothing could keep the flame from bursting forth ; and perhaps it has proved well for Greece in the long run that she did not wait for a Russian complication, for this would probably have issued in making her a mere satrapy to the Czar.

THE FORMIDABLE DIFFICULTIES.

In my former number a remark was made as to the fearful disparity under which the Greek people — so small comparatively in number, so destitute of arms and the furniture of war, and having their enemies and masters everywhere among them, and in many places holding strong fortresses — had to enter the conflict now coming. It was in every point of view a contest that might awaken dread. Never perhaps was a war waged under the stimulation of fiercer passions. All the gathered hate and revenge of ages burned in the bosoms of the Greeks. In thousands of hearts it was aggravated to its fiercest intensity by individual wrongs such as stimulate human animosities to the highest pitch. The hate of the oppressor naturally answered to that of the oppressed, and the difference and even antagonism of religions between the parties added yet other fuel to the doubly-heated flame. Each looked upon the other as detested infidels, worthy only of torture, death and confiscation. The terrible nature of the struggle was well indicated by the death's-head emblems of the banner borne in the first campaign by the corps of young Greek volunteers under Ypsilantes.

The year 1821 opened, and with its very opening Grecian independence was to be born once more, and, we may believe, for all after ages. The war of the Sultan against his daring rebel subject Ali had been going on through the preceding year. The Souliotes, who are Albanian Greeks, and the Maniats, who can boast the purest Greek blood, besides others of their countrymen, had joined the standard of the great revolter. These circumstances so excited the hitherto pent-up patriot feeling that it could no longer be suppressed. But it was through awful pangs that the new Grecian freedom was to have its birth. The struggle now about to begin was not to end till seven long years had passed, and it had left the territory which now forms independent Greece, excepting the country of the Maniats, on the Taygetan promontory, and some few other mountainous and inaccessible localities, with scarce a village or hamlet standing, or an orange-grove or olive-orchard growing, or a crop waving over the fields, and the remnant of its population left from captivity and the sword in almost a famishing condition.

THE INTERNAL DISADVANTAGES.

Various causes combined in the case of the Greeks to make their effort most difficult and unpromising. Our country in her successful effort of the old Revolution had the benefit of the best preparation. The very nation from whom she was then severed had been her mother and her teacher. We had received from the very country to which we had belonged the impress of its civilisation and of its principles of constitutional freedom. How far different it was with the Greeks one need hardly say. The master-power that had brooded over them for ages was but the upas-tree to their intellectual, social and political life; and Greece was far remote from those parts of the world where a high civilisation, a pure Christianity, and the principles of constitutional liberty, vindicated and established by the struggles

and the blood of previous generations, were shedding their benign light. She was surrounded, in fact, by the darkest despotisms, even on the side of the nominally Christian nations. Is it not a wonder that Greece ever emerged at all from her deep depression?

And the men were wanting in this great emergency who could mould and guide the affairs of a new and struggling nationality. True, patriots she had, and heroes as true and brave as any that sleep under the tumuli of Marathon and Thermopylæ, and the wisdom of a sage in her noble Koraes. But where was the peerless leader like our Washington or our Lee to be found to command her armies? Or where the statesmen, the legislators, the jurists, the masters of finance, such as God gave us in our great transition a hundred years ago? Whence, with such antecedents as those of Greece, could they be looked for, unless they should spring by miracle from the earth like the full-panoplied warriors from the fabled sowing of the dragon's teeth? The conduct of the affairs of the Hetaireia had to be in the hands of men who for purposes of trade or for the sake of freedom from the contact of the Moslems were living outside the Grecian territories. Many of the more wealthy and influential Greeks resided in those foreign parts, and the movements of the leaders could be conducted there with more ease of communication and more safety from detection than amongst the Turks. But the effect was that the interests of the revolution in its important primal stage were managed by men who were not only removed in locality from those whose grave affairs they were conducting, but unfitted, the greater part of them, by their pursuits for the great executive functions with which they were vested almost by their own act. One of the most prominent was Galates,* a native of Ithaca, who bore the title of "Count," a very cheap one among the Ionian islanders, for being introduced in the time of the Venetian ascendancy, it descended by custom from any father who held it to all his sons, and thus became largely diffused. Galates had been a successful jeweller at Moscow, but was now settled at Bucharest, where he acted a busy, bustling and prominent part in the affairs of the Hetaireia. But setting off in the summer of 1820, in company with a Greek or Italian named Foro, on a mission to Hydra and Greece proper, he was assassinated at Hermione by his companion; and there were dark suspicions that through jealousy or fear of some sort his death was procured by Alexander Ypsilantes, or some others of his associates of the Hetaireian "Grand Arch." Whether Galates had any too high aspirations after position is a question now become a secret of his grave; but in view of the errand in which he was engaged, which exposed him to his fate, he may be considered somewhat as a victim to his country's cause before the struggle began.

GREAT MISTAKES OF THE OUTSET.

It was perhaps owing in some measure at least to the localities of residence on the part of the men who managed affairs that one of the first great errors of the revolutionary administration was com-

*I have followed the Greek orthography in this and other names. Why not in modern as in ancient Greek nomenclature?

mitted. This was in having the first movement of revolt to take place where it did. Any one who casts his eye on the map will see that the country which was the ancient Dacia, and now forms the provinces of Wallachia and Moldavia, is far north of Greece, and of the Hellenist populations that were to be expected to enter with the fullest sympathy into the revolutionary effort, north by several degrees of Constantinople itself. Then Bosnia, Servia, and Bulgaria came between even these two provinces and Macedonia (now Roumelia), which would itself have been far enough north for a leading movement. The populations of all the districts that have been named were indeed nominal Christians and of the Greek communion, but they were not of Greek blood, and the event proved that they had at any rate not enough of the enthusiasm of freedom to run the risks. These countries, too, were in less direct subjection than most parts of the peninsula of Greece; for they retained some shadow of their ancient independence in the tributary vice-regal form of the government exercised over them by the Porte. A historian of the Greek revolution remarks that the movement of insurrection in that quarter "may have operated a diversion somewhat favorable" to the operations soon to follow in the heart of Greece; but this was probably far more than counter-balanced by the effect of a quick and disastrous failure in the first effort of the war.

THE ILL-CHOSEN LEADER.

The first military leader, too, of the insurrection was unhappily chosen, even as respects those from whom Greece had to choose. But the election was with the few individuals of which the "Grand Arch" (*Ἡ Μεγάλη Ἀρχή*) was then composed, these being men of the class that has been spoken of. One of the Hospodars or tributary princes of Wallachia, Ypsilantes by name, had been deposed by the Turkish Government, and his deposition had led to war and trouble, which left the family in exile in Russia. The Government of the Czar was gracious to them. Alexander, a son of the deposed Hospodar, became a major-general in the Russian service, and lost an arm at the battle of Culm. Having the advantage of such prestige as his princely extraction and his relations to the great Autocrat, along with military service and preferment conferred upon him, it is not so surprising that the eyes of the men composing the Directory of the Hetaireia should turn to him; and he was their choice. And Alexander Ypsilantes had the recommendation besides of a commanding person and agreeable manners, and was in the prime of his years. But he was possessed of neither the mental abilities nor the general character that would have fitted him for a post so eminent and so "full both of peril and of glory." He was as selfish and vain-glorious as he was weak-minded, and in an extraordinary degree credulous; for he gave his ear to every flattering representation of things on the part of those around him, and believed that not only Greece proper, but all the provinces north of it, would fly to arms "so soon as he should unsheathe his sword on the banks of the Pruth," and that an insurrection was ready to break out among "the

Christians" within the walls of the Turkish capital itself. He was honored with the title of "Prince" by reason of his family dignity, but it is not improbable that Ypsilantes indulged the day-dream of being the future monarch of a realm extending from the Carpathian mountains to the Peloponnesian capes.

STAGE OF THE FIRST ACT OF THE DRAMA.

And now as to the region which was to be the scene of his famous but brief and ill-omened career. Macedonia, even if that were not too far north, would have furnished a far better theatre for the first effort of the war; and sad it is that this noble and beautiful country, which combines the advantages of the happily tempered climate of the very midst of the temperate zone, a surface watered by fine rivers and beautiful streams, and varied in its scenery by hill and dale and lofty mountain peaks and ridges, such as Hæmus and Olympus, and a fertile soil that yielded every variety of productions, her shores too laved on either side by the Ionian and Ægæan seas—that such a country with its Hellenic population should have been lost, as it soon was, to the Greek nationality. Nor was this because the modern Macedonians did not feel the prestige of their blood and name, and of that land where the Muses are fabled to have found in the Pierian retreats some of their favorite haunts, which boasts the tomb of Euripides, and gave the world a Philip and an Alexander. Many of the Roumeliotes, as they are now called, went into the Hetaireia, and afterwards into the actual struggle, and Macedonia gave to the cause of modern Greek independence two of its noblest heroes and martyrs. Of one of them we shall soon see something.

But let us glance at the localities which were to be the actual seat of the first campaign. The ancient Dacia now forms the provinces of Wallachia and Moldavia. The two make up a large district of European Turkey, extending for three hundred and fifty miles from the Danube to the Carpathian mountains, with a width of one hundred and fifty or one hundred and sixty miles, the former well-watered and well-timbered, both very fertile and abounding in minerals and mineral springs, luxuriant pastures, fruits and all kinds of grain; they were in fact the granaries of Constantinople, sending to that city in a single year 250,000 sheep and a million and a half bushels of wheat. It throws light on our coming narrative to remember that they projected between the eastern territories of Russia and Austria. The people of this region, of Wallachia especially, inhabiting the same territory, are descendants of the ancient Dacians. These were mingled by colonies or otherwise with the Latin stock, and the language of the Wallachians is a mongrel of Slavonic and Latin. Their dress is the same with that of the old Dacian warriors as represented on the column of Trajan at Rome. After being an independent kingdom with a royal line of their own, they were brought, some sixty years after the fall of Constantinople, into subjection to the Turkish power. An eminent writer remarks that as in America Kentucky had been the "bloody ground" of strife betwixt the white and red men, so the valleys and plains of this region had been for generations a great

bloody battle-ground of the conflicts between the Christian powers of Europe and the Turks. It was now to furnish the stage on which should be enacted the first scene of a most tragic and eventful drama of more modern history.

The native Hospodars showing themselves rather turbulent and unmanageable, the Porte had superseded them from the year 1716, by appointing from time to time for a term of years to the vice-royalty persons belonging to the wealthy and subservient class of Constantinopolitan Greeks called Phanariotes, heretofore mentioned. One of these, Michael Soutsos,* became a member of the Hetaireia in 1820, and some of the leading men among the Wallachians also bore an active part in the preparatory work of "the Society." But though the Wallachians and Moldavians were bound to the Greeks by the ties of a common religion and common endurance of a hated bondage, the great mass of them were a boorish people, with no aspirations, and too content to live in a mean way, getting along as best they could under Moslem oppression and the exactions of the petty and transient masters whom the Turkish government set over them. The rule of the foreign Greek Hospodars was unpopular among them, and this tended perhaps to cool their feelings toward the Greek movement for freedom.

As to Servia and Bulgaria, these provinces, whether they would have acted differently or not if the first movements of the revolution had been more successful, in fact, never took any part in it.

FIRST STANDARD OF FREEDOM RAISED.

Such was the state of things at the close of the year 1820. The executive of the Hetaireia had determined on action, and the intimation was sent abroad to the membership everywhere; but the first open movement was to be made under Ypsilantes in the provinces north of the Danube. It is a matter of historic interest that just at this juncture an anonymous letter was received by the Prince and the "Grand Arch," written by some person whose judgment and sagacity were superior to theirs, in which they were earnestly advised to remove the seat of the revolt to Greece, and warning them of the little support they had reason to look for in any of the provinces north of Macedonia; but these counsels, so soon to prove but too true and prophetic, were not heeded.

And now the clock of the world's great changes struck the hour for the effort of Grecian disenthralment. The "Grand Arch," of whose membership, now twelve in number, we have seen something, and in which Ypsilantes had recently taken his seat, had belonging to it only a few scattered individuals of the leading men of Greece proper; and we have seen the probable influence of this fact. The command to raise the standard of insurrection was issued from Kishneff, in January 1821, and Ypsilantes by authority of the Hetaireian executive took the command-in-chief of those who rallied to it. Something has been said of his unfitness for the great task that was committed to him. There was a man who, in some qualities at least, was greatly more worthy of the post. This was George of Macedon,

*The diphthong *ou* in Greek words is pronounced *oo*.

commonly called (with the Greek patronymic or diminutive termination) Georgakes or Georgakie,* and sometimes styled, from his birth-place, George the Olympian. General Gordon, who has written the most valuable history yet extant in English of the Greek revolution, speaks of George as "a brave and prudent man distinguished for valor and patriotism." The beginning of the war found him in the military service of the Hospodar, and bearing the title of "Tufenkjee Bashee," or General of Musqueteers. Next to Ypsilantes he acted the most important part in the scenes of the struggle in the northern provinces, of which the chronicle has to be so brief and shadowed. Had he been in command, or had Ypsilantes been influenced by him, the war in the north would probably have been far more successful, at least for a time; operated a happy diversion in favor of the insurrection elsewhere, and been an animating trumpet-sound to the Greek patriots everywhere. And the remarkable anonymous letter above referred to had recommended him as the commander in the principalities; but Ypsilantes now showed his weakness in preferring other men to the Macedonian general. His own two brothers, George and Nicolas Ypsilantes, were placed above him and next in command to the Prince. The latter had beside Georgakie some brave and good officers, as Doukas, Anastasius and others; but he made something of a favorite of one Caravia, whose drunkenness and rashness afterwards precipitated his leader's ruin.

EARLY BAD OMENS.

The first outbreak of revolt as it happened took place in Little Wallachia, under a man who afterwards proved himself a traitor. This was Theodore Bladimireskos (or as pronounced, Vladimireskos), whose movements, meeting at that time with no opposition, had a factitious success, and were hailed everywhere by the peasantry and the "pandours." He reached and occupied Bucharest, the capital of Wallachia, by the 27th of March; but whether his easy, apparent triumph turned his head or not, he seems to have conceived now, if not before, the idea of making terms with the Sultan after such a demonstration of somewhat successful revolt, and gaining for himself the Hospodariate of the province.

FIRST ARMY AND THE SACRED BAND.

Meantime the movement began under Ypsilantes. On the night of the 5th of March Doukas assembled the insurgent commanders in the city of Kishneff, and administered to them an oath of renewed fidelity. On the 6th the Prince crossed the Pruth and entered Yassy. His force at first consisted of nine hundred cavalry, till he was joined by Caravia with two hundred men and a few pieces of cannon. He was also joined at an early period by the Peloponnesian Kolocotrones, a brother of the rough and brave Theodore, who became so conspicuous as one of the revolutionary leaders. Something like feudalism had existed in the northern provinces of Turkey of which we have been speaking, until serfdom was abolished in 1735; but the "boyars"

* Pronounced in modern Greek, Yorgakes or Yorgakee, accent on second syllable.

or barons still had their retainers, who rented their lands and were subject to be drafted by them on demand of the Turkish government for its armies. Some of these petty nobles gave in their adhesion to Ypsilantes and the patriot cause; but the greater part of all the forces that ever came under his command was composed of the "Pandours," who were a kind of native militia employed in the service of the Hospodariate. These, having more of military training and a martial spirit, were more disposed to fall in with the insurgent movement than the common peasantry. The "Arnauts" also acted a part in this and the after-scenes of the revolution. This title was given to a body of gens-d'armes of the provinces recruited of Greeks, Roumeliotes and Bulgarians; but they were generally men of lawless and predatory habits; and by reason of this, those of them who attached themselves to the patriot cause did it rather harm than good with the people of the provinces. Scanty were the materials which Ypsilantes had to draw from, even in the region which was the immediate seat of the northern revolt; and how far his visionary hopes of the support from the adjacent provinces were to be realised we shall soon see. But Ypsilantes' little army and this first unfortunate campaign have become consecrated in Greek history to all after-time by their association with the name and the fate of the "Sacred Band" (*ἱερός λόχος*). This was a corps of Greek youth, five hundred in number, who had gathered for their country's cause from the counting-houses and schools of Bucharest, Odessa, Trieste, and other cities where Greeks were resident, in and out of Turkey. Never was a body of men animated with a more devoted patriotism; and the history of our own late war of '61-5 shows what spirited and heroic soldiers these youth of the stores and shops and academic halls often make. The determination of these young Greek patriots to "do or die" for their country was denoted by the emblem on their banner — already referred to — of a death's head, and the black clothing which they wore, and from which they were sometimes called the Mavrophoritæ (wearers of the black), as our Confederate soldiers have so often been styled "men of the gray." Short and sad, but not without glory, was to be the career of this band of youthful heroes, as but a page or two farther of their history will tell us.

On the 11th of March the revolutionary colors bearing the emblem of a phoenix, to be borne by the army, were consecrated with great pomp in the cathedral of Yassy, and a solemn oath administered to those present, of fidelity to the effort for freedom.

Ypsilantes' first important movement was into Moldavia. We have seen him at Yassy, the provincial capital. By the first week in April he had some 1200 men under his immediate command. These were afterwards augmented by various accessions, till in the course of that month they amounted to some four or five thousand, with some cavalry and a few pieces of cannon. The total number at various times and places enrolled in the provinces in the insurgent forces was a little over 13,000, but many of them were never under the Prince. The traitorous Vladimireskos, as we have seen, had possessed himself of the Wallachian capital; and he and the treacherous Sava had half the troops under their command. Ypsilantes tried negotiating with

him ; but the selfish, aspiring Theodore dissembled, and was not won over.

DARK SHADOWS.

But now the cause of the revolutionists was to receive its first disastrous blow ; not from the quarter from which they might have looked for it, for the Turks actually did not rouse themselves to action till May, some two months from the date of the first insurrectionary movements. The Hetaireian leaders and their fellows had made the largest calculations on the sympathy and even the overt co-operation of the Russian government against its picked foe, the Sultan ; but on the 9th of April, a few days after Ypsilantes had occupied Yassy, and but a month from the time that his operations had commenced, the Emperor Alexander took occasion to communicate to all parties his disavowal of any connection on his part with the rebellion and all countenance of it. A dark cloud this, coming over the dawning day of freedom ; but it became still darker when the very senate of Moldavia, a body composed of the nobles of the province, perhaps under the influence of the effect which the failure of any expectations from such a quarter had upon their minds, declared their submission to the Porte, and decreed the deposition of their Hospodar Michael Soutsos, who, as has been mentioned, had become a member and one of the leaders of the Hetaireia. Ypsilantes himself received letters not only from Count Nesselrode, but from Capo D'Istrias himself, who had been the active promoter and the reputed founder of the Philomuse association, from which the Hetaireia had had its birth—in which letters both the Russian minister and the distinguished politician of Greek birth reproached the Prince for utter folly and rashness in the course he had pursued, as to the time, place or other circumstances of the case, or all of these.

But it shows the infatuation which possessed him that he refused to communicate or confer with his officers, and marched forward to Tergovisht at the head of 3000 men, with three pieces of artillery. His weakness appeared still farther in his entertaining himself and those about him in the midst of such a crisis with theatricals and public demonstrations, as if he was on a triumphant march. But, while he showed favoritism to incompetent and unworthy men who flattered him, he treated the far more worthy Macedonian (George) with coldness. His army was undisciplined too and heterogeneous ; and commanded by leaders who, with little principle or character, were often at variance among themselves, amounting sometimes to open and violent quarrels. What could be hoped for, even under more auspicious surroundings, from an army so constituted?

A SPLENDID FEAT.

The Turks had now at last, by nearly the middle of May, begun to bestir themselves, and move the small bodies of their forces that were near the scene. Ypsilantes' officers generally displayed bravery in the encounters of the now opening war ; and some gleams of light were

thrown by limited successes of Georgakie on the darkness that was now about to settle down, finally and so soon, on the cause of liberty in the region beyond the Danube. But it was more brilliantly illumined by an exploit of the gallant Olympian, which would have been worthy of our Stonewall Jackson. The treachery of Theodore Vladimireskos has been mentioned. George conceived the bold design of bearding the lion in his den, and executed it. Taking with him fifty tried and brave men, he rode into the camp of the unfaithful chief, who had around him some three or four thousand troops, confronted him before his own officers and men, and producing a piece of writing, read them a document which had been signed at or before the beginning of the war by Theodore and himself, in which they solemnly pledged themselves to the cause of freedom. As he finished the reading George turned to the Wallachians, and denouncing their leader as a traitor and a violator of his covenant, called upon them to aid him in arresting him; and so saying, he advanced and seized the bold and powerful traitor. The daring movement was entirely successful, for the soldiers of Vladimireskos pronounced against him and aided in securing him. But Ypsilantes' ill-boding career was overshadowed by treachery on another side—on the part of one Sava, who had been an insurgent leader, in nominal subordination to him. This man managed to play his game successfully and finally to make terms with the Turks.

THE FATAL FIELD.

But the unfortunate denouement was now near; much nearer than even these events of ill-omen would have seemed to portend. On a hill not far from the Olta, a tributary of the Danube, and between Kishnik and the city of Craiova, stands the village of Dragashan. This had been occupied by a body of 800 Turks. The village overlooks a plain. Georgakie had pushed forward with four or five thousand men, including some cavalry, and with him was the youthful battalion of five hundred, who were the very flower of Ypsilantes' army. George disposed of his troops in front and on the flanks of the enemy, who aside from their elevated position, had only the defence of a slight abattis. The patriot commander counted on his prey as certain. But superstition interposed delay in the first instance, for it happened to be a day that was popularly regarded as an unlucky day for beginning any enterprise. So the insurgents remained at their posts waiting to strike the enemy next morning. But Caravia, the man who has been mentioned as one of the Prince's satellites and favorites, was there with his command at one of the points assigned by Georgakie to his subordinates. Becoming intoxicated, Caravia, under the impulses of the madness produced by it, supervening upon his natural recklessness, conceived the idea of attacking the enemy without orders in their position. Summoning his men, he dashed over a bridge in front, and advanced toward the village, and the five hundred of the "Sacred Band" fired with youthful enthusiasm, followed him. The Turks spying the movement and supposing that it was part of the plan of a general attack, at first wavered

and were probably about to abandon their position for a retreat. But they had as their leader the son of Kara Feiz, a mountain chief of Gius-tendil, famous for his warlike and predatory exploits ; and the son showed himself on this occasion a man of his father's mettle. Casting a falcon's glance over the field of attack, he too quickly discerned what led him to make a falcon's swoop. The low ground at the foot of the hill in front of the village was intersected by a long ravine, the bed of a stream in the winter's rainy season, which was crossed by the bridge just mentioned. Most of Georgakie's troops lay on the opposite side of the ravine, the bank of which on that side was precipitous. The Turkish commander noticed that but a fraction of the insurgent troops were yet in motion, and they were in the plain below, with the ravine and its high banks behind them in one direction, and some marshy ground in another. He resolved to change retreat into attack, and sabre in hand, the Turks, who were mostly cavalry, swept down into the plain. Caravia showed himself as dastardly as he had been headlong. Surprised by the bold and unexpected movement of the Turks, he and his Arnauts fled. This left the Sacred Battalion to stand the brunt of the enemy's fierce onset. But they met it like true heroes. Before they were able to form a square, as they essayed to do, the Turks were upon them ; but they fought with desperation until their four guns were taken and nearly four hundred of them fell on the field. General George, hearing to his astonishment of what had happened, galloped to the scene of action, with a few officers and too troopers, and charging gallantly on the Turks, recaptured two pieces of artillery, rescued the sacred standard of the Hetaireia, and saved the small surviving remnant of the brave young men. But it was too late to save the day, and the men of George's army had not the spirit of their leader. A panic spread among them, and a confused retreat ensued. The Turks were too busy collecting a trophy of heads to pursue them, and were content with their unexpected triumph.

THE LEADER'S SETTING SUN.

Now was the time for Ypsilantes to show the true hero. And there were some in his little army who were going to immolate themselves on the altar of their country. Not so the Prince. With his dreams of imperial grandeur, his courage seemed to fail him. He had not made up his mind to be the illustrious proto-martyr of the grand struggle ; but, partaking himself of the panic of the Dragashan rout, he immediately commenced preparations for an escape into neutral territory. He was even seized with the fear that the braver men of his own army would restrain his flight. To secure himself against this, he resorted to the extraordinary and disgraceful expedient of issuing a proclamation containing the utterly false announcement that the Emperor Francis had declared war against the Turks, and that he was going to the borders to concert matters with the Austrians as allies ; and he even ordered the firing of guns and the celebration of a thanksgiving service in the church of Kosia, a town near him, in joy of the fictitious evangel ; having letters, too, publicly read, which purported to be translations of some written by the Emperor. His

officers saw through the thing, and the more important ones pitied and indulged his want of spirit. And here General George, the very man whom, for his deserts, Ypsilantes had so little appreciated and honored, showed his magnanimity. He removed out of the way every person and thing that might obstruct it, and aided the Prince in his escape; telling him to go, but that he (George) and his comrades, who knew the country better and were accustomed to partisan warfare, would remain and shift for themselves. And so declared the brave Albanian, Anastasius.

The Prince reached and crossed the Austrian frontier. And now, if such a paradox be allowable, he capped the climax of the downward scale by issuing from Hermanstadt his famous "order of the day," fictitiously antedated from Rimnik, in which to cover his own want of ability and firmness he poured forth the bitterest accusations and invectives against his civil and military functionaries and the greater part of those who had followed his flag, as guilty of insubordination, cowardice and treachery. The document produced an impression in Europe for a time; but some of those whom he thus denounced soon achieved for themselves a splendid vindication and a noble contrast to his pusillanimity. Ypsilantes had not the spirit to be a voluntary victim on the altar of liberty; he was doomed to be an involuntary one. The Austrian despotism added to its many crimes against freedom and humanity by seizing him and shutting him up in the castle of Mogacz, one of the most unhealthy places in Hungary, and though he was afterwards removed from it, he lingered out the remaining six years of his life in his incarceration and died, with a frame wasted by confinement and blasted hope. The Greeks remember this among the causes of their hatred to Austria.

GLEAMS ON THE DARK CLOSING SCENE.

The Turks were by this time moving in force sufficient to crush the insurrection of the two provinces everywhere in detail. But the remnant of the patriots still in arms, fighting in detached parties, gallantly prolonged the unequal contest for two months longer. The dark shadows that were now settling down over the horizon of the northern provinces were illumined with the glory of deeds that might compare with any of ancient Grecian story. On one occasion, for instance, at a place called Skuleni, on the borders, when "Prince" Kantacuzene, so styled probably from his high native extraction, and who had been an insurgent leader, had ingloriously deserted his command, and the way was entirely open for them also to cross into neutral Russian territory, they nobly refused to do so, and vowing to defend themselves to the last, a gallant remnant of 500 Greeks and Wallachians — many of them boys of from 15 to 18 years of age — stood their ground, and even marched forth to meet an overwhelming Turkish force. They repeatedly repulsed the Turks till three-fourths of them were slain or drowned in the Pruth, and then the remnant swam the river. But Skuleni's blood-stained scene of conflict will be remembered in future Grecian story along with Thermopylæ.

THE TRUE PROTO-MARTYR OF GRECIAN FREEDOM.

But let us now turn to the last page of our present history and see the end of the brave George's* career. He had shown himself on many occasions a most gallant soldier and a bold, efficient leader, and with better opportunities he might have acted a part and achieved a fame somewhat like that of our Jackson. And the close of his brief history in the service of freedom was worthy of that which preceded. Alexander Ypsilantes showed himself devoid of the qualities of a true hero and martyr: the Macedonian general proved himself to be both in the highest degree. From the time of the Prince's flight George had continued in the field, and even when he was so weak from illness as to be carried in a litter, he harassed the Turks and beat up their quarters, till at length they massed an army of six thousand, with four field-pieces, against him. The Imperial commissary offered him an open way of retreat into the Austrian territories, which George had actually visited once, but only to avoid being surrounded by superior forces, and to emerge upon the enemy again. He declined the offer, with some emboldenment, it may be, from rumors reaching him of threatened war between Russia and Turkey. But he declared that "he would not by flight dishonor himself and his native Olympus; that he knew how the Austrians had treated some of his fellow-patriots, and that he chose to die like a soldier, and thanked the Infidels for saving him the trouble of seeking them." He then retired to a strong position in the mountains at the monastery of Secka with a hundred followers; the remainder of the brave men who still followed his standard taking possession of the passes. But the experience of old Thermopylæ was repeated in his case. The Turks, led by a Moldavian guide through mountain paths, turned the outer positions. George was now cut off and completely surrounded; but he refused to attempt escape, as for a time he had a chance of doing by a postern-gate, and rejected the proposal—perhaps a faithless one—of the Turkish commander for a capitulation, with leave to depart.

A GLORIOUS OBLATION TO LIBERTY.

Then, gathering the little garrison around him, he addressed them in words worthy of any hero, preserved to us by his secretary, who survived him: "Brothers, a glorious death is all that we can now wish for, and I hope there is no one here base enough to wish for anything else. Let us imitate those true Hellenes, our comrades, whose dead bodies lie stretched on the fields of Dragashan and Skuleni, and whose blood cries for vengeance; and if we die like them, our countrymen may some day carry our bones and bury them beneath the soil of the famous land of our forefathers." He then visited the different posts; but seeing that his men in despair were ready to capitulate, he performed for himself the last tragic act. Retiring to a chamber where he had deposited ammunition, and whence he could see the gates opening for a surrender, he put up a short

*The primitive custom of using the first name has still so prevailed in that part of the world that our hero's surname, if he had one, has not been preserved in books.

prayer, and setting fire to the powder, was blown into the air, with four of his attendants.

Thus did the gallant Olympian make his own pyre, and on it he offered as sublime a sacrifice of heroism and patriotism as any Roman Curtius or Spartan Leonidas. It is amid the glory flashing up on the darkness from this immortal deed that the curtain falls on the first act of the great drama of the Grecian struggle.

L.

AN ESCAPE FROM GIBRALTAR.

IN November, 1814, the *Leo*, a remarkably fast and well-built Baltimore schooner of three hundred and twenty tons, was purchased by an association of American gentlemen residing in France, and placed with proper papers under the command of Capt. George Coggeshall of New York as a privateer. On the 6th Capt. Coggeshall was ready for sea, having a crew of about one hundred men, and his vessel carrying one long brass twelve-pounder, four small four-pounders and some fifty or sixty muskets. With this poor armament he dropped down near the mouth of the harbor of L'Orient to await the arrival of his papers; but he was not allowed to proceed even with this insufficient supply of guns. He was ordered by the French authorities to return and disarm his ship, with which order he perforce complied, taking out all his arms except the twelve-pounder. In the night, however, twenty or thirty muskets were smuggled on board, and with this meagre armament on the 8th of November the *Leo* "stood out to sea in the hope of capturing a few prizes."

To do his duty towards the fulfilment of that hope, Capt. Coggeshall steered for the chops of the British Channel. On the 13th, forty miles southeast of the Scilly Isles, an English brig was captured. The next day she was manned as a prize and her prize-master ordered to proceed to the United States. On the 18th the *Leo* took an English cutter loaded with wine. On the 21st she captured a schooner, and sent her, manned and under a prize-master, to the United States. On the 26th Capt. Coggeshall added another English ship of two hundred tons burden, armed with six guns and manned by a crew of twenty men to the list of his prizes. These guns and some powder and shot he appropriated for the *Leo*, and despatched the Englishman to the United States. This was the last prize the *Leo* was destined to secure.

Four days after manning her last prize, in squally weather and with a heavy sea running, whilst endeavoring to get to the windward of a ship which the captain believed was an English packet, and probably had specie on board, the *Leo* gave a sudden pitch and broke her foremast about one-third of its length from the head. The next instant it went nearly by the board.

This accident happened about two in the afternoon, when the *Leo* was about eighty miles east-southeast from the Rock of Lisbon. The only hope of safety for the *Leo* in her dismantled condition was to get into Lisbon or St. Ubes before daylight the next morning. The wreck was cleared, a jury-mast rigged, and the *Leo* bore away ; but the wind falling, morning found Captain Coggeshall off the Rock of Lisbon. With boats and sweeps he made for the land. About two in the afternoon when four miles from shore, the tide ebbing, the British frigate *Granicus*, a thirty-eight-gun ship, Captain W. F. Wise commanding, came out of the Tagus and took possession of the *Leo*. On the 3d of December the captor and captured arrived at Gibraltar. The American crew were sent to England in different vessels, but the captain and first and second lieutenants of the prize were detained on the *Granicus* to appear before the Admiralty Court for examination.

Captain Wise was exceedingly kind to Captain Coggeshall, and the latter dined with the Englishman almost daily. The gallant Englishman would frequently say to the captive : "Don't feel depressed by captivity, but strive to forget that you are a prisoner, and imagine that you are only a passenger." In the course of one conversation the English captain said to the privateersman : "Coggeshall, you Americans are a singular people as regards seamanship and enterprise. In England we cannot build such vessels as your Baltimore clippers. We have no such models, and even if we had them, they would be of no service to us, for we never could sail them as you do. We have now and then taken some of your schooners with our fast-sailing frigates. They have sometimes caught one of them under their lee in a heavy gale of wind by outcarrying them ; then again we have taken a few with our boats in calm weather. We are afraid of their long masts and heavy spars, and soon cut down and reduce them to our standard. We strengthen them, put up bulkheads, etc., and after that they lose their sailing qualities and are of no further service as cruising vessels."

On December 8th Captain Coggeshall with his two lieutenants, Mr. Depeyster and Mr. Allen, after the former had given his parole that they would not attempt to escape, were allowed to go on shore to appear before the Admiralty Office, without a guard. The captain readily made the promise, in order to have an opportunity to reconnoitre the garrison, to secure information that would aid him to escape at the first chance when he was not upon parole.

After the court had adjourned for the day, the three Americans strolled about the town for an hour or two, and then reported themselves to Captain Wise. The next day Captain Wise offered to permit the three American officers to go again on shore unattended by a guard, if they would promise not to attempt an escape. To test his intention of sending a guard along, Capt. Coggeshall said : "Captain

Wise, I am surprised that you think it possible for any one to make his escape from Gibraltar." The Englishman immediately divined the meaning of the privateersman, and he pleasantly but firmly replied: "Come, come, it won't do. You must either pledge your word and honor that neither you nor your officers will attempt to escape, or I shall be compelled to send a guard with you." Capt. Coggeshall answered, "You had better send a guard, Sir." A lieutenant, a sergeant, and four marines conducted the Americans to the Admiralty Office.

The evening before, Captain Coggeshall had informed his officers he would attempt to escape, and advised them to do the same, and not to wait for him from motives of delicacy. This morning, when he rose, the Captain had placed about his person all the money he had. It was about one hundred gold twenty-franc pieces, and fifteen or twenty Spanish dollars.

Mr. Depeyster was now being examined, Mr. Allen standing at the door, and Captain Coggeshall sitting in the court-room. Mr. Allen beckoned to the Captain. He immediately went to the door, and discovered the Lieutenant was not in sight. The Captain then asked the Sergeant if he would go with them up the street a short distance to get a glass of wine. He readily consented. Leaving the marines to watch Mr. Depeyster, the Sergeant walked between them until they came to a wine-shop on a corner with a door opening on each street. Captain Coggeshall's familiarity with the town of Gibraltar was now to serve him in good stead.

The Sergeant was left standing at the door. Captain Coggeshall and Lieutenant Allen entered the shop and called for a glass of wine. The Captain hastily emptied his glass. Making an appointment to wait for Lieutenant Allen upon a certain corner, leaving his comrade doubtless to settle the bill, as he himself had no small change, Capt. Coggeshall slipped out of the shop without being observed by the Sergeant, who stood guard over the other door. He waited some minutes at the rendezvous, and finding Lieutenant Allen did not make his appearance, the Captain started at a quick pace to the Land Port Gate, situated at the north-west limits of the town.

The Captain's dress was favorable to his escape. He wore a blue coat, a black stock, and a black cockade with an eagle in the centre. Removing the eagle, his rosette was transformed into a perfect English cockade. Altogether, he had very much the appearance of an English naval officer. Believing it to be the critical moment, as the Captain approached the guard at the gate he cast a stern glance at the sentry, who gave in return a respectful salute, and in the next instant Captain Coggeshall was outside "the walls of Gibraltar."

The Captain walked to the quay, where a great number of watermen offered their services *to carry him on board his vessel*. One was engaged, and after getting off, the waterman asked, "Captain, which is your vessel?" The Captain was at a loss how to answer, but passing his eye over the different ships in the harbor, and gazing at the flags of their respective nationalities, he caught sight of a galliot with a Norwegian ensign flying. Trusting to the virtue and honesty of that people, after an instant's hesitation Captain Coggeshall pointed to the Norwegian vessel, and said, "That is my vessel."

After Captain Coggeshall left Lieutenant Allen in the wine-shop, the latter remained about ten minutes, then left the shop in the same manner as the former had done. He passed successfully the gates, and was on the quay when he was arrested by the Sergeant under whose charge they had been. The marine demanded in a very rough manner where Captain Coggeshall was. Lieutenant Allen replied that when he left him he was going to Messrs, Turnbull & Co's. He instantly went back to that house. There they waited about three-quarters of an hour, when the Sergeant suspected the deception. Back to the Mole he carried the Lieutenant, and there he pressed his inquiries, but to no purpose. Leaving the Captain's description with the officer of the quay, the Sergeant took Lieutenant Allen back to the town-major, who went immediately on horseback to every passage in the garrison with Captain Coggeshall's description, an hour at least after the Captain had passed safely out.

Captain Coggeshall soon reached the Norwegian ship. Springing on board, he asked for the Captain, who shortly appeared. Telling him he had something to communicate to him, the Norwegian captain desired Captain Coggeshall to come into his cabin. There the American asked the Norwegian "if he was willing to befriend a man in distress?" "Tell me," answered he, "your story, and I will try to serve you." The Captain did, and added, he "desired to get over to Algeciras as soon as possible." The kind old captain hardly waited to hear the end of the story before he grasped Captain Coggeshall by the hand, and feelingly said, "I will be your friend, I will protect you; I was once a prisoner in England, and I know what it is to be a prisoner; rest assured, my dear sir, I will do all I can to assist you." Refusing to let the American pay the boatman, he said he would attend to it, then went above and sent him off. Returning to the cabin, the Scandinavian provided a pea-jacket and fur cap for his *protégé*, and in a brief space Captain Coggeshall was "transformed into a regular Norwegian." The fugitive inquired if he could rely upon the fidelity of the crew not to betray him; the Norwegian assured him they could be trusted.

After dinner, the captain of the galliot went on shore to hear about the escape. He returned in the evening in an excellent humor. He declared he had never seen such a *furor* as was in the town, the entire garrison appeared to be on the watch; that the Town-Major, with the civil and military police, was ransacking "every hole and corner in Gibraltar for the captain of the American privateer," that the Lieutenant who had had charge of the three officers, had been arrested, while both Mr. Depeyster and Mr. Allen had been thrown into prison.

The next morning Captain Coggeshall stated to his host that he was extremely desirous to get over to Algeciras, and that he would be greatly mortified to be again taken on board the *Granicus*. He answered: "Leave that to me," and promised to put him in charge for the purpose he desired of a gang of smugglers who belonged to Algeciras, and were to be on board his vessel that night.

About nine o'clock that evening a long swift-rowing boat, filled with a desperate-looking crew armed to the teeth, came silently

alongside. After making several purchases, and after all the crew had taken gin, the Norwegian captain said to the patroon of the boat that he wished him to take his brother to Algeciras, and allow him to stay with his family for a few days. He replied that he would return to the galliot about midnight, and would willingly take the captain's brother, and that he was welcome to stay at his house as long as he pleased.

Precisely at twelve the smugglers returned to the galliot, and Captain Coggeshall entering the boat, the band started for Algeciras, distant eight or ten miles. A two hours' row brought them near the harbor. The smugglers showed a light for a minute or two, then covered it; this signal was repeated several times, when it was answered in the same manner from the land. The boat approached the harbor cautiously, and the crew landed in silence. Taking the Captain by the arm, the patroon led him through many a dark and winding passage. Frequently the sentinel hailed him with the shrill cry of *¿Quién vive?* which was answered by the smugglers with some friendly salutation, and the party passed on in safety, and reached, about three o'clock in the morning, the humble dwelling of the smuggler.

The smuggler's family consisted of himself, his wife and two children; and under the guise of the Norwegian captain's brother, Captain Coggeshall remained four days under the roof of the patroon. He supplied the means for the frugal meals of the family, and they soon became good friends. On the fourth day Captain Coggeshall was accidentally referred to Mr. Horatio Sprague, former American Consul at Gibraltar. He sought him out, and was taken to his home, where he stayed for a fortnight, and then, attired in a peasant's dress, set off upon a mule and with a guide for Cadiz.

One Sunday, during Captain Coggeshall's residence at the house of Mr. Sprague, he met at the dinner-table a young English friend of the host. In the course of the meal Mr. Sprague inquired of the young Englishman "what was said in Gibraltar about the captain of the American letter-of-marque having made his escape from the garrison." He replied that "it caused a great deal of excitement and speculation; some said the lieutenant who had charge of him was very culpable, and even insinuated that there must have been bribery connected with the business; that it was altogether a very strange affair that a man should be able in open daylight to make his escape from Gibraltar." He ended by saying that "the Captain must be a clever man, and for his part he wished him God-speed." Whenever, during this conversation, Captain Coggeshall caught the eye of Mr. William Leach, another American who was at the table, as may be well imagined, it was with the greatest difficulty he could control his countenance. The Englishman's ignorance of the fact that he was in the presence of the escaped privateersman was often afterwards a subject of joke among the Americans.

After a two days' journey, on the 28th of December Captain Coggeshall arrived at Cadiz. Here he learned that the search for him at Gibraltar had been kept up for three days, and that the Norwegian galliot in which he had taken refuge "was fairly infested with mid-

shipmen and others searching for him." On the 15th of February, 1815, Captain Coggeshall embarked on a schooner for Lisbon, arriving there eight days after.

On the 13th of March Captain Coggeshall sailed for New York in the Portuguese brig *Tres Hermanos*, having a free passage offered him if he would assist the young captain of the ship to manage his vessel. The Portuguese captain was a bad officer, and exceedingly jealous of the American, and after getting to sea never called on him for advice, but sailed his ship in such an unseamanlike course they did not reach New York for fifty-eight days.

Lieutenants Depeyster and Allen were carried to England, and remained prisoners until the 29th of April, 1815, when they were released. Peace had been ratified on the 18th of February.

E. S. RILEY, JR.

REVIEWS.

Elementary Treatise on Natural Philosophy. By A. Privat Deschanel.

Translated and edited with extensive additions by J. D. Everett, M.A., D.C.L., F.R.S.E. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1873.

THE remarkable growth of physical science in recent times, and the prominence it has attained in our courses of instruction, are plainly indicated in the text-book before us. It professes, and professes truly, to be only an "Elementary Treatise"; yet it extends to one thousand and fifty pages, octavo. Few loungers even in our bookstores will pass this volume without having their attention arrested by its portly bulk and detained by the number and excellence of its engravings. Its mechanical beauty is, however, its least recommendation. Its contents deserve to a creditable extent their handsome dress; and if we must have text-books of this model (a necessity which we greatly deplore), Everett's Deschanel is in several respects worthy of distinction.

The author, M. Deschanel, was formerly Professor of Physics in the Lycée Louis-le-Grand. His book bears evidence of being the result of actual experience in the lecture-room. He is generally lucid in his exposition of phenomena, logical in their arrangement, and judicious in the selection of illustrative examples. He makes a sparing use of mathematical symbols, where their introduction seems to be indispensable.

The author shows good judgment in the relative prominence given to old and new truths. With one exception, presently to be noticed, the scientific perspective of the book is good. There is little danger that a writer will ignore what is new, but the temptation to dwell upon novelties to the neglect of long-established and fundamental truth has not always been successfully resisted by the compilers of our school-books. The scientific discoveries of the present generation have been many and great, but they bear a small proportion to the combined discoveries of all the generations which preceded it. Specialists will doubtless be disappointed in the degree of importance given in this treatise to their favorite topics. It is not wholly or mostly taken up with the spectroscope or the dynamical theory of heat. The same, however, may be said of Natural Philosophy itself. Yet a text-book cannot be altogether behind the times which describes such apparatus as the self-recording counterpoised barometer, the air-pumps of Deleuil, Kravogl, Sprengel and Geissler, Giffard's injector, Thomson's electrometers and galvanometer, and expounds Fourier's theorem in its connection with Helmholtz's celebrated theory of Timbre.

The translator and editor, Dr. Everett, has materially increased the value of the work by his judicious additions. This is especially true of the department of electricity, in which M. Deschanel had largely ignored the recent contributions of the British philosophers. It will not diminish the merit of the translation in the estimation of our readers to say that it is done into English and not into American. The phrase "back and forth," the shibboleth of Americans living beyond the parallel of 40° , does not once occur in this volume.

Having briefly indicated some of the excellences of the book, we shall point out several particulars in which we think it might be improved. The generally careful eye of the editor has overlooked several inaccuracies of expression and of statement. The most conspicuous one which we have noticed occurs in the description of Bunsen's photometer on page 882. It would be difficult to crowd more blunders in the same number of words than are contained in the following sentence: "The lights to be compared are placed on opposite sides of this screen, and their distances are so adjusted that the grease-spot appears neither brighter nor darker than the rest of the paper, from whichever side it is viewed."

A judicious selection of solved and unsolved problems would form a valuable appendix to this treatise. The original work contained a number of problems which appear to have been omitted, unwisely, we think, by the translator and editor.

The important subject of polarised light, the *pons asinorum* of youthful philosophers, is dismissed with eighteen pages of text and diagrams. We submit that this great province covers in extent and importance far more than one-sixtieth part of the entire territory of natural philosophy, and that it should receive more attention in future editions of this work.

Ample space may be had for these improvements by omitting all of those wood-cuts and parts of wood-cuts which are solely ornamental. Mere pictures are well enough in scientific primers, but they are out

of place in a book like this. We would remorselessly sacrifice the ladies and gentlemen who figure so gaily on page 534, and the Arabs with their camels on page 915. We would also eliminate the person who thrusts his sad visage or his limbs, and often his entire body, into so many of the illustrations. These things needlessly augment the size and the price of the book. Its unwieldiness might still further be reduced without real loss by the adoption of a less generous and open type. We read by noting parts and scraps of the printed characters, from which portions we infer the rest, just as we hear by catching parts and scraps of the words spoken to us, and mentally supplying what is lacking. The distinctive peculiarities of printed and written letters are mostly found at their summits, so that it is quite easy to read a printed line though the lower half of it be hidden by a card. A form of type like that of Daguin's "*Physique*," which has considerable height but is reduced in breadth, is at once legible and compact.

We remarked above that we deplore the necessity which is assumed to exist for text-books of the model of this and other recent treatises on physics. So far as they are intended for the general reader or for self-instruction, we have nothing to say against their fullness of description or illustration; but they are mainly designed for students in the academies and colleges of the land, and are obviously intended to instruct the teacher as well as his pupils. Or if their authors do not assume that he is ignorant, they must take it for granted, by the amount of aid they give him, that he is too lazy to do his duty. We think better of American teachers of science than to believe that the assumption that they are as a class either ignorant or indolent is correct; at any rate, if not wholly false, it is getting to be less true every day. There is a daily augmenting number of those who are competent to give instruction in science out of their own stores of reading and observation; the text-books they need are not cyclopedias. "To say everything is" not merely "the secret of being tedious," but, what is even more to be shunned in a text-book, it is the secret of being obscure. Such a book should be the complement and not the substitute of the spoken lecture: it should be the frame which the oral explanations and the experiments of the teacher would round out to fullness and symmetry. Cyclopedias of natural philosophy, such as Daguin's "*Physique*" is, and Thomson and Tait's treatise doubtless will be if ever completed, are indeed indispensable. But they belong to a sphere different from that of which we are speaking.

The "coming text-book in Physics" will, we think, be an analytical syllabus of the science, scrupulously exact in expression, rational in arrangement, compressed where the matter is obvious or easy, and duly amplified wherever an essential distinction or an important demonstration or the description of some valuable instrument or process requires it. It will have no stint of excellent diagrams, but no pictures. It will be enriched with carefully selected physical tables, and a copious array of graded problems, both solved and unsolved. It will be plentifully interleaved with blank pages whereon the pupil, following the lecture, will be required to write down an expansion of

the hints in the adjacent printed syllabus, subject to the inspection of his teacher. Neither pupil nor teacher could well be idle with such a manual. To be intelligible it must be explained by the teacher. To be actually understood and mastered it must be studied and digested by the pupil. It could not well be crammed.

When our universities shall have each its own printing-press, like Oxford and Cambridge, such a book will no doubt be provided for his students by every professor of science worthy of his place.

S.

Physical Geography. By M. F. Maury, LL. D. University Publishing Company, New York and Baltimore.

NOR very long ago the present writer happened to be seated in a public conveyance close to two gentlemen who were engaged in animated discourse. From their remarks it was apparent that they were teachers in public schools, probably of high grade; and they were comparing experiences and views as to modes of teaching. The subject of geography being broached, one of them broke forth into expressions of strong disapprobation of certain novelties that had been recently introduced in that branch of education. "Now there's your new-fangled Physical Geography: I don't see the use of it, and I don't see the sense of it. We had no such thing when I was taught; and I defy any man to say I am not thoroughly up in that branch. I have been teaching geography — years: there is no country or State which I can not give the boundaries of, and its latitude and longitude; name its mountains, rivers, lakes, etc.; its principal towns, their situation and population — and all the rest of it, without ever opening a book. I never think of taking a book to hear my class. And now they want to bring in their Physical Geographies; and I, a teacher of so many years' standing, must go to work and study the thing up like a school-boy!"

Here he paused, in speechless disgust, while the other signified his emphatic adhesion to the same views, and we could not but admit to ourselves that their discontent was natural. Here were two gentlemen — and we may consider them types of a class — who had received what in their day was considered the best education; they have since gone over and over the same ground, until their accumulation of details is prodigious, and their accuracy flawless, and they can proudly defy the most rigid examiner. Now this well-stocked memory is their accumulated capital, and by it they expect to live easily for the rest of their days. No wonder they are indignant with any one who would depreciate this capital to one-fourth its former value, and compel them to go to work again.

Their objections would be all very just if the main object of teaching were to provide a living for the teachers, rather than an education for the children; but as things are, we can not listen to this plea, however feelingly urged. Sounder views have arisen with regard to education, which is seen to consist really in the development of the mental powers, rather than in the cramming the memory with words and statements. It is seen that one fruitful thought, one

general principle upon which the pupil's mind can act, and deduce from it conclusions, is worth a hundred isolated facts, barren of general results.

Science, too, has taken great strides of late ; and it is but justice to the pupil that he shall have the benefit of the most recent discoveries in this field, so far as these are generally accepted.

In this respect physical geography presents us with an instance of the strongest contrast as compared with political geography. Nothing could well be drier or more unfruitful than the dull recital of boundaries, names of cities, their population, etc., and even the names of rivers, lakes and mountains, while these remained mere names, were scarcely of more consequence. On the other hand, nothing could be more fascinating, and at the same time capable of wider application, than clear accounts of the laws governing the physical globe ; the causes of clouds, rain, tides and currents ; the configuration of land and water, and their influence upon populations ; climate and the aspects of different zones ; geology and its wondrous stories of unimaginable antiquity — all that exhibits to the young mind the earth, not as an inert mass mapped out into such and such countries, but as the vast theatre of incessant and the most stupendous energies and activities, of beauties beyond all imagination, of marvels beyond all romance.

But to do this as it should be done requires the skill of a master of science, not a tiro, or a professional compiler of school-books, who cramming himself for the occasion will get you up on short notice a manual on any subject, from Sanskrit to thorough-bass ; one of the class of whom Schiller says in his witty but untranslatable epigram —

Was sie gestern gelernt, das wollen sie heute schon lehren :
Ach ! was haben die Herrn doch für ein kurzes Gedärm !

It is to the leaders in knowledge and discovery that we must look for elementary works prepared on this plan ; to the thinkers and reasoners, not the memorists and compounders of patchwork ; and in the book before us we have a noble example of how such a call is answered, when he who was the great master of physical geography since Humboldt's death, addressed himself to prepare a text-book of his favorite science.

In truth a more fascinating volume than this we never opened ; every page contains some curious information, some beautiful law whose wonderful operations are shown in that clear and simple language which results from consummate knowledge, or illustrated by phenomena to whose mysteries it furnishes the key. Though we have given some study in other times to these matters, never before have we seen any work in which they were presented with such comprehensiveness, such unity, and at the same time with such clearness that the intelligent youth may in his degree enjoy the pleasure of the matured student in seeing the order and harmony which prevail in the infinite diversity of nature.

To do anything like full justice to a work of this kind in the narrow limits to which we are restricted, is impossible ; but we may give some idea of its scope and mode of treatment.

Part I. gives us a view of the Earth as a cosmic body, its position in space, and general relations to the sun and planets, its form, bulk and weight. Then we are shown its static relations; its surface-structure and interior conditions, with the evidences furnished by geology of its former state and history.

In Part II. we have its external configuration and natural divisions, the great plains, steppes, pampas, etc., with their characteristic features; then mountains and table-lands, the great systems of these with their diversified characters; the lake-systems dependent upon them, and the drainage they determine. Then comes the first of the great modifying agents of the earth's surface, the one most striking and terrible in its operation, the internal fire, with its phenomena of volcanoes and earthquakes, and the more peaceful processes of slow upheaval and depression.

Part IV. introduces us to the great external agents, solar heat and light, their character, properties and laws; the phenomena of climate and seasons, and the various aspects of the earth as produced by climate. Then follows the air, treated first, statically, as atmosphere, then dynamically as wind. The systems of regular winds are explained, with their results upon climate, productions, and commerce; the uses of the deserts in maintaining the movements of these winds; storms and their laws, with the distribution of stormy regions and calm regions. Next we have dew, clouds, rain and snow, with springs and rivers.

And just here we must pause to notice the solitary error we have observed in the book, and which must have crept in in a moment of inadvertence on the part of the author. He undertakes to explain the phenomena of intermittent springs — as has been done ever since we can remember — by the operation of the siphon. A natural reservoir receives the continuous inflow, and has a siphon-shaped outlet, which, when the level of the water in the reservoir rises above the bend of the arm, begins to act, and drains the reservoir; then ceases to flow until the reservoir has again been filled.

Now a moment's reflection will show that such an action can not possibly take place. For there are but three conditions possible: 1. the capacity of outflow may be equal to the inflow; 2. it may be less than the inflow; 3. it may be greater than the inflow. Now if it be equal, the water will rise in the reservoir to the siphon's arm, and then simply run steadily out as fast as it comes in. If the capacity of outflow be less than the inflow, the discharge pipe will run constantly, carrying off all it can, and the overplus will back up in the reservoir until it finds another outlet. In the third case, when the capacity of outflow is greater than the inflow, the water will rise as before to the arm of the siphon, and will pass over and flow in a continuous stream equal to the inflow; but the siphon can never be filled, and consequently can not act as a siphon to drain the reservoir, because by the hypothesis the capacity of outflow is greater than the inflow, and therefore can never be filled by the latter. It is surprising that no one, so far as we know, has ever attempted to construct an artificial intermittent spring, which would have exploded this error effectually.

After rivers of water, rivers of ice, or glaciers, are shown as great

modifying agents, and the extraordinary phenomena produced by their extension over regions now temperate, in pre-historic times. Finally an interesting account of electricity and terrestrial magnetism closes this section.

We are next introduced to the phenomena and life of the sea ; and as was to be expected, this section is one of the most fascinating parts of the book. First it is treated statically — its extent, depth and qualities ; then dynamically, as a great motor and regulator of the terrestrial machine. It is shown as cutting away the land at some points, forming it at others ; as distributing and equalising heat and moisture ; as circulating in currents, carrying warm water to cold regions, cold water to warm ; as swelling into tides under the attraction of the moon, or nourishing in its depths the strangest forms of animal and vegetable life. This leads to a synoptical view of the industries of the sea, commerce, fisheries, and the trade in various marine products.

This is followed by a sketch of the animal and vegetable productions of the earth, and their climatic distribution, especial notice being given of such as are important to man's welfare, or possess peculiar interest. Then the mineral productions, with an account of mining in various countries. Next we come to man, his distribution according to race, and the characteristics of the races. His influence upon physical geography in modifying the earth's surface directly, and its climate indirectly ; and the distribution of the more important industries.

Part VI. gives a more detailed account of the American continent, following, on a larger scale, the general plan of the whole work.

We have thought that by giving thus a brief synoptical sketch of the whole of this most delightful and instructive book, we could convey to our readers a better idea of its merits than by selecting special portions for comment. We can say with truth that we have never met with an equal amount of information conveyed in a space comparatively so small, and yet in a manner so graphic and fascinating. The publishers have done their best to present it in a worthy manner, and have illustrated it profusely with engravings of remarkable beauty and excellence, and with a number of colored charts, some quite novel, and admirably designed to present in graphic form the operations of the great physical laws explained in the text.

W. H. B.

Scintillations from the Prose Works of Heinrich Heine. Translated from the German by Simon Adler Stern. New York : Holt & Williams.

THESE are verily scintillations, but unlike most sparks, they do not "fly upwards" as a general rule. Heine was a true *roué*, broken in life upon the wheel of his turbulent passions, in thought and expression of thought upon the dizzy whirling spindle of his poignant emotion. He aped the cynic and the satiric masks, ashamed to let people see that he was ever in earnest ; but the agonised features writhed so convulsively under the thin disguise that it scarcely

deceived any one. He wanted to be a Frenchman and a wit of the *salons*, whereas he really compressed the soul of a Jean Paul—wholesome nowhere but in soaring—into the heart, brain and body of an Oriental lost in the North-German cloud-goblin land. He worshipped always an ideal with perfect faith, but laughs at himself because incompetent to attain it. There are no tears in his laughter, but curses often, bitterness always. Even in his most tender moments—and he can be wonderfully tender—this despairing laughter breaks forth, not at you for being moved, but at himself for not being profited by the emotion. Heine is the true modern, clutching himself fiercely and relentlessly by the throat because his will is impotent, his desires infinite, his attainings infinitesimal. There is something almost hideous in this continual frantic rebellion of the man against circumstance, and the way in which it at once hardens and blinds him. He shows this hardness on all occasions. "I have the most peaceable disposition," he says. "My desires are a modest cottage with thatched roof, but a good bed, good fare, fresh milk and butter, flowers by my window, and a few fine trees before the door. And if the Lord wished to fill my cup of happiness, he would grant me the pleasure of seeing some six or seven of my enemies hanged on those trees. With a heart moved to pity, I would before their death forgive the injury they had done me during their lives. Yes, we ought to forgive our enemies; but not until they are hanged." Again, "I have always thought far better of those whom I hated than they deserved." What a revelation of character is here!

Heine's pessimism in concerns of moral excellence made him often a shrewd judge of men, just as his heated idealism in politics made him a wretched judge of social aggregates. In respect of art, however, his instincts were nearly always correct. He was an artist to the bone, and like nearly all artists born, an artist made also. It was this artistic sense which made his flesh creep with prophetic forebodings at the progress of communism. "The propaganda of communism possesses a language that every people can understand. Its elements are simply hunger, envy, death." "My dread of communism has nothing in common with that felt by the upstart who trembles for his wealth, nor with that of the well-to-do trades-people who are afraid of an interruption to their profitable business. No; that which oppresses me is the artist's and the scholar's secret dread lest our modern civilisation, the laboriously achieved result of so many centuries of effort, the fruit of the noblest works of our ancestors—that all this will be endangered by the triumph of communism." This looks as if he had had visions of the ropes dragging at the Vendôme column, the petroleum fires from which the Louvre hardly escaped.

Heine speaks like one who is at once a lover and a master when he enters the domain of art. He advocates unflinchingly the autonomy of the Art; he proclaims as if there were no doubt about it (and there is not, in the mind of any artist) that in form alone is its essence. "In art form is everything, matter nothing." "Genius must be studied and judged simply by its intentions." "A little shallowness might be useful to many a poet." Which the school

of Emerson, Alcott, Channing illustrate — though the depth of muddy ditches is a mere matter of opinion. This criticism upon Victor Hugo is capital: "In spite of his magnificence his muse is encumbered with a certain German awkwardness, and suggests the remark I have sometimes heard applied to Englishwomen — that they have two left hands." This is a marked instance of Heine's intermingling of sharp sense with bitterness and pathos: "Reason is, so to say, the police of the kingdom of art, seeking only to preserve order; in life itself, a cold arithmetician who adds up our follies; sometimes, alas! only the accountant in bankruptcy of a broken heart." "Music," says our author, "is perhaps the last word of art." Some of his sentences are very pungent; *e.g.*, "Ary Scheffer's Gretchen is indeed Goethe's Gretchen, but she has read all of Friedrich Schiller." "Like a great poet, Nature produces the greatest results with the simplest means. These are simply a sun, trees, flowers, water, and love. Of course if the spectator be without the last, the whole will present a pitiful appearance, and in that case the sun is merely so many miles in diameter, the trees are good for fuel, the flowers are classified by stamens, and the water is simply wet." "From the corridor I hear a heavy sound *as if a Klopstockian ode were trembling down stairs.*" Criticism in a nutshell! "Psychical pain is more easily borne than physical, and if I had my choice between a bad conscience and a bad tooth, I should choose the former." "Fools imagine that in order to conquer the capitol they must first attack the geese."

"Scintillations" such as we have quoted above fly off from every page of this most suggestive volume. No thinker but will get hints from it; no artist but will get instruction; no wit but will get sharpness. Such books, open by one's dressing-table when he is shaving, will almost condone the remorseless edge of a dull razor — almost, but not altogether. E. S.

History of England. By Edith Thompson. New York: Holt & Williams.

THIS little work forms the second volume of the series in preparation under the supervision of Mr. Freeman, whose well-known name is a guaranty that the whole series shall contain the latest results of historical investigation.

In the earlier part of this book, the effects of sound historical criticism are especially apparent in the sweeping away the mass of absurd stories and traditions that usually encumber this portion of English history, and in a clear and succinct presentation of the facts.

The whole work is written with care and impartiality, the condensation judiciously made, the relative importance of the leading facts well preserved, and we have no hesitation in saying that it gives, in small compass, the best view of English history that we have ever seen.

THE GREEN TABLE.

Editor of THE SOUTHERN MAGAZINE:

AS you have invited, in the August number of "Maga," suggestions touching "the duty of the hour," I cheerfully offer such as have occurred to me.

There are two objects — distinct, though intimately connected — to be striven for in this crisis. One relates to the recent past, and may be secured by collecting and placing on permanent record without delay all materials whatsoever concerning the late war that may be useful to the historian. The other object has reference to the immediate present, and is to be attained by the prompt adoption of such measures as shall counteract the well-devised and artful schemes of those who would undermine, not only our political opinions and institutions, but our social, moral and religious habits and predilections, of which we are so justly proud. It is difficult to say which of these ends is the more important, since they are in a great measure mutually dependent. Certainly the preservation of archives can be of little use while the insidious movement which threatens the extinction or absorption of all that characterises the South remains unchecked; and, on the other hand, the arrest of this danger can avail nothing ultimately if we supinely allow our own record of the great struggle to be lost. In either case the enemy would have his way with our story, and would make sure that the South should be regarded by future ages as the Faust of nations. Posterity would say that she made a pact with the Northern Mephistopheles, ran a brief career of sensuality and sin, and then gave up her very soul into the hands of that remorseless fiend.

But, then, we must not suffer this modern Mephistopheles, who now so menacingly confronts us, thus to interpret the pact to posterity after his own heart. Our interpretation being a very different one, it is our duty to resist him as firmly in this silent but far more momentous moral struggle, as we did in the noisy clash of arms. And if we will but rouse ourselves to half the effort we made before, our triumph is assured; for in this contest — Heaven be thanked! — neither iron-clads nor foreign mercenaries, nor negroes, nor devastation, nor incendiarism can avail. Truth will have here a fair field; and having a fair field, she will ask no favors and show no mercy.

But without system, efficient work is of course impossible. We must organise; and to each active member of such societies as we shall establish should be assigned some specified labor, for the faithful performance of which, whether important or trivial, he should be in honor held responsible. There should of course be, besides a central society, State and county societies throughout the entire South. Whatever may be the particular form of organisation adopted by the Central and the several State societies, there can be no doubt that the local or county societies will be the chief reliance for hard work. It is they who will furnish the building materials for the structure, while the State societies will be the contractors (in some sort), and the Central society the architect upon whose skill in planning, arranging, etc., will mainly depend the beauty and permanence of the edifice. But the chief thing is to have the *proper materials* on hand, so that if one set of builders do not please us, a more skilful set may be summoned to the work of pulling down and reconstructing.

Experience having proved the utter futility of societies sitting still and courteously requesting that historical papers be sent to them — or, during a

recess, to their honorable secretary — it behooves each local society to appoint an agent, or agents, to canvass within its limits, not only for archives and other documents — including letters, if pertinent — but for oral information from such persons as have witnessed or taken part in any event of interest. Thus would the matter be in a measure brought home to each actor in the great drama, and he would be far more inclined to tell what he knows than if applied to from a distance by letter, or personally by strangers. In all cases when the holder of original papers is loth to let them pass out of his hands, copies should be at once taken of such portions as are of moment, or the substance of the facts they contain should be noted down. Those agents should also be enjoined to use every diligence to gain access to files of newspapers, and glean from them any item of importance; in all instances noting the authority for the same. In this way much valuable matter may be preserved that will otherwise soon be lost beyond recovery.

With a view to mutual encouragement, each State society should publish after every meeting, in one or more journals within the State limits, a synopsis of the result of its labors. This synopsis should be still further condensed from said journals, until brought within a very small compass, and forwarded for publication to the SOUTHERN MAGAZINE. Thus not only would each agent, looking forward to the result of his efforts being made public, feel an additional incentive to exertion, but he would also have the satisfaction of knowing what progress his co-laborers were making in the good cause.

If once thoroughly organised on this or some better plan, and set fairly to work, the immediate result, I venture to say, will be so promising of speedy success that there will be no falling off in zeal until the project is quite completed.

As regards the other points touched on in Mr. Ewbank's paper, I have nothing to say at present, except that I think the organisation of a Southern Archive Society would naturally and at once lead to some effectual mode of averting the more imminent peril. Meanwhile we may clear the way somewhat by adopting the Donnybrook fashion of braining an error whenever it lifts its ugly head within range of our shillelahs. Now, if at all, is the time for Southern writers to put forth their strength. Never yet has the South faced so sore a calamity as that which threatens her. If it is possible that a people can be lied out of glory directly into infamy by their conquerors, such fate awaits our people should their present apathy in this regard much longer continue. Our untiring foe will *un*-make, on paper, all the history which we made in the field, and will succeed in handing us down to the remotest generations as effeminate and heartless tyrants in peace, in war truckling cowards and monsters of cruelty. The land is teeming with histories, school-histories, novels, biographies, narratives, reminiscences, and the like, penned with the sole view — besides the never-forgotten pelf — of arrogating to the North all the nation's fame, past, present and to come, and of ascribing to the South all that is mean and degrading.

I am, very truly yours,

Churchville, Md.

G. W. ARCHER.

By the time this reaches our readers the fate of the great balloon^e experiment will probably have been known, but at the time of our writing the ascent has not yet been made. Though we do not see what possible results can follow from any single experiment, and believe that the *balloon* must be finally rejected as a means of aerial navigation, yet we wish the aeronauts success in their enterprise, as attempts, even in a wrong direction, are, negatively at least, a gain for knowledge.

And it is satisfactory to think that their success or failure to cross the

Atlantic is in no respect dependent upon their theories ; for otherwise their chance would be slim indeed. It is a remarkable fact that those persons who might be supposed, *à priori*, to be best acquainted with the laws of wind and weather—to wit, sailors and farmers—are precisely those who are in the blackest ignorance about them : farmers generally holding the belief that the changes of the moon have an influence upon the weather, the growth of vegetation, the boiling of pork, etc. ; while Jack would go to the stake in the faith that by whistling he can raise the wind.

It would appear by what we have seen in the papers that aeronauts form no exception to this apparent psychological law ; and that as their success, and often their lives, depend upon understanding something about the atmosphere and its laws, it is among them that we may confidently look for the most appalling ignorance of these matters. We have not seen, however, any direct statement from Messrs. Wise and Donaldson ; and must beg their pardon if their views are not correctly stated by the reporters, but, as there is a general consensus in the statements, we assume that they are.

Their theory is that there exists in the upper regions of the atmosphere a constant current from west to east. What causes this current ? One writer (we do not attribute his idea to Messrs. W. and D.) conceives that it is caused by “friction of the ether.” Now, putting aside the fact that the hypothetical ether, if it has a real existence, could not possibly exercise any appreciable friction on the atmosphere, and assuming for argument’s sake that it could, it is very manifest that a current produced by this drag would be in a direction opposite to the earth’s rotation, or from east to west. We may therefore dismiss the friction theory.

Another reporter represents them as conceiving this current to be produced by the earth’s rotation, and flying around the earth in advance of the lower strata of calm air, “as water is thrown from a revolving grindstone.” Now any one with an elementary knowledge of dynamics, or even of grindstones, should know that no moving body, acting as here described, can impart to another a higher initial velocity than itself possesses, on the simple fundamental principle, applicable alike to men, grindstones and planets, that nobody can give more than he has. The water thrown from a grindstone by centrifugal force, leaves it with precisely the velocity possessed by the surface of the stone ; and if it seems to go faster, it is because it moves in a straight line and the grindstone in a curve. And even if it did, as they do not assume that a sheet of atmosphere is whirled from the earth tangentially into space, how can they imagine anything so absurd as that a sheet of atmosphere overlying the earth, and moved by the earth, can run ahead of the earth, in spite of frictional drawbacks ?

In point of fact there is a constant current, or rather wave, in the upper regions of the atmosphere, which they seem to have left out of account, and it is the atmospheric tide produced, like the tides of the sea, by the attraction of the moon ; but this immense tidal wave circuits the earth in the direction of the moon’s apparent motion, that is, from east to west. They are right enough, however, in leaving it out of the account, as their balloon will never come near the regions where it could affect them.

And this brings us to the third consideration. Even supposing that such a centrifugal whirl of air could exist, contrary to all mechanics, what good could it be to the balloonists ? For it could only exist at the very top of the atmosphere ; and we can not suppose that even the most aspiring aeronaut ever dreamed of ascending to that height. Let us see how high they can go, and what chance there is of their deriving any benefit from currents in the upper regions.

The height of the atmosphere is variously estimated at from about 150 to about 500 miles perpendicular altitude. Now barometrical experiments show that at a height of about $3\frac{1}{2}$ miles above the sea-level the weight of the atmosphere is reduced by one-half ; that is, the mass of atmosphere below

us at that point is the same — weighs as much — as all the atmosphere above. In other words, in ascending to that height we have passed through one-half the whole atmosphere, the increase in density being so extreme. Now by Mariotte's law that the volume of a gas or air varies inversely as the compressing force, if at $3\frac{1}{2}$ miles the atmosphere is one-half as dense as at the surface, then at seven miles it must be one-fourth as dense, at $10\frac{1}{2}$ miles one-eighth, and so on. Thus at the height of 98 miles the density of the atmosphere would be $\frac{1}{268436256}$ of its density at the sea-level; a rarity which for all purposes of sustaining balloons or respiration is absolute vacuum. In reality the greatest height ever attained in a balloon was less than $6\frac{1}{2}$ miles, and at this altitude the aeronauts were seized with convulsions and came very near dying.

But we need not have gone into these figures. We are told that at the height of a mile and a half the gas will expand so as completely to fill the balloon, and consequently it can not go higher than this without danger of rupture. So that it is mere absurdity to talk of what takes place in the upper regions of the air when the utmost they can do is to crawl along at the bottom of the atmospheric ocean, where, if an eastward centrifugal current were spinning around the surface with the velocity of light, they would be as absolutely unaffected by it as the bed of the Atlantic is by its waves or tides.

Our own impression is that success in aerial navigation is not to be found in the way of balloons. In the first place they are necessarily too bulky. For even if it were possible to discover a gas so light that the weight of it was less than any assignable quantity, or practically nothing, still, as the balloon rises, not by its own levity, but by the gravity of the air, even in this case a bulk of air equal in weight to the supported mass would have to be displaced, and to raise a weight of, say 150 pounds, the balloon could not be smaller than 4650 cubic feet.

In the second place, its ascent being entirely passive, the balloon is absolutely at the mercy of the winds, and no steerage is possible. These two objections we think are fatal.

If there is anything to be accomplished in aerial navigation, it must be by means of some flying-machine, which shall rise actively by its own powers, and be able to make some head against the wind. This will require the discovery of some more concentrated motor than we at present possess, and some strong material that shall be lighter than the metals. It is the hardest problem in mechanics; but we should not altogether despair of it, when we see it so successfully solved in the structure of birds and insects. Given an elastic substance that would contract under the influence of electricity with the energy of living muscle, and the motor would be found: given a manageable material as light and strong as the bird's skeleton, and the machinery could be made.

THE
SOUTHERN MAGAZINE

NOVEMBER, 1873.

EARLY SETTLEMENT OF EUROPE.

IV.

THE IRON AGE—PERIOD OF THE ARYAN FAMILY.

THE use of iron was most likely introduced into Europe by the same races who gave the ruder nations the use of bronze. The Etruscans used it at an early period, and were in all probability the chief agents in its introduction into the north of Europe. The Greek merchants must have also carried the art of its manufacture into those regions, since the first coins used in Gaul and Britain bore the stamp of Greek workmanship. In the ancient lake-village on the Lake of Neufchatel, near La Tène, were found great numbers of iron swords, axes, knives and lances, unaccompanied by a single bronze weapon. Nine coins were also found in these remains, while, according to Sir John Lubbock, not one has been found in any of the villages of the Stone or the Bronze Ages. The peat-bogs of Slesvick also furnish a great number of iron articles, helmets, shields, breastplates, coats of mail, swords, spears, axes and other implements of the kind.

The scythes and sickles found at La Tène indicate the extensive cultivation of the cereals; the coins which belong to this period show that commerce was no longer carried on solely by the cumbrous process of barter; ornaments of various kinds and in great numbers, and the rich ornamentation of sword-hilts, prove an increasing tendency to an enjoyment of the beautiful and a fondness for works of art; and the art of pottery had reached a higher stage, the clay being

no longer moulded by the hand, but made into shape on the potter's wheel.

During this period the Hellenic race were developing the seeds of civilisation furnished them by the Egyptians and Phœnicians into a rich and original growth, distinct in kind from any Asian form of culture. At some time unknown, between the time of Homer and 800 B. C., the Ionian Greeks began to settle on the shores of Italy and Sicily. From the western coast of Asia Minor, from the Greek isles, and from the Peninsula itself, colonists poured into the land of the Opicares, as they were accustomed to call the different Italian tribes. The Ionians settled the western coast of Southern Italy, the Achæians settled the southeastern coast, the Dorians settled the town of Tarentum. The Ionians and Dorians both established colonies in Sicily. Except in the way of trade, however, these Greek colonists exercised no influence upon Western Europe. As Mommsen says, "The Hellenic colonists of the West always retained the closest connection with their original home, and participated in the national festivals and rights of Hellenes."

The Greeks also made some settlements on the Etrurian coast, and obtained copper and iron from the rich mines of Elba. The Etruscan traders, however, were jealous of the Hellenic colonies; and it was at Kære, where Phœnician traditions were at work, that the Hellenic civilisation came into contact with the Italic races. Etruscan privateers meanwhile swept the Tuscan Sea and ravaged the Italian coasts, becoming a terror to the Latin race and the Greeks of Campania. Finally, they founded cities on the coast between the Latins and the Greeks, drove the Greeks away from the silver mines of Populonia and the iron and copper mines of Elba, and carried on so extensive a commerce, after they had thus depressed the power of their rivals, that, while they received amber from the Baltic, their merchants were competing with the Milesian traders in the market of Sybaris. Yet, in the midst of their maritime success and their great trade with the north of Europe by the overland route, there is evidence that they were beginning to borrow forms of art from the Eastern Greeks, whom we thus see rapidly taking the foremost place in the European world. The gold and silver coins struck by the Etruscan cities about 550 B. C. are after a Greek model and a Greek standard of value. The Etruscans may, however, have struck these to facilitate their trade with the Greek cities. A little before this time, about 600 B. C., the Greeks had founded Massilia, the modern Marseilles, which brought Greek culture directly to bear on the Keltic tribes, who by this time had possessed themselves of the whole region of the Alps.

The Phœnicians, however, did not yield submissively to Greek supremacy in the trade of the western Mediterranean. In the eastern seas the Greeks had succeeded in displacing them, but in the western the struggle was decided by the successful use which the Phœnicians made of the position of their colony at Carthage. Carthage entered into alliance with the Etruscans and some of the Italian races, and with great energy resisted the encroachments of the Greeks. The African city ultimately became the great naval power of the western Mediterranean. Greek progress in the West was checked by this

great commercial people ; and the great military State of Rome was thus allowed to grow into strength and develop a native and original character, in independence of the splendid civilisation of the Aryan kindred to its south and east. When Carthage itself was crushed by Rome, and the strongest political organisation of the Aryan races had begun fairly to establish itself on the Mediterranean shores, the introduction of Hellenic culture could no longer seriously affect the fundamental characteristics of the Roman people. Phœnician enterprise it was, then, which arrested the spread of the Greek type of civilisation to western Europe, leaving it to be ultimately given to vanquished and subject tribes under the iron rule of imperial consolidation, which was Rome's master-policy.

But these are historical times for the whole Mediterranean area. As far back as the seventh century B. C., we know something from written records of the Greek colonies in the western seas, and the parent states in Greece and Asia Minor. Let us now go further north, and strive to ascertain the condition of that part of Europe during the Iron Age up to what is the historical period for those tribes which were dwelling there.

M. Quiquerez finds primitive smelting furnaces, for the extraction of iron from the native ore, in the Bernese Jura, of two kinds, exhibiting the first rude process and the later improvement on this. Both kinds were remarkable for the absence of bellows, the necessary draught being obtained by closing the furnace with clay almost entirely, leaving only a narrow opening. The shoe of a horse, found with his bones under a peat-bed, is considered a clear proof of the knowledge of the use of iron for a great number of years back, in this part of Europe. M. Quiquerez claims for this shoe an era of 4000 years ago ! But this is one of those extravagant claims for time so often made by archæologists, based on calculations as to the time required for the formation of peat,—time which may vary greatly with climate ; the temperature of the air and the degree of humidity, the rapidity of forest growth, and other conditions, all entering into the problem and making its solution mere matter of conjecture. We have seen that the use of iron was rare among the Greeks about 1200 B. C., that is about 3000 and odd years ago ; and if, as is probable, the art of manufacturing it reached the tribes of the Jura at a much later date, it is not likely that this undoubtedly ancient piece of workmanship is really older than the Greek colonies of Italy, about 800 B. C., perhaps it is not older than the Greek colony of Massilia, about 600 B. C. It may indeed be the case that about the time of the first Greek settlement in Italy, and even before, the Etruscans had received this knowledge from the Phœnicians, and communicated it to their kindred of the Lakes and to the Keltic tribes who were Lake Dwellers at this time. It is certain that these furnaces of the Jura were worked by the Lake Dwellers who lived so near them. The earliest date I am willing to admit, on historical grounds and on the principles of geographical distribution, for the Iron Age in the Helvetian region, is some point between 1000 B. C. and 800 B. C. The overland trade of the Etruscans and the civilised Lake Dwellers with the North of Europe probably introduced the use of iron into those regions within a short

time after its introduction among themselves. It is possible, of course, that the Kelts may have brought the use of iron with them from their Asian home; but it is not probable that in this respect they should have been in advance of the Hellenic race, who certainly owed their knowledge of it to the Phœnicians. When the Romans first encountered the Kelts, they were armed with iron swords. This was about 390 B. C., when the Senonian Gauls under Brennus (a Keltic word, said to mean King), after conquering Etruria, took Rome and sacked it. The iron remains in the old battle-field of Tiefenau, near Berne, are certainly more ancient than the swords with which the Keltic invaders vanquished the Romans on this occasion. The date of this great battle, conjectured to have been fought between the Gallic Kelts and the Belgic Kelts, or mingled Kelts and Low Germans, as some think the Belgians were, cannot be ascertained; but, from its vicinity to the smelting furnaces of the Bernese Jura and the Swiss Lakes, it is not unreasonable to suppose that it belongs to the period in which the furnaces of the Jura were in operation and the Kelts were in possession of some of the Lake Settlements, or were fighting for their possession. The battle may have been waged between the Kelts, whether Gallic or Belgic, and the Basque or Rœtian inhabitants of the lake-dwellings. Many iron implements were found here, a hundred two-handed swords, spear-heads, and other weapons. There were picked up, besides, tires of chariot-wheels, fragments of coats of mail, horses' bits, rings, fibulæ of bronze, and coins. Thirty of the coins were of bronze, struck at Massilia, showing a head of Apollo on one side and a bull on the other. The rest were silver pieces, also struck at Massilia. There was no trace of any Roman workmanship, nor the slightest evidence that any Roman had fought there. The presence of the Massilian coins and the absence of any Roman element warrant us in assigning to these remains a date somewhere between 600 B. C. and 400 B. C. Five bronze coins, found at La Tène by M. Desor, with the horned horse, which is said to be a Gallic emblem, on one side, and a human profile on the other, are probably to be assigned to a later period. Sir John Lubbock states that the Gauls had a coinage of their own 300 B. C.; and we may therefore place these coins at about that date. The sheath of a sword, found also in one of the Swiss Lakes, is ornamented with three horned horses, and may be referred to the same period.

Somewhere about this time of greater civilisation, the Kelts began that mighty tide of migration southward and eastward, which crushed the Iberian tribes of the Pyrenees and the Alps, swept over Etruria, and paralysed the growing power of Rome for a while; poured through the Illyrian, Macedonian, and Thracian region great hosts of invaders, sweeping down into Thessaly and threatening the ancient shrines of the Greeks; and finally spent its force in Asia Minor, where some of the tribes settled in the territory afterwards called Galatia, from the Gallic name of the race. Here again we reach the precincts of a settled civilisation and of recorded history, though legend mingles with the actual historical facts. We must go still further north to find races just receiving the civilisation of the Iron Age. But the indications of progress are here all incapable of being reduced to any fixed

period. All that is certainly known is that when Cæsar first encountered the Gallic and Belgic races and the kindred Kelts of Britain; when the German tribes are first met by Roman arms, all these nations of the North were armed with iron weapons. Etruria and Massilia and perhaps the Phœnician colonies in Spain had given them all of the civilisation of the Iron Age that could be useful in war.

At the time of the invasion of Hannibal, while all Mediterranean Europe belongs to the province of authentic history; the Grecian glory having come to an end, and the Roman State, still in the thick of its last great struggle with its Carthaginian rival, being almost mistress of the Mediterranean region — Europe north of the peninsula was in possession of Keltic tribes in the west and probably along the great rivers of central and southern Europe. There is no evidence that the Teutonic tribes had yet entered the region now called Germany. Many are disposed, however, to believe that Low German tribes had long ago settled in Scandinavia and the Low Countries, and mingling with the Kelts while migrating southward, had formed the Belgic tribes who shared with the Gauls the possession of middle Europe. This state of things lasted until about 125 B. C., when we must consider the Kelts as only holding Europe north of Provence, the Romans having won that territory from them. About this time a stir of some kind took place among the races in the North; for, after the Romans had gained possession of the greater part of Switzerland and southern France, they had to encounter a formidable enemy, or body of enemies, in the shape of a host of combined tribes, pouring down from the North, who at first defeated several of their generals in succession. If these Kimbrians and Teutons, whom Marius smote with such slaughter in 102 B. C., were of the true Teutonic blood, which seems probable, then the Teutonic tribes had by this time penetrated into the heart of Europe, and were already pressing back the Kelts to the lands west of the Rhine. When Cæsar carried the Roman eagles to the banks of the Rhine and into the isle of Britain, he subjugated almost the whole body of the Kelts; but the Germans who by this time held the territory east of the Rhine, the Kelts of almost all of Britain, and the Kelts of the whole of Ireland, remained free.

The Keltiberians of Spain had fallen under the Roman dominion when Carthage fell, though they were always more or less insurrectionary. In the time of Augustus the lands south of the Danube became Roman; but the Germans, 9 A. D., defeated Varus's legions, and secured the independence of the Teutonic race. These tribes remained within very nearly the same territory, until in the later days of the Empire, being pressed by Turanian tribes from the East, and being also tempted by the wealth and weakness of the Roman Empire, they became formidable to it, and finally, in successive waves of conquest, mastered it, and established on its ruins, first the Gothic rule in the name of the Empire, and, later, that Frankish continuation of the Empire which is called in history the Holy Roman Empire.

The Teutonic tribes were numerous, and are known in history by many names. The chief divisions are into the Goths, who conquered

Italy and Spain, and held the eastern part of Europe about the Danube and Euxine, for some time; the Franks, who conquered France and Italy at a later date, and held the greater part of Germany, dividing at the disintegration of the Karolingian Empire into East Franks and West Franks; the Saxons, who held the north of Europe, until the Franks conquered the continental or rather the German portion of their race, while its English branch had previously conquered the Romanised Kelts in Great Britain; and the Alemanns, who held the southern area of Germany, and furnished the Teutonic element in the blood of the modern Swiss and Suabians. At a much later period in history, Europe was made aware of the existence of those Teutons who had settled in the Scandinavian regions, the races who spoke varieties of the old Norse tongue. The English, Jute, Frisian, and Saxon tribes who conquered the isle of Britain, were nearly akin to these Norse races. A broader division, and a better one, of the Teutons is that which separates them into High Germans and Low Germans, the latter including the Norse races, though it must be confessed that in many respects they differed very widely from one another. In one particular this division will be found a fairly satisfactory one: the High Germans have always been an inland people; while the Low Germans have, with their Norse brethren, been dwellers by the seaside and fond of seafaring adventure.

The Slavonic races were the last of the Aryan family to come into Europe. Donaldson thinks the whole Pelasgian race, and also the Veneti, were Slavonic, and hence would dissent from the statement just made. But ethnologists in general distinguish between the Pelasgians and the Slavs, making the former an earlier migrating branch of the immediate stock of the Hellenes and the Italians, considering these three to be nearly akin. All agree in making the Slavs a late migration into Europe. Yet the Vandals are believed by some to have had a large infusion of Slavonic blood. The Slavs had to face the fierce Turanian races who swept into Europe from time to time, and hence did not develop as did those Aryan races, who, coming earlier, had overthrown the Roman Empire, and were already benefiting by its civilisation. Yet this race of late development is at last becoming an important element in the history of civilisation. To use the words of the Rev. F. W. Farrar, in that admirable work, *Families of Speech*: "In the case of this great Slavonic nation there has been, as it were, a regurgitation of the Aryan wave. Emigrating originally to the westward, they filled the immense regions which they had so long occupied, and are now flowing back again over the paths they traversed in their first departure. Persia has been long subjected to their influence: at this moment all Turkestan is practically theirs. Since Peter the Great, in 1722, took Derbent, on the Caspian, from Persia, they have been constantly pushing their encroachments farther and farther towards the East. So that, as you see, the two branches of our race who stayed longest in the mother country, and wandered from it least far—the Persians and Hindoos—have both been subjugated by returning families of their western brethren. We of the Teutonic race, travelling in our commercial energy over half the globe, came to India by sea, and have forced it to acknowledge our dominion: the Slavonic

race, flowing back in what Æschylus calls a *ῥῆμα χερσαῖον*, or the dry-land wave, have overflowed Persia by land, and reached the borders of Afghanistan. Soon these two younger brothers—the Slavonian and the Teuton—the former lord of the Iranian, the latter of the Hindoo, will gaze at each other face to face from opposite heights of the great Himalayan range. Shall we meet as brothers or as enemies?"

The Turanian races who settled in Europe, not reckoning those who were utterly destroyed by the Aryans, were the Hungarians, the Bulgarians—now largely Slavonic—the Magyars of Hungary, and the Turks. Those whom I have called Hungarians to distinguish them from the Magyars, were remnants of the Alans and Huns. The Magyars were called by the old writers Ugri, which name has been thought to have originated the Ogres of childhood's horror. The Finns and Lapps, along with the Basques, were Turanians of older date in Europe, not only than the Turanians just mentioned, but also than the entire Aryan family. Before dismissing the Basques altogether from these pages, I should mention that Farrar does not admit that they have been proved to be Turanian, and suggests on the evidence of language their affinity with the Mexicans. He distinguishes between the agglutinative and the polysynthetic types of language, and states that the Basque belongs to the latter. "I must not mention," he says, "amalgamating languages without calling your attention to the fact that one of the very few isolated languages of Europe exhibits, strange to say, the only cis-Atlantic instance of this very peculiar structure. It is the Eskuara or Basque, spoken in the valleys of the Pyrenees, on the borders of France and Spain, in an angle of the Bay of Biscay. The ethnological and linguistic affinities of this language, though repeatedly inquired into, have never yet been satisfactorily ascertained. Its existence there remains at present an insoluble problem; but what is certain about it is that its structure is polysynthetic like the languages of America. Like them, and them only, it habitually forms its compounds by the elimination of certain radicals in the simple words; so that e. g. *ilhun*, twilight, is contracted from *hill*, dead, and *egun*, day; and *belhaun*, the knee, from *belhar*, front, and *oin*, leg. It was this fact that made Larramendi give to his treatise on Basque grammar the title of 'The Impossible Overcome.' The most daring of the hypotheses which have been suggested points to the conceivable existence of some great Atlantis—to the possibility of the 'Basque area being the remains of a vast system, of which Madeira and the Azores are fragments, belonging to the Miocene period.' Be this as it may, the fact is indisputable, and is eminently noteworthy, that, while the affinities of the Basque roots have never been conclusively elucidated, there has never been any doubt that this isolated language, preserving its identity in a western corner of Europe, between two mighty kingdoms, resembles in its grammatical structure the aboriginal languages of the vast continent opposite, and those alone."

We have seen that, in the opinion of many philologists, it does resemble in some respects certain of the Turanian tongues; and I have preferred to hold to the generally received view that both language and people are Turanian. But if the view put forward by

Farrar in the passage just given should be sustained by farther research, the theory I would then suggest is, that the Basques of the ancient world were a superior race of the same stock as the Esquimaux of the first Stone Age, living under more favorable influences of climate, and enabled by their situation to survive the great catastrophe which overwhelmed the Esquimaux of the cold regions ; and that there existed the same distinction between those branches of the same great family who had roamed over into the American continent, and had been cut off from all communication with Europe by the submersion of the low-lying continent over which they had passed to their new home. But all this lies in the region of conjecture.

I have now given a general account of the pre-historic condition of all the races on European soil except the Gypsies and the Jews. These are both scattered over the face of Europe, the former thinly, the latter in large numbers. The Bible gives the earliest history of the Jews ; and in regard to them there can scarcely be said to be anything pre-historical. As to the Gypsies, it is now well known that they are a degraded Aryan race of the Hindoo stock, who have somehow become wanderers. Thus the Jews are now the only Semitic people in Europe ; little trace of the Moorish race of pure Semitic blood being left even in Spain, Southern Italy and Sicily. Yet to these two Semitic races, the Jews and Arabians, Europe owes the religious beliefs it now holds from the Asian frontier to the Atlantic Ocean, and from the Arctic to the Mediterranean.

The reader must have gathered from my sketch what I have not thought it necessary to state hitherto in so many words, that these ages—the Polished Stone, the Bronze, and the Iron—must not be understood to be marked off from one another by any definite line. In each separate region they overlap one another, just as in the individual man, childhood, youth, manhood pass gradually and almost imperceptibly from one to the other. Moreover, they each begin and end at different times in different countries. The Iron Age had certainly begun among the Greeks about 1200 B. C. ; it as certainly did not begin in Denmark until many centuries later. These ages therefore merely represent gradations in civilisation not necessarily accompanied by changes in race. The races have changed indeed ; but they occupy now very nearly the same general position in broad terms which they probably occupied at the beginning of the historical period. Aryan races then as now occupied the greater part of the European area ; non-Aryan races then as now held only the outskirts of the Continent ; and then as now the non-Aryan races were probably all of Turanian blood.

C. WOODWARD HUTSON.

MANTRAPS IN SMITHINGTON.

THEY were husband-hunters, that was certain! Even Mrs. Mendex, whose liberal soul refused to believe the worst of any one until forced to do it—now even she was compelled to the conclusion to which Smithington had already come. Husband-hunters, and perhaps even worse; although in an exclusive and thoroughly aristocratic little watering-place like Smithington, whose resident population was largely of the fairer sex, that alone was bad enough. The manners and morals of Smithington were not as the manners and morals of less favored spots. If an argument illustrating the power of individual influence were wanted, we would triumphantly point to Smithington as the result of Mrs. Mendex's zeal in keeping it just what such a town should be. What that was, a recent Smithington trouble will show.

Perhaps, however, even Mrs. Mendex's efforts unaided would not have sufficed to stem the tide of slang and innovation that overwhelmed almost every other place of the kind, and "especially to prevent it settling down among us," to quote her own expression to her friend Miss Mitten; but she was not unaided. So strong was the respect it had for itself that Smithington arose as one woman to repel the audacity of such intruders as would demoralise its propriety; and as if this were not enough, Mrs. Mendex had the power of the Press at her back. Mr. Flincher Pluss, the editor of the *Smithington Guardian*, had ever strengthened her hands by his avowed admiration for her talents and character. We all know the value of an editor's admiration when it takes an active and useful form; and if the admiration of any editor is valuable, how much more that of such a one as Mr. Flincher Pluss!

But what threatened the peace of Smithington now, and paralysed its defenders with horror and alarm, was the fear that Flincher Pluss—even he, "the beloved Paladin of Smithington's glory, to possess whom was Smithington's proudest boast," as Mrs. Mendex had once glowingly said at a ladies' meeting—even he gave signs of defection.

Every autumn there flocked into Smithington a number of people who came to seek health from its sea-breezes; but these interlopers formed no part of Smithington proper, of course. Only very rarely were they permitted to penetrate its social circles, or to take part in its domestic life. And yet Smithington was not illiberal—only cautious for its fame's sake. As Miss Mitten and Miss Verjuice, two of its most distinguished social spirits, declared, "Really the only way to live in a watering-place with elegance and propriety was to avoid promiscuous intercourse." Need it be said that ladies of such knowledge of the world and society never shut their doors on really eligible people? No doubt it was this well-known eclecticism which kept many—on the sour-grapes principle—from seeking to pene-

trate the well-guarded circle of its society ; certain it is, very few people seemed to care for its delights.

There had been times of trouble and distress to Smithington, times when some of the summer visitors, seduced by the beauty of the scenery, the salubrity of the climate, had settled down there instead of flitting at the end of the season. And as enterprising widows and designing mammas with grown-up daughters seemed to pounce down on Smithington in inverse ratio to the visits of widowers and eligible bachelors, tribulation and much heart-burning had been the consequence, and all the efforts of Mrs. Mendex and Miss Mitten were at times inadequate to prevent mischief. Last year it had been Mrs. Houston and her two daughters that had actually succeeded in entrapping into marriage the two most eligible men in the place ; and now it was this impudent, brazen-faced Mrs. Clayton and her daughter, and of these two it was difficult to say which was worst.

Corrie Houston, the most reprehensible female it had ever hitherto been Smithington's fate to have harbored, was a white angel of innocence compared with Belle Clayton. And Belle Clayton's mother was as bad in intent, if not in power, with her alluring ways and complexion such as no matron could be expected to have come by naturally.

It was scarcely to be believed without actual proof—but that was not long wanting—that in addition to having beguiled Mr. Dennis into frequent unnecessary visits and meetings, these feminine spiders—yes, “spiders” ; Miss Mitten declared these women could be compared to nothing but *spiders*—had actually entangled in their web the young heir of Mountain Castle, and were weaving one industriously round Flincher Pluss, not unsuccessfully it would seem to horrified observers and friends, as he had already been seen twice entering Mrs. Clayton's doors during the past week, and coming out of church on Sunday had raised his hat in a deferential way quite unnecessary, and not at all familiar to the eyes of Smithington ladies. And Miss Clayton had acknowledged the salute with an alluring smile, as every one saw, and fussed with the lace on her scarf, pretending it had caught on her umbrella, in a way that made it plain to all that she was trying to entice him to come forward and offer his services, and walk home by the side of her and her mother. Happily Mr. Pluss had still sufficient command over himself to stay with his old friends the Verjuices, who had come up and shaken hands in a friendly way, instead of responding to her manœuvring ; but his glances toward her had told his friends that prudence alone restrained him.

Mrs. Mendex was at her wits' end. As the doctor's wife, there was no doubt she was called upon to take the lead in all social movements. Her position was one of vast responsibility, as she often told herself—and was so telling herself for the hundred and fourteenth time when her bosom friend Miss Mitten was announced.

“My dear Matilda ! how nice of you to come so early ; I wanted so badly to consult you. Of course you saw the *phantomime* coming out of church yesterday.” No words can do justice to the lofty tone of contempt in which this last sentence was uttered.

"Of course," said Miss Mitten sadly. "Any one with eyes could see that."

"Who could have thought it of Flincher Pluss?"

"Who indeed! Dear Priscilla Verjuice was right; although knowing her weakness for Mr. Pluss, I had hardly given due credit to her opinion. That accounts for his doubting what we told him about her angling to be mistress of Mountain Castle if Mr. Bessborough would foolishly allow himself to be caught."

"Ah! A great many things are plain to me now. I have ordered the brougham; I am going to call on the Verjuices. Will you come? They are so interested in everything touching the credit of our town that no doubt they will be able to tell us more about this sad business."

It was a sad business; but neither Mrs. Clayton nor her daughter seemed aware of it. They were a joyous couple, very much disposed to enjoy life as it came, pretending to no aristocratic connections — not even stopping to contradict a rumor circulated in Smithington that the late Mr. Clayton had been the dealer in cheap coals of that name who had regularly sent his circulars among them, advising every one, with agonised anxiety about their well-being, to "buy no other" until they had been warmed by his "best Wallsend." Some people less experienced than the favored Smithingtonians had considered Mrs. Clayton and her daughter ladies; some people in Smithington itself declared they were so, in flat contradiction of better judges; but these dissenters were of the masculine gender, needless to say.

The mother and daughter were sitting in the parlor of the little cottage they had hired furnished. A very pretty parlor it looked now, and very different from the cheerless little room it had been before the Clayton arrival. Its very prettiness was one of the things Smithington complained of. Mrs. Mendex declared the little white statuettes that stood among the wreaths of growing ivy that festooned all corners of the room were theatrical, and the large "Birth of Venus" — its shell serving as a bed for ferns, mignonette and geraniums, that stood between the windows and gave a summer-like air to the cosy warm room, none the less graceful for the bright dancing fire that Mrs. Clayton by some witchery seemed able to keep at just one delightful point — was "positively indecent." But the ladies seemed to care very little about that: in fact I am afraid at the very moment that beheld Mrs. Mendex and Miss Mitten wending their sad way to Miss Verjuice, they were laughing at their own iniquities and mocking their more respectable neighbors.

"Did you see, Mamma, how sour Miss Mitten looked at us yesterday when Mr. Flincher Pluss bowed so gracefully? I am sure she was afraid he was going to escort us home, and I declare I did everything to make him do so."

"Belle, Belle!" said Mrs. Clayton reprovingly; but the smile that hovered round the corners of her mouth showed that she was not insensible to her daughter's fun.

"Well, Mamma, I cannot resist the pleasure of teasing the good ladies of Smithington; they look so intensely horrified."

"I wish you would not, Belle; it is always unwise to make enemies."

At this moment a step was heard on the gravel. Belle looked out. "Mr. Dennis, I declare! poor dear old fellow! Mamma, I told you he was an admirer of yours. I noticed in church he seemed to be admiring either you or your bonnet very much."

"Nonsense, child," said Mrs. Clayton laughing. Her face, almost as fair and attractive as Belle's, blushed at the notion as Mr. Dennis was heard in the hall.

"Poor old dear! his corns seem very bad this morning," murmured Belle, as he shambled in to the room with as much juvenile grace as he could command.

"How do, dear Madam? How do, Miss Belle?" he said, sinking into a chair near the fire. "Delicious morning, is it not? Rather sharp though outside. Dear me, it is very pleasant here, very pleasant here indeed. You make us forget it is winter, Mrs. Clayton, once we are in your house."

It was currently reported by those to whom Mr. Dennis was only the vain and would-be wise old man that he looked, that he wore a glass eye; but others, to whom Mr. Dennis was a veritable oracle, a local Solon, indignantly repudiated the calumny. This eye, glass or real, was immovable, while the other appeared to move twice as far and as much as any one else's; and as it roved round the snug room and rested with satisfaction on the partridge-like figure of Mrs. Clayton, he said: "Upon my word, Madam, I don't wonder, I really don't, that people find this the pleasantest house in Smithington."

"People?" asked Mrs. Clayton, with a hauteur quite lost on Mr. Dennis.

"Yes. Young Bessborough — Berkeley, you know — great friend of mine, tells me everything he thinks and feels, I do believe. Says he —"

What young Bessborough said was forever unknown to the Claytons, for the sound of wheels on the tiny drive caused all to look up.

"I see a horse's head appearing round the arbutus — a white horse's head; so of course it is Mrs. Mendex. I begin to hate the sight of that — person!" exclaimed Belle.

"Mrs. Mendex — oh, a-an excellent woman; slightly inclined to interfere though," said the visitor, looking somewhat uncomfortable. "Oh, by-the-bye I had nearly forgotten the object of my being here: I am beating up volunteers for our amateur concert for the benefit of the Smithington life-boat service, and if Miss Belle might be allowed to sing a couple of solos, it would add greatly to our resources — h'm."

Before Mrs. Clayton could answer, Mrs. Mendex, Miss Mitten and Miss Verjuice were shown in.

After the ladies had exchanged civilities, Mr. Dennis, who was standing apparently unnoticed in the shadow of the door, came forward.

"Mr. Dennis!" exclaimed all three of the ladies at once.

"Quite a pleasant surprise, I declare, to see so many of one's fair friends together at once — eh, Miss Mitten?"

"A very great surprise, I have no doubt," said Miss Mitten with an accent that implied she doubted the pleasure of it.

"A — er — I dare say you ladies are here on the same errand as

myself ; but I thought I would be beforehand with you all — ha, ha !” laughed Mr. Dennis, who well knew the meaning of the severely cold glances bestowed on him by the maidens, and the satirical one of the matron.

“We called as we were going to the cove, solely for the pleasure of seeing Mrs. Clayton and her daughter,” said Mrs. Mendex, with a dry short utterance, but a very smiling face.

Mr. Dennis explained his errand, which Mrs. Clayton was too shrewd not to feel had been hit upon to account for his presence there. It had been uttered so hurriedly just before Mrs. Mendex’s entrance, and was so evidently thrust in now, that the handsome widow’s color rose indignantly ; but beyond taking the opportunity of refusing decidedly Belle’s assistance at the concert, she gave no sign of annoyance, though her visitors did. It was too aggravating to think that Mr. Dennis, who was so discreet as a general thing, should have been so absurd as to suppose they had not plenty of attractions for the concert without dragging in Miss Clayton, whom they had quietly determined to keep out. They were not even mollified when Mr. Dennis rose to go when they did, and offered to accompany them to the cove.

There was an awkward silence when they were outside, broken at last by Mr. Dennis. “Remarkably pleasant woman, that Mrs. Clayton.”

“Oh remarkably, especially to gentlemen,” said Mrs. Mendex significantly.

“Well, now you surprise me. Not so agreeable to ladies, eh? Well, I should have thought she was. Well, there’s no telling. Been remarkably handsome too in her day.”

“Oh yes, in her day,” say the maidens, their opinion of Mr. Dennis’s good sense considerably elevated. They really had begun to fear he had been taken in by her, and had not seen the crow’s-feet that were so visible to them ; and, as they afterwards said, it was so sad to see an honored friend fall a victim to a wily woman like that, and allow himself to become the laughing-stock of society. It was bad enough for Mr. Bessborough to make himself so ridiculous ; but had Mr. Dennis done so, it would have been a blow to them all. It was considered that Miss Mitten would have had good cause to complain had such been the case, for Smithington had allotted her two resident bachelors long since, and Mr. F. Pluss was supposed to be devoted to Miss Priscilla Verjuice, as was Mr. Dennis to Miss Mitten. It is true neither gentleman appeared anxious to marry ; but if they did, Smithington would have visited any other choice with immense indignation. As they wended their way to the cove, Mr. Dennis gave ample proof that he was not one of the beguiled, as they had feared.

They passed Mr. Bessborough on the brow of the hill they had just ascended, which was near his home. He was on horseback, and leading a lady’s saddle-horse.

“Who can that be for?” exclaimed Miss Mitten.

“Oh, Miss Clayton, of course,” said Priscilla.

“Nonsense! He surely would not be so foolish as that. Besides, I don’t believe Miss Clayton rides.” They all turned round and

watched the horseman disappear along the white curving road, and then reappear close to Mrs. Clayton's gate.

"Yes, he has actually gone there! Well, I would not have believed it! What will Mrs. Bessborough say?—her only son, too!" exclaimed Miss Mitten.

"Poor dear Mrs. Bessborough!" sighed Mrs. Mendex, who by reason of Doctor Mendex being Mrs. Bessborough's medical adviser, had sometimes been invited to Mountain Castle during Mrs. Bessborough's not frequent visits to her country-seat, and sundry calls were interchanged that constituted quite a claim for Mrs. Mendex to feel personally interested in the matter of young Bessborough's entanglement.

Outside her lukewarm courtesy to her doctor's wife, Mrs. Bessborough had been hitherto culpably negligent in her social duties to Smithington: its fair ones were never invited to her dinners—nay, not even to her balls, except the memorable fancy dress one given on the occasion of Berkeley Bessborough's majority (a rhymed description of which had taken the gifted Flincher Pluss three nights of agonised wrestling with his recalcitrant Pegasus to produce), consequently when Mrs. Mendex sighed, it was understood that her friendly heart was wrung for Mrs. Bessborough's sufferings.

"Of course there is no doubt now that he must have serious intentions," said the fair Priscilla. "He has never taken any lady to ride before."

The ladies shook their heads mournfully. "No, there can be no doubt! If he is not engaged already, he will be to-day."

"Sorry for Mrs. Bessborough," said Mr. Dennis. "Great disappointment, of course. However, it is an ill wind blows no one any good; and I had thought, had feared in fact, that—a—our good friend Flincher Pluss was somewhat *épris* there."

Miss Priscilla cast down her eyes and strove not to look an injured party, which Mr. Dennis seeing, said: "Bless my soul! quite forgot. I beg pardon. My dear Miss Priscilla, was quite oblivious of your presence. Quite bewildered, by so many charming companions, rather," said he, conscious of being uncomplimentary.

"No apologies, I beg. Mr. Pluss is nothing whatever to me; no man ever could be who was guilty of the weakness of being dazzled by such meretricious attractions as exist at Mrs. Clayton's."

"That drawing-room! I declare it makes me blush when I enter!—tricked out in that way! I can hardly imagine any respectable woman sitting comfortably in the room with that Venus," said Mrs. Mendex.

"Nor I," said Miss Mitten. "Luckily, I was able to sit with my back to it; I always try to do that when I go there."

"For my part, I think that indelicate skipping figure on the console-table just as bad—such a horrid-looking creature!"

"Ar—er—Courbet's Faun," said Mr. Dennis. "Well, I suppose it is having so long lived in Italy that has given Mrs. Clayton her peculiar tastes; very foreign, I must confess."

"Oh, is that bronze Courbet's 'Faun'?" asked Miss Mitten, who liked to be up in art matters, although the actual presence offended

her modesty. "I did not notice it much; but really, Priscilla, I did not think it was so hideous. I have seen it greatly talked of in the papers. They say it was presented to the Prince Imperial, and that copies of it have been sold by thousands. Don't you remember, Mr. Pluss had a long description of it when he came back from Paris in '67 in his paper?—Fie! do I remember anything he writes better than you do!" Miss Mitten looked playfully shocked.

II.

After Mrs. Mendex and her friends had gone, Belle said: "Well, Mamma, what do you suppose those poor dear old things have to say about us now? I was so glad Mr. Dennis was here: his discomfort was delicious."

"He is a weak old man, and one can hardly pity him."

"Pity him? I should think not! I wouldn't pity one Smithingtonian. What a horrid petty talking place it is! I don't know whom I dislike most in it."

Mrs. Clayton smiled instead of reproving her daughter, and said, smoothing her little black velvet apron that contrasted so well with her violet silk dress: "There is one comfort, we need not stay in it much longer: everything will certainly be settled in the spring. What an inspiration it was, Belle, that we came in the way we did."

"Yes, indeed! What endless curiosity and talk there would be if they knew everything about us. Who is this, I wonder?" she said, looking out of the window. "Mr. Bessborough, Mamma; and he is going to ask me to ride, I know," she said joyously.

"Belle, I think you had better refuse."

"Oh, Mamma! don't say so. I don't think I could refuse a gallop, even with Mr. Flincher Pluss for escort; and Mr. Bessborough is the only endurable man in the place."

Before Mrs. Clayton could offer any further objection, Mr. Bessborough was shown in; and as Belle expected, he invited her to take a gallop over the downs.

"It is very tempting, but—what do you say, Mamma? May I go?"

Mrs. Clayton looked very much inclined to say no, but Mr. Bessborough stopped her.

"Don't, Mrs. Clayton; I know what you are thinking of—the awful Smithington proprieties; but I assure you, you might shut yourselves up, never go out without a thick veil, and admit no male creature within your gates, and you would still be subjects for gossip. No pretty woman ever came here who was not; it is such a detestable place!"

"I care very little for gossip—we are but birds of passage—but I don't like Belle riding about alone with a gentleman."

"My groom is bringing you some flowers, so I brought the mare for Miss Clayton myself: he can chaperon us."

"Nonsense! Well, I suppose Belle can go, but she must not be long away."

"Only an hour, Mamma," said Belle, as she hastened away to get on her habit, leaving Mr. Bessborough in the intervals of conversation with her mother to wonder whether he should marry Belle Clayton, with whom he was desperately smitten, and sacrifice his hopes of marrying a woman of rank, as his mother had planned, to lift him and his castle (which was only two generations old, and which he was wise enough to call a "house") out of the atmosphere of cotton that still clung to them, although it was his grandfather who had made the money; his father and himself had done nothing more ignoble than to spend it in a princely way, and appear to forget from whence it came. It was most aggravating to Mrs. Bessborough that just as Lady Caroline Holinghurst was looking so favorably on Berkeley Bessborough, he should neglect his chances with her in his infatuation for this Belle Clayton. Not that his fond mother feared that any serious trouble would result: she believed too implicitly in her son's prudence, or at least his ambition, to suppose he would ever contemplate a marriage beneath him; but it was such folly to let Lady Caroline slip through his fingers, as she certainly would if he was not careful. Without a penny she would have been a brilliant match for young Bessborough; but there was every chance that she would be richly dowered: a lawsuit was pending which would decide whether her uncle's property was to come to her father or go to a lady who claimed to be his wife. The present Lord Marbleton, Lady Caroline's father, ignored this lady, choosing to dispute the legitimacy of the marriage which had taken place between the pretty daughter of an army surgeon and his brother; and as the dead earl's treatment of his wife had been such as to make her prefer to live apart, almost in poverty, for some years previous to his death, which was caused by an accident in hunting, and he had left no will or mention of her, it would have gone hard for the poor lady perhaps, if her father had not had powerful friends while he lived, who were now determined to see the daughter and grandchildren of their old friend righted. So a great struggle had been going on for more than a year between the contending parties, and Mrs. Bessborough felt it would be a great advantage for her son to show his devotion and intentions while the result was still pending rather than when she was rich as well as noble.

Berkeley Bessborough thought of all this and his mother's disappointment should he make a fool of himself, while appearing to pay entire attention to Mrs. Clayton's remarks about her flowers; for the thousandth time he thought of these things, and once more came to the conclusion that Belle, pretty as she was, and many as were the attractions of herself and mother, a mother who would be unobjectionable as a mother-in-law, was scarcely worth such a vast sacrifice, and such disappointment to his family — no woman was worth it! But when Belle came down in her pretty blue habit, her face flushed and eager for the pleasure of her ride, prudence again wavered, and he thought he would let things take their chance. Why should he not take the one thing he wanted in his life? After all, what good would Lady Caroline's name and nobility do him personally? Of his ability

to obtain what he wanted he never doubted — not even when, anxious to obtain some look or word from Belle, he allowed his voice to grow tender and began to talk sentiment, she put her horse to the gallop, declaring she came out for a canter, and a canter she must have. It was evident she was a coquette, he thought; but he liked her none the less, and never doubted that she was glad enough to see these proofs of his weakness, if she did not allow him to know it at once.

III.

The concert in aid of the Smithington Life-boat Service was the event of the year in that favored town: it supplied all the excitement, interest and gratification that it takes balls, races, theatres, and sensational clergymen to create in less well-regulated localities. This perhaps was partly owing to the fact that the entertainment was principally amateur. Signor Agradini, the great Italian singer, who from devotion to his wife's weak lungs passed his winters in Smithington, and shed the light of his musical genius on the Smithingtonians — who at the rate of a guinea a lesson were not slow to appreciate the goods the gods had sent them — had the getting up of the affair; and with Italian vivacity he declared that it was the triumph of his life to do so, at one minute, and that he was fairly "rabid" at another with the effort to satisfy the claims to be heard of the many gifted people that Smithington contained. He it was who had suggested to Mr. Dennis that Miss Belle Clayton would be an acquisition, but only after the same suggestion had been made to Mrs. Mendex and Mrs. Bessborough, and had been pooh-poohed by both ladies.

We have seen the result of Mr. Dennis's mission, and the concert came off at its appointed time without Belle's assistance in any but the French sense of the term. She and her mother of course went, as did all Smithington. The concert was held in the music-room of Mountain Castle, "kindly placed at the disposal of the committee by Mrs. Bessborough," as the *Smithington Guardian* informed its readers.

Needless to relate of such a sympathetic community, that there were many sympathising looks lavished on Mrs. Bessborough, and much curiosity to see how Belle Clayton would be noticed, or if noticed at all, by her future relatives. Smithington had come to understand that young Bessborough was engaged since the day when he had been seen out riding with her, and everybody was sorry that he should so throw himself away. The audience as they arrived were shown into the Library, turned into a cloak-room for the nonce; and Mrs. Mendex, who had come early, and was escorted by a friend of the Doctor's who was staying with them, expressed her intention of going to find Mrs. Bessborough, and seeing how she bore her trouble and the excitement of the day. Her exit was followed by the longing eyes of Miss Mitten and the three Miss Verjuices, whose merely bowing acquaintance with the "châtelaine," as Mr. Pluss poetically called her, did not warrant them in going with her.

There was nothing special about this concert to many of the people present, but it bade fair to become memorable to some. Smithington,

all Smithington, not the favored few, had an opportunity of seeing young Bessborough's devotion to his fiancée, although there were not a few remarks as to the singularity of his not having been with her until he was seen to take a seat by her side; they also saw that Mrs. Bessborough sent a small boy to her son to call him to her side, as was evident by his rising immediately and going to her. From that time to the end of the concert he found no opportunity of rejoining Belle, for Mr. Pluss dropped into the seat he had just vacated, and was immovable afterwards — as Mrs. Mendex pointed out eagerly to the gentleman who was with her, Mr. Barnes.

"I can't think how Mr. Pluss can be so idiotic — a man of his age and position! He is perfectly infatuated."

"Who is?" asked Mr. Barnes, who had been infinitely more attentive to a ballad of Chopin's which Signor Agradini was playing, than to his companion's conversation.

"Why, Mr. Pluss! He is perfectly absurd about that Miss Clayton, and she engaged too!"

"Forbidden fruit is always tempting; and if that was the Mr. Pluss I saw last night, I should conceive him ass enough for anything."

"Flincher Pluss an ass!" asked Mrs. Mendex aghast. "Oh but you don't know him, he is really one of our most eminent men."

"Oh, I beg his pardon if I am mistaken."

"Ah, you are: he is as intellectual as he looks."

"I used to have a donkey that always reminded me of what some one said of Lord Thurlow: 'No man could possibly *be* as wise as Lord Thurlow *looked*.' Well, Mr. Pluss reminds me of that donkey. But which is Miss Clayton? I am curious to see this Smithington beauty."

"Oh no, she is not a beauty, at least very few think her so; that is she in a mauve bonnet."

"I see several mauve bonnets."

"But the lady next to Mr. Pluss, between him and a lady who looks as if she might rouge, that is her mother."

"But I don't see Mr. Pluss, or the lady who — Good heavens! I see some one else though that I know by sight. Strange they should be here, and one not to have heard of it! — such well-known people too. Well, I don't see the Claytons — I see Pluss."

"Well, the ladies next to him are they."

"What! that Mrs. Clayton? *She* is — h-m — h-m."

"She is who?" asked Mrs. Mendex eagerly: something in her companion's manner told her there was something strange about them.

"Oh, I thought she was a lady very well known in London, known to me by portrait and by sight; but of course it is Mrs. Clayton. I was wrong."

Now Mrs. Mendex was not to be deceived like this. She was perfectly sure that Mr. Barnes was not mistaken, and that Mrs. Clayton for some reason or other, of course not a good and proper reason, was living there under a fictitious name. Neither Mr. Barnes nor herself had been much incommoded in their conversation by the music, but she could hardly get up and converse with her friends during the concert, and she was impatient for it to be over. Her first

duty she knew was to Mrs. Bessborough ; but she must consult others first as to the way in which she could best do that duty.

When the concert was over, Mrs. Mendex told Mr. Barnes that she should go home with Miss Mitten, having some affairs to talk over with her ; and when she found her friend, he left them together.

Mrs. Mendex was a woman whose great trouble and pain in life was the degeneracy of her sex, and her countenance betrayed her grief when she found herself alone with Miss Mitten.

"What is the matter, dear?" asked the sympathetic virgin.

"I have had a shock, dear — I can hardly say a surprise, for my instinct told me something was wrong all along ; but it is very sad."

"What is it, dear? Something about those Claytons, I know."

"Yes, something indeed ; and how I am to tell Mrs. Bessborough I know not, although it may be for the best. Young Bessborough never would be so foolish now — so mad indeed."

"What is it?" asked Miss Mitten, with scarce concealed impatience.

"My dear," said Mrs. Mendex, with solemnity, "the Claytons, whom we have always suspected, are not Claytons at all — their name is no more Clayton than mine is!"

"What!" ejaculated Miss Mitten. "Do you mean that those women have come here and mingled with us as respectable people under a false name?"

"Yes, I do," said Mrs. Mendex, with tears in her eyes. "It is shocking! I don't know what their name may be, but of course it is one they are ashamed to own ; in fact, my informant gave me to understand as much. They are very notorious people, and I suppose that is why they singled out a retired spot like this."

"Shocking!" said Miss Mitten, shaking her curls sadly.

"And yet it may be better in one sense as it is. Had it not turned out so, the hopes of the Bessboroughs might have been blighted by the son's marriage so far beneath him ; but one may be sure he will never marry a girl whose character we can surmise, so I am thankful for the timely discovery."

"I know not, I know not," sighed Miss Mitten : "an infatuated man will do anything. Let us hope for the best."

There was a great deal of visiting for the next few days among the ladies of Smithington. If ponies ever wonder, they must then have wondered what had come to their mistresses. Such occasions of unwonted exertion were rare in their equine life ; and such was the crowded state of the streets that the shopkeepers declared, if things went on like that High street must be widened ; with pony-carriages coming both ways at once, there was no knowing what accidents might happen. But none of these visits were paid to Mrs. Clayton ; and as days became weeks, and still no one came to their cottage but young Bessborough, and every one seemed excessively short-sighted at church, they never by any chance catching the eye of any lady of the congregation, it became plain to them that they were excommunicated. It was evident they were brazen, hardened women, for this avoidance of them seemed to have no effect whatever. There was no sign of discomfort, and indeed it appeared sometimes as if

there could be traced a lurking smile on Belle's face. Such a thing was almost too monstrous to suppose, so in charity let them have the benefit of the doubt.

Mr. Bessborough alone came as frequently to the cottage as ever ; and perhaps because his staunchness contrasted so favorably with the other part of the Smithington world, he was always well and warmly received ; and although he had by no means decided whether to indulge his love or his prudence (Smithington to the contrary notwithstanding), he felt fearful that if he sacrificed his inclination he would be cruel to Belle, whose partiality for himself seemed so evident ; and as although a "canny" youth he was not an unprincipled one, his conscience tormented him somewhat, and one day his scruples induced him to lay his perplexity before Belle. It was not deliberately done, but she had gaily complimented him on his courage in persisting in visiting such black sheep.

"You really are very brave, for of course you know Smithington has been groaning over us for the last month. What new thing we have done I cannot say ; but it makes no difference — if it were not one thing it would be another."

"Yes, indeed. The offences of youth and beauty are hard for Smithington to look over."

At this moment Mrs. Clayton was called out of the room, and as his chances of a tête-à-tête with Belle were of rare occurrence, he determined to make the most of the present.

"If — if — I were a man that could follow his own inclination — owed no duty to his family, that is — I — nothing could make me happier than to show these old fogies in Smithington how little effect all their lies and their twaddle has upon any man in his senses ; but you see, Miss Clayton, my mother has set her heart on my marrying another lady."

"Pray don't tell me anything about this, it is so unnecessary."

"No it is not. I wanted to tell you just how I am placed with — with —"

"Yes, I know. I have been told over and over again that you were engaged, quite often enough to keep me out of danger," laughed Belle.

"It is false ! I am not engaged ; I am not sure I ever can be. Of course Lady Caroline Holinghurst is —"

"Holinghurst !" exclaimed Belle, in evident extreme surprise.

"Yes. I thought you knew, or I should not have mentioned her name. Every one couples our names together, but there is no engagement ; for I — I love *you*, and —"

He stopped short, for Belle was lying back in her chair and laughing heartily.

"Miss Clayton ! Belle ! what have I said to amuse you ? I love you. I have been in doubt, but I am so no longer. I am ready to throw ambition to the winds, and live for love and you."

"Excuse me, Mr. Bessborough, things happen so strangely I could not help being amused. As for throwing away your ambition, pray do not do it. I am much obliged for —"

"Pshaw !" exclaimed he, as much injured at her light tone as if

he had known no hesitation between love and ambition — “Pshaw, Miss Clayton, that is no way to answer a man who loves you to distraction. Perhaps I ought not to have told you that there had been any hesitation in my mind — a cleverer fellow would not ; but I have none now, and only wonder I ever had any.”

Like many another man, his love grew hotter with the obstacles he met.

“I am grateful, but I do not love you, Mr. Bessborough. There are certain things I should like to tell you, but I must first consult Mamma. If you think them worth hearing, and will call to-morrow, she will tell you.”

“Of course I will come, and I do not take your present answer as final. Nothing you can have to tell me will affect my love ; you can have nothing dishonorable to tell me of yourself, I know. As to — if it is a fact that Clayton is not your name, I have known it some time. All Smithington knows it: that is nothing, and I don’t want to know anything about it.”

“Oh there is nothing to conceal, and Clayton is after all our name, but you really must believe my answer final. I see your generosity, and admire it, but I cannot love you.”

Mrs. Clayton hereupon entered the room, evidently greatly excited. “Belle, my dear, I have just received a telegram of importance. You will excuse us, Mr. Bessborough.”

“Oh, certainly,” said that gentleman, taking up his hat. “No bad news, I trust?”

“No ; important, but not bad,” and the triumphant light in Mrs. Clayton’s eye, the smiling eagerness with which she watched his departure, might have assured him, had he been thinking of it, that nothing but good news could have so excited her.

Since the day of the concert Berkeley Bessborough found his troubles thickening upon him. Mrs. Mendex had of course informed his mother of her discovery respecting Mrs. Clayton, and she in her turn informed her son of what she had heard. “Of course this news will cure you of your folly in that quarter,” the mother had said.

“News ! Mother, I thought your knowledge of Smithington was too perfect for you to put any faith in the gossip of Mrs. Mendex or any one else.”

“But in this instance I am sure there is truth in it. I have always been convinced that unless there was some reason for it, a girl like Belle Clayton would not be spending the winter in a humdrum place like this. At any rate, if you have any love for me you will drop Mrs. Clayton’s acquaintance, and go to London for the next six months.”

“Not now, Mother. I am fully alive to the folly it would be for me to marry Miss Clayton ; at the same time I am not going to play into these old women’s hands, by letting them see that slander has any effect. I know perfectly well there is nothing for the Claytons to be ashamed of, even supposing Clayton is not their name ; and if you want to do a kindness and shame Smithington, you would call upon them.”

“Berk, I am astonished to hear such quixotism from you : it only shows me how great is your danger of committing some imprudence.

I for once agree with Mrs. Mendex: no one would under any circumstances adopt a name that is not their own unless there was something criminal to hide."

So had spoken Mrs. Bessborough, for once siding with Smithington; but her speaking had been vain, as we have seen; and the misguided youth, unwarned by Smithington's example and Smithington remonstrances, still rushed blindly to his fate. But although that brand could not be saved from the burning, another was. Flincher Pluss, with the wisdom that might have been expected from him, withdrew from the siren-like charms of the Clayton family; and withdrew in a manner that made it patent to all men that he had shaken the dust from his feet on leaving the house, and never meant to backslide more. Like all truly noble natures, he bore with heroic humility the gentle sarcasms of his friends and the sweet asperities of Miss Mitten, because he knew them deserved.

IV.

Berkeley Bessborough did not fail to go the next morning to Mrs. Clayton's. Although Belle had told him she could not love him, he scarcely paid any attention to such a preposterous idea. Was it likely he had hesitated so long about a thing which, after all, his decision did not affect? Was it likely either that a girl in her senses in Belle's position would reject him and his great income? He was quite prepared to hear that there was some little mystery behind that made it a point of honor with Belle to reject him; but he was not magnanimous by halves—he would look over anything in which Belle personally was blameless, and he felt little doubt of the result. But strange to say, having once given rein to his inclination, he had become a very eager lover.

He was received by Mrs. Clayton alone, somewhat to his surprise, and he looked round for Belle, but no Belle was to be seen.

"I have something to tell you, Mr. Bessborough, which your staunch friendship for us, in the face of the fact that Smithington had tabooed us,"—Mrs. Clayton laughed musically—"entitles you to know. You, like every one else, of course know all the particulars of the Holinghurst *versus* Holinghurst lawsuit. I was the complainant in that case, which was concluded in my favor yesterday. We were weary of the notoriety, and disgusted with being made the object of every one's remarks as soon as our identity was known; and our presence not being necessary, we came here under a family name, to be free from vulgar curiosity until the trial should be concluded."

"I congratulate you, indeed, my dear Mrs. Clayton—Lady Marbleton, I mean—and Miss Belle. Is she well?—Lady Belle Holinghurst, I should rather say." ("Good heavens!" he thought, "if I should marry Belle and rank after all; and in that family too!")

"Yes, Belle is well, and very glad of our success of course. And now I have something else to say. Belle told me of the honor you did her yesterday, for which she is very grateful. She told you she could not return the feeling you expressed for her; but she did not

tell you that she is engaged to Mr. Morson, the counsel who has so ably conducted my case for me."

Mr. Bessborough listened in utter silence. He was pained, for he really loved Belie, and bitterly disappointed; but with his pain and disappointment mingled a grotesque sense of the absurdity of his mother's prudence and his own hesitation as to whether he should accept or leave this girl, who was all the time engaged to another.

"I hope you are not very much disappointed, Mr. Bessborough. No one can regret more than myself that in thinking your friendship for us and frequent visits here were a protest against the way in which visitors to Smithington are treated by its residents, we made a mistake that may have misled you."

"Don't regret anything, Mrs.—Lady Marbleton; the fault has been entirely my own."

"Would you like to see Belle? I must tell you, however, that we are expecting Mr. Morson by the noon-train. You may prefer not to meet him; otherwise, if you will stay to lunch, we—"

"No, no; thank you. I will see Miss Belle another time, to say good-bye. I shall go abroad for a time." And oblivious of unfamiliar titles, he took leave, anxious above all things to avoid his fortunate rival. But as he walked along the road towards the town, the little carriage that Mrs. Clayton hired by the week was coming from the station. A portmanteau by the driver's feet left no doubt that its occupant was the fortunate man he had tried to avoid. He even fancied he could detect in his face signs of elation at going to meet the woman he loved, and whose cause he fought so bravely; for Bessborough knew every detail of the late trial by heart, and Mr. Morson's part in it was well known to him. "Confound him!" he muttered as he looked after the carriage.

Needless to say how desperate the grief of just-minded Smithington when it found how great had been the mistake made by it. As its fault had been great, so was the penance it imposed on itself severe. For the short time the *ci-devant* Mrs. Clayton remained in the place she was overwhelmed with signs of its atonement. No amount of self-abasement seemed too great to show contrition. Some sarcastic observers commented on the toadyism of certain ladies whose names have been used, I hope not in vain, in this little sketch; but these scoffers evidently did not know that one of the chief evidences of a man's superiority of mind is his readiness to confess a fault and generously atone for it. How superior then is Smithington!

CATH. OWEN.

DEFEAT.

(1866.)

THE bow is broken and the spear is shattered,
And all our mighty leaders are laid low ;
Our war-worn legions to the winds are scattered
Before the hosts of an insulting foe.

The chariots are o'erthrown, the sword is rusting
That bore the dint of many a knightly blow ;
And hearts that bowed before Thee, sad yet trusting,
Look up through tears — it is so sad below.

The hand that wrought such miracles of valor
Is gyved with steel behind the dungeon-bar ;
The brow is blanching with the prison pallor,
That flushed exultant in the front of war.

They who have conquered treat us like dumb cattle,
And herd and goad, where'er they choose to drive,
Men who have breathed the fiery breath of battle,
The dauntless comrades who the wreck survive.

We know, thank God, that *now* means not forever,
That death can give us but a moment's pain —
A plunge into the dark, mysterious river,
To join beyond our band of martyred slain.

And do they think to breathe is then so gainful
That we will hug a slavish life in chains ?
To cross the stream like Jackson were less painful,
Or fall like him who led on Shiloh's plains.

We look not back with shame ; our deeds were glorious :
God weigheth all ; man's scope is incomplete :
Earth chaunteth hymns alone to the victorious ;
He smiteth victory, and may bless defeat.

W. P. J.

THE McDONOGH SCHOOL OF THE CITY OF BALTIMORE.

TO rescue from ignorance, and thus from vice, the children of parents too poor to provide for their offspring, and perhaps too degraded to care for them ; to take these children by the hand in their tender years, and lead them by careful nurture up to respectability and usefulness ; but above all, to introduce into Christ's Church and Kingdom some for whom no man was caring : for this John McDonogh unfolded his bounty.

The above is an adaptation of the opening paragraph of Charles Lamb's *Recollections of Christ's Hospital*. The Blue-Coat School of London presents itself at once to the mind as the most famous model for charity-schools. Endowed by the last public act of the pious young King Edward VI., and enlarged by the subsequent benefactions of royal and of private munificence, for more than three hundred years it has dispensed its benefits to successive generations, and stands to-day at once as a monument of the stability of English institutions and a proof of the wisdom of this species of benefaction.

No visitor to London has failed to be struck by the unique appearance of the scholars of this school, as bare-headed they move singly or in pairs along the crowded streets, distinguished by their quaint garb, consisting of a blue tunic girt about the waist by a leathern strap, yellow petticoat and yellow stockings. The uniform propriety of deportment of the boys is as noticeable as their dress is peculiar. Professor Bache says that during his stay in London he never saw one misbehaving, and our own observation of these boys agrees with his. Lamb writes thus of the Blue-Coat boy : " Within his bounds he is all fire and play, but in the streets he glides along with all the self-concentration of a young monk. He is never known to mix with other boys ; they are a sort of laity to him. All this proceeds, I have no doubt, from the continual consciousness which he carries about him, of the difference of his dress from that of the rest of the world ; with a modest jealousy over himself, lest by over-hastily mixing with common and secular play-fellows he should commit the dignity of his cloth." Nor is it only his dress and public deportment that are distinguished. According to the same affectionate appreciation of the gentle Elia, the Blue-Coat boy acquires a character of becoming pride mingled with restraining modesty, and all under the control of a sense of right and wrong peculiarly tender and apprehensive. The pervading moral sense, the public conscience of the school, if not peculiar, is uncommon. The following sentence is emphatic and important : " The Christ's Hospital boy is a religious character. His school is eminently a religious foundation : it has its peculiar prayers, its services at set times, its graces, its hymns and anthems, following each other in an almost monastic succession."

Leigh Hunt, another of the eminent pupils of the school, says : "Perhaps there is not a foundation in the country so truly English, taking that word to mean something solid, unpretending, and free to all. More boys are to be found in it who issue from a greater variety of ranks than in any school in the kingdom. And as it is the most various, so it is the largest of all the free schools. . . . Christ's Hospital is a nursery of tradesmen, of merchants, of naval officers, of scholars : it has produced some of the greatest ornaments of their time ; and the feeling among the boys themselves is, that it is a medium between the patrician pretension of such schools as Eton and Westminster, and the plebeian submission of the charity-schools."

As it is one of the noblest of the schools of the kingdom, so it is the peculiar pride of London. The Lord-Mayor, the aldermen and other dignitaries and distinguished strangers, take part in certain celebrations of the school, to which in turn is assigned a place in some of the solemn civic processions ; and by ancient privilege the scholars have free access to all the curiosities of the Tower.

If we ask to what we are to attribute the success of this school, which for more than three hundred years has been so illustrious and so useful, the reply must be in part, I think,—

I. It has adhered to the original principles of its foundation. These principles in the most general sense are three:—Charity, Religion, Education. History tells us that the pious young King Edward VI. was moved by a noble sermon on charity which Bishop Ridley preached before him at Westminster, to found three royal hospitals in London—Christ's, Bridewell, and St. Thomas. Bridewell was intended as a reformatory institution for the idle and vicious poor ; St. Thomas as an asylum for the sick and diseased poor ; but Christ's for the "poor by impotency, such as young fatherless children." This charity, wider than either of the other two, not tainted by vice, not made distressing by disease, united to the care of the body, the discipline of the mind and the training of the soul, that is, education and religion. In connection with the religious character of the school it is worth while to remember the incident mentioned by Stow : that when the youthful king with his own hand had inserted in the patent the amount of the foundation (4000 marks by the year), he said in the hearing of his Council :—"Lord, I yield Thee hearty thanks that Thou hast given me life thus long to finish this work to the glory of Thy name." In full accordance with the principles of its origin, Christ's Hospital has ever been, and is now, a charitable religious school.

II. The limit imposed upon what was to be attempted by the ages fixed respectively for the admission and the discharge of the pupils. These are admitted between six and ten years of age, and leave the school about fourteen, a few special scholars remaining until eighteen or nineteen. The advantage here is two-fold. The scholars at the tender age at which they are admitted are susceptible of the full influences of moral and religious impressions ; and the comparatively few subjects of instruction which can be introduced within the prescribed time allow absolute thoroughness of teaching and training.

III. The flexibility of the constitution of the school is such that it

provides for a system of education with a three-fold object: (1) to fit boys for trades or mercantile pursuits; (2) to fit them for the naval or merchant service; and (3) to fit a chosen few for the universities. This variety allows discrimination, and the opportunity for utilising to the highest degree whatever talent may be found among the beneficiaries of the school.

IV. The possession of ample means for the objects in view. The income of the school for the year 1836 amounted to three hundred and thirty-three thousand dollars.

With this origin, under the influence of these principles, and with the experience of three hundred years, the London Blue-Coat School is one of the noblest and most successful charities of Christendom.

The city of Baltimore has now the opportunity of establishing a charity which, according to its measure, may be for Baltimore what Christ's Hospital is for London. It may see founded within an hour's ride beyond its suburbs, on the magnificent estate of "Foxleigh," a home-school for hundreds of children, not taken from vice nor disease, but children of the honest though impotent poor—an asylum for their rearing, a school for their teaching, and a home for their moral and religious training. Oftentimes hereafter (it may be) these boys may be seen walking singly or in pairs the streets of the city, distinguished alike by some picturesque uniform and the recognised propriety of their deportment; and when the admiring stranger asks about them, it will be a pride to say: "These are the McDonogh boys." Presently, in ten or fifteen years, to have gone through this school with credit may be a passport to situations suited to the different applicants. Merchants, mechanics, railroad men, manufacturers, telegraph operators, photographers, architects, farmers, printers—in short, all classes of business-men needing lads or young men of intelligence, industry, activity, subordination, and above all, of reliable moral and religious principle, may come to regard a certificate from "The McDonogh School" as *prima facie* evidence of what is to be vouched for. Still later, the school may have its distinguished graduates going forth from West Point and the Naval Academy; and still farther in the future, when it shall be asked of some man eminent in one of the professions, or in science, or in literature: "Where did he receive his early education?" the answer may be: "He came out of the McDonogh School," as we now say of Coleridge or Hunt or Lamb, "He was a Blue-Coat boy."

Such and much more of the like will be the early results of the McDonogh fund, if wisely administered. If we might venture to anticipate for the school a prosperous life of, not three hundred years—for that is too daring for anything modern and American—but say for one hundred years, the imagination is fired by the possible magnitude and beneficence of the results. How if at its first centennial anniversary, the speaker (some distinguished alumnus) could sum up all by saying: "In the McDonogh School, its principles, its history and its results, we find all that is truly American, taking that word to mean, what Americans wish it to mean, something real, practical, vigorous, successful, progressive and free," and add what

is not peculiar to America, but what we trust our country will possess a hundred years hence in common with all Christendom, in a higher degree than is now met with either here or elsewhere, "honest, honorable and godly." And all this not only might be, but ought to be, both according to reasonable calculations and after the experience of Christ's Hospital.

I have sketched, as above, with some particularity the constitution, history and result of the Blue-Coat School, not as a model which may be with advantage adopted by those who are to organise and administer the McDonogh charity, but because if the will of the founder is regarded, the McDonogh School must be in its essential features the same as Christ's Hospital. We have no reason to suppose that Mr. McDonogh, in laying down in his will the plan of this school, had the famous London one in his eye as a model; but had this been the case, he could not have provided for a closer coincidence.

We regret that we have not at hand materials for a brief sketch of the life and character of this remarkable man. In his will, however, with accompanying memoranda, which lies before us, a document of nearly seventy printed pages, enough is found to exhibit clearly the motives which prompted him to devote the undivided energies of a life marked by unusual force of character, to the purpose which was to find its execution in the establishment of this institution in the city of Baltimore, and a kindred one in the city of New Orleans. He says, inelegantly it may be, but with the earnestness of solemn sincerity:—

"Having often seen and felt that my conduct, views and object were not understood by my fellow-man, I feel myself constrained to declare that my soul has all my life burned with an ardent desire to do good, much good, great good, to my fellow-men (as it was chiefly by that means, and through that channel, that I could bend, greatly bend, to the honor and glory of my Lord and Master, which was my soul's first, great, chief object and interest). I trust, I pray, that the mode I have adopted to effectuate it will receive the Divine blessing.

"I am convinced that I can make no disposition of those worldly goods which the Most High has been pleased so bountifully to place under my stewardship, that will be so pleasing to Him, as that by means of which the poor will be instructed in wisdom, and led into the path of virtue and holiness.

"I look upon and consider the instruction of the poor in the knowledge of God, and the wisdom of man, as the first, best and holiest of charities.

"I trust the Most High will bless the intention, and render it effectual."

If the prayer uttered, as the historian records, by King Edward in consummating the charter of Christ's Hospital, may be considered as sanctifying the royal benefaction, we are equally called upon to listen with reverence to these sentiments of piety, uttered by the humble but truly noble John McDonogh.

If the school about to be established is not thoroughly Christian and godly, then, though the testator's will may be complied with in other respects, the trust reposed will not have been executed, the sacrifice

of a life will have been frustrated, and his heart's blood poured out upon the ground in vain.

In the following paragraph, the object of the school, and some of the more important limitations of the bequest, are thus set forth with distinctness and emphasis, the italics being found in the will itself:

"And for the purpose of setting forth and explaining more particularly, and fully (if possible) my intentions and desires in relation to this institution, I will add, that the object I have in view, and which occupies my whole soul, my desires and my affections in founding this institution,—*Is the great one of rescuing from ignorance and idleness, and of a consequence from vice and ignomy, millions upon millions of the destitute youth of the large cities of the United States; and the bringing of them up in knowledge and virtue, to industry and labor, to such an age as (their principles being fixed and stable) they can be apprenticed out to worthy and honorable men, for the acquirement of the various mechanical arts, and by that means formed to be useful, and be thus saved to their country and the world.*"

"Education separated from religion yields no security to morality and freedom."

Special instructions as to the teaching of religion, and of sacred music and the reading of the Bible, are given and repeated in the will.

From these extracts, to which many others of the like nature might be added, it is clear beyond dispute that Mr. McDonogh intended to establish a characteristically religious school for the benefit of the poor, who should receive a training limited in character and duration to that which would best fit them for the practical pursuits of life at an early age. Nevertheless, he has wisely refrained from a minuteness of either prescription or restriction which would materially cramp the administration of the trust. This flexibility has enabled the trustees to make already certain departures from the original scheme, and will allow, in future, all reasonable adaptations to occurring contingencies. For instance, the manual labor feature of the original design has been materially modified; and if hereafter there should be found among the scholars some gifted with genius for any pursuit, practical, artistic, or literary, there is nothing so stringent in the will as to prevent the school from making provision for such pupils, in order to enable them to continue elsewhere the education which may fit them for engineers or architects, painters or sculptors, musicians or poets, professors or statesmen.

Finally, the most ample means are at command for everything needed to furnish the school in absolute completeness. The fund amounts to about forty thousand dollars a year. With this the committee estimate that about 250 boys could be maintained and educated. They recommend, however, that not more than 100 should be received at present. It is evident from the well-considered report, which however is but preliminary in its scope, that the trustees purpose to use a wise liberality, and avoid all useless and ostentatious extravagance. Already they have secured as the *locus* for their school a large estate which may well be styled baronial, which for variety, salubrity, natural advantages of soil, wood and water, with a most fortunate compara-

tive isolation, gives everything which could be desired for the purpose in view. They have also provided for the erection of buildings of handsome architectural effect, planned upon the most approved principles, and providing in the most thorough manner for all the requirements of a school-farm with 100 pupils.

In securing for the nurture and education of these pupils, persons of the highest qualifications for their respective duties, and in furnishing the school with every modern appliance, there will of course be no parsimonious stint. In some hands there might be danger that the usefulness of the institution might be diluted by an effort to expand the charity into an imposing school of general education ; but this would be to make a fatal mistake. The McDonogh School was intended to be a grand *charity* ; and it is. It never was intended to be a grand *school*, and it ought not to be, and indeed cannot be. Should the attempt be made, it would find itself in competition with many other institutions of learning established under more favorable conditions and upon larger endowments. If it confines itself to its proper place, it will be without a rival in its peculiar work ; and if judiciously managed, under the blessing of God, without a superior in usefulness and fame.

The present trustees give assurance that they mean to avoid this error, both by the special provisions already made for the organisation and conduct of the school, and also by the explicit declaration that " the directions of the will of Mr. McDonogh clearly state the general objects in view, and the general character of the instrumentality to be employed, and must be regarded as controlling our action." Accordingly, the trustees propose that boys shall be admitted between the ages of ten and fourteen, and that they be not retained after sixteen. Also, that the scope of the education shall be that of what is " generally known as a commercial or grammar school education."

Upon another point the trustees no doubt purpose to be as faithful to the intentions of John McDonogh, though they have not expressed themselves with equal explicitness in reference to it. Mr. McDonogh not only purposed to give the objects of his charity " a plain English education," but he purposed also, and first and chiefly, that this education should be thoroughly and characteristically religious. It seems to us that if he had been a more practised writer he would have expressed in his will, what is so readily to be gathered from it, viz : That he believed in the power of the Christian religion, through the instrumentality of education and early nurture, as the means of securing the temporal welfare and eternal salvation of even those the least favored by birth or fortune. He has provided the amplest means for making this experiment. The issue of it is a matter of profound interest to many others besides the citizens of Baltimore. If the faith of Mr. McDonogh is not justified by the result, the cause of failure must be looked for, either in the unsoundness of the principle, or the mistakes of the hands to which the experiment has been confided.

We do not consider the educational programme adopted by the trustees as more than tentative, or we would feel called on to suggest respectfully that a more distinct and ample provision should be made for moral and religious training and instruction.

POPULAR PROPHECIES.

"The voice of prophecies is like that of whispering places: they who are near, or at a little distance, hear nothing; those at the farthest extremity will understand all. But a retrograde cognition of times past, and things which have already been, is more satisfactory than a suspended knowledge of what is yet unexistent."—SIR THOMAS BROWNE.

I.

A LOOSE tradition floated down from the first age of the brilliant triumphs of Greece, that on the very day of the victory of Mycale a Spartan *scytalæ* drifted to the Asiatic shore, and cheered the Greek host by announcing the defeat of the Persians at Plataea on the same day on the other side of the Ægean Sea. No magnetic telegraphs or ocean cables were dreamt of for three thousand years to come. The age was one in which the popular imagination was still largely influenced by mythical tendencies, and there is consequently no need to treat this poetic legend as veracious. In a much later period of Greek history, if that can be regarded as Greek history which is concerned with the Byzantine Empire in the thirteenth century, the recognition of the frequency, or of the truth, of such marvellous communications had led to the adoption of a current term. They were called *Phemes*, as may be seen from the histories of those two notable Georges — Acropolita and Pachymeres. No information on the subject is afforded by the jejune and unsatisfactory lexicon of Byzantine Greek, by Sophocles of Yale; but the word is thus explained in the commentary of Petrus Poissinus: "A *pheme*, which in the vulgar use signifies the communication of a transaction disseminated by human testimony, sometimes peculiarly denotes intelligence, conveyed by more than human means, of some great event in remote regions, and bruited abroad in places which could have been reached in so brief a time by no speed of the swiftest horses." He cites as an example, from Livy and from Plutarch, the announcement in the Circus at Rome of the defeat of Perseus, King of Macedon, by Æmilius Paulus, which was made on the fourth day after the battle of Pydna. Another instance is furnished by the alleged proclamation at Ephesus by Apollonius of Tyana of the murder of the Emperor Domitian at Rome at the moment of the occurrence. A later illustration is supplied by the diffusion of the news of the assassination of Henry IV. of France on the day of the crime in many cities of France, Flanders, Germany and Italy. The historian of the Wars of the League, Lacroix, affirms that "such multiplied evidences of this fact had been accumulated as to render it impossible to entertain any doubt on the subject." It must be within the knowledge of many readers that remarkable rumors of the like character, or *phemes*, were of frequent occurrence in regard to both victories and defeats during the late war in this country.

An explanation, or at least an elucidation, of such strange tidings

is not difficult. Reports of this kind have been frequent; but they have more frequently proved false than true. A notable instance of such delusion was the announcement in London of the fall of Sebastopol many months before it took place. Only the occasions of strange veracity are remembered. In times of anxiety and great expectation there is a painful tension of mind and heart, and a reluctant patience under suspense which renders every one eager for some signs of intelligence, and induces the formation of vague hopes and shadowy dreams that readily assume the consistency and appearance of convictions. As the whole community is subjected to the same strain of solicitude, and as the thoughts of all are moulded by similar influences and possessed by the same fancies, the casual utterance of any member of the excited circle chimes in with the general tone, gives voice and semblance of truth to the hitherto subdued feeling, and thrills through all like an electric shock, instantaneous and identical throughout.

Whoever is disposed to rationalise may thus give a satisfactory interpretation of the strange phenomena of *phemes* without denying the reality of their occurrence or their occasional truth. They may strengthen this exposition by alleging that not merely do such reports get abroad without discoverable agency shortly after the event, or simultaneously with it, but they very often precede it. The crazed enthusiast on the walls of Jerusalem when besieged by Titus is a notorious proof of this; and numerous other instances more convincing, but not more striking, might be adduced. Of course this shows that all such startling rumors are essentially of the same character and equally vain, being founded upon popular or individual fantasy, and that their prophetic aspect is wholly unconnected with fact.

Other phenomena of a somewhat analogous nature do not admit of as ready solution. It is now more than a thousand years since a popular prophecy among the rude Roxolani along the Don promised to them the capture and possession of Constantinople. The beautiful City of the Golden Horn, though faded from her pristine splendor, was still the imperial city of the world. The nerves and muscles of the Roman Empire were dry and shrivelled up; her provinces in the north, in the south, in the east and in the west, had passed into barbarous hands; but Constantinople continued to be the richest, the most gorgeous, the most polished, and probably the most populous city of the earth. The Russians were then little better than savages, and neither as tame nor as civilised as the Cossacks are now. More than once the sanguine Muscovites, before the close of the first Christian millennium, dropped down the long river, tempted the storms of the Inhospitable Sea, traversed the Bosphorus, and appeared in their dug-outs before the walls of the great capital, hoping to storm it and to enter upon their promised heritage. The circumstances were altered when Potemkin flattered the Empress Catharine, on her visit to the Crimea, by showing her the sign-post at Cherson, indicating, "This is the road to Constantinople." The prophecy was working onward to its accomplishment. Turkey had lost her first prestige, and was no longer a terror to the nations. The mortal agony of "the sick man" had already

commenced. Russia had grown great, and was advancing with colossal strides to greater greatness. She had enriched herself with the spoils of the Ottoman Porte, and a sanguine ambition might hope that the consummation was near, and that the oracle was rapidly approaching its fulfilment. The Emperor Paul named two of his sons Alexander and Constantine as omens of their meditated fortunes. In very recent years the same long-suspended promise more than once brought the Russian hordes to the waters of the Danube, and ultimately brought about the Crimean war. The end was not yet — and is not yet. A thousand years ago, and more, the prophecy penetrated Crim Tartary, and passed beyond to the Muscovites, by whom it was welcomed, and by whom it has been treasured up as the hope, the belief, the incitement of successive generations, the latest of which is now yearning for its oft-deferred realisation.

A similar augury in regard to the dominion and duration of Rome certainly existed from an early period of the Republic, if not from its foundation. It is well known, too, that when the mail-clad knights of Spain landed with Cortez on the shores of Mexico, Montezuma and his court recognised that an old oracle was accomplished, and that the doom of the Empire, the dynasty, and the race had descended upon them.

How are such popular prophecies to be accounted for? What validity do they possess? What credence are they entitled to? These are questions that it may be impossible to answer otherwise than by an incredulous refusal to consider them. Yet they are questions which provoke investigation into a very curious and recondite subject, for the treatment of which abundant materials exist, though most of them are of difficult access.

Such topics stimulated the curiosity and invited the regards of Lord Bacon. An occasional essay has been written upon them by other inquirers since; but he alone has attempted to treat them in a philosophical manner, or has seen that those things are among the mysteries of humanity, and reveal latent agencies, natural or supernatural, that lie beyond the reach of the cool analytic reason. They show that the oracles of Delphi and of Dodona, and of the Cave of Trophonius, find correspondence in other lands than the enchanted land of Greece, and among other populations than those of the ancient world, who dwelt in daily intercourse with their beautiful but earthly gods.

Bacon concludes his quaint enumeration of the "few [prophecies] only by way of example," by saying: "My judgment is that they ought all to be despised, and ought to serve but for winter talk by the fireside: though when I say despised, I mean it as for belief, for otherwise, the spreading or publishing of them is in no sort to be despised, for they have done much mischief; and I see many severe laws made to repress them."*

The advice of Bacon is sound. They should be despised "for belief." There never can be any assurance of their truth in advance of the event; they can often be traced to ingenious fraud; even when

true, they may prove true by a hap-hazard faith and a casual coincidence. They may either be realised by a lucky and unforeseen contingency, or they may secure their own truth by stimulating endeavors to secure the predicted result.

“Sive canit fátum, seu quod jubet ipse canendo
Fit fátum.”

They may well serve for “A Winter’s Tale” or “A Midsummer Night’s Dream”; and they are too curious in themselves, and have exercised too much influence over credulous minds, and too largely affected the conduct and fortunes of whole peoples, not to merit diligent scrutiny, and not to excite a liberal curiosity.

It is in this temper that it is now proposed to notice them. After adding to Bacon’s brief list sundry other examples of vulgar prophecy, we shall note the most celebrated collections of vaticination and the most remarkable pretenders to the gift of soothsaying, interspersing these memorials with such reflections upon the unaccredited oracles as may illustrate their origin and diffusion.

In all times of social distress and political disturbance the air is filled with prophetic rumors, usually of undiscoverable origin, but often attributed to some real or imaginary seer of the foregone time. The fact is commemorated, for the period immediately preceding the Peloponnesian War, by the contemporary and reputable testimony of Thucydides; and during the progress of his war, by the ludicrous mockeries of *The Knights* of Aristophanes. It will be sufficient to refer to the suspicious eagles of Romulus and Remus, and to the Sibylline Books sold on such queer terms to the elder Tarquin, for the early experiences of Rome. In the decline of the Roman Republic and the prospect or spring-time of the Roman Empire, a solemn prophecy occurs, which is too well attested to be denied, and which, from whatever source derived, unquestionably furnished the suggestions which were so admirably worked up into the Fourth Eclogue of Virgil. It is positively asserted by authors writing near the time, that current fame throughout the East proclaimed that a king should then proceed from the East and obtain the sovereignty of the world. It was applied by Virgil to the new-born son of Asinius Pollio. It was afterwards supposed to have received its accomplishment by the elevation of Vespasian to the imperial throne. Whether it obtained its definite shape and its wide currency from the early Christians, to whom it had a most sacred import, or was vaguely developed from the announcements of the Hebrew prophets and from the Jewish expectations of the Messiah, in that fulness of time which had then arrived, cannot be certainly ascertained. That it was earlier than Christianity is indubitable. There is some evidence to show that it was spread abroad throughout the interior of Asia, far beyond the home of “the Wise Men of the East,” as well as in the countries about Palestine and the dominions of the Roman Empire. Under the Cæsars, and especially during the decay of the Western Empire, multitudinous were the prophecies constantly springing up. The Augustan historians, the Byzantine writers, Lactantius and other Christian fathers, are full of examples. The celebrated prediction,

"When Rome falls, the world," was earlier than the second century, as the writings of Tertullian demonstrate. Very frequently in those dark days of various anguish, these vaticinations took the form of adaptations of older oracles, being sometimes interpretations of them, and sometimes clumsy imitations of the Book of Revelation. The number of false apocalypses then current may be in some measure conjectured from the goodly number which still survive. Of course the interpretations and applications of prophecies, inspired or uninspired, which are held to prognosticate future events, and which are welcomed by popular credulity, must be regarded as falling under the same general category with those predictions whose origin is more obscure. The two species do not differ essentially in character. Among such predictions, assignable to either division, one of the most startling is the apparent announcement of the appearance and career of Mahomet as the false prophet from Syria, which was made by Lactantius about three centuries before the Hegira. He may have derived the limit for this prediction from the Fourth Book of Esdras. Whence did this apocryphal book derive it? The dream—"and dreams descend from Jove"—may have been excited in both Lactantius and the writer of the Fourth Book of Esdras by the prevalence of heresies in the East and by their character, by the blending of all fantastic creeds and all religious doctrines in the region along the frontiers of the Arabian desert, and by a much more accurate knowledge of the temper, aspirations and condition of the Arabian populations than is now possessed. The Pythoness at Delphi was doubtless enabled frequently to forecast the future, at least to forecast it in the obscure and mysterious jargon of her utterances, by the concentration at the central Temple of Apollo through many secret channels of the most minute and authentic information in regard to the active influences and internal tendencies which agitated the Greek cities and the surrounding States. Very often in like manner a keen instinct, a lucky guess, or a penetrating discernment may see the form of approaching changes in the shadows which "coming events cast before" them. This was done by the Earl of Chesterfield in regard to the approach of the French Revolution; by Cazotte in regard to the fate of himself and his friends in its progress; and by Burke in regard to its developments after it had commenced, though those developments were so different from its opening promises and from the general expectation of its fruits. Such explanations, however, are applicable only to a very limited and well-marked class of oracular denunciations. They fall legitimately within the domain of historical science; and are accounted for by the principle so tersely expressed by Cicero: "*causarum cognitio cognitionem eventorum facit.*" They are a part of historical Stochastics; for all true science has the gift of prevision. The Book of Wisdom declares that he who possesses abundance of knowledge, knowing the past, can conjecture rightly of the future—"scit præterita, et de futuris aestimat." Leibnitz and Fichte alike acknowledge that such foresight belongs to the sagacious student of history. To such instruction in part, but in larger part to poetic fury, may be ascribed Sir Walter Scott's prevision of Waterloo and Sedan:—

"And when revolves in Time's sure change,
 The hour of Germany's revenge,
 When breathing fury for her sake,
 Some new Arminius shall awake,
 Her champion, as he strikes, shall come
 To whet his sword on Brunswick's tomb."

The present speculations are, however, mainly directed to a very different class of prophecies. They are concerned with those predictions of coming change in the fortunes of dynasties or of States which become current among whole communities. Instances have been given from various ages. Others of less note may be added ; for examples are numerous at all times. There is strange significance in the declaration of Roger Bacon, that God has afforded to the world manifold knowledge of the future. "*Deus mundo multiplicem futurorum dedit cognitionem.*" It is enough to mention, without dwelling upon the familiar fact, that towards the close of the tenth century there was a general and confident expectation of the approaching end of the world and of the final consummation. The latest definite date assigned for this interesting event was the past year 1872. The like apprehension was widely prevalent in the middle of the thirteenth century, and the date was determined by Roger Bacon to be 1266. In the midst of the Wars of the Roses, about two hundred years later, a like alarm spread throughout England and other countries, as appears from a tract curiously preserved from those little-lettered times. From the anecdote of Sir Matthew Hale's composure and pious firmness in the falling building where he held his court, it is known that the like dread existed in the middle of the seventeenth century. This, indeed, is more conclusively shown by the history of the Fifth Monarchy men. Such hopes or alarms have grown out of fallacious expositions of Scripture. Connected with them, though more closely allied with the vulgar types of popular prophecies, were the declarations of the Everlasting Gospel and the wild reveries of the Dulcinists in the age preceding Dante, and in the period of the Renaissance. Other opportunities may be afforded of noticing in some detail the multitudinous soothsayings which ushered in the French Revolution, and those which agitated the ignorant throughout Europe in the years that witnessed the revolutionary disturbances that culminated in 1848. Are there not now in active circulation oracles promulgated by known and unknown authors? Does not Zadkiel, in the closing nineteenth century, annually issue for sale at a moderate price unearthly intelligence with the same regularity and confidence, such as was ridiculed during the religious wars in France — a most oracular season — by Alcofribas Nasier, a pseudonym and anagram of the laughing friar, François Rabelais?

Turning to more obscure examples of separate prophecies, and to prophetic periods less famous than those already specified, there may be found abundant materials to excite wondering curiosity, or to justify sorrowful reflection on the incurable credulity of mankind. The prophetic temper is irrepressible, and always finds ready *mediums*. The acceptance of prophetic utterances seems to be a common epidemic, if not a chronic affliction of our race.

Long before the Emperor Caligula was murdered, the oracle of *Diva Fortuna* at Antium gave warning that he should beware of Cassius. In consequence of this admonition he took the life of Cassius Longinus, a wealthy and illustrious senator. He was nevertheless assassinated by Cassius Chaerea. No man, said Henry IV. of France, ever put his successor to death.

In recording the overthrow of Gelimir, the King of the Vandals, by Belisarius, Procopius, the secretary of the Roman general, commemorates an ancient prediction that used to be repeated by the boys in the streets of Carthage: *G* shall drive out *B*, and again *B* shall drive out *G*. It was an unintelligible enigma, says the historian, till the reconquest of Africa. Then it became plain to every one. Genseric had expelled Count Boniface; Gelimir was subdued and driven from his throne by Belisarius. The riddle was analogous to that explained by Bacon: "When HEMPE is spun, England's done"; which was realised by the accession of James I. as King of *Great Britain*, after the reigns of Henry VIII., Edward VI., Mary and Philip, and Elizabeth.

Soon after the first quarter of the present century had passed — how much sooner cannot be readily ascertained — the following rough verses were current in England:—

In the year eighteen hundred and thirty-seven
There shall be wonders under heaven:
On England's throne there shall sit no king,
And the year shall pass without a spring.

On the 20th of June, 1837, William IV. died, and was succeeded by Queen Victoria: no king was on the throne. The spring months of that year were cold and stormy. There was no warm weather till near midsummer. Snow fell in the northern parts in the end of May and the beginning of June. Perhaps before England becomes a republic, possibly before Victoria dies, this rugged rhyme may be altered so as to adapt it to the designation and to the fortunes of another year.

Of a like character with this last premonition was that contained in an old German collection of prophecies, alleged to be more than two hundred years old, which was in the possession of Lorenzo Dow:—

I would not be a king in 1848,
I would not be a grave-digger in 1849,
I would not be a soldier in 1850:
I would be either in 1851.

The reasons for the repudiation of these several vocations, and for the acceptance of them in the last year, are not stated by the unnamed seer, and the declarations are thereby rendered ambiguous and plastic to any exposition that events might require. There was, however, an apparent justification of the dispositions avowed. The year 1848 was the year of the dethronement of Louis Philippe, of the flight of the Pope from Rome, of the abdication of the Emperor of Austria, of the peril of the King of Prussia, and of wide-spread revolution in Europe.* The year 1849 was the year of the Asiatic

*The prevalent feeling of the time was humorously expressed by *Punch*:—"It is written that a cat may look at a king. Cats will have to be in a hurry."

cholera, of the Hungarian revolution and of its bloody suppression, and of successful reaction on the part of the royal authority everywhere. In 1850 Othello's occupation was gone: there was no more war. In 1851 there were only the ostentatious trappings of peace for the soldier, who was petted with a view to prospective needs, and nothing but the ordinary casualties of death for the employment of the grave-digger.

It is a pity that no omen is given for 1852 and for the *coup d'état* of Louis Napoleon; nor for 1854 and the Crimean War; nor for 1859 and the Italian War; nor for 1861 and the War of Secession. There was ample demand for prophetic warnings in regard to these eventful years; but the prophetic vision was wanting, or its discoveries await the revelations of future times. The curious prefigurations contained in Lorenzo Dow's volume are illustrated in copious selections by Professor Gregory in *Blackwood's Magazine* (June 1850), who attests the authenticity, and in some measure the age of the oracles.

The story of the Empress Josephine and the sable fortune-teller of Martinique is too familiar to permit repetition. It is not equally well known that it was also foretold to her companion that she should become a Turkish Sultana, and that this was accomplished. A corresponding case of apt fortune-telling is reported by the younger Pliny about a certain Curtius Rufus, who, holding a subordinate appointment in the province of Africa, was visited by a woman taller in stature and fairer in feature than human forms and faces, and assured that he should go to Rome, gain high honors, and return to the province with supreme command. This might have been garrulous conjecture in the first instance, and fanciful exaggeration in the end. Everything happened according to the programme. The same figure met Rufus on the shore as he landed at Carthage on his return. He came back only to die.

It is related that Augustus announced to Galba in his youth that he should be Emperor of Rome. Galba was alarmed by the prognostication, and avoided the paths of ambition. His life was prolonged to old age without any prospect of the fulfilment of the prophecy; but the destinies will not be turned aside. Accident, rather than design, advanced him surprisingly to the Imperial throne, to occupy it for a few uneasy months and to leave it stained with his blood. The writers of the Augustan history and the earlier Byzantine historians are full of similar examples. Those ages abounded in superstition and credulity, and there is rarely any assurance that the auguries were not oracles after the event. A memorable instance of this nature under the Republic was the omen of the career of Caius Marius. At the siege of Numantia, Scipio laid his hand on the shoulder of his young officer and indicated him as his probable successor in military renown. In his early boyhood an eagle's nest containing seven eaglets had fallen into his lap: this was interpreted by Martha, the Syrian prophetess whom he ever kept with him, to foretell his sevenfold consulship. Such a thing had never been known in the Roman annals. It was contrary to the law and the constitution; it was a greater innovation than the elevation of General Grant to the Presidency seven

times in succession would be. Nevertheless the vaticination sustained the confidence and resolution of the stern and truculent Roman in all his trials and hazards and humiliations, in the swamps of Minturnæ and the solitudes of Carthage, and throughout all the wondrous vicissitudes of his fortune. Victorious over his enemies and his country, he died of frenzy and intoxication in the first month of the seventh consulship, which had been promised him from his childhood.

In that earliest and most interesting of scandalous chronicles, the Secret History of Procopius, the author states the conviction of himself and many intelligent friends, that the Emperor Justinian and the Empress Theodora were not human, but of diabolic origin — *man-devils*, as he terms them, such as Merlin and Mother Shipton. He then reports a prediction with which a certain Egyptian *bayadère* — dancing-girl, or gypsy — Macedonia by name, had comforted and encouraged Theodora in her young days of misery, crime and shame; whereupon Theodora confided to her a dream of the preceding night, exhorting her to be neither despondent nor concerned about money, for that on her arrival at Constantinople she should marry the chief of the devils, and should become mistress of all the wealth she could desire.

St. Hildegarde, Abbess of St. Rupert's, near Bingen on the Rhine, who died in 1178, had the spirit of prophecy from the time she was five years old, as we are assured by Matthew of Westminster. She continued to ventilate her gifts till she reached the age of forty-two years and seven months. She produced or published in the year of grace 1142 the *Mirror of Future Times, or Pentacron of the Virgin Hildegarde*. A long succession of obscure sibyls and holy prophetesses has continued the stream of prescient conjecture to our times.

Under the reign of King John of England, Peter, a hermit, prophesied in 1213 that before Ascension Day John would cease to be king of England. Peter was seized and imprisoned in Corfe Castle to await the issue of his prediction. On the vigil of Ascension Day John surrendered England to Pope Innocent III. and received it back as a Papal fief. He therefore ceased to be supreme ruler of England. The literal accomplishment of the prophecy did not save Peter's life: John condemned him and his son — *Proh pudor!* — to be dragged at the tails of horses and gibbeted as false prophets. This belongs to the class of Delphic quibbles, like the warning given to Pompey to beware of Cassius — he was slain at Mount Cassius in Egypt; or to Henry IV., that Jerusalem would be fatal to him: he died in the Jerusalem Chamber of the palace.

The Emperor Andronicus II. Palæologus possessed and consulted oracular, enigmatical and unintelligible volumes in regard to his own fate, from which Poe's *Raven* was probably borrowed.

Between the years 1665 and 1667, the period following the great Thirty Years' War in Germany, a diligent acolyte of the schools of the prophets translated into Latin the prophecies and visions of three seers, little known otherwise, and little known through this Latin version — Kolter, Dabricius, and Christina Poniatowski — all unmentioned in the Onomasticon of Saxius.

Peter Lotich, a soldier, a poet, a prophet, and the friend of the

illustrious scholar Joaquim Camerarius, foretold the celebrated siege and the horrible fate of the city of Magdeburg, subjected to sack, massacre and destruction by Tilly.

But if all examples of single or of collected prophecies should be repeated here, the consideration of the most notable collections would be indefinitely postponed. One more instance will be reported now which has a special interest, as it had much notoriety more than a century ago, alarmed courts, and was realised by a marvellous succession of events very recently.

The *Vaticinium Lehninense* announced the coming predominance of Prussia, and indicated the transfer of the imperial crown of Germany from the House of Habsburg to the House of Hohenzollern. It foretold that, with the last ruler of the House of Brandenburg, "*Recipit Germania Regem*," which may signify that under the contemplated sovereign Germany would receive a King instead of an Emperor, or the Elector of Brandenburg as a King; or that Germany would acknowledge a King of the united realm, or would accept the King of Prussia as Emperor. The last interpretation has been fulfilled by Sadowa and Wörth and Sedan and Metz and Versailles. This prophecy is now supposed to have been written at the close of the seventeenth century, when Prussian politics might well have suggested it; and it was probably composed at Berlin, perhaps under the suggestions of the court. It was ascribed to an old monk, Frater Hermannus. About 1714 it first attracted general attention, and was eagerly consulted in its manuscript form. It was again the subject of curious inquiry and comment under Frederick the Great, and a third time in 1806, when Austria was crushed and Russia staggered by Napoleon's great victory at Austerlitz.

In all times, so far as can be ascertained, pretended prophecies have been flying abroad among the people, either in scattered, disconnected and obscure sayings, like the loose leaves of the Cumæan sibyl, or have been multiplied in secret compilations which time and strange coincidences bring to light. A phenomenon of such singular and permanent character invites close scrutiny, and will furnish interesting matter for consideration in connection with the more notable and extended compilations or compositions of the Sibylline Oracles, the prophecies of Nostradamus, and other like collections. Little as the fact is generally known, there are scarcely fewer oracles in this declining nineteenth century than there were in the dubious days of the Sibyls, in the equally unascertained period of regal Rome, or when the Greeks hearkened to Delphi, Dodona, Trophonius, or Jupiter Ammon.

GEO. FRED'K HOLMES.

THE FALL OF PORT ROYAL, S. C., IN 1861,

WITH A SKETCH OF SUBSEQUENT EVENTS TO THE PRESENT TIME.

DURING the last week in October, 1861, the Confederate authorities were advised of the sailing of a formidable fleet for the much-coveted bay of Port Royal, under the command of Admiral Dupont. Its probable destination had been pretty well ascertained previously, but not until its departure was anything definitely known here of its tremendous proportions, or of the exact time fixed upon for the meditated descent upon our shores. The embarkation of the troops and the sailing of the fleet having settled those points of uncertainty, it was now to us a matter of the last importance to strengthen our defences, to prohibit the absence of any from the respective commands, and to add to our insignificant force such other troops as might possibly be obtained before the arrival of a well-equipped steam-fleet not more than sixty hours' sail from our waters. Patriotic citizens of Beaufort and the islands adjacent, not already enrolled, hastened with little regard to their experience to the threatened scene of action. In a part of our State, however, where only fourteen per cent. of the population were white, these additions were quite inconsiderable.

Fort Beauregard, on the eastern side of the entrance, was situated on the western extremity of Phillip's or Edings's Island, locally known as Bay Point. It was armed with thirteen guns all told, of which eleven only were on the sea-face. The entire force on the island, numbering about six hundred, was under the command of Colonel Dunovant, who had greatly distinguished himself in the Mexican War. This included the Beaufort Artillery, a company of eighty men, expert cannoneers, under the immediate command of Captain (afterwards General) Stephen Elliott, since widely known as the heroic defender of Fort Sumter in Charleston harbor. Directly opposite, on the headland called Hilton Head, about three miles across the bay, was Fort Walker, another earthwork of little more strength, with an armament of fourteen guns, garrisoned by a fine company from Charleston, the German Artillery. These were supported by a regiment of infantry under Colonel De Saussure, another veteran of the Mexican War, and four companies of Col. Heyward's regiment, then the 9th South Carolina. To these must be added a body of gallant volunteers from Savannah, Ga., who arrived the day before the battle. These were said to number twelve hundred, swelling the entire force on Hilton Head to about three thousand. Thirty-six of the enemy's vessels were within the bar at sunset on Sunday, 3d, and on Monday were busily engaged in sounding and placing buoys about one mile below Fort Beauregard. Twenty-eight joined them on that day, thus increasing the number to sixty-four sail. This included transports with fifteen thousand men. The guns of the

Admiral's ship alone, the *Wabash*, outnumbered more than two to one the united armaments of both our batteries.

On Monday evening a few shots were fired by the enemy, and a larger number during the forenoon of Tuesday, probably for the purpose of provoking a reply, whereby to ascertain the character and range of our guns. In this he was disappointed, our battery preserving a sullen silence. The destruction of the company colors and the explosion of a caisson, without injury to any one, was all the damage done. No shot was directed towards Hilton Head on those occasions. A gale on Wednesday prevented any movement of the fleet, which remained all day at its original anchorage.

On Thursday, the 7th, after an early breakfast, the fleet weighed, and forming line-of-battle, steamed steadily up the east side of the bay, each one delivering as she passed her broadside into Fort Beauregard, receiving too some well-directed shots from our cool and skilful gunners. The whole line having poured its shot and shell upon our unpretending earthwork, reversed their course, and taking the counter direction down the bay, repeated their thunders from the guns of their opposite side. Continuing for some time this mode of attack, with no other casualty on our side than the wounding of two men by the premature discharge of a gun in our hot-shot battery, the Admiral withdrew just before noon, and engaged Fort Walker until half-past two P. M., when that work succumbed, having nearly the entire battery dismounted by an enfilade fire, and twelve of her brave defenders killed, including the surgeon of the post. Infantry of course could be of no avail. Admiral Dupont reported fifteen deaths on the fleet. Official reports are always to be credited: our informant, who was on board the *Wabash*, says forty-five were killed. No prisoners were taken. In the exuberance of their joy they suffered the troops on Hilton Head to make good their retreat across Skulk Creek in five little steamboats, which the Admiral speaks of in his report as a fleet of six steamers—it would have cost him his commission in the service of any other government. On our side of the bay, the Confederates being on an uninhabited island, were deemed an easy prey, and might be taken on board at the leisure of the great Admiral. Effecting a landing there not until the 8th, he found the magazine empty, and his sole prisoner one of the wounded men who was suffered to remain at his own request.

Though disappointed and chagrined in their expectations of plunder, and their fond anticipations of a large retinue of captives to grace the triumph—then hibernated in Fort Warren or on Johnson's Island—yet this was to the Federals no barren victory. It yielded them possession of this vast harbor, so indispensable as a naval rendezvous, and opened to them free and unobstructed access to the rich sea-islands constituting the parish of St. Helena, the island portion also of St. Luke's. In the former is situated, on Port Royal Island, the once beautiful town of Beaufort, all the unarmed inhabitants of which, one only excepted, had with wise foresight fled at the approach of the invaders.

I have said that most of those capable of bearing arms had hastened to the front, and thus left many houses with none but female occupants.

Some of the families, with few to advise and none to direct them, had taken counsel together and resolved to remain in case the enemy should occupy the town; but when the tidings reached them of the fall of both batteries (only thirteen miles from town), the elder men advised their withdrawal. The means for removal were tendered, and a military order was reported to have emanated from the commanding general requiring the immediate evacuation of the town. What time was there for delay? What necessity for deliberation? Those faithful servants who in all previous times had been entrusted with the care of effects by masters about to leave for distant travel, were now again called upon to assume such charge, and protect, as had been their wont, the estates, real and personal, of those who could not encumber the transportation placed at their service with anything save what was absolutely indispensable. Not supposing that the paternal Government of the United States in its deep solicitude for the welfare of its dear children would organise a "Bureau of Abandoned Lands," our people were content to entrust their safety and protection to their faithful slaves. It is at this day quite impossible to make accurate distinction between the organised, systematic plundering of officials, military and civil, and the wholesale pilfering tacitly sanctioned by them. However, the large crops of "sea island cotton," so much sought after in ordinary times, were now tenfold more the object of Northern cupidity. Two-thirds or more of the crop had been already gathered, and much of it prepared for market. The cotton disposed of to their satisfaction, articles of less value, but still insuring a handsome profit above the charges of transportation, next claimed attention. Works of art, collections in natural science, libraries, public and private, all fine pieces of household furniture, musical instruments, not excepting those in the sanctuary—in a word, everything of intrinsic or extrinsic value which would pay its way to New York or Boston and leave "a margin" to the enterprising shipper, was swept away. Family portraits and family Bibles shared the common fate. We are assured by eye-witnesses that such utensils and articles of furniture as would not warrant the hazard of shipment, were taken from the negroes and exposed to public sale. Invaders claim the right to forage on the invaded: this leaves, however, the right to invade still unsettled; nor does it follow as a legitimate conclusion that the conquered, whether combatants or not, have no right to demand compensation. But the enemy went quite beyond the right to forage, *i. e.* to seize provisions necessary for support, and, as we have seen, possessed themselves of everything moveable, and soon matured plans for completing their spoliation by virtually confiscating the very soil on which stood our homes, and for which the blood of our ancestors was freely spilled in the first contest for liberty with England, a far more magnanimous foe. I shall particularise a few of the acts of the victors before bringing this to a close.

Driven by the approach of Federal bayonets, our people of all ages, with few or none of the comforts to which they had been accustomed, were forced to leave the genial clime of our orange-growing islands just at the insetting of winter, to seek refuge where the rigors of cold must be superadded to privations; and where again

were to be exhibited those examples of heroic virtue and endurance which had so brilliantly illustrated the character of Carolina matrons and maidens during our first struggle for independence. So long then as they were sustained by the hope of success, no amount of suffering was too severe for their fortitude: cold, hunger, disease, death, were met without a murmur. The events of the several succeeding years are not unknown; they have become matters of general history; but as far as this particular locality is concerned, too much obscurity enwraps the doings of Government officials; and it is to the dispersion of some, at least, of these clouds that I now direct my energies.

On the 5th of August, 1861, the Congress of the United States passed an Act for raising twenty millions of dollars by direct tax on all the States. The portion allotted to South Carolina was \$363,570. In the fifty-second section it is provided that,—“If any State is in rebellion when (April 1, 1862) this Act goes into operation, it is to be executed by the President as soon as authority is restored.” This Act was unobjectionable, being strictly constitutional, and securing the rights of the taxed whether present or absent. It further provided that, where extreme measures were necessary, the collector should first levy on the personal property of the defaulter. In case of the insufficiency of that, then, and not till then, his land may be taken; and, after notice given, it, or as much of it as may be necessary, may be sold, and the overplus, if any, returned or paid to the owner. Where the land could not be sold for the amount of tax due, the collector was to buy it for the United States, the owner having always the right within two years to redeem the same by paying the taxes, etc. Whether the State by its ordinance of secession was out of the Union or in it, certain it is that all of St. Helena Parish and the portion of St. Luke’s above-mentioned, a number of islands separated from the mainland by bays, sounds and navigable channels, a political as well as geographical division of the State, was subjugated, and in the actual possession of the United States after the events of the 7th of November, 1861. The civil authority of the Government was thus reestablished and in undisputed operation. Yet, on the 7th of June, 1862, seven months after the subjugation of this parish and the restoration of civil authority therein, Congress passed another law, which has been characterised as “the most atrocious and cruel wrong which ever was inflicted even by an absolute despot upon his subject.”

Let the Act of 1862 speak its own merits. Let it point out also to what part of the State it was applicable. Sec. 1st. “When in any State, or portion of any State, by reason of insurrection or rebellion, the civil authority of the Government of the United States is obstructed, so that the provision of the Act of 1861 cannot be peaceably executed, the said direct taxes shall be apportioned in each State, or part thereof, wherein the civil authority is thus obstructed, upon all the lands situate therein.” Each parcel of said land is charged with the payment of its proportion of the whole tax, and in addition thereto “a penalty of fifty per cent.” A penalty! For what crime this “penalty”?

Thus it is seen that Congress did not discard the idea that a part of a State might be in rebellion and another part in repose, and for just such a case made the above provision. For this parish the Act of 1861 was the law, and was sufficient ; for that part, and that only, where the civil authority was obstructed, was the Act of 1862 intended ; there only was it legally applicable.

For the execution of this infamous law three commissioners, with ample salaries, were appointed by the President for each State. Those for South Carolina entered upon their duties at Beaufort in October, 1862. This, it will be remembered, was nearly one year after the establishment here of the civil authority of the United States.

Two extracts from the Act of 1862 will be quite sufficient to show the intelligent reader that it is in no sense a tax act, but an act of confiscation and forfeiture, with a title contemptibly equivocal and false—an act to punish before trial and without discrimination all property-owners in an insurrectionary district. Let us see. If the property-owner shall fail to pay within sixty days the amount assessed by said commissioners, “the title to his land shall thereupon become forfeited to the United States.” After such forfeiture shall follow a sale, by which the “title shall be vested in the United States or the purchaser.” The American citizen need not be reminded that such a law was in direct violation of the Constitution if the State was not out of the Union—and the Supreme Court of the United States has decided that she could not be out. But it has long since been noticed that when it suited the interests and schemes of her enemies to have her out she was viewed as foreign. Those potent interests could bring her within the fold again. Indeed, the status of St. Helena Parish is still uncertain, the United States being the largest land-owner, and that too without an Act of the Legislature permitting them to hold. All the lands in the parish are held by the above-mentioned Act of forfeiture of 1862, pretending to be a tax act. This is United States territory within the limits of a State.

We have not leisure to enter into minute details of the proceedings of this agency or of its controlling spirit. Suffice it therefore to say, that after three or more years of painful exile during the war, and twice that number of continued sufferings since, the year 1873 finds those refugees homeless and destitute ; a few, indeed, within view of scenes made dear to them by many recollections of the past, and permitted daily to behold those once happy homes, from entrance to which they are now shut out by new and strange possessors. Notwithstanding the provision that personal effects shall first be taken for taxes due, not one dollar has been credited on account of the large crops of cotton so readily converted into money ; nor, indeed, for anything else. Notwithstanding that other provision, that the overplus, if any, after the sale of lands shall be paid to the owner, not one dollar has yet reached the hands of those impoverished citizens of St. Helena ; yet we know that there is an overplus of seven hundred thousand dollars (\$700,000) in the Treasury arising from these sales ; and we know, moreover, that those Direct Tax Commissioners

sold all the lands of each citizen under that monstrous Act, even where the sale of one parcel had realised more than double the amount of tax upon the whole, together with attendant charges. This is so incredibly atrocious that it needs to be stated more plainly, lest the reader attribute to his own misapprehension what is due to the infamous proceedings of those commissioners representing the Treasury Department of the United States. Let it be understood, then, that where one person was the owner of several parcels of land, and the sale of the first parcel offered produced the entire amount assessed upon them all, as well as the expenses charged, with an ample surplus too as perquisite, if you will, the sales of all the other parcels were proceeded with just as though there were a deficit to be supplied. Even this gives but a faint idea of the spirit in which these creatures of the Department carried out its behests. Possessing themselves of a plat of the town of Beaufort, they had a copy taken, in which, that all the old landmarks might be obliterated and owners unable to identify their property, they ordered all the street names to be carefully omitted and numbers and letters substituted for their designation. This precaution was scarcely necessary, as the contemplated sales were advertised in the *New South*, a half-penny sheet, which could in no wise find its way through the military lines and reach the banished and dispersed exiles of St. Helena. Even the lines dividing the several lots in the square were removed by their surveyor, new lines run, new numbers affixed, and the squares thenceforward denominated "blocks." Could any ingenuity have devised means more effectual for preventing the owner knowing anything about the sale in which he was most interested? Yet they pretended to be giving premonitory notice by advertisement, when not one of the dispersed and homeless exiles ever saw, or ever could see, the paper in which it appeared, as the commissioners well knew; yet, to put their schemes beyond the possibility of miscarriage, every town-lot is therein described under false boundaries and numbers. Thus the sales were made, and much of the property purchased at low figures; for the buyers made their bids under the conviction that they were securing uncertain leases only, which must expire at the termination of the war, be that termination what it might.

The war having been brought to a close — a most disastrous close for the poor South, as events have sadly proved — petitions as fruitless as they were frequent were sent to Washington, and so little notice did they receive that it is still matter of doubt whether one was ever presented in Congress. These rightful efforts having failed, some of the refugees, aided by friends more fortunate than themselves, commenced suits in the courts for the recovery of their lands. No sooner was it known that such a course was adopted than the interlopers, alarmed for the security of their ill-gotten titles, invoked the aid of Congress, who passed another act confirming them in their possession, and declaring that the mere receipts given by the commissioners should have all the validity of titles in fee. Thus has a stop been put to all farther efforts to recover; nor has any step been taken by Congress up to this time for compensation. Of nearly three-fourths of a million overplus lying idle in the Treasury, no portion has yet been tendered on any terms.

At the above-mentioned sale the Government became the owner of a large portion of the parish, as well farming lands as houses and lots in town ; many of these again were disposed of to negroes on long time, the Government taking a lien as security for ultimate payment. The buyers entered and made the most of their opportunities by cutting down the forest, selling the fuel, and themselves consuming as such all the fencing and many of the buildings. Those not so consumed were allowed to dilapidate and so fall into decay that upon the Government agents pressing for the purchase-money, the depreciated property has in not a few instances reverted to them, now no longer worth the original tax for which it was sold.

These large but valueless possessions proving now an encumbrance, Congress last year passed an act ostensibly for the purpose of facilitating their restoration to the rightful owners ; but see the conditions imposed. Until June 1874 the original owners are allowed the privilege of redeeming whatever may be still in the hands of the Government ; but the taxes must be paid, and notwithstanding the annual rents which have accrued, ten per cent. per annum on those taxes, from 1863 to the time that such redemption may be consummated ; besides contingent expenses of surveys, advertisements, etc. In addition to all this the owner is subjected to farther inconvenience, difficulty and expense, in being required to establish his ownership beyond the possibility of doubt, and to the full satisfaction of the Department in Washington — a proceeding quite as unnecessary as it is annoying, since the State courts are fully competent to the adjudication of cases of contested titles between its citizens ; and the Treasury Department does not propose to give a conveyance in fee, but simply upon securing its exorbitant exactions, to “let go its eager grasp,” the evidence of which is to be in the form of a release, by which the property reverts to its *ante-bellum* status in the hands of its rightful owner. Where then the necessity of substantiating at trouble and expense the proper ownership, when the act of the Government is one of simple relinquishment of claim ? Some think that this late act of Congress is the first step towards a returning sense of justice, indicating an intention to compensate for property sold. It indicates no such intention ; it may possibly indicate an apprehension that some future Congress will make restitution. Perhaps this act was passed so that whatever might be redeemed under its provisions would thus be put beyond the pale of compensation, as having been already satisfied by restoration in kind.

The white population of Beaufort, before the war about 900, are now less than half that number ; and of these scarcely one-fourth are the former residents ! Many have established new homes abroad, having abandoned the last hope of again beholding scenes endeared to them by the strongest ties of place, associated in their memories with traditions of Indian warfare and the tales of later strife with British and Tories, in all which their own ancestral names are conspicuous. Others are wandering from place to place, seeking a scanty subsistence by toil and exertion, and such labor as the inexperienced hands of the once opulent can perform ; among these are delicate and refined young ladies,

“Unbred to spinning, in the loom unskilled,”

still indulging the fond hope that they will yet again kneel at the altars of their forefathers, decorate the sepulchres of their venerated dead, and, if forever denied an abode *upon* the soil rightfully their own, yet be permitted to find a resting-place at least within its grateful bosom. Not a few thus deprived of their hereditary estates, their fine mansions destroyed by fire, or polluted by the orgies of vice or the squalid and indolent negro, have already found that resting-place in the land of strangers, thus mercifully relieved from a sight so repulsive and humiliating to a noble, proud and generous spirit. In this once beautiful town, the seat of opulence, intelligence and refinement, the nursery of piety and virtue, may be seen to-day large and convenient dwellings occupied by swarms of negroes, tenants of the United States; in some of the rooms all the woodwork stripped off and burnt for fuel, while in others the wretched inmates are crowded together, their mephitic exhalations partly dispersed by the sea-breeze pouring through the paneless windows, which when winter comes on, will be stuffed with scraps of paper and rag, or the more abundant tufts of our evergreen "long-moss." With such tenants, as a matter of course fires are not uncommon, and not a few houses have been thus destroyed through their negligence and total irresponsibility.

Beaufort still exhibits to one approaching on the waters of its grand and lovely bay — fortunately not removable — some at least of its former beauty and attractiveness: but let the admirer enter and pass to the rear of its charming water-front, to behold dilapidation and decay, indolence, misery, filth and vice — on the ruins of habitable and tasteful abodes, rickety and disproportioned shanties. This seat of elegance, once called, and not inaptly, the garden-spot of South Carolina, widely celebrated for its delicious climate and extraordinary salubrity, is now threatened with an adverse notoriety; and disease, hitherto almost unknown, begins to assume the character of an annual visitant.

But I have said enough, quite enough; and, in accordance with my purpose, proceed to cite in conclusion a few instances of exceptional barbarity, in farther illustration of "Man's inhumanity to man."

"On the 7th November 1861, one of the residents of this unfortunate parish, a widow lady of seventy years and upwards, opposed to secession and the war, a supporter as far as her age and sex would permit of the Union, was compelled with others to leave her home for the up-country. Cotton of the value of more than \$15,000 was left in her barn, and her plantation was abundantly supplied for the support of a large estate. In 1865 she returned to find herself a pauper. Her cotton had been seized by Government officials, her other personal property plundered or destroyed, and her plantation sold to Yankee adventurers." Doubtless there was a very large "overplus;" equally doubtless not one dollar of it has been paid to her. What was her offence? Called at length from earth to heaven, she enters upon the possession of treasure laid up "where thieves do not break through nor steal."

Mr. C —, an elderly gentleman who had stoutly advocated the Union cause in 1832, opposing almost alone the overwhelming numbers who in this parish advocated the nullification of the tariff act, who again

in 1850 resisted the tide of secession at a time so opportune for its success, who finally in 1860 sang pæns to the Union, declaring that its preservation was paramount to all other considerations, ready to liberate or to immolate his slaves in defence of its perpetuity, he residing on his plantation, and resolved not to leave, walked to his landing to welcome the boats of Dupont's fleet. Avowing his devotedness to the Union as evinced by his undeviating course of previous life, he claimed the enemy's protection. The promise of this he readily obtained. In a very few days he was compelled to take his family through the lines to escape the violence of the negroes against whom he had no protection whatever. So completely was he identified with the enemy, that upon coming within our lines he was arrested and brought to trial. He was saved by his years and the characteristic leniency of the Confederate officers. This man, though not respected for his political sentiments, yet venerated for his name and his years, is said to be still surviving, in destitution and want, infirm in body and imbecile in mind, his lands apportioned to the negroes whose threats had forced him into exile!

The Episcopal church at Beaufort and its cemetery, occupying an entire square, were enclosed by a high, substantial wall of brick. The materials being convenient for the construction of an army bake-oven, as much of this wall as would serve their purpose was thrown down and the bricks duly applied to that use. This wall has not yet been rebuilt, nor any compensation offered by the Government. This same church-building, very large and commodious, and well suited for the purpose, was converted into a hospital, for the convenience of which the pews and some of the chancel furniture were torn out and the gallery-rails partly cut away. The pews have been restored by contribution, not Government appropriation. That the altar was used as an amputating table has been boldly asserted; but such desecration is scarcely to be believed.

Private libraries met the fate of other personal effects. As for books at least, the negroes were not expected to offer very liberal competition; the dealers of the North were allowed a rare opportunity of replenishing their stalls. The five thousand volumes of the "Beaufort Library Society," a small but choice collection, were shipped to New York. This seems to have been the work of army officials, for they found their way eventually to Washington, where, as a letter from Professor Henry of the Smithsonian Institution informs us, they were accidentally destroyed by fire. The influences which caused their removal from New York to Washington are matters of rumor only. It is said that they were ordered to be sold in the former city, and that Provost-Marshal General Fry—some say the late Horace Greeley; probably both—remonstrated with Mr. Lincoln on the enormity of such an act, who promptly revoked the order for sale, and directed the books to be deposited in the building of the above institution, with the avowed intention to restore them at the termination of the war. A petition was presented in the United States Senate, asking a small appropriation with which to purchase another collection of books for these impoverished citizens of Beaufort, whereby too the laudable design of the late President might

be in a manner executed. The report of the committee was adverse, and one of the grounds set forth by his apologists was that there was no evidence that he had expressed any intention to do an act so just and honorable.

I have endeavored to present a true statement of facts. If there be an error, it is unintentional; and if corrected, I will be glad to make acknowledgment through the same channel which shall convey this to the public. Let me conclude in the words of another: "What have these people, an entire community, done that they should be pursued with such vindictiveness? What other instance in modern history can be found to compare with it in atrociousness? Are the people of the United States aware of the position of poverty and want into which this once opulent and thriving people have been reduced by no fault of their own? When they left their wealth and fine estates, they knew they would soon fall into the hands of the officers of a civilised government, and that by the laws of modern warfare the property of private individuals captured on land is not the subject of confiscation and forfeiture." I am forced to the conviction that these things are unknown to the great body of the people of the United States, as I cannot believe that they are so dead to the sentiments of justice and humanity as to sanction them, or even regard them with indifference.

A.

DE LIBERIS.

(To M. J. P.)

YES, I brought from my soul's hidden coffer —
 Be its riches or little or great —
 Of the best that its contents could offer,
 Of memory's treasured estate:
 There were bay-leaves, more regal than ermine,
 Which *your poet** had gathered of fame —
 (A question not hard to determine,
Such wealth to proclaim!)

There were pictures disclosed of more holy
 Suggestions, where neither the fine
 Silken cassock nor band of the lowly
 Disciple was set as a sign;

* John R. Thompson.

But where angels had drawn with their fingers,
 In the light of their unfading youth,
 His brow, and the radiance that lingers
 As a symbol of truth.

There was homage avowed for the learning
 Of the scholar so gifted of art,
 And somewhat of pride in the turning
 Unto letters in which I had part —
 His letters that dealt with the nigher
 Relations of life, friend to friend ;
 No stinting therein of the higher
 Light, Pallas may lend.

There was too the strange joy of possessing
 A friend in the region of bliss,
 An impulse than any more pressing
 To loosen the rivets of this —
 To break from each smiling temptation
 Of earth, from its pleasures miscalled,
 And to cherish divine emulation
 Of life disenthralled !

There was even a subtler enjoyment
 Than counting these pearls one by one ;
 Reminiscence found sweetest employment
 In bringing her tears to the sun,
 That an iris of tribute might hover,
 (As of tears and of sunshine that pave
 Heaven's vaulted streets glowingly over),
 And so mantle his grave.

Thus I sang from my heart in devotion
 A measure unstinted of praise,
 While a tenderful flow of emotion
 Ran babblingly into my lays ;
 No thought came of censure low muttered,
 Of storm brewing distant and dim,
 That I so unworthy had uttered
 Loud pæans to him !

Till a low voice in kindness suggested
 A sheltering fear of such ruth,
 And the thread of my song was arrested
 While I flew in alarm to *your* truth.
 Thanks, thanks for the care that brings hither,
 To the goal where expression is freed,
 The thought that no longer asks whither
 The yew-path might lead.

And that here mid a circle of sages
I may verses of tribute essay,
Nor fear to bring weeds to the pages
Where a flower I would timidly lay,
Whose fragrance shall twine with the fairness
Of the roses the South-land will bring,
To honor a poet whose rareness
'Tis her glory to sing.

MARY B. DODGE.

THE GOLD LAKE FEVER.

I.—THE NEWS.

CALIFORNIA is the land of excitements. The scenes that thrilled New York on Black Friday are, on a larger or smaller scale, being continually enacted in "the El Dorado of the Pacific." The Stock Exchange is a scene of "confusion worse confounded"; to it are transferred the excitements which shook the early mines, and started hosts of crusaders from one end of the State to the other in search of the hidden treasures entombed in the most inaccessible places of our mountains. "A strike," "new diggings," "a rich placer," was heralded throughout the length and breadth of the land, with a rapidity which even now in the days of railroads and telegraphs seems wonderful. Every miner was in the attitude of expectation: he was ready to believe any tale of the richness of new diggings. There was no account of immense deposits that would have seemed incredible. Had it been announced that Aladdin's lamp and cave, their power and riches, had been discovered, the laugh would have been at the incredulity that disbelieved. A mere rumor has started thousands in a single night. Men have left claims that were making them rapidly rich, in the hope that riches could be acquired more rapidly in some more favored locality. And this spirit has not entirely died away. The shrewdest business men of our metropolis were "carried away" with the reports of rich diamond discoveries in Arizona, and found themselves badly humbugged in purse and mind. The consequence in early days was that there was no permanent population anywhere: the State was like a pot of boiling water, in a constant state of effervescence and fermentation.

Our camp was no exception. There were men in our camp, known by the euphonious name of "Shirt-tail Cañon," who were always on the *qui vive* for a change. There were Prospecting Bill and Limpey Jack and Red Top, always ready for a start. They had almost determined to pull "up stakes" and "vamosé" the rather dubious prospects of a fortune from our claims, to which we had been lured by the announcement that a sailor had picked up an immense nugget some weeks before. The early traditions of a sailor's and a "nigger's" luck in the mines still cling to an old "Forty-niner." Despite their supposed freedom from superstition, the most intelligent of the old miners have not ceased to believe in two things: one, that good luck always flows to the fortunate beholder of the new moon over his right shoulder, and the other that there is a peculiar luck for sailors and negroes. At the time we are speaking of, this belief existed to such an extent that we always calculated ourselves extremely fortunate to have one of either in our prospecting companies. Men who would shrink from the utter want of a sense of the proprieties in the one, or the color of the other, welcomed them on a prospecting tour. If with either of such we failed to succeed, it was not the fault of their luck, but our own want of it, which was so pertinaciously bad that it was even, to our wonder and surprise, able to overcome their natural good fortune.

But Sailor Bob's luck had been confined to himself; it had not extended to any who had been led to desert their old claims in Sirocco Flat and wander to this unmentionable cañon. The secret of its name could then be traced, though the causes which led to the nomenclature of many of our mining-camps have faded away. In the early days of California, names had as much meaning as they did in Hebrew poetry and song. They were not so poetical, perhaps, but were equally expressive; they told a tale to those who knew *unde derivatur*: they were full of meaning to the initiated. I travelled with a gentleman of antiquarian tastes a short time ago, in company with another old miner, over his old stamping grounds. He was sometimes shocked at the uncouth names some of the old remembered sites bore. His constant question was Why? why? I could not invent a tale of fiction to satisfy all his Whys. But there were several of whose names our mining companion had been a "magna pars,"—to use the expression of Jim Andrews, "he was thar." We stood by the classic precincts of "You Bet." You Bet had been an important mining village. It was now dismantled and hoary. Its former grandeur was disappearing—a few shakes, a pile of logs here and there, a dozen standing chimneys, showed that Carthage was destroyed. "You Bet!" exclaimed my friend—"Why, why, did they give it such a name?" It was ground hallowed and sacred to our mining companion; it had been the scene of his mining successes and his mining failures. It was endeared to him by the memories of "hard old times," when "gold was scase and grub was high." "I was thar," said Jim Andrews, "when that ar mining town wur nowhar. I saw it rise; I saw it go down kerchunk. That ar house that ain't no house that you see thar, with a standing chimbley and them ar long logs, wur the big hotel of You Bet. Thar wur a big crowd thar,

I tell yer ; and at nights and Sundays all the boys got into this here town and that ar house, and thar wur some tall fun. Such eatin ! Why, Bill Stokes kep the house, and his wife wur a tarnal sight the best cook that ever cooked *frijoles* in this here State ; and thar in that very house what ain't no house, I've seen such balls as you couldn't shake a stick at. Such dancing ! such fiddling ! such goings on as ud make yer heart ache ! To be sure thar wur not menny female critters thar, not more'n five or six to a hundred or more bucks, but what they didn't have in quantity they made up in sperits. Thar never wur a more speritted critter than Widow Pruitt, and Polly Brook was a scrimshus gal surely. Why, when young lawyer Woodgate with his fine airs onct axed hur to dance with him, she just looked up as peart as you please, and said unto him, she sez, she did, Sir, 'Why, Sir, please scuse me, for I hev eaten so much that I hev got a big pain just below my waist, and can't dance.'

"Well, well !" said my friend ; "but that don't tell us how it came by the name of You Bet."

Jim was for a moment confused at the interruption in his narrative, but at length continued. "Wal, when that ar house fust went up, it wur but half-finished when Stokes and his wife's darter went into it. Thar was no town then ; fur it wur the fust house. So one night a poor feller of a miner, who was prospecting round by moonlight, and with his blankets on his shoulders, saw the house, and thought as it was only half-built no one was thar. So he climbed up the scantlings, and was just getting in over the top when Stokes heard a noise, and looking up saw a feller just about dropping on his darter's bed. Stokes riz, he did, and jerking out a pistol, clapped it to the head of the poor feller, and just sed, 'You git !' The fel slid in double-quick. All he could say was 'You bet !' and he fell down on tother side quickern lightning, and that ar fel's 'You bet !' was a standing joke of Stokes ; and that's how the name of You Bet came to this town."

The name of our mining camp was founded on as simple an incident, and will be developed in our story.

Sailor Bob's nugget had come to him just after a spree he had felt in duty bound to get on, after a continuance of hard times for three weeks at least, and when, after a fit of desperation caused by the closing down of bar-rooms and boarding-houses on his credit, he had gathered his traps together and started away with pick, pan and shovel, and with a pair of blankets on his shoulder, to prospect the gulches and cañons around Sirocco Flat. Sirocco Flat had been considerably exercised when it discovered Sailor Bob had really a miner's outfit on his shoulder ; it was like the blast of a trumpet to an old veteran in the army. We all felt that something was coming, and if it had not been that Bob had made himself so abominably disgusting during his spree, and had incurred the enmity of our landlord — for hotel-keepers are a power in a mining town — no doubt several would have been tempted to follow his luck. So Bob started alone. He walked to the bar of the Sirocco, but Sirocco's bar-tender was intensely engaged just then. He looked around for a small crowd that had congregated in the saloon and had been excitedly

talking over national affairs — an Old Whig and Democrat taking the lead for an hour before Sailor's Bob's entrance — but to his discomfort the crowd had dispersed. Again he tried to enter into conversation with "Barkeep," preparatory for a last effort for a drink ; but Barkeep was too wily to be caught in such a trap, and so Sailor Bob started away with a sigh as he saw the tempting array of bottles, full and shining, that adorned the bar-room of Sirocco's hotel. Bob was the subject of conversation that evening at headquarters. All seemed to know that his prospects were certain, success was just before him ; and as the visions of that certainty rose, there was a half remorseful feeling in those who had so shamefully slunk away in the morning. Barkeep was clad, however, in virtuous admiration of himself ; he was one of those men who are incapable of doing wrong ; he had a philanthropic intention in every action of his life. When he refused liquor to the poor wretch, whose last "quarter" had been spent in his saloon, it was to keep the poor fuddled fellow "from a-making a beast of 'issel ;" and now, "Ef," said he, "Ef I 'ad honly tampered with 'im — yes, tampered with 'im when he cum this morning, he might a-bin drunk now past finding out. It wur my duty to shun 'im, fur he wudden't a-bin now on the road to fortin. Ef you give Bob a hinch, 'e'll take a hell, he will, and 'e oughter thank me fur not giving 'im a hopportunity on 'is way to fortin." There were several who thought it would have been better for him to have thought of this before Bob got dead-broke, but none allowed themselves to say so. There might come a time when they too might not be able to pay for grub, when they too might want a morsel of bread ; such things were not uncommon then, and the bar-keeper and hotel-keeper had good memories.

Four weeks passed by, and while the sovereigns of Sirocco Flat were discussing in the same saloon one night national affairs with an energy that might have instructed our officials, Bob stood among them. There was an air of unmistakable prosperity about Bob. He was hatless to be sure, and his unkempt locks were massed and matted around his head, but that was nothing to an "honest miner." His stockingless feet were well ventilated, his boots bearing conspicuous evidences of hard usage, his blue flannel shirt hardly held together by some strings which Bob's tailoring skill had substituted for stitches, and his breeches shredded and torn into cañons and gulches at the bottoms so they scarcely concealed his legs : but clothes did not make the man in the mines, nor were they any criterion of his wealth. There was an air of conscious power about Bob, for he stood erect and smiled as only a man can smile with a full pocket and a consciousness that he is superior to the situation. "Boys, let's take a drink," was his first exclamation, and that invitation and the peculiar smile were followed by one of the warmest welcomes in the world, as the bar-loafing citizens of Sirocco Flat clasped the hands of their returned friend and fellow-citizen. "How air yer, old Bob?" cried Barkeep, in an ecstasy of friendly feeling as he warmly clasped the extended digits of the sailor-boy — "Old fel, I know'd ye'd turn up bright and shinin' some of these here times ;" and so with the others as they hurried to their old friend and companion. Sauntering towards the bar, delaying for a

moment the anticipated deliciousness of a cocktail, Bob was in his element; he could stand treats, he was the centre of an admiring throng. It mattered not to him that a few days before, of these "there were none so poor as to do him reverence." Now they fawned upon and flattered him. Bob had the gilding about him which makes the man in higher and better circles than the loungers about a grog-shop; and as the last man swallowed the very dregs of his tumbler, there was a stillness and expectancy that showed what was needed of Bob. He did not keep them long in suspense. With a triumphant smile he hoisted the lappel of his coat, and untying cords and unlashng stitches of twine, drew forth first a heavy buckskin purse well filled with "dust," which he threw with a careless air upon the counter. It fell with a heavy thump, and then with an ostentation refreshing to the lookers-on, he produced from the folds of his ragged shirt-tail — a nugget. There are various-sized nuggets of gold taken from the mines; one less than a good-sized thumb does not excite special attention; but when they are larger than that, they do, in geometrical ratio as they increase. This one made them stare with open eyes and bated breath. As he drew it out from the folds of its hiding-place, from the first gleam of its yellow radiance to the moment the last point made its appearance the time seemed interminable; and then as he fondled the thing, and laid it on the counter tenderly by the side of the purse, the amazement gave way to a shout, and for the moment Bob was king. "Thair, boys, is summat to look at!" said Bob, again taking up the "grate bowlder," as Micky Hennessy called it, fondling it and triumphantly smiling. "Thair it air, solid goold, bright and shiney as a golden moon — true metal — look at it and see its beauty." Barkeep's breath came thick and fast. He had already "spotted" the lump; he held in his own hands the clue to Bob's pocket, and he gazed alternately at the nugget and then at his shining array of bottles, and almost unconsciously he stretched out his hand, as if already in possession of the prize.

"Avast there, you lubber!" broke from the sailor's lips, as he saw the action and interpreted its meaning rightly. "It ain't yourn, and I ain't sure it ever will be," as from the mysterious depths of some other place about his tattered clothes he drew forth a piece of muslin wrapped around some more "dust," and handed it to the Barkeep from which to take his pay. By this time the news had spread; the bar-room was filled, all anxious to gaze upon the wonderful nugget. Sailor Bob's luck had brought. Squire Kitch, the justice of the peace for Sirocco, was among the number. The Squire was a character. He took "pride and pleasure in the eddicational interests of this commonwealth." He sought to make himself the umpire in all literary matters, and had impressed many with the idea that his education had not been neglected in his youth. Jim Andrews' criticism on him, after a careful scrutiny of his pretensions for several months, was: "Dod rot it! I can't make him out. He may have a heap of book larning, but he ain't eddicated in the rudiments. His fundamental isn't right." But then the Squire clearly demonstrated that Jim Andrews' education had been neglected in *his* youth. The Squire wrote for the *Sirocco Avalanche* too — sometimes in prose, and some-

times he rhymed. He always referred to his youth as "before the time I commenced to study," or "at the time I commenced to study my *tupto*, *tupteis*, *tuptei*, for I don't know how long since I said *amo*, *amus*, *amat*."

There was a nervous twitch about the Squire's hand as he drew from his pocket a smashed eye-glass with which to inspect this nugget. The nugget itself was a curiously formed mass of gold; long, inclined to be round and bent, it looked something like a summer squash. In the eyes of those who gazed, it was enormous; it grew upon them, and the conflicting estimates of its value were ridiculous.

"Wal, Bob," said a spruce-looking little fellow, whose oily head, greasy hands, and old muslin coat denoted the barber of the Flat — "Wal, Bob, you're a millionaire now, like Astor and them chaps in New York, ain't yer?"

"Be jabbers! and it's a prachasing piece of goold that's worth a couple of millions," said Irish Charlie as he laid his hand upon it.

Blissersnifkins' eyes fairly danced as he threw his arms around Bob's neck with an affectionate hug, exclaiming, "And sure, Bob, you're the man for beesness, and vos the beeg man with the monish. Coom down to the shop, vere I sell you a shute; gif 'em away sheep. But vot cares you for monish now, Bob?"

"It's hefty," said Jim Andrews, as with a sigh he picked up the nugget and weighed it in his hands, while his eyes speculatively turned towards the array of bottles and decanters, as if summing up the number of cocktails and smashes the lump would purchase — "It's hefty, and came from Shirt-tail Cañon. How much, Squire, do you think it would come to?"

The Squire again applied the smashed eye-glass to his eye, examined it still more closely, drew a long breath as he again lifted it from the counter, and then oracularly said: "It'll weigh about ten pounds — purty well nigh onto two thousand dollars."

"Two thousand dollars!" sniffed up the barber; "ten pounds of pure, yaller, solid gold like that, without no quartz in it, nor nary a streak of dirt, only two thousand dollars! Why, Squire, whar's your eddication? That air lump ain't much less than ten or a hundred thousand dollars — I'll bet onto it."

The Squire for a moment looked stupefied at this attack on his education; but he adjusted his glass to his nose, and gazed at Barber with something more than a slight indication of scorn on his face, as he replied: "Why, oily-pate, my eddication were not neglected as youn evidently were, if you can't count up that little sum. Look here, how much is gold an ounce in these here diggings? Tell me that."

"Sixteen dollars an ounce," instantly replied Barber.

"Well, how many ounces in a pound? Can you tell me that, eh?" said the Squire, looking around on the crowd with a triumphant smile.

Barber was confused. He scratched his oily head with his oily finger, and commenced — "Twenty-four grains make one scruple; eight scruples make one dram —"

"Pshaw," broke in the Squire indignantly, "before the time I studied *tupto*, *tupteis*, et cetera, I knew that wasn't right."

"No," said Woodgate, a young lawyer who was more noted for his punning propensities than for his love for the law, and who was standing among a few amused spectators of the scene—"no, Squire never had that many scruples to a dram in his life: you'll have to reduce the number."

"Well," again said the Squire, "how many ounces to a pound?"

"That depends," said a voice from one corner of the room.

"Depends on what?" inquired the Squire sarcastically.

"Why, it depends," said the new voice, shouldering his way toward the bar, "whether its 'dupois weight or potteraries weight."

"What's the difference?" snarled the Squire. "There ain't none."

"I don't keer what you say," responded New-voice—"I don't keer a dickens: a pound 'dupois is sixteen ounces, and a pound 'potterary is twelve ounces."

"Umph!" sneered the Squire, "ain't a pound a pound all the world over? Don't come here with any new-fangled notions. A pretty pass the world would come to ef people had to go round telling the store-keepers to give 'em a pound of butter, or a pound of ham, and the store-keeper would have to look up and ask which he wanted, a pound 'dupois or a pound potterary. I appeal to the gentlemen present if they ever hearn tell of such things?"

None present seemed to have heard of such, and the question was a settler. New-voice slunk back in his place, and was silent the rest of the evening. A few present broke out in a roar of laughter, but the Squire, impervious to their jokes, turned triumphantly on his heel, buttoned his coat, and muttering something about the benefits of an early education, retired to the bosom of his family, to dream of new conquests in the realm of letters, and frame an "Ode to a Nugget" for the *Sirocco Avalanche*.

It was this nugget that had depopulated Sirocco Flat, and led its citizens over hills and through gulches and into deep cañons to where Bob had "made his find"; but no more nuggets were found. Men who had deserted claims at Sirocco paying them an ounce a-day, had spent weeks of labor and all their earnings at Sirocco prospecting Shirt-tail Cañon, as our present locality was called, in honor of the hiding-place of Bob's nugget. A few places were found which paid moderate wages, but more where the toil yielded barely enough to pay for grub; and then rumors had been heard of a new strike up north, where nuggets were lying around like rocks, and the miners there would not waste their time in using the ordinary means of extracting gold from the soil.

One evening a party of three miners camped a short distance from the main body of our camp; and when the stars came out, one or two of our number sauntered down to have a talk with the new-comers. At first they seemed to be a little offish and uncommunicative; but a pleasant night, the stars shining down with a brilliancy and beauty unknown to less-favored climates, a warm, genial camp-fire casting its lights and shadows upon the giant trees and deep forests, the natural love for companionship, and all these aided by the contents of a black bottle from which the party indulged in frequent libations, at length opened their lips in the most friendly communicativeness. There were diggings discovered that threw in the shade the fabulous

stories of eld ; riches a Cræsus would have envied were to be obtained for the picking up ; nuggets before which the splendor of Sailor Bob's paled as pale the morning-stars before the god of day, had been seen there ; a Pactolus converted to a lake whose waters were yellow with the vast stores of metal ; the beach was a bed of "dust," its pebbles "chispas," and its "rocks" solid metal.

It was away up north. The party were on their way to Mormon Island, where one of the discoverers was to be found in a hospital, sick with a brain-fever into which he had been thrown by the unexpected discovery of so much wealth. His secret had leaked out in his ravings on the bed of sickness. The proof lay in the hoards of gold found scattered all over him. In his hair he had twisted some of the "yellow mineral." Little knots tied in his shirt, in his ragged breeches, in his still more ragged coat, all opened to the wondering gaze of his attendants the evidences of his "having struck a lead" ; and now this company of three were on their way to Mormon Island, having a friend there who had secretly sent them word to be on hand. A company was forming, to be guided by the sick man when he sufficiently recovered, and these three were to be of a party who were to follow those who accompanied the guide.

It was late when those who visited the campers returned to Shirt-tail. The quiet stars had nearly completed their circle round the north, the winds had almost hushed their night-song among the tall pines and shivering oaks, the camp-fire had all died away, the lights of our mining camp all extinguished ; there was some confusion about the direct path, and the two sank helplessly down before their cabin doors under the weight of the startling news, or some equally potent spell, unable to find their way inside. They had left the camp of the three, sworn friends to them and sworn to secrecy. They were to gather their blankets together in a night or two, and like the Arabs, were to "silently steal away," without betraying the momentous secret ; and meeting their new-made friends at Mormon Island, were to join them, or make such arrangements as would enable us to follow them to the land of gold.

Before the stars had faded from the quiet sky and the dawn began to dimple the one or two straying clouds that were visible, the campers were gone ; the remnants of last night's visit were visible, but the dwellers in the camp were absent. Before 10 o'clock that same day there was a silent holiday in the vicinity of Shirt-tail Cañon. Each man seemed burdened with a mighty secret ; each man seemed to avoid his neighbors, yet to be attracted by a power which continually drew them together. Somehow, those who had heard the story of the three travellers had communicated it each to his bosom friend, "his pard." Each pard had repeated the story again, and by ten o'clock every man with one exception had heard the story, and had made up his mind, or was making up his mind, to get ahead of his fellows on this road to riches. Claims were offered for sale, for nothing ; each was tired with the place. The only bar-room was full ; some acted as though the rich mines had already been reached, and they had the world's riches at their command. The saloon did a thriving business that day. Barkeep saw something was up, but couldn't see what was

"in the wind," and waited patiently to learn. There was a recklessness about the movements of some, there was a boastfulness about the language of others ; there was a sanguine hopefulness about the actions of still another class, all of which betokened to his practised eye some important movement. In the meantime he silently gathered in a golden harvest, and began to collect the sums that were due him, under the plea of an urgent necessity. The first throb of that mighty "fever" which was felt from one extremity of the State to the other, the "Gold Lake fever" as it was called, had coursed through our camp. It infected every man, and perhaps developed more of the individual traits of the infected than any other of the "fevers" that swept over our State during the ten first years of its existence.

The day wore away ; evening came, and there was more display of an affected indifference than was ever known before among us. The excitement of the day, which had kept us in a state of nervous restlessness, increased towards evening. Each wished his neighbor would retire, in order to make his own preparations. Each made a feint of going to his own cabin, but would soon reappear, to see what his neighbors were doing ; at midnight the favored few, as they supposed themselves, each silently left his cabin to meet at an appointed place a short distance from the cañon, from whence they were to start together on their intended journey to Mormon Island. They might have spared their secrecy. Half of the cañon had assembled, each prepared for the march, and nearly the other half had assembled to see them off: the desire to impart information had overcome their selfishness. After a few moments of surprise the situation revealed itself. Instead of two or three who were to start from our cañon, there were eighteen, all ready with pick, pan, shovel and blankets. It was also announced that a few of the citizens of Sirocco Flat had been informed and would join us. It was then decided that we would march together to the Flat, where we would remain until morning, and then with our additional number, would wend our way to the starting-point of our future wealth.

A tramp through the forests of the Sierras at night is for eight months of the year very delightful. There was no road between our mining-camp and Sirocco Flat, nothing but a bridle-path, indistinct at night ; and the party hardly attempted to be guided by that. There was but little undergrowth, and the way is unimpeded in that respect. The air is always cool and invigorating ; at times almost intoxicating in its purity and freshness. Through the pure atmosphere the stars shine with a brilliancy unknown to moister climates, and seem to be lights hung to the topmost limbs of the gigantic trees. Though in the fall, the ground was bare ; none of the rustle of the brown leaves that makes a walk in the woods of the East so delightful. Here and there, as we passed through a small pinery, or collection of pines, the slippery path betokened the pine-leaf's fall, but that was all the evidence of the "sere and yellow leaf."

The trees of California indigenous to the soil, are not deciduous in the general use of the term. Of these there are a few species, sparsely distributed. The valleys are filled with a most beautiful growth of oak, occasionally of great size, but generally

small, and presenting much more the appearance of an old apple-orchard than one of the forests or woods which makes a drive in the Atlantic States so picturesque and beautiful. On the mountains the number and species of the trees both increase; the different varieties of oak with their varied foliage, the spruce and pine, the hemlock and the cypress, wave their feathery foliage beside the elm and maple, the dogwood and horse-chestnut, the latter of which in its full foliage is one of the fairest trees of earth. But the trees are generally clustered together; the different species seeming to seek different localities. There are immense tracts where the oak alone is found; there are thousands of acres upon which the manzanita alone grows; there are places where the weary traveller may pursue his journey for half a day through thick masses of grease-wood and other chaparral, bounding his road on either side, through which a hare could hardly force its way. There in immense numbers the giant red-woods stand in their solemn, sombre grandeur, shading the ground so completely that the sun's rays hardly ever reach it. Where a little stream is found, bushes cluster and trailing vines grow, hanging pendant from the grim giants gracefully, or in profusion that almost reminds one of a tropical scene; but as a general thing, the little shrubs and bushes and vines, covered with berries and grapes, cannot be found. But if the sense of taste is not gratified, that of sight is to an unwonted degree. The ground is literally carpeted with wild flowers of the most gorgeous as well as the most delicate beauty. No description can convey an adequate idea of the wealth of floral beauty that California presents in the rainy season, from November to June. The ground tint is green—green of every shade, blended with artistic skill. Lifting themselves up from this emerald bed, tiny flowers, singly hardly visible to the eye, appear in such bounteous profusion that they give a tint of their own to the scene; then above them, larger flowers spread out with such regularity and order that it seems as if human hands had planted the seed—flowers of every conceivable hue and shade of coloring. In early days, miles and miles of such scenery could be found. The writer once stood on a hill near the margin of the Panoche Grande Valley in Fresno county, and as far as his vision could reach on either side and in front, spread this world of flowers. He travelled nearly half a day through the valley, and on every side the same scene was visible. Nor does the eye ever tire of gazing upon it. The changes in coloring are so great, the transit from scene to scene so rapid, that hardly the expression "how beautiful!" escapes the lips before the emotion that prompted it is swallowed up in other forms of loveliness. The Panoche Valley has since become celebrated in the legal archives of the United States as well as in California. It is situated about fifteen miles from the celebrated New Idria quicksilver-mine. Between the valley and the mines there is a wide stretch of mountainous and sterile land. The valley was taken up for a sheep-ranch in very early days. During heavy droughts the arid soil gives no evidence of the luxuriance and beauty of its vegetation when the rains are in the ascendant, and so the valley fell into disrepute during the terrible years of drought that afflicted the State between 1855 and 1860. In

the meantime the New Idria mines were discovered. Some hunters in the Coast Range were overtaken by night near the spot which now enjoys such great fame, and built a fire on which to cook their *frijoles* and slapjacks. A few red stones were collected on which to place their frying-pan and coffee-pot. Their coffee was lost, and bewailing their loss, the hunters sought for the solid rocks on which to place anew the aromatic fluid. They had disappeared, but beneath their debris a shining mercurial fluid, evading their grasp, hiding itself by the roots of the grasses, burrowing down into the depths of the earth, arrested only in little globules by the hard stones upon which it dropped, was found, and one of the great lodes of cinnabar, which has developed as rich mines, as heavy work, and as much rascality in as high places, as ever *Crédit Mobilier* or any other credit ever did. By one of those wonderful contrivances known to legal and illegal minds in California as "floating," the Panoche ranch survey was floated over the high mountains on to the New Idria claim, and the barren quicksilver hills are imagined to be a splendid sheep-ranch. One of these days one of the most interesting chapters of California life will be upon New Idria and the Panoche.

II.—PROSPERITY.

We have wandered from our story, but the writer has for many reasons been anxious in his California sketches to present a vivid and truthful painting of California scenes and life. It has been sadly misrepresented. An able lawyer in San Francisco, in a lecture once declared: "The land was full of thieves, gamblers, cut-throats and robbers during its early history"; while one of our writers has thrown around some of his most horrible characters the witchery of his fanciful pen, and has almost "blazoned evil deeds and consecrated crime." Neither is correct. Human nature without restraint was there, not caring to hide any of its qualities. There was much to be seen that was appalling to the moral sense; but there was much that was very grand and noble—grander and nobler because it was not the result of social causes. Mrs. Grundy's voice was never heard, or if heard, it was a "voice and nothing more."

Our party reached Sirocco before dawn, but almost every cabin there seemed to be lighted up. Before we fully entered the village, we were aware that extensive preparations were on foot for some enterprise. When the day dawned, a little army was assembled upon a plateau that lay behind the town, or rather upon which part of Sirocco was built. Thirty-two men, with blankets, picks, shovels, a frying-pan and a coffee-pot, were ready to meet our party, accoutred in the same way. Some carried in addition a rifle or fowling-piece, and provisions were packed upon a few horses and mules, owned by the more fortunate members of our company. We determined to organise upon a semi-military basis; to elect a commander and sub-officers to each ten. Among our number were Squire Fitch, Sailor Bob, and several of the characters already introduced. After the determination to elect a general-commanding, the spirit of America instantly

began to blaze out. There were several aspirants for the honor: the canvass began to warm up considerably, and the friends of the different candidates became intensely interested. Outsiders even began to use their "influence" in the contest, and a vote then threatened to develop something like ballot-box stuffing. It was finally decided that every man should travel on his own hook until they had reached Mormon Island, then organise, elect officers, and let the future develop our action. It was with some reluctance on the part of those whose outside friends were the most numerous that this was done; but among the contending interests each imagined his claims might be strengthened by delay. A vote was taken, and the turbulent sea of excitement was instantly allayed by the voice of the majority. This feeling of submissive obedience to the will of the majority was in the early days of California the only conservative principle at work; it preserved order and prevented chaos: it settled all disputed questions at once. No one seemed to think the decision of a majority onerous or unjust; and if records had been preserved of the votes taken on important questions affecting the life and property as well as the position of individuals, it is doubtful whether law itself could have been nearer the truth than the general decisions of the miners. Certainly bribery had no place there; the attempt to influence a man by pecuniary considerations would have aroused an indignation that would have made itself felt. Personal friendship did have great weight, and errors in the administration of strict justice no doubt often sprang from the degrees of friendly feeling entertained by the mass for one or the other of the opponents.

Fifty men with their variegated costumes of red and blue and other colors, armed and accoutred for a conflict with the denizens of a California forest, its Indians or its wild beasts, or with even the still sterner soil in extracting its gold, were not an unimposing sight, wending their tortuous course among the hills and cañons — at one time the head of the column just appearing as it emerges over the crest of a hill, then lengthening slowly out until the body is seen, seeming to twist and coil like the undulating of a serpent as it followed the course of the hill, then slowly disappearing until the last remnant of the party vanished, while their hearty laughter or the stentorian song was heard vibrating among the mountains long after all sight was lost.

When the first night arrived we were within a few miles of Mormon Island. It was a quiet, beautiful evening. We had selected our camping-spot on the slope of a hill where the young black-oaks were growing in great profusion, while here and there a giant old tree threw out its branches and covered half an acre of ground. A beautiful spring, whose crystal waters flowed into a stream far down in the cañon below, furnished us with water; and dividing ourselves into companies of fives and tens, soon more than half a dozen roaring fires were built, and camp-kettles, frying-pans and coffee-pots were called into requisition. No one who has not followed a miner's or hunter's life can conceive the exquisite enjoyment it affords, under the dry and often dewless nights of California, with its pure and invigorating atmosphere, seldom needing any covering save a few

branches with leaves, with appetites always ready with hungry sauce ; there is a freedom and joyousness that must be felt to be conceived. It is no wonder that so many men in California have forgotten for years the ties and enjoyments of Eastern home-life, and have with selfish pleasure hidden themselves away from all association with their kind, save that of the most casual character. Any man with resources in himself and a little touch of romance in his nature, will find in the climate of California potent solicitations to a solitary life, if disappointment has dogged his footsteps, if in the study of humanity by experimental touch he has found human hearts false, or human action misleading him, and turns to the sympathy which nature always gives to her votaries here. The magic influence of her gorgeous skies, their brilliant tracery, the sweet breath of her spicy breezes, the amorous soothings of her drooping trees, the inspiring songs of her midnight winds, so full of poetry, so full of electric fire, the lulling murmurs of her soft-flowing streams, all in the quiet beauty of a russet-clad Quakeress, woo him to a bosom which never deceives, which never denies her love. Thus hundreds of men have sunk supinely into the temptress's snare, and have not awakened from the dreamy voluptuousness of California's smiles until middle age has found them aimless, nerveless, without sympathy with the throes and throbs of the restless, rolling, energetic world. Yet who can blame them for worshipping at such a shrine ? As memory now turns back to those scenes of out-door camping life, a feeling comes that almost prompts me to leave my cosy room and well-fixed writing-desk, and rush out into the wild cañons and gulches and river-beds again, leaving my gold-pen for a pick and shovel, and again endure the agonies — sweet, sweet agonies of a hope deferred ! — of untold gold lying hidden in crevices, or sparkling in the bright stream that has just been turned in the half-dug ditch.

But I am leaving fifty men supperless to indulge in a dream — a dream which, though pursued for many, many months lengthened out to years, proved only a dream as unsubstantial as the supper, unless I tell my readers of what it was composed. The mainstay of the miner was the Chili or the Spanish bean. This article of diet has been made a substitute for every other article. It has been roasted and ground, then made into coffee ; it has been boiled, dried, ground, and made into bread or mush ; it has been beaten up with soda, cream of tartar and sugar, and made into puddings. Generally the beans were allowed to boil for hours with a piece of pork and just enough water to keep them from burning ; and what miner's lips do not water at the recollection of the luscious dish ? Slapjacks too were in demand. Flour with enough cream of tartar and soda to lighten it, and a little salt, was mixed with sufficient water to make a good paste, and the cakes cooked in a frying-pan. To turn them, great art was required. Those who excelled in it could throw a smoking slapjack, half cooked, in the air several feet, catch it in the pan as it descended, and cook the other side, and then adroitly land it in the plate of the one whose turn it was. Sometimes mistakes were made : the hot cake fell on the wrong place, and the result was slightly profane. Coffee too was the great beverage at table ; some-

thing stronger at other times. Our coffee was always roasted, ground and put up in papers. Its flavor was of a mongrel character, but generally as good as burnt beans. Luxuries like canned oysters or lobster, fresh beef or vegetables, seldom found their way to our camps; when they did, there was a feast.

Supper over, the wayfarers replenished their fires and spread out their blankets. The way had been long and weary, the last song had been sung, the last tale told, the last laugh had ceased its echo among the hills, the last sigh breathed over home-memories, before the pointers had moved twenty degrees around the pole-star, and nought was heard save the snores that broke from fifty tired sleepers. Who that has ever slept under the trees in this glorious land and wakened to a California morning in the summer and fall, can forget a morning in the mountains? Thrilling along the northeastern sky comes a grayish dawn, soft and mellow with its dreamy, balmy sweetness; then the clouds, small and scattered, soon to be dispelled, sparkle and light up like dimples on the cheek of youth and beauty. Then the distant peaks seem to ripple all over with sunny laughter, spreading out the gaiety until the whole scene reverberates with that silent music which makes one understand those beautiful lines of Coleridge —

“No voice did they impart —
No voice: but oh! the silence sank
Like music on my heart” —

and mountain peak and valley, tree and shrub and blade of grass, man and beast, all seemed bathed in a sea of joyousness and deep emotional pleasure.

The voice of Sailor Bob awakened us early with a sort of unmelodious song —

“Oh, my dear Lucinda,
I seen her at the winda,
With little feet,
And dressed so neat,
She looked so sweet,
I'd gi'n my life to bin in da.”

Thus he greeted the coming morning. It proved to be his matutinal song; morning after morning did his clear, strong, sonorous voice roll out the song of which this was the first verse, waking the camp and rousing to the duties of the day. Bob had a good voice, as had many others among us, and the evenings were often spent in songs that caused the hills to reverberate with the shouts of laughter they occasioned, or oftener still, the silent tear and suppressed sigh that told of home-feelings and treasured memories.

A deputation sent to Mormon Island returned with the news that the tales of our informants were founded on facts. Several weeks before, a man almost naked had wandered into the town, and entering a restaurant, had ordered a meal which he ate with tigerish voracity. He paid for it with an immense lump of gold, and refused all change. He took a bath, purchased some clothes, all of which he paid for with solid lumps of gold weighing from an ounce upward. There was a wildness about his eyes and a nervous restlessness about his movements that caused those who saw him to watch him, as they supposed

he was suffering from the incipient symptoms of delirium tremens; and when at night, after another most voracious meal, he fell in an apparent fit, those who stood by were still more impressed with the idea. The doctor was sent for, who declared it to be an attack of brain-fever induced by privations. The landlord of the hotel, though supposing his guest poor, notwithstanding his lavish use of money, kindly had him conveyed to one of his rooms, and some of the miners who were present offered to watch at his bed. As his nurses took his newly-purchased clothes off for the night, they were surprised to find, tightly bound around his person, long pieces of muslin in which were inserted at intervals, tied up in knots, chunks of gold varying in weight from one to six or seven ounces. There were over two thousand dollars of this money, which was handed to the landlord. This surprising news getting out, the whole town became excited to learn whence these chispas came, and who the stranger was. For several days he lay in a stupor, his glaring eyes and an occasional sharp cry betokening the great disturbance of the brain. Then came low, indistinct mutterings, then the words: "Indians! gold! gold! gold!" and his trembling hands seemed to be eagerly clutching after something which ever eluded his grasp. Then followed wild shrieks, as if in mortal terror—shrinking, hiding away, as from enemies; at times exhibiting gigantic strength, then sinking so supinely that it seemed doubtful whether he lived. When consciousness returned, he told by piece-meal the following story.

In June of that year, '49, he and two companions had determined to push further into the heart of the Sierras and find new diggings. They wandered far into the mountains, sometimes finding rich leads of gold, until won by the beauty and grandeur of the scenery, they determined to ascend the highest peak and see what could be seen of the surrounding country. On reaching this point, a grand vista opened before them. Far off in the distance were lofty peaks, covered apparently with perpetual snow; around them were the dark dense forests of red-wood, pine and hemlock, while glistening like diamonds, many beautiful lakes were lying embosomed in the hills. One of these seemed so peaceful, and was so near, they determined to visit it. On their journey thither they encountered some of the fiercest of the Indian tribes. They were attacked, pursued, and harassed until the two determined to retrace their steps, return to mining, and leave the wonderful scenery to other explorers. But so hotly were they pressed by the Indians that they became frightened and confused, lost their way, and wandered deeper into the forests, until their provisions were almost exhausted as well as themselves. Under these circumstances they lost all heart, and were almost on the verge of desperation. One day as they were blindly following a little gulch, they found it terminated so abruptly that they could not descend any further. Scrambling up the hill a short distance, they beheld, apparently immediately below them, the clear, calm blue waters of a lake, to the beach of which they could find no way of descent. As far as the eye could reach the hill on all sides rose abruptly around it, and the descent seemed perpendicular. At that moment they perceived the approach of Indians, and in the endeavor to conceal them-

selves, one of the number approached too near the verge, his foot slipped, his companions heard the rustling of leaves, the crash of breaking bushes, then a splash. As they listened with painful anxiety they heard his shouts, and finding a less precipitous descent, they lowered themselves by the roots of trees, clinging to the overhanging bushes, slipping down at the risk of their lives, and found themselves on the border of a lake from which in all directions the mountains seemed to rise almost perpendicularly, with here and there a small spot of beach only a few feet in extent. Their companion had reached the same spot. But oh, what wonderful visions of gold greeted their eyes! The shallow water near the little beach upon which they stood was yellow with the radiance that gleamed through it. The waters as they lazily washed upon it and receded, left it like sand glistening and bright with the moisture. The pebbles upon which their feet trod were worn and rounded nuggets of the precious metal. In the rocks behind them they saw thick seams of yellow ore, which they could easily extract with their camping-knives. Gathering hastily together what they supposed to be twenty-five or thirty pounds of chispas and nuggets of different sizes, they tied them up in the legs of a pair of drawers, which one of the number disrobed himself of for the purpose. With Herculean labor they managed to climb again the rugged steep ascent, and found themselves on the side of a mountain which seemed to encircle them on every side, the lake, at least a mile long and half-a-mile wide, lying in the very bosom. Again they started up the hill, and just as night began to throw her dark curtain on the dark scene, reached the summit, threw themselves upon the ground and slept till morning. When they awoke they held a consultation. It was decided that they would take a direct southerly course. The rising sun on their left hand pointed the way, and they started. Their provisions were gone; their ammunition exhausted, they threw aside their guns as useless. Clinging to the gold, each bore a part of the precious burden, which nerved them with hope and roused every energy. They would seek out the nearest place to replenish their provisions, replace their arms and regain their strength, and then returning, they would secretly gather an immense store. Visions of splendor and ease and a life of enjoyment came to them; and though supperless they had laid themselves down, and breakfastless they had arisen and started on their journey, yet the additional weight of their burdens seemed to lighten their steps.

The way proved a weary one. Down into deep, deep cañons, at the sparkling waters that murmured and sang in those depths, they slaked their thirst; up the sides of immense mountains they climbed and strove and struggled. The manzanita-berry and sweet acorn were their only food. They tried with stones to kill the birds that ran or flitted before them, but in vain. The sun poured down its burning rays; the sides of the hills seemed to grow more precipitous and slippery, and when noonday came they threw themselves weary and exhausted under the shadow of a tree, and sought in its friendly shelter relief for their fevered brain and blood. They unrolled their blankets and poured the glittering heaps into one. They examined each piece of gold with critical attention; they handled them fondly,

passed their hands through and through them — but the heap could give them no food, the gold could give them no drink, and yet as they sat by it and looked at it with devouring eyes, it lent them new energies. It aroused hope; and when the cool breezes of afternoon came, they arose, gathered as they passed along the berries of the manzanita to assuage their hunger, and plunged down the precipitous hillsides in search of a stream to quench their thirst. Two days thus passed. On the third, when their privations began to tell, they arose in the morning silently. There had been no talk of the grand and imposing scenes of the future. There was an angry and hungry glare upon the face of each. Their brains seemed parched and dry, and the blood rushed with fevered heat through every vein. Silently they trudged along. To their dazed eyes the huge rocks at a little distance shaped themselves into houses, and the floating mists and vapors seemed like ascending smoke. As they marched on in silence they heard a shout behind them which momentarily curdled their blood, but lent to their wearied feet and exhausted frames a new life and vigor. It was the war-cry of a band of Indians. At the same time there was the quick sharp report of rifles, the whizzing of balls in their ears, the whirr of arrows by them. Fear lent wings to their speed, and they dashed towards the nearest shelter. They soon found themselves among thick-growing masses of manzanita, and lying down, they listened and heard the shouts and cries and tread of their enemies. Thus they remained until evening allowed them to venture forth to pursue their journey by night.

Day by day passed away. A hare which timidly stopped near them and was luckily killed by a well-aimed stone, a large trout which they found in a hole in a stream and were able to catch with their hands, manzanita berries and sweet acorns, furnished them with food just sufficient to keep them alive; yet they still bore their burden of gold, and trudged along and hoped against hope. One evening one of their number fell before the rifle of an Indian; the others could not wait to see whether, dead or alive, he fell into their hands. Again, the second fell exhausted with heat and hunger on the way. His companion sat by him until evening, through the night, and found when the morning came a smile resting on the face of the dead, as though the dreams of his life were realised. Not having any implements to dig a grave, the survivor exerted his little remaining strength to place his friend in a hollow tree, bury his money by the side of the tree, cover up the body with leaves, and start away on his lonely journey. Then came a blank — a blank which knew no interruption until one day, with dazed faculties, he found himself in the midst of men in Mormon Island; and then another blank.

These statements had been made with many interruptions. Weeks had passed since his first arrival. His story had leaked out; a few passing words had given a clue as to the locality of this great Gold Lake. Some had instantly seized upon the clues, and with the words "heart of the Sierras," "up north," had constructed a plan for finding out the locality of the lake. When we had arrived, several parties had started in different directions with the hope of discovering "Gold Lake," as by unanimous consent it was christened. The discoverer

was still in feeble health. He had promised some friends to guide them, if possible, to the spot, and they, with those to whom they had conveyed the intelligence, were to wait and go together. There were many at Mormon Island, waiting the issue of this man's health. Bands of prospectors hung around this mining-camp, leaving one of their number to watch every movement from the place of the sick man's sojourn, while they daily wended their way to some cañon or gulch which yielded sufficient to pay "grub." These bands of prospectors opened many of the claims which have made the island and its adjacent towns so famous in California for the rich yield of its mines.

Mormon Island derives its name from its early settlers, who belonged to that faith. It is asserted — on what authority we know not, but it remains among the legends of the early development of the State — that the Mormon leaders determined to locate themselves in one of the beautiful valleys here. They sent out a large party under the command of a gentleman who has since become one of the most wealthy citizens of the State. Arriving in San Francisco, they started out to hunt for a favorable location. One of their number started the business of banking, and with him the Mormons deposited their money. The deposit was made, as if to make the trust more sacred, "in the name of the Lord." When the location was made, the Mormons returned to their banker, and wished to draw their money to make a payment on their purchase. There was no money on deposit. The Mormons grew indignant. "In whose name was the deposit made?" questioned the urbane banker. "In the name of the Lord," solemnly replied the others. The banker searched his books, found the account, and politely informed the depositors "it was all correct, and when they brought an order from the person in whose name and for whose account the deposit had been made, it would be paid over." This procedure dispersed the Mormon families, some of whom settled at a small island on the American River, devoted themselves to mining, and soon developed rich placer diggings as well as river. In the immediate vicinity Negro Hill is found, one of the richest hill-mines in the country. It was discovered by a negro who was working near its base in the river and had found a rich claim. When the Gold Lake news had drawn hundreds to the island, some whites who were awaiting the issue of the sick man's disease, found the negro at work, his claim rich, upon which they drove him from it and commenced working the claim themselves. The negro, contrary to all mining experience, contrary to the advice of many who would have assisted him in expelling the intruders, gave way. He ascended the hill and began to work near its summit. The old adage proved true: his "nigger luck" followed him, and it was afterwards discovered that his river-bed claim, rich as it was, "could not hold a candle" to his hill claim.

The whole country around was thus prospected. Some who came intent on following up the Gold Lake tale, settled down, but the great mass felt they must move on to the north. It was just sufficient for some to indicate a direction and they immediately started, confident of success, and too restless to wait. Hundreds who thus had arrived,

started away in a few days. Our own company was sadly depleted, and at the end of a week after our arrival only sixteen remained. Some of us were behind the scenes and felt we could afford to wait, and the confidence of these inspired the remainder.

A few weeks after our arrival our camp was visited by one of the three who had brought the news to Shirt-tail Cañon. He stated that a movement was on hand ; the guide had recovered, and we must be ready to follow the first party at a moment's notice. Instantly our camp was feverishly astir ; mules were purchased, provisions laid in, mining tools secured, and every man awaited the signal of departure. It had been arranged that our party was to follow immediately in the wake of those with whom the guide travelled, and camp at the same spots they selected, one meal only intervening. A friendly hand was to blaze the trees so that we could easily follow. One morning as usual we were awakened by Bob's matutinal song, "Oh, my dear Lucinda," and hardly had the concluding line been finished when floating down from the hill came the echo back in a full, not unmusical voice. It was not a cultivated voice certainly, there was even a little nasal twang about it, but it startled our camp very strangely indeed. There was something in it that sent the blood in swifter floods through every vein, that caused each to look at the other in blank amazement, that started the stolidest sleeper to his feet in an instant. What was it? It was a woman's voice !

No one knows anything about the melody of a woman's voice unless he has not seen one for months, and has led a miner's or hunter's life. As the sounds of the echo ceased, we heard the swift gallop of a horse on the road near us. It reached us. A female form bestrode the saddle, with garments securely tucked around her ankles. There was a sudden uplifting of one limb, a rushing sound of flapping muslin, the display of a foot that strongly contrasted with part of Bob's song, a white stocking, a jump to the ground—"Oh, Lucinda!"—"Oh, Bob!"—a rush into each other's arms, and the female form and Bob were clasped in an embrace.

So suddenly had the attack been made that our camp was unprepared. A glance around showed how we had been betrayed, how complete the surprise. Jim Andrews was lying on his back, with one foot in air, and an immense boot held by both straps just in the act of raising it ; Bob Peterson stood with open eyes and mouth and bent back, one leg of his trousers in their right place, the other trailing on the ground, while his foot was partly raised in the act of insertion ; Ned Purple was holding a dilapidated pair of pantaloons before the gaze of Ben Fuller, a broad grin arrested on the countenance of each ; Limpey Dick, so called because he was a little lame, had raised a bottle towards his lips, but failed to reach them, and allowed the precious fluid slowly to escape as he watched the sight with envious glances ; Guzzling Bob, with an immense piece of pork between his teeth and in his hands, stood with glaring eye turned towards the embracing pair. Had Medusa's head been exhibited to the startled beholders, it could not have petrified them all more completely. A second smack, however, recalled them to consciousness, and the way each sprang beneath his blankets would have been a credit to a ground-squirrel.

The face of Squire Fitch was a study. With the first sound of the voice on the hill the Squire had risen, horror-stricken, to a sitting posture. As the female form so unceremoniously burst into our camp, the features of the Squire assumed a rigidity that looked as if they never could be released. Slowly rising, he wrapped his blanket around him, and seizing his smashed eye-glass, proceeded towards the lovers with a nervous step. He raised that smashed eye-glass; it dropped from his grasp. "Why, Lucinda! what in the dickens are you doing here, hey?"

"Why, old Dad, is that you? Give us your fist, old boy! I came to see Bob, I did, you bet! Bob and I are going to be spliced, we are."

"Why, Lucinda!"

"Why, Dad!"

"But Bob ain't got no eddication, Lucinda. Would you marry a sailor boy without an eddication? Oh, Lucinda! how careful have I been to instil in your mind the benefits of an eddication! Ef you can't have one yourself, get one in your husband."

"Dod rot an eddication, Dad! I ain't a-going to marry a man fur an eddication, but fur love — ain't we, Bob?"

Bob's only answer was another embrace, a huge smack, which he took standing on one leg with the other raised in the air, while a most intense air of satisfaction settled on his features. The whole camp sympathised with the lovers. The rôle of a stern parent could not be long maintained by the Squire. It was decided they should be married; and as there was no knowing how soon they would be forced to start away, it was also decided that the marriage must be performed as soon as possible.

[TO BE CONCLUDED IN NEXT NUMBER.]

THE PHILOSOPHY OF CLUBS.*

WE have often heard it said that "in union there is strength," and that "in a multitude of counsels there is wisdom." Behind these trite sayings is hid a vast field of human philosophy, that opens a limitless vista to the mind inquiring after the nature of human life and its relation to the rest of humanity. The whole fabric of human achievement is founded upon the eternal principle of the necessity for mutual assistance. Man is finite. God alone is infinite. We are all but

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parts of that intellect ; and the evident philosophy of our natures is, that these prime elements of greatness are to be secured in the highest possible excellence only by union. Each member of the union or club contributes his mite, his quota, and the aggregate is an advance of these attributes. Drops make up the ocean.

The latest phase of modern civilisation is the tendency to an aggregation of intellect and power — the formation of clubs. This is the tendency and spirit of the age. We see it everywhere. We see it in governments, where it is called centralisation ; in railroad monopolies, where it is called “rings ;” among speculators, where it is called “corners.” We see it in politics and letters, where it is called clubs. It is a partial recognition of the power of aggregated intellect, and of the underlying, eternal principle of the necessity of mutual assistance in all human affairs. No hermit ever made a lasting impression upon the world. No man in a cloister can evolve healthy thought ; it will be cranky, eccentric, and defective in true reason. There must be a contact of mind with mind and of humanity with humanity. Men *must* exist together, and exchange ideas, sentiments and sympathies. It is as much a necessity as the fertile soil and freshening rain for the healthy growth of the plant. This is the law of nature, recognised by every one, and illustrated by the history of man.

And, as I have said, this principle is recognised in modern times and in this age, and acted upon, but with no adequate understanding of its enormous power. It forces itself upon the age, and is keeping pace to some extent with the developments of science, the increase of knowledge, and the progress of civilisation. Indeed, it is the lever power that gives momentum to those natural forces that have been discovered in recent times and made subject to man. When Archimedes had calculated the effect of the lever in mechanics, he was so much impressed with its importance that he declared to the King of Syracuse, “Give me where to stand and I will move the world.” So in the world of intellect and feeling, men united in a common purpose constitute a lever-power, and achieve a momentum that is almost incalculable. A comparatively small number of men so united can move the world. They have done so. A striking instance of this is seen in the history of the Abolition party in this country. A mere handful of determined men, animated by a common purpose, united themselves for the abolition of slavery. In less than twenty years, by resolute and unfaltering adherence to their purpose, they dissevered the Union, abolished slavery, and initiated a bloody war that shook the world. Small and despised they were, yet resolute in purpose and united in a common object. Like the cloud no bigger than a man’s hand, the little club of fanatics grew ; and soon, under the inevitable destiny contained in the principle of association, overshadowed a continent with its purpose.

Ay, resolute, earnest, united men moving as one, can accomplish deeds that the human mind is scarcely able to comprehend or credit. Its power is not measured by the mere aggregation of knowledge of the individual members ; but there is outside of and beyond that simple aggregation, a momentum in association that may belong to the friction of minds or the unity of souls, or to some other cause

unknown, whose ratio of power is not so easy to determine as that of the lever in physics. But to obtain that momentum, the genius must be fettered by no shackles in the club intercourse — no restraints of formality that repress the play of the fancy and fetter the flights of the imagination. As the currents of the air uniting make the whirlwind, so the union of human life — the soul, the intellect, the fancy, the heart and its sympathies — makes a tornado of thought.

Who can fathom the mystery of human life? and the laws that govern the mystery of thought in its progress —

“Through the long gorge, to the far light”?

Language often gives birth to new ideas. The pent-up mind is often loosed from its prison and soars to the region of discovery, through the accidental touch of a spoken word or a passing incident. The falling of an apple gave to Newton the law of the attraction of gravitation, and a passing word to Fulton the law of steam navigation.

We simply see the effects of association, and we know from these that a vast unknown force dwells in clubs, which only needs to be rightly applied in order to send the vivifying power into the age, and hasten us on from the shores of the finite toward the limitless realms of infinite thought — towards which all human life, dissatisfied with its present achievements, is ever reaching out. This aggregation of intellect secures two things — it discovers or creates new thought, and lends increased momentum to science already discovered. Science has explored the treasures of nature; the telegraph brings continents together, and railroad and steam navigation obliterate space. The stars are made familiar to us; earth, sea and sky are being made subject to man; nature's secrets yield to his investigations; immense materials are at his hand. Puny and futile are the efforts of a single man to apply these great resources to a geometric increase of discovery. He needs the lever-power of other human minds acting in unison and sympathy with his own, in order to obtain the accelerated momentum that can push human achievement to the verge of the infinite.

Perhaps some may say these are but idle speculations. They are not speculations: they are truths. A brilliant jurist has said, “Evermore the surges of time are driving the shores of human capability further towards the infinite”; and this is one of the surges of time. It is gathering force and volume as we approach nearer the boundless ocean of infinite knowledge. Let us estimate it at its true value, and by its means endeavor to push human capability to its utmost limit.

Several young men, resident in the goodly city of Edinburgh, were commencing life. Nor fortune, nor station, nor influence were theirs, and yet they were men of talent, energy and ambition. The most of them were young lawyers of remarkable ability. They joined the “Speculative Club” for the promotion of science; they entered the fields of thought, and gleaned them in search of truth and knowledge. Unshackled by the fetters of a particular purpose, the contact of mind with mind begat thought, and thought evolved ideas. They ranged the fields of philosophy and political science, and pur-

sued with the exciting momentum of contagious imagination the most daring theories. Under this impetus several of the young men in 1802 established the *Edinburgh Review*, and through this exercised a controlling influence upon the thought of that era. They go down in English history among the master-spirits of their age. Though all dead now — Lord Brougham being the last — yet their influence lives after them. Sydney Smith, aged 31 years; Francis Jeffrey, aged 28 years; Henry Brougham, aged 24 years; Francis Horner, aged 24 years; Henry Cockburn, aged 23, were the more prominent of the projectors of the *Review*. Smith, its first editor, became an eminent divine; Jeffrey was a lawyer, and for a long time editor of the *Review* — he became a lord and a most distinguished judge; Brougham was a lawyer, and rose to be Lord Chancellor of England; Francis Horner died early — he was a lawyer, became a distinguished statesman, and moulded the political economy of the kingdom. It is said of him: "It was the force of his character raised him; and this force of character impressed upon him, not by nature, but by himself, out of no very fine materials." He owed it to that club. Cockburn became Lord Advocate-General for Scotland. To Lord Cockburn belongs the credit of causing a reform in the method of selecting jurors, through an article in the *Review*. And not only did they advance themselves to wealth, honor and fame, but that little band advanced human knowledge, controlled human ideas, and made familiar to the public as truths the daring theories in philosophy and political science that had been elaborated in the eighteenth century. It was the club association that did this. See, too, the "Literary Club" of Samuel Johnson and his confrères; it was the most delightful feature of their lives. Thought elicited thought, fancy had its play, humanity met humanity. You see the result: great controlling ideas sprang from this intellectual association, and these men stand out in bold relief before the eyes of the student, like the vast monumental piles of the world. "Genius comes in shoals," says the proverb. Here is the secret of it — an enforced tribute to the magical power of clubs.

As before indicated, the power exists in the union of purpose and the association of intellect. In any field of human endeavor their power would be felt, whether in commerce, science, or politics. Political clubs overthrew France; so in every other department of life, they may lead to evil, except in the field of human knowledge. In governments, to empire and loss of liberty; in rings, to thefts and public plunder; in "corners," to oppression; and in politics, to factions and disorders. These are perversions of the great principle of the necessity of mutual assistance; but in the department of knowledge they can lead to nothing but good: there truth is elicited, the range of human capability is extended, and the finite pushed on towards the infinite.

Man is indeed a social being. A club cannot flourish without an appeal to that principle of the sociability of the intellect; the play of the imagination cannot be secured by the construction of a Procrustean bed on which to stretch its members. We want no formal, stilted proceedings, or a prescribed topic of discussion. Let the sub-

ject spring up naturally, as thought shows the necessity and fitness. If you tie men down to a particular theme of abstract interest which they are compelled to discuss, the work becomes drudgery, and they themselves grow dull and prosy; it blunts the imagination and clips the wings of fancy. Give play to the social feelings, unfetter the natural sympathies, create a union of purpose and a community of thought; let unrestrained discussion elicit views, let mind come into contact with mind, and the glitter of its flashing lightning will disclose the treasures of truth. The fires of conflicting intellect will flash and kindle into flame the combustible stores of already developed knowledge that lie neglected beside us; and the regions of science will be rapidly developed by the aid of the lever of associated thought.

This was the secret of the power of the English clubs; this it was that kindled the fancies of the young men of Edinburgh; and this it is that will enable us to impress ourselves upon the age. Here we are at the capital of a great State, indeed a commercial capital of the South. We have among us some splendid intellects. We seek knowledge; we seek fame. They lie within our grasp — shall we seize them? Shall mind meet mind sociably, shall thought be neighborly; shall imagination link with imagination in solid phalanx, and in a true unity of purpose and harmony of feeling, for the promotion of legal science?

Vast fields of discovered knowledge and shapeless materials lie open to our hands. From these we can construct edifices of utility to the age and of benefit to ourselves, if we summon to our aid the living, breathing power of associated intellect, that rises from out the dead matter around it, and, like the cloud-beacon of the Israelites, vast and mobile, stands out against the sky, and overshadows the land with its purpose.

SIDNEY DELL.

ACROSS THE FIELD.

“THERE is no use in disputing it. If a rich man is put in your way, and asks you to marry him, it's running against Providence not to take him.”

“Even if I am promised to another, Janet?”

“Haven't you a right to change your mind? A promise isn't worth the breath it costs; it's only a vow that's binding. But what's the use of talking? You're never heeding a word that I'm saying.”

"Of course I am not, if you will persist in urging me to be false to Robert Ferguson."

"Oh yes, you'll be true to him in spite of everything," Janet said, sarcastically; "but after all, Mr. Robert is but a man, and one sorely given to changing. He'll shift you off somehow or other; and then he'll be sure to say the change is in you, not in himself. I'd never set store on any man's promise, if he had five years to think over it; and least of all Mr. Robert's, unless he's grown more steady of purpose than he was as a lad. I dare say he hasn't though, for I've always heard 'the boy is father to the man.'"

"But you can't tell anything about Robert, Janet," said Norah, good-humoredly. "Five years must make a world of difference in one who has lived as he has done."

"So it must. The world has never stood still with him as it has with us. He'll not find you altered a whit," asserted Janet, as if that was very much in Norah's favor.

"Only I am five-and-twenty," answered Norah, laughing. "To tell the truth though, I grow frightened when I see girls five years younger than I am, and think of what I must have lost in all that time."

"Maybe you fail to see what you have gained."

Norah shook her head. "I must not wait to hear a catalogue of my beauties, old Janet, or I will miss my walk altogether."

"Don't be out late," Janet called after Norah; "it's sure to blow up cool after the sun goes down. And don't forget the groceries at Tom Lynn's. He'll be sure to make a mistake if you are not careful, for, poor soul! his head's little better than a sieve."

Norah said "Yes" to all Janet's instructions, never turning to see the old woman standing in the doorway watching her. "She's no one in the world to look after her but me, and I'll manage to make it a sorry day for Robert Ferguson if he plays her false. I never trusted him overmuch as a lad; the last face was always the prettiest to his mind, and such folks need rough teaching before they grow steady of purpose. With his uncle's money and his own fickleness, he'll be sure to be always wandering into new paths. If he'd never come back, it would be a blessing; but bad pennies—yes, every one knows their ways."

Norah was out of sight before Janet's soliloquy was over. Her future was not giving her half the anxiety the old woman felt; perhaps because as yet she had known but little change in her quiet life. There was the old home just as she had always remembered it—no one but old Janet to go in or out—every day alike, save that now and then there was a storm too furious to brave, or sunshine too glorious to be wasted by staying in-doors; and with all this monotony and calm, was the belief that some day Robert Ferguson would come back, and that then there would be a revolution in her quiet life.

But Norah was not thinking of the past or future as she walked by the path through the field, stopping now and then to gather a spray of golden-rod or a bunch of purple asters. She intended to deck her parlor with the bright autumn-flowers, but her thoughts were really with Nancy Lindsay, a sick child in the village she proposed to call and inquire for; and she was also trying to impress upon her memory

Janet's list of groceries, for fear her head would be considered as good-for-nothing as Tom Lynn's.

And with all these prosaic thoughts was a keen enjoyment of the scene around her. The sun was setting in autumnal splendors of gold and crimson, gilding the tree-tops. A covey of partridges rose on low, heavy wing from the clover at her feet. The birds were singing even-song, or quick, sweet calls to their mates ; and across the field, near by the stile, there was a thicket of sumach and dogwood bushes, which outvied the western sky in gorgeousness and coloring.

There was a man coming across the field : Norah saw him when he climbed the fence. He was a stranger, she was very sure, for no one in the neighborhood could boast of such a heavy brown beard ; a sportsman too, as his gun and well-filled game-bag told plainly enough.

Norah would have passed the stranger with a simple greeting and a quick glance, partly of curiosity, as he stood aside to let her pass, if he had not stopped her with a question — "Can you tell me if I am on Mr. Ferguson's land? I ought to know, but there have been many changes in the land-marks since I left here."

Norah glanced up at him. His voice was familiar, but the face puzzled her. "Mr. Ferguson's line ends at yonder woods," she answered slowly, striving as she did so to get a better look at the stranger's face.

"Then I am on the Randal estate —"

"Not quite as grand as that," she interrupted, laughing. "We have always been rather small landholders, compared with our neighbors."

"We?" he repeated ; "then you are —"

"Miss Randal," Norah said a little stiffly, feeling somewhat appalled at being forced to introduce herself.

"Norah Randal !"

He repeated her name as if it was familiar to him, and yet as if he were surprised, and, it must be confessed, disappointed. It could have made but little difference to Norah Randal what a stranger's impressions were of her, yet a vivid flush mounted to her face as she held out her hand and said frankly : "I did not recognise you any more than you did me ; your beard must make the wonderful metamorphosis. Yet if I had known you were in the neighborhood, I think I would have guessed who you were."

"I can't think I am as much altered as you are," he answered. "There is scarcely a trace of the old Norah in your face."

"Five years have done their work ; you ought to have been prepared for it," Norah returned, half reproachfully. "You will find no change in old Janet though. Were you on your way to the house?"

Norah's question seemed to add to his embarrassment, for he said hurriedly : "I am scarcely fit for a lady's parlor ; besides, I can't think of turning you back. Perhaps you will let me walk on with you."

"I was only going to the village ; Janet can go instead."

But he would not let her turn, and together they went side by side across the field, she keeping in the narrow path, and he crushing down the grass with slow, heavy steps.

Here and there they disturbed the partridges and startled the killdees, but the birds sang out, unheeding them; the golden-rod showered down its yellow bloom; not a crimson cloud had as yet faded out in the west, but still to Norah Randal the October evening had lost its beauty.

Was it because her parting from Robert Ferguson had been so different from this meeting? What had become of the eager beardless boy who had vowed always to love her? She felt she did not know the man walking beside her; perhaps might never know him any better. His evident embarrassment prepared her for a change in his feelings. Was it only her pretty young face that had caught him? or had he some one else to care for? It made but slight difference to Norah Randal how the change came; it was enough that she was assured of it.

It was the country lassie who recovered herself first, and asked carelessly: "Have you just arrived?"

She was not surprised at his answer, though he seemed to hesitate in making it. "I have been at home three days."

Three days, and he had never sought her! Three days, and now they had met by chance. Janet was right, and men were not to be trusted.

After that there was no effort to overcome the odd feeling of strangeness she felt, no wish to recall the past as earnest of the future. Norah had a brave, resolute heart, which would not easily succumb to disappointment, and did not break down under trial.

Robert had not to exert himself to talk, for Norah scarcely left a pause, so eager was she to tell him of old acquaintances — of those who were still in the neighborhood, as well as who had left. Indeed, she spoke of every one but of herself.

And so they crossed the field, and at last reached the stile that Norah was to cross to go to the village. In common courtesy Robert Ferguson should have held out his hand to help Norah over; but he seemed to dread the mere touch of her fingers, and so he let her cross without making a motion towards assisting her.

Norah halted for one moment on the other side of the stile to bid him good-evening, intending to go the rest of the way alone. But perhaps it was the fence between them which made it easier for Robert to speak, or in the last few minutes he had screwed his courage to the proper point. Be that as it may, he stopped her. "Norah," he said, hesitatingly, "it would be best for me to be frank."

"Much the best," she answered coolly.

"Believe me," he went on, not heeding her, "my words pain myself much more than they will you."

"Then do not say them," she interrupted; "I can easily guess what you would tell me. Five years have wrought their changes on you as well —"

Norah stopped there. She could not truthfully end her sentence with the needed pronoun.

"I have struggled to be true to you," Robert began; but she interrupted him again.

"No matter about proving a fact: we are seldom of the same way

of thinking for five whole years. Pardon me for warning you though, not to tell this to your uncle too suddenly. I will do all I can to reconcile him to this change, but the old are tenacious of their plans. I must go now," she added, holding out her hand once more.

Robert Ferguson need not have shrunk from the hand-shaking. "Thank heaven! she does not care for me," he thought, when he felt that the small hand never trembled in his. And then he turned and walked back alone by the path across the field.

Did Norah care? Tom Lynn had no excuse but his own empty head, if he failed to send one article of Janet's list, for Norah's was perfectly correct. Little Nancy Lindsay might have missed the smile she was used to, but not a word of sympathy or encouragement, which helped to make her confinement to her bed bearable. Few could have guessed from Norah's manner that evening whom she had met in the field, and how they parted.

Norah had lingered out so late it had grown chilly, as Janet had predicted, and she was glad to find a fire blazing in the parlor; indeed it seemed something like a cheerful greeting from her lonely hearth. Janet was inclined to scold, and urged her panacea for all ills both of body and mind—a cup of tea. And Norah, perhaps because she had drained so bitter a draught but a little while before, did not refuse it.

She knelt on the rug with the cup in her hand; and Janet, anxious to rid herself of a weighty bit of news, never noticed that she was paler than usual. "Debby Jackson stepped over for a bit this afternoon. She tells queer tales with that wagging tongue of hers—whether true or not one can't guess. This time, no less a startling fact than that Mr. Robert is home."

Norah was slowly drinking her tea, and she drained the cup of its last drop before she said: "I can tell you more than Debby can, Janet. Robert has been at home for three days."

"And you've never seen him," Janet asserted.

"Oh yes, we had a long talk and walk in the field. You would not know him. You were right in saying he would be changed."

"Is it only in face?" asked Janet, suspiciously.

"No—in manner, and everything else, I fancy."

"I knew he would," Janet said, with a little tone of triumph. "I always told you he was fickle and weak of purpose."

"The man can feel differently from the boy, and yet not be to blame. You will not be sorry to hear there is nothing now between us, Janet."

But Janet was not quite sure how she felt, though she had all the credit of a true prophet.

"Have I startled you, Norah?" She was leaning on the stile, watching the sunset. Did the glories of the red and golden clouds fading into a quiet gray, hint of the fading of her own young life?

"Only for a moment. I did not know any one was near; the grass must have deadened your footsteps."

"Or you were too intent upon your own thoughts to heed me. Janet told me you were out, and I have been some time in search of you."

"In search of *me*, Mr. Landor?" Norah asked, as if in surprise; and then added: "Has anything happened?"

"Yes, something which will interest you, indifferent as you look now. You'll not mind my being a little abrupt?"

She did not speak, but motioned with her head that she was listening.

"Mr. Ferguson has taken offence at some act of Robert's, and has made a new will, leaving him next to nothing."

"Do you know what they quarrelled about?" Norah asked, quickly.

"One can easily imagine the cause — at least I can, for I know how fond the old man is of you, and how his heart was set upon Robert's marrying you."

"But Mr. Ferguson knows me well enough to be sure I acquiesce in — in the state of affairs between Robert and myself. To disinherit his nephew for such a cause is both cruel and foolish," Norah said, indignantly.

"But you forget he is angry, and angry people are generally foolish."

"Of course you have spoken a word in Robert's favor?" asked Norah, suddenly.

"My position is a delicate one; for though only a distant cousin, the old man has no one nearer in blood than I am after Robert, and he has intimated to me that he has made me his heir."

"Of course you object to the arrangement," said Norah, ironically.

"The property is rightfully Robert's; and if Mr. Ferguson could be made to comprehend that you do not care for his nephew, he might be easily persuaded to change his will again in his favor."

"You wish me to tell him the fact?"

"That would be asking more of you than Robert would have the conscience to. But, Norah, can't you see if you were married —"

"And out of Robert's way," she added.

"If you choose to put it in that way. Certainly, if his uncle saw you preferred another, he could no longer blame Robert, and would cancel this will of his."

"Did Robert Ferguson send you to tell me this?" interrupted Norah.

Philip Landor did not answer, but smiled meaningly as he said: "It is wise counsel, come from whom it may."

"Have you found the man willing to take me, simply to save Robert Ferguson his fortune?"

"I know the man who will marry you on any terms," he answered.

"Do you mean yourself?"

"I have pleaded my own cause too often for you to ask that question doubtingly, Norah," he replied, reproachfully.

"You are wonderfully generous!" she answered, scornfully. "You not only seem willing to marry me to rid your cousin of a stumbling block in the way of his fortune, but by the act you hint you will lose a large inheritance."

"It is no overstrained generosity on my part," said Landor. "I do not care for the fortune, nor for Robert Ferguson, but for you. You may treat my offer with contempt, but I tell you truly, Ferguson is in danger of losing everything. You know enough of him to be

aware that it is a matter of some consequence to him. You have his future success completely in your power! At least think twice before you decide."

"I'll not think even once. Tell Robert Ferguson for me that there is a worse fate than the poverty he seems to dread so much — one he would fain burden me with."

"Stay, Norah, you are angry now; when you are cooler you will think differently," urged Landor.

"Then I will strive not to grow cooler. I have no other answer to give you. You must get a wife by other means than by such self-sacrifice on your part, as well as mine."

Norah felt sorely the cruel injustice done to Robert, and it vexed her that she should be the innocent cause of it. Brought up as his uncle's heir, and never fitted to toil for his daily bread, it was doubly hard on him.

All the evening this thought troubled Norah, and next morning Janet alarmed her by saying old Mr. Ferguson had had a stroke of apoplexy in the night, and was hardly expected to get over it. She did not hesitate then. The old man had always been kind to her, and she could not bear to think of his dying doing an unjust act.

So she went to find her friend where she was sure he could not escape her, even on his death-bed. Already the house seemed to belong to the dead. There was no answer to her ring; no servant to be found when she opened the street-door and went in. Her best plan seemed to be to go to the library and watch there for some one passing on the way to the sick-room — some one by whom she could send a message.

The house was so unnaturally quiet, that unconsciously Norah walked across the hall as if fearful of her own footsteps. Then she turned the lock gently and went into the library. There was someone there, standing by the table. She would have been glad if it had been any one rather than Robert Ferguson; and yet she was so anxious to speak to his uncle, she did not hesitate upon asking him to be her messenger.

Evidently Robert did not hear Norah enter the room; he was so intently looking at a paper that she stood beside him a moment unnoticed. Then he seized suddenly a pen and formed a cipher. She watched him make the o before she spoke. "Is it true your uncle is ill? I must see him, if only for a moment. Will you tell him?"

There was nothing very startling in her words, and yet Robert Ferguson reeled slightly, as if she had dealt him a sudden blow. "You here, Norah!" he exclaimed. "How is it that you came in like a ghost?"

"I had no idea you were here, and I could not find a servant. Will you take my message to your uncle?" she asked, impatiently.

"He will not see you."

"I am sure he will, if he knows I am here."

Robert shook his head.

"Is he insensible? But he may regain his consciousness."

"It is worse than that."

"Do you mean he is dead? You might have sent for me," she added, reproachfully.

"I have not been permitted to see him ; only Philip Landon has had that privilege," replied Robert, bitterly.

"Mr. Landon is your friend. Only yesterday he proved to me, as very few men I hope would do, that he did not care to be your uncle's heir."

"He never mentioned that fact to me," Robert said.

"Did you send him to me to —"

"I never sent him to you for any purpose."

"I was right in mistrusting him then. If you had asked me, I would have spoken to your uncle."

"But I had no right to ask you."

"Every one has a right to the assistance another can give honestly. Tell me one thing, was this illness of your uncle's unexpected?"

"It was to me, but it seems the doctor warned Landon it might come any day."

"Thank heaven I did not listen to him!" exclaimed Norah.

Robert urged her to explain her meaning, but she would not. "You don't care so very much about the money?" asked Norah. "Poverty seems of but little consequence to a man with the whole world open to him. Your uncle could not rob you of your honest name and your energy."

They were rather commonplace words, and yet Robert looked up at her searchingly, as if to read something in her face. She turned away a little sorrowfully: he did not need her sympathy. She had failed to help him, and she had better go. Robert saw the movement, and would have stopped her, but she was too quick for him. Indeed, she had crossed the hall and was once more in the street before he caught up with her. There was no one in sight but Philip Landon, hurrying to the death-chamber of old Mr. Ferguson.

"Norah," Robert said, after they had walked on some distance without speaking, "I dare not leave you until you tell me what you saw when you came into the library."

Norah looked perplexed. "I do not understand you; I saw nothing."

"Are you very sure?"

"Of course I am. You were only writing at the table."

"I was writing. Can you swear to that?" he asked eagerly.

"Certainly not, for I only saw you make —" She stopped there, with a look of dismay in her face.

"And you suspected nothing?"

"Nothing. It is cruel in you to force the doubt upon me."

"It would have come as soon as you heard my uncle had left me a larger sum than he threatened to. What do you intend to do, now that the doubt is a certainty?"

"I have nothing to do with it," she answered, coldly.

"Unfortunately you have; you are the only witness to my act. You will have to reveal it."

"And win for you a felon's cell?"

"My own act will win it, not your words. The sin and the dishonor are the heaviest evils."

"You should have —"

"Thought of that before. Do you suppose if I had stopped a moment to think I would have done the deed? A half-hour ago I would have cut off this hand rather than use it dishonorably; I would have turned my back upon my best friend if he had proved a forger. I was so very upright in my own eyes, and now—"

Norah drew a step nearer to him in compassion. "You must have been strongly tempted," she said, gently.

"No, there is the mystery. I knew my uncle had made a new will in favor of Philip, but I was much more hurt at his refusing to see me, and thought far less of the will than any one will easily believe. I can't tell how the paper could have been left open on the table, just where my name was written mentioning a paltry sum. A stroke of the pen, and it was just what I needed to try a speculation which would quadruple the money. Of course I intended to pay it back to Landor—we are sometimes honest in our intentions, no matter how dishonest we are in our acts. It was but a pen-stroke, I tell you, and yet that little act has made a felon of an honest man."

"But you never did it deliberately, thank heaven for that! And you'll not use the money, but manage to give it back to Philip Landor. It is only man who brands his brother irrevocably with a sin: never God. You need not fear me as a witness against you."

"It may be forced from you, Norah."

"How can it be if no one but you knows of my being at the house?"

"Murder will out, they say; and that may hold good of lesser crimes."

"But you have really wronged no one."

"And yet your secret will oppress you painfully. What is this taint of sin which must always cling to me? Am I never to look an honorable man in the face again without flinching? Am I always to feel afraid of my sin being found out?"

"You are wrong there," Norah said; "no single act should make a coward of us. It is the frequent sin which forges the chain strong enough to bind us. You must not doubt that what God can forgive, man will also."

They had reached the stile they had once before parted at, and Norah stretched out her hand to say good-bye. "You will trust me to keep silent," she said, softly.

Robert did not answer her. He was thinking how he had lightly given her up because her face had lost some of its prettiness, and he had never thought of trying to discover greater excellences than mere beauty.

"Mr. Ferguson's will is the talk of the village. Mr. Robert has only ten thousand left him; and because he didn't get the whole of the property, he's in a huff and will have none of it. It's better to have part of a loaf than none, as he'll learn in time."

Norah never looked up whilst Janet recounted her bit of gossip.

"Mr. Philip has got lots of money," and she added slowly—"he says he'll marry you yet."

"I think he will be disappointed. I have no intention of marrying anybody, Janet."

"Which means you will before the year is out. There's Mr. Robert at the gate. He's lost all of his briskness, and walks as if he were watching the grass growing at his feet ; he'll be old before he's young, at that gait. Shall I send him in?"

He did look older ; the effort to live his usual life seemed too much for him. "Everything is against me," he said, hopelessly. "I came here even with the knowledge that I am watched. Philip says the will shows signs of being tampered with, and my refusal to touch any of the money seemingly left me is in itself suspicious ; he is determined to fathom the mystery. I am almost tempted to confess the truth."

"But how does he expect to prove anything?"

"Will it be hard on you, Norah, if on your oath you are forced to speak ? It will come to that. Philip saw us leave my uncle's house together, and he says he found the will opened in the library. He'll have no difficulty in proving we were there."

"But that will not force me to say anything. Philip cannot make me," Norah returned.

"The court can. I can only shield you from the witness-box by a full confession."

"Are you very sure there is no other way ?" Norah asked.

But he did not answer her.

"Then there is — your silence says so. You must tell me what it is. I will not be put upon my oath to answer Philip Landor's questions ; anything would be better than that."

Yet Robert was silent.

"There is an escape for me !" Norah cried, passionately. "Do you intend to force me to lock your prison-door with my own hands ? If you have no pity for yourself, you might for me — the girl you loved once."

It was then he spoke ; but in so low a voice, if she had not been intent upon his answer she would have scarcely heard it : "A wife cannot witness against her husband."

"Can you give me half an hour ?" was her next question.

How she spent that half hour she never told. When it was over, she joined him at the door.

"You would rather take me as your wife than run the risk of my being forced to speak ?" she asked.

"I would rather have you as my wife than any blessing God could give me, save to be free from this sin," he answered.

Norah went to get her hat and call Janet. Together all three of them crossed the field by the foot-path. The grass was white with rime that day, and glistened in the sunshine.

In the cold empty church, Norah and Janet waited while Robert went for the old priest. He came slowly enough, questioning Robert as to this sudden whim of his to be married. When he heard young Ferguson was going away again, he smiled, thinking Norah was right this time in binding her fickle lover with something stronger than a mere promise. Both of the young people stood so alone, there was no fear of his being called to account for marrying them.

When the priest asked for the wedding-ring, Norah slipped off her finger her dead mother's and handed it to Robert, unmindful of Janet's groans over the bad luck in using it. Five minutes sufficed for the marriage-service, and to free Robert from all chance of words of Norah's ever harming him.

At the church-door they parted—"Until I can make a home for you," were Robert's last words. The priest stood at the church-door watching them, wondering at their sad faces on their wedding-day. Janet was half-frozen and would wait no longer, but hurried home. She did not notice that Norah, shivering slightly, had drawn her cloak around her and was following her slowly. Philip Landor must have seen her though, for he met her before she reached the gate. He could have had no suspicion of the parting at the church-door, or he would have avoided Norah just then, or at any rate he would not have spoken so abruptly. "I failed the last time I urged my suit to convince you that you could save Robert Ferguson's fortune for him. After all, though, you found I was right. Perhaps you will believe me now when I tell you he is in a far more perilous strait."

He saw Norah's startled glance. Was there a fresh danger? But she did not choose to ask any questions.

"The will has been tampered with," Philip went on to say. "I need scarcely tell you I know by whom, and where I can find a witness to prove it."

Norah smiled a little, but did not speak. Philip thought she did not comprehend him, and that he must speak more plainly.

"Words of yours, Norah, and only yours, can send Robert Ferguson to a felon's cell, and blight his name now and forever. Are you willing to give your testimony before the court? Have you no pity for the man you played with as a boy—your quondam lover? No compassion for the proud old name of Ferguson?"

"Have you none?" she asked.

"None for Robert, I confess. But you women are supposed to be made of softer stuff than we are. It will be scarcely pleasant to you to stand in the witness-box, and to have forced from you by adroit questions the story which only you can tell. Therefore I think it kind to warn you, that whether you will speak or keep silent rests upon your decision now."

He stopped, hoping she would ask for an explanation; but she was strangely cold and silent, making it doubly difficult for him to speak. "I alone can save you from the witness-box, Norah."

"How?" she asked, turning suddenly around to face him. She stood on her own threshold then, and looked as if she intended to bar his entrance.

"If you promise to marry me at once, I will promise in my turn to let the matter drop. If you will not, I swear to push it to the very uttermost."

"And the only proof you say you have against your cousin is my testimony? You have no other witness to your charge?"

"No, I have no other. The sole proof rests on you."

"I'll fail you, then. I have sworn never by word or act of mine to harm Robert Ferguson. You know I am not one to forswear myself."

"Take care, Norah: you think I only threaten, and cannot act."

"I am very sure of both," she answered, calmly.

"You will discover your error, then. I shall show no mercy, I warn you. Deny, if you can, that you love this worthless cousin of mine."

"If you mean Robert Ferguson, I do not deny that I love him," said Norah, proudly.

"And yet you will not save him from the worst doom which can befall him!"

"You use a strange argument to plead your own cause. Hear me in my turn. If all you suspect were true, and I only could prove it, there is no court in the land that could force me to speak."

She stretched out her hand as she spoke — Philip thought as a hint for him to go, but he did not heed it.

"That boast only shows a woman's ignorance. There is a way to force you to speak."

"You'll miss it then," Norah said, calmly.

The glitter of a ring on her finger caught Philip's eye — a small, old-fashioned circle of gold, the sight of which startled him strangely.

"When was it?" Philip asked, suddenly.

"A half-hour ago. Your malice is harmless, now that I am Robert Ferguson's wife."

Norah did not wait to hear his bitter curse, but passed swiftly into the house — never noticing Janet, who stood at the hall-window where she had been watching them.

"Maybe the child is right," the old woman muttered. "Gold can't buy a good heart nor a good temper, and Mr. Philip is in sore need of both. The best of men are but crooked sticks, but a turn or two more in them makes them harder to manage. Mr. Robert can't get out of his promise this time, as I can witness; and no doubt he's better without his uncle's money. Ah well! the past is slipped out of our hands, but we can all find something in the future if we strive to. Maybe the child is right in trusting Mr. Robert. What we seek for twice we are apt to want, folks say."

EMILY READ.

A LETTER TO THE EDITOR.

SEPTEMBER 13, 1873.

My Dear Friend and Fellow-Citizen :—

I WANT to talk a little with your readers about the possibilities and the promise of this noble and ennobling "Guild" which Mr. Ewbank has shown to be so immediately necessary, so vitally useful to us of the South. I can be a serious sort of chap sometimes, as I believe you are aware; and just now, and in contemplation of this project for a counterplot against the conspirators who would throttle our honor and make us suicides of our self-respect, I feel as if I could come up to all Mr. Sparkler's requisitions, and show myself to be a person with no demn'd nonsense about me. You and I have so often talked over this "Guild" matter together, and exchanged views in regard to it, that I am not exactly clear as to the source of my ideas upon it. Some are yours, some mine; they harmonise delightfully, and as the joint product of two such long heads as ours be, must needs prove grateful to the circle of SOUTHERN MAGAZINE readers—which is after all but a larger sort of home-circle, where all are friends and kinsmen, having common sympathies, mutual interests, and thoughts that dove-tail with one another. The welfare, the advantage, the rebuilding of the South is the living-room of our establishment, where all our individualities meet and clasp hands, where each one's private interest finds a common self. Something of this sort I fancy the proposed "Guild" is to be when it is properly built up.

I imagine a Round Table at which shall assemble now and then for grave and sober consultation—not a squadron of knight-errants eager for adventure against the untried, not a throng of champions confident by what they have done in the past, hasty to do more in the future; but a few thinking people, each of whom thinks in his own way, each of whom has the love of the land in his own heart, and each of whom is dreadfully afraid because he has seen, each from his own point of view, "the tiger shake his cage." So we will come dreadfully in earnest, not as people come to a banquet, nor yet as people come to a funeral, but as who have something definite to do, something needful to do, who mean to find the best way, and labor with zeal in that way. Out of the multitude of various experiences thus brought to assist the solution of one critical problem, and out of the true devotion of generous wills to a noble purpose, will surely come, if it can be evoked at all, the equation of Southern safety.

Mountain-climbers say that no peak is absolutely inaccessible if you will but view it from all points and attempt it upon all sides. In this way the Matterhorn was lately surmounted, after towering aloof for thousands of years a glittering impossibility. It is thus that the Guild will give us the power to work; and it is in this fact, and *because action is contemplated*, that the Guild will find its greatest efficaciousness. In mere matters of contemplation, I should not be

surprised if one logical mind be not as good as a thousand ; but it is when the result of deliberation is to be action upon a plan, that there is wisdom in a multitude of counsel. This then is the Guild's *raison d'être*—its work ready cut out for it. A hundred, a thousand, gather about the Round Table : each has a common love in his heart and a common hope ; each is filled with terror by a common Nightmare, yet each can tell something about it that the others do not know, for each has happened to view it from a different stand-point and in a different light—hence comes fruitful consultation, pregnant counsel, action to the point, incisive, economical, wise, prosperous.

Looking the whole United States over, and with eyes as free as possible from all sectional bias, it must be confessed that the life of every conservative man in this country, if he do his duty, must be a combat. Isms are starting up like partridges in a stubble, each whirring off with sound and fury in a new direction. The office of Conservatism is to shoot these follies as they fly ; if it cannot bag them all, it may still cripple some, and make the others chary in its presence. The Guild, if properly organised, being a bundle of essential conservatisms, may very well become the nucleus for reaction throughout the land, and bear the fasces symbolical of the restored authority of right reason eastward from Georgia to Maine. That would be heaping coals of fire upon the heads of those who have despitely used us and persecuted us ; but it would be a right Southern deed after all. We do not need to hate, except where we have done indignity.

Conservatism to-day is combat. The fact loses none of its force by reason of its sadness. I have had the nature of the sort of aggressiveness that is incumbent upon us very vividly impressed upon my mind within the last few weeks, by one or two sights I have happened to have of the tiger's claws as he shook his cage. They occurred to me in the course of my occupation, and I present them to you here, as a sort of contribution to the work of the Guild.

I believe you have read President Eliot's (of Harvard) thoughtful, temperate, conclusive report upon the subject of a National University. It is a right conservative paper, charmingly aggressive, with the calm of strength and the composure of disdain. It pulls down the cobweb scheme effectively, and gives a laughable rear-view of the lean spider's legs skeltering away behind it. Did that project rest its plans for acceptance upon argument only, and rational demonstrability, President Eliot's report would be the annihilation of it. But I do not think President Eliot would have taken the trouble to furnish arguments against this project if he had fully known, as I chance to know, that the proposals to furnish our people with a National University and a ready-made compulsory education, cheap and nasty, does not hope to have its contract taken by the force of reason, but by the action of "Rings." The whole thing is a "job," and should be guarded against as one protects his safe from burglars, not as one fortifies his reason against fallacy.

This, I say, I happen to know, and I know it in this way : Being condemned (for my sins I suppose) to do a certain proportion of political writing, I have had occasion during the present summer to

assuage my passion for fiction by the perusal of a mass of delightful Public Documents. Ah — am I not to be envied ! Of August and July mornings, when the birds were all song and the flowers all bloom, and the flies all bite — of breezeless midnights, when the perspiration runs down into one's slippers, and the flies are not asleep, and candle-moths keep the lamp a-sputtering, and the owl and the whip-poor-will chant in lugubrious unison — pleasant is it to take pipe in one hand, note-book in the other, strew the floor with a charmed circle of "Congressional Globes," "Messages and Documents," "Finance Reports," "Committee Reports," "Census Tables," and the like, and get to work patiently to unweave the devilish web of Congressional infidelity and incompetence, greed and corruption ! But this is neither here nor there — say rather it is rhetoric, which I promised myself I would eschew for this occasion only. In the course of this work, which still drags its slow length like a wounded snake along, stinging not seldom, envenomed too, perhaps, as might be expected, — in the course of these investigations I have come upon the secret history of this National University scheme, and dropped an accidental probe right into the purulent heart of the job.

The National University project is only one truncated member of a baffled but not yet defeated programme for a consolidated, compulsory system of universal education, under the auspices of the Federal power — the base of the pyramid being the "mixed" primary school, its apex the National University at Washington. Of course, you say, we all know that. Stop a little. What you don't know — what President Eliot does not know — what makes the devilish iniquity, the horror of the whole scheme, is this : The original project was neither more nor less than by Act of Congress to convert the Freedmen's Bureau into the Bureau of Education ; to make General Freedmen's Commissioner Howard, Commissioner of Education Howard ; to make the Freedmen's primary schools the ground-floor of the new system, and to have it culminate in Howard University at the apex, with flanking branches at Oberlin, and Fisk, and Berea, and Lincoln, and Wilberforce ! There was a National University for you, President Eliot, where, as a committee of Congress exultingly said : "the Anglo-Saxon, the Celt, the Mongolian, the Greek, and the African would sit, side by side, on the same benches. All races and both sexes would have here, in the pursuit of knowledge, a fair field and equal favor." There was a national school system for "advanced" America, founded upon the corruptions of this most corrupt bureau, germinating like mushrooms in muck, efflorescing like the skunk-cabbage in foetid rankness ! Now this plot and scheme to wed the fair virgin-bride education in all her innocence and bloom to this goatish leprous decrepit jail-bird of a "national system," to make this Ram-alley Bureau stand for next friend and witness, and have the ceremony performed by Deacon Howard — was not the mere wild notion of carpet-baggers and masterless men in Congress. On the contrary, it was a well-considered scheme, and came very near being a successful one. On the same day in which the Committee of Education and Labor reported favorably upon Mr. George F. Hoar's plan for a national scheme of education, it reported also favorably upon Mr. Arnell's bill to turn

over Howard, his Bureau, and \$600,000 of its ill-got gains, into a Bureau of Education,—the projects were part and parcel of the same scheme—and the Bureau “happy thought” was only staved off, and eventually defeated by a *coup de main* of Mr. Fernando Wood’s, who preferred such specific charges of theft against Howard as compelled the House to make a pretence of investigating them.

The scheme so far as Howard goes is probably dead (though some well-informed persons claim him as the author of Dr. Hoyt’s bill which President Eliot has just sifted), for the reason that, even in Radical nostrils, Howard, like Rosamond, “*non redolet sed olet qui redolere solet.*” But the plot itself is far from being dead; the friends of a Bureau of Education, of a national school system, and a National University, are mustering their allies upon all sides; and by misusing the king’s press most damnably, and taking into their service all the revolted tapsters and ostlers trade-fallen, the cankers of a calm world and a long peace, have gotten together a following that is not indeed respectable but formidable nevertheless. The business is to be pressed when Congress next meets; and if it fails then, will be urged again. There is this danger in it, that it does not appeal to reason, but to the spirit of jobbery which seems incarnate in American legislation; it does not seek to make its way by convincing people of its expediency, its needfulness, its intrinsic meritoriousness, but by bribing them with insidious suggestions of its cheapness. The American people are notoriously to be lured and led by this peddler’s phantom, this pinchback will-o’-the-wisp of cheapness; and that is the present danger. The common schools of the country as at present managed, are supported by direct taxes, ranging according to locality from \$20 to \$2 per capita, or from 5 cents to 100 cents on the \$100 property—probably averaging about 20 cents on the \$100, or one-fifth of one per cent. This is too cheap for a good system; but it is much cheaper than the General Government could do it with any system, good or bad. But Congress, in seeking to get control of the system, would adroitly conceal this fact, would at once and forever dispense with all *direct* taxes in the premises, and pretend to do it for nothing. The public lands would be spoken of as an adequate endowment for all purposes; and so the townships in Massachusetts, where the school-tax runs up to over \$20 a head, and the districts in Mississippi, where the property of the planters is mortgaged to build a school-house at every cross-road for the non-taxpaying freedmen, might be equally expected to have voters in them who would, on a casual survey, be in favor of the cheap pseudo-national system.

Here, then, is an ever-present danger, a battle-ground for ready-armed conservatism. Here is a “cause” not lost, yet of priceless value and in imminent peril; here is an issue not dead, but one upon which our moral salubrity is staked. Here is a case in point where such an association as the Guild which Mr. Ewbank proposes may get to work at once, and do prompt, immediate, vital service. The people must be enlightened as to the nature of this deadly poison that is commended to their lips; and they only need to be told of such things, to comprehend them and take appropriate action. Here too is a case in which such a guild, awakening the conservative

instincts of the South and stirring them to action, may stimulate a sympathetic coöperation on the part of the North, and so beneficially influence and impart stamina to the thought of the whole country. If the Guild can only prevent that cockatrice's egg of a national education scheme from hatching, it will deserve a monument from our grandchildren.

Conservatism is combat. We have not to look far around the field before we see new battles offering, other swords for the Guild's grindstone to put an edge on. I read the other day an essay or a lecture by Mr. Whitelaw Reid, editor of the *New York Tribune*, on "The Scholar in Politics." Mr. Reid is not a Conservative, but he styles himself "liberal," and perhaps is really so. His mind is at any rate a thoroughfare, common as a turnpike road, of new ideas, which he lets drive briskly along it, taking some toll in spurious coin from each. Like the pattern sciolist that he is, he proclaims himself the apostle of "advanced" science, of "progressive" thought, and deems that because he is a Radical he must embrace new ideas, and embrace them for their newness totally irrespective of their goodness, and totally ignoring the very important practical fact that ideas may be both new and good, yet if not appropriate to the immediate occasion and the object in hand, must be the most impertinent, obtrusive and injurious things in the world — such perhaps as some of Mr. Reid's own ideas, domestic or imported, upon the functions of the Scholar in Politics. The scholar has indeed a real and a very important place in politics as in matters above and outside the State, but it is a place which is precisely at the other end of the column from that which Mr. Reid gives him. The scholar, in fact, must be the Conservative *par excellence*, for he alone, when the sciolist comes up and dumps his cart-load of "new ideas," demanding pay for them by the cubic inch, is able to point unerringly with his finger and say: "I know that rubbish; it was shot long ago out of such or such a place." But for that detective-office of the scholar's, we should have to give all our time to measuring spent and useless whim-whams.

But Mr. Reid's Radicalism is simply a spider's-web in which all these butterflies come up and are caught; and each one is a new species for Mr. Reid, because he is no scholar, but a mere sciolist in that sort of entomology. He thinks a man may know bugs by intuition, without having studied classification; and when Agassiz tells him differently, calls him a Conservative, a "Bourbon." Bourbon, perhaps — all Conservatives are that, you know — but at least they are historically correct in seeing in the white flag, not the senseless bleached rag which the Radicals conceit it, but the proud banner of centuries blazoned with the fair lilies of France. Here's work for the Guild at once, you see, to strengthen the weak washy criticism of the day by contributing to it the historical element, which Radicalism does not heed because ignorant of it. What does the Andalusian pétroleur know about the Cid? What does he care? And down go the priceless arches, the incomparable arabesques of Granada. What does your carpet-bag Congressman, hurrying up out of Alabama and Mississippi, intent on back-pay and *Crédit Mobilier* dividends, know about Madison and the Federalist? What does he care for the "safe-

guards" of the Constitution? So he votes away his own liberty, and honestly dreams of promoting the cause of universal freedom.

It needs some such consolidated energy of tempered thought as the Guild will afford, to pry open the minds of general Radicals like Mr. Reid, and instil there the wholesome suspicion that perhaps they are not the people after all, and if wisdom does die with them, it is because she is a premature infant, and sickly from birth. That will be work for the crowbar and powder-flask, so to speak, work hard as safe-blowing; but it is among the combats to which Conservatism is called. For there will be no safety in the land until the shell of self-sufficiency in which American ignorance clothes itself is broken up. Suppose our hasty inventors of new-fangled "religions," before going about to seek notoriety by them, were to study a little of Beausobre, or Gieseler, and see what shapes those madnesses took in former times. Suppose the masons who have taken apron and trowel to lay at once the corner-stone of the utopian impartial suffrage women's-rights republic, should first take a brief course of study in physiology, or — bricklaying — it don't matter which. Suppose our protectionist philosopher were to attempt to learn the historical facts in political economy before drawing up tariff bills and preparing budgets. Or our "inventors," whose senseless models cumber the shelves of the Patent Office, suppose they tried to comprehend the laws of mechanics and the principles of forces before trying to revolutionise machinery. Why, the millennium would come on us right away, before we knew it. The millennium, I take it, is no more than a symbol of what the present world might be made if its rubbish were swept away.

But this is not the immediate concern, the Guild's present work. That work is simply to clear away the rubbish-heaps as they accumulate, to keep them from rising, as they threaten to do, above our chins, to preserve life within us by keeping a breathing-room clear. That is the present task, and as much as we can attend to. We have no time to plan utopias of our own, having enough to do to clear away those of other people which are tumbled upon us and threaten to smother us. It is for this reason that I have called attention to Mr. Whitelaw Reid's paper. He does not propose practical things, nor things advantageous to society; but he nevertheless discusses things of contemporary interest, and in their immediate modern relations. Mr. Reid sees the need of a guild. He urges, he insists upon the presence of the scholar in politics, and he wants to have him there to do precisely the very things which we of the Guild want him there to counteract. This point-blank antagonism in object, with agreement in method, between the Radicalism which Mr. Reid thinks the country needs, and the Conservatism which we know the country needs, gives an interest to his paper in the light of the present discussion which it otherwise would not have. It comes to about this, in fact, that by seeing what Mr. Reid wants we find out the chief part of what we do *not* want.

In the very beginning we learn from Mr. Reid to mistrust that school of politics which wraps itself in round phrases, and spins a body of aphorisms about itself as silk-worms spin cocoons. Thus, Mr. Reid says: "The age of the sentimental in politics is passed."

This is not so pretty and nothing like so true as "Peter Piper picked a peck of pickle-peppers." For the actual fact is, that nearly all the evil of modern politics resides in the substitution of sentiment for principle, and sentimentality for rationality in action. The true state of our disease is just this, that the sentimentalists in politics have gone on multiplying in numbers, inoculating one another with their snivelling propensities, until they have grown to be virtually the crowd, the mob, the masses, instead of as aforetime merely the incidental features, the specks, blotches, pimples of the crowd. So it happens that that instrument of the "managers" is strung up several octaves higher than is wholesome or accordant with harmony; and when the "men inside politics" come to play upon it, a most hysterical and discordant music is elicited.

But even within the limits of Mr. Whitelaw Reid's intention, the sentimental has not passed out of politics by any means. Only the other day came Castelar — purest patriot, grandest orator, most inconsequent statesman of modern times — into the Spanish Cortes, and lighted up that Serbonian bog with a sentimental appeal and argument so thrilling in eloquence, so pathetic in its mournful despair, so noble in its lofty chivalry, and so absolutely inappropriate to the time, the place and the occasion, that as I read it, with tears in my eyes and pity in my soul, I could think of nothing but Don Quixote, unconscious behind the veil of delusion clouding his noble mind of the humiliating environments in which he moved, mad, miserable, mocked, the true type of idealism flung by the heels yet fancying itself coursing the empyrean. Is not Castelar, bemoaning the fate of the Revolution, singing with swan's notes his pitiful "*Sic vos non vobis*," groping about for reasons why Cavour should reap where Mazzini sowed, Deák should enjoy what Kossuth labored for, why Alexander should build with the stones which Herzen sweated in hewing, why Bismarck should stand on the pedestal that Kinkel raised — is not Castelar a political sentimentalist? — nay, is not Mr. Whitelaw Reid himself an embodiment of the sentimental politician, making his small moan over the fact that thinking and respectable persons have got out of politics and decline to have anything more to do with it, and not able to see that the cause of this is simply that politics has ceased to be either thoughtful or respectable, and become merely small jobbery and promiscuous plunder-seeking?

This getting out of politics is a very wrong course to pursue, says Mr. Reid, and I heartily agree with him; but I quite as heartily repudiate the reason he gives for thinking so. "The welfare of the community," he informs us, "is always more important than the welfare of any individual or number of individuals; and the welfare of the community is the highest object of the science of politics." This is as fair a sample as could be picked out of the sort of fallacies which the Guild will have to combat — this specious, smooth-seeming, utterly false and hollow doctrine of *the* community having any existence as a *unit* separate and distinct from that of the individuals composing it. The welfare of the community is the welfare of the aggregates in it; the interests of the community are the collective interests of the individuals embraced in it — no more, no less.

There is no such entity, no such unit, no such force, as "the community." A community has no existence except as an aggregate of individuals, just as a bee's comb is an aggregate of cells. Treat the comb as a unit, put fire to this cell, ice to that, for the good of the community, and see what a muck you will have. The welfare of the community cannot be a higher sort of welfare, one more worthy of concerning ourselves about, than the welfare of the individuals making it up. Massachusetts accepted that view of the case last winter, when she saw the Casey-Kellogg pill thrust down Louisiana's throat, but she rejects it to-day when she sees herself commanded to drink of the Butler bilge-water. The interests of the whole collection of individuals must necessarily be of the same kind as those of the individuals taken separately, or the result is death. Nothing can be more certain than that; yet this is a far-reaching fallacy of Mr. Reid's, and of very general acceptance. The doctrine of "Protection"—a means individually oppressive, yet thought to lead to an end desirable for the good of the community—rests upon it. Here too the principle of Communism lurks. By this doctrine private crimes attain to be construed as public virtues, and a publicist who lies, or a patriot who steals, is enabled to bask in the sunshine of popular approval. The twitchings of Howard's wounded arm may incite him to his inveterate kleptomania, it may be said; and Colfax learned in suffering for the Union what he taught in *Crédit Mobilier* song. But neither the welfare, the interests, the virtues, the morality of the community can be things different or apart from those of the individual members of it. If A, B, C, D, Z, keep themselves pure, the community AZ will be pure likewise. If A, B, C, D, Z, are individually corrupt, no amount of public virtue in those persons will save the community AZ from corruptness. This too is a lesson the Guild will need to enforce assiduously.

But Mr. Reid goes on to enforce the need for his systematic Radicalism by quoting Herbert Spencer: "Those who elaborate new truths and teach them to their fellows, are now-a-days the real rulers, the unacknowledged legislators, the virtual kings." Very well said, this, for science, the principle of material activity; but not so well for politics, the resultant of moral forces. New truths in science mean new conquests, new powers, stronger masteries; new truths, so called, in politics may mean, usually do mean, simply new experiments, new risks taken with untried materials. Strictly speaking, there can be no new truths in politics; the moral forces from which political action is derived are few, simple, and have long since been ascertained; the difficulty about them is the subtlety and indefiniteness of their action, the complexity, uncertainty and far-reaching character of their combinations. New truths in science give continually new formulas; the formulas of politics are all established, but many of the quantities composing these are not yet well ascertained. Within certain limits the conservative is the best politician. He need not be hide-bound, but at least he will not flay himself because his skin pinches him here and there. The conservative, not the radical, is at any rate the man whom American politics needs; for we are suffering for lack of historical criticism, for lack of hands to bring

back and clean the dust from old truths, swept under by the rush of revolution — old precepts, measured, tested and proved safe by enlightened experience, but now kicked into the cellar by the rash feet of progress.

Mr. Reid collocates some contemporary problems in practical politics which he thinks can only be solved by the light of new truths. "How are you going to punish crime?" is one of these problems, he says. "How put a stop to official stealing?" "How are you going to control your corporations?" "How regulate the relations of capital and labor?" "How settle the suffrage question?" etc., etc. But these are all of them matters which, if Conservatism did not settle completely — and nothing can be determinately *settled* in politics — it at least managed successfully, and harmoniously adjusted in the neat balance of compromise. All these questions are to-day disturbed, in a state of friction and clash and rebellion, not for lack of new truths to warp them forward withal, but because rash, inexperienced, "advanced" Radicalism has gone in amongst them, pulling, hauling, new-arranging indiscriminately, making as much confusion and doing as much damage as the proverbial bull in the china-shop. Crime has been competently met by laws now on the statute-book, but Radicalism has been so eager to make new laws that it has forgotten to try the experiment of enforcing old ones. Put up right men in office, and honor will suppress stealing — no old bonds nor new safeguards can. Adjust your fanciful *unit* of "the community" to the qualities of the real units, and you will have good men enough to choose from. Real representatives of the people will not sell the public welfare to corporations, and so they will not become "bloated" beyond control. No "new truths" needed here nor elsewhere, but only fit recognition of the immemorial old truth, that the unit of the community cannot act more wisely, nor on a higher and more virtuous plane, than the individuals composing it. The stream cannot rise above its source. Let us be conservative; let us go back and search for the pearls we madly threw away, and restore them again to our carcanet. The principle of exact justice is old as the heavens, and by that principle only can the distorted relations of capital and labor be harmoniously readjusted. The law of supply and demand, the self-regulating machinery of unhampered society, stands for the carefully winnowed wisdom of men sifted over and over again and garnered down through the ages. Just leave that alone to do its work of itself, and it will correct all the evils brought about by the supposititious wisdom of the few embodied in inconsequent hap-hazard legislation. Within two hundred years England has abolished two thousand statutes regulating trade. Each expressed some "wise" endeavor of the legislators, and each after trial proved a stumbling-block. *Laissez-faire* — that is "the true and just solution of the labor question" — true *because* just. As long as lazy Tom can call upon scheming Dick to make rules for tying back industrious Bill in the race of industries, the labor question will go awry. Break Dick's head if he meddles in what is not his business, and society will gain not only peace and quietude, but a new force; Bill can go ahead untrammelled, Tom will strive to keep up or be content to remain

behind, and Dick, his former occupation gone, will turn his wits to industry for purposes of bread-winning. Equally as much does "the suffrage question" determine itself without the interposition of "new truths." The quality of the individuals fixes the quality of the community. If nine-tenths of the members of your voting society are ignorant and vicious, your society will be nine-tenths bad and corrupt, and things will be disturbed in due proportion. No "new truths" can efface this essential old truth, nor remedy the consequences but by removing the cause. Painting it over does not cure a black eye. To reform the suffrage by the process of "new truths" is like putting a new handle in Mrs. Partington's mop by way of remedying the absurdity of her assault upon the ocean. All these things are drearily trite, that is a fact; but if "advanced radicals" would only look at them instead of beyond them, the virtues would wear new bloom in their cheeks from this moment. But it is not truth which "advanced radicalism" calls for, but "*new truths*." The glitter tickles it—the mint-stamp is rejected.

"What is the legitimate function of scholars in this business?" asks Mr. Reid. He does not seek to know, however; he merely answers in the vein of "advanced radicalism": "We may set it down as, within certain needful and obvious limitations, the very foremost function of the scholar in politics *to oppose the established*." Why so? Here is a nut for "halting conservative logic" to crack! It is the function then of the scholar to get knowledge in order to throw it away again. It is his office to master the experiences of other men in corresponding situations to his, in order that he may *not* profit by them! As well say that it is the function of men who have tried the hardness of their heads, to butt bulls off bridges! This, we suppose, is one of Mr. Reid's "new truths" by which he proposes to establish his title to kingship. In this kangaroo sort of radical logic it is the scholar's function to oppose the established because—it is the established! Conservatism opposes innovation indeed because it is innovation, but back of that lies the proved experience that of one thousand changes nine hundred and ninety-nine will be from bad to worse. So the opposition to change of Conservatism becomes an *instinctive* aversion, with an undeniable tendency to being hide-bound, crusty, impracticable. But it likewise sets itself *logically* against innovation because it has the right to require proof, before letting go its known quantities *in esse*, that the unknown quantities *in posse* offered as substitutes have a sufficient value. Before we give up our poor-houses in Baltimore for even the most magnificent *chateaux en Espagne*, we want to see the property, know something about the title-deeds, and find out by what roads we can come there. Show the value of x in terms of A , and then, if x be greater than A , trust me it will be heartily embraced, for it is of the essence of Conservatism to keep an eye open for the main chance. But lead Conservatism like old Gloster to the cliff's edge, and say: "You are standing on firm ground, therefore you must jump into the air. You can't see where you will land, therefore you can jump safely. You are a scholar, therefore you will naturally oppose the established. You know all about the mud in this ditch, therefore you will delight

to wallow in it"—bah! this is perhaps what Mr. Reid means when he lauds the "intellectual leadership of the Radicals," and wants us, as scholars, to pin our faith to that because we know what sort of a market poor Castelar has brought his pigs to, and what sort of conquests have been wrought when poor Milton put his foot in the stirrup of "intellectual leadership"—or Sir Harry Vane, or Rousseau, or Brissot, or André Chenier, or Lamartine, or Victor Hugo, or Prévoſt-Paradol!

The only true function of the scholar in politics is "to resist the tyranny of party and the intolerance of political opinion, and to maintain actual freedom as well as intellectual liberty of thought." He must not pull down the palace towers then, but sweep the floors, dust the hangings, and prepare for the coming of the bridegroom.

—In my eagerness to show what sort of poisons our Guild must get antidotes for, I have written far too much, but I have at least shown that the Guild has a substantial and important function to perform in the politics of the day, and I have tried to illustrate how that function should be exercised. The chief matter is for us to come to understand that there is a practical something for us to do, and to get to work at it at once. I doubt if there is much time just at present for the merely ornamental offices and decorative embellishments of our Guild. The smoker lying idle and contemplative upon the grass may sculpture the bowl of his pipe as he will; but the ploughman does not stop to carve the handles of his plough. Let us leave something to those who will come after us, undertaking just now the present pressing duty. Monuments, galleries, museums, mortuary urns, elegies, memorial wreaths—your collaborators will excuse me for saying it—are all very well in their place, but that place is not here just yet. Let the pathos of loss live warm in our hearts forever, but let there be no tarrying just now for nice turning of commemorative phrase, nice strumming of the elegiac lute. Our place is with the living, not among the dead. More is in danger to-day than was lost yesterday. If we would justify the struggle in which we have been defeated, we must contend as resolutely for that which remains. The praises of our dead shall shine brightest and sound farthest when sung by the lips of those we have saved to virtue and redeemed from contamination and shame. The office and function of our Guild is not to chronicle, but to do—not to rhapsodise in epics, but to act in dramas. Here is the danger before us; look not back, but turn and face, fight, overcome it! O father of the dear lad dead on the field of honor, forget not now the living dear lad walking unguided into the toils of dishonor! O mother drooping as the willows that droop by the tomb-stone of your widowhood, be stanch and stiff as seasoned oak to stay and succor the imperilled daughter at your knee—

"Still growing like the plants from unseen roots,
In tongue-tied springs."

EDWARD SPENCER.

SCENES, INCIDENTS AND CHARACTERS OF THE GREEK REVOLUTION.

III.

THE RISING IN PELOPONNESUS.

WE have traced to its termination — short-lived and disastrous as it proved to be — the earliest movement of revolt, and the career of its leader, Alexander Ypsilantes. It lost to freedom and to Greece the trans-Danubian principalities, and we may say, Macedon, Thessaly, and all that a common blood or religion might have drawn to that side north of the present limits of independent Greece. The populations of continental and insular Greece were now arousing themselves. But did the church-bells ring forth, in glad or solemn sounds, the news of awaking freedom? Nowhere, except in Mane; for the Greeks in their subjection to the Turks had not been allowed the privilege of any. The Maniats, maintaining almost a real independence to the last, could boast that their rocks had never ceased to hear the sound of church-bells.

But the initiative movement in the northern provinces was the tocsin to all Greece. Let us now transfer ourselves as spectators to the country south of the Isthmus. We have seen how the Hetaireian institution, though veiled to all but those engaged in it, had been to the Greeks the star that heralded the day, and how, all over the peninsula, the islands, and even over European Turkey, it had prepared the way for the great effort toward freedom.*

LEADERS FOR THE MOVEMENT.

The clergy, especially those of the higher orders — for the lower clergy had very little education or intelligence — entered generally with great zeal into the revolutionary movement. That zeal with them and their countrymen at large was kindled in part, and into a higher flame, by religion. The banner of civil freedom was, in their eyes, the banner of the Cross. We shall presently see what an important part one of the primates of the church acted, in the very first scenes of the struggle in Peloponnesus. The despotism of Turkey over Greece proper was always more directly exercised than over the subject populations of which we have heretofore been speaking. The Greeks of the peninsula and the islands never had any native princes; and it is an equally interesting historical fact that the Greeks of the real Hellenic stock have never for ages past, nor have they now, even under the monarchical form of their government in independent Greece,

* I am indebted to the Editor of the SOUTHERN MAGAZINE for the suggestion that the Greek hymn of liberty, copied in a former number, is nearly a version of the *Marseillaise*. The Greek patriot Rigas (Reegas, accent on first syllable) fell a martyr to the cause of freedom, in an unsuccessful insurrectionary effort, excited by warlike movements of Russia against Turkey, in 1796. The date shows that the publication of the one composition followed, within a few years, the production of the other and celebrated original one.

any established order of nobility, and the idea of it is odious to them. But every country has a virtual aristocracy in its men of wealth, position and influence. Greece, especially in the Peloponnesian districts, had her "Kojabashees" (Turkish for "Big Heads,")—the Londos family, the Delhijannies, etc. The Turks found it convenient to make use of this class of men in various ways; and sometimes, when there were factions among the more wealthy and powerful of the Moslem masters, these Greeks of high caste took sides, and enjoyed the favor of those to whom they specially adhered. But, from the premises in the case, it may well be conjectured that such a class of men, with the voices of ancestral glory sounding in their ears, would not brook being the minions of barbarian lords any longer than stern necessity required.

Accordingly, a number of them were in the membership, and a few, as we have seen, in the primacy of the Hetaireia. But these men had other motives in addition to those which patriotism inspired. They owed, many of them, on levies or otherwise, considerable sums of money to the government. A revolution would give them a double freedom, in relieving them of these burdens. In some cases too they had particular wrongs to bear, which were more keenly felt by men of their degree than by the common herd. But the love and the enthusiasm of liberty burned in the hearts of the Greeks everywhere, of all classes. Yet it was mingled and marred by the ignorance and credulity of the masses, and the ambition, cupidity and selfishness of many of their leading men, including some of the ecclesiastical dignitaries.

A WARRIOR-BISHOP.

Among the men of the clerical ranks there was one whose name is consecrated in the hearts of the Greeks to ever-during and honorable remembrance by its association with the early scenes of their great struggle: this was Germanos, Metropolitan of Patrai.* The Hetaireian leaders of the Morea in the winter of 1820-1 had dispatched two secret emissaries to the court of Russia, to ascertain in their behalf what countenance the insurrectionary movement would receive from that power. The answer of the Prime Minister was most positive in the advisal to hold back until Russia herself should see the time to have come to strike a blow. But here, as with Ypsilantes and his coadjutors in the northern principalities, the advice came too late; the fire was already kindling, and could not be smouldered.

THE CAPITAL OF WESTERN PELOPONNESUS AND ITS FATE.

And now we are to witness the opening scene of the drama as it was enacted in the Peloponnesus; and this one but too well foreshadowed those which were to follow. The first blow of war was to strike the crown of the great "Island of Pelops" into the dust. At the northwestern angle of the Morea, and where the Corinthian Gulf merges itself in the Adriatic, stands the city of Patrai. It was the commercial emporium of Western Peloponnesus, and at the period now spoken of had something of the prestige of a capital, being the residence of foreign consuls as well as of many of the more wealthy

*I have adopted the proper Greek nominative instead of Patras, as commonly written.

Turks and Greeks. It was then, as neither Athens nor Syra had then risen to its present importance, the largest town in population of all Greece proper, having some 18,000 inhabitants, two-thirds of them Greeks. Some of the mosques, churches and other buildings public and private, were quite respectable for that period. Looking out in one direction on the Ionian Sea, from whose blue waters the sailor or passenger of any incoming vessel while he fronts the city can descry Messolonghi on the low opposite shore of Northern Greece, and farther in, within the capes of the "Little Dardanelles," can see Lepanto, of famous historic name, while the town itself shows a beautiful background, formed by a circling plain and a border of lofty hills. The castle hill, which has been from the most ancient days an Acropolis, commands a view of the city, with its broad bay looking like a lake, and in the distance the islands of Zante and Cephalonia, the low grounds of Messolonghi and the fortresses of Lepanto, the Little Dardanelles, with the distant mountains of continental Greece, forming together a great panorama of varied beauty, hardly surpassed by the magnificent one seen from the citadel of Corinth. The hill here in Turkish times as before was crowned by an old fortress, whose ruins still show themselves on its brow. Although the Turks had heard the mutterings of the storm, they characteristically to the very last hour neglected the fortifications, which were now in a state of dilapidation. But the storm was about to burst upon them; the Greek citizens began to appear in the street wearing arms, a thing unlawful for "Rayahs," and which none had ever dared to do. They even uttered their discontent, though at first in the shape rather of complaints of abuses, and even employed violence for the rescue of one of their fellows who had been arrested by a Turkish *vayvode* for seditious language. Now, too, the intelligence of the rising in the trans-Danubian provinces under the Prince Ypsilantes had begun to reach the place, with all the exaggerations which Greek susceptibility threw around it. It required but a spark to inflame the hot passions of either party to deadly strife; and there soon came something more than a spark. On the 2d of April Archbishop Germanos, with Londos, a Greek leader, at Kalavrita, a mountain-girt village fourteen leagues from Patrai, raised the standard of the Cross with his consecrated hands, and this act has hallowed forever the memory of the warrior-prelate. They then captured the village, making prisoners of the Moslem *vayvode* and inhabitants. The news of the affair flew fast to the city. The Turks committed the first overt act of hostility in setting fire to the house of a conspicuous man among the Greeks, whose name (for the Greeks love long names) would be judged so unreasonably and uncomfortably long by readers accustomed to our brevities, that they must not be troubled with it. The outrage was met by a spirited attack on the part of some Ionians, and the incendiary party fled to the castle, whither many of the Turks had at last a few days before retired, forcing some Greeks to aid them in dragging up a few pieces of heavy ordnance. This now opened upon the town. It was the signal of a general rising of the Greek population, who with shouts and volleys of musketry proclaimed their liberty. But it was the knell of doom to the Peloponnesian

capital. The city took fire, the flames spread with a strong wind ; by the time night came, multitudes of women, children and old persons were homeless, and many of them, in the light of their burning dwellings, sought refuge at the foreign consulates. The horrible strife and confusion lasted till morning and through the following day. The Greeks probably fired with little effect, so far as the enemy in the castle was concerned ; but they set fire to the Turkish quarter of the town, and the sun of the 5th of April, 1821, ere it sank in the waters of the Ionian Sea had seen consumed mosque and minaret and church and stately dwelling, as well as humble hut, over almost the entire spot just the day before covered by a town of nearly twenty thousand inhabitants. The passions of the combatants flamed as high as the fierce conflagration that devoured their habitations. No life was spared by the parties as they fought amid the burning ruins, except where religious fanaticism so far prevailed as to lead some of the Mahomedan mollahs to circumcise Greek boys, and the priests of the other party to baptise some Turkish youth taken by them.

On the day after, Germanos descended from the mountains, followed by some thousands of the peasantry of the interior ; part of this untrained host bearing guns, the rest armed merely with daggers on the end of poles, or with slings and clubs ; the archbishop, clergy and monks marching in front of them, chanting psalms, and promising the crown of martyrdom to those who should die in battle with the Moslems. Bivouacking in the suburbs that night, Germanos marched through the streets of the yet burning town ; the citadel was fully invested, a crucifix was raised in the square of St. George, and the Greek banners floated from the few mosques that the conflagration had spared. The insurgent commanders, with Germanos, then issued a proclamation containing only these words, "Peace to the Christians ! Respect for the Consuls ! Death to the Turks !"

Three days after these events a Greek "Senate," composed mainly, if not entirely, of Peloponnesian representatives, assembled at Calamata, in Messeina ; and Petros Mavromichales, who had been the Bey of Mane during its nominal subjection of the preceding fifty years to the Turks, and of whom we shall see much more hereafter, descending from his rocky principality, along with another man who was to figure on the scene and who had sought refuge with him from exile — Theodore Kolokotrones — the former Bey was placed in the presidency of the Senate.

But thus, as above narrated, opened the first scene of the great struggle in Peloponnesus with a great holocaust to freedom in the destruction of its chief city, then the largest town and the commercial capital even of Greece itself. The capture of the now beleaguered citadel would have given a prestige of no small value to the revolutionary movement ; but the hope of this was destined to a sad disappointment. The besieging forces were undisciplined and almost without any proper artillery ; famine of food and water would have done the work. Palm Sunday was coming, the Christians were preparing to celebrate it with peculiar pomp ; but the festival day of the 15th April opened with the inauspicious omen of a slight earthquake, and then the booming of cannon was heard in the distance. It was

the newly appointed Yussuf Pasha coming through the Corinthian Gulf to the relief of the fortress, and a brig of war soon appeared, and saluting the fort, cast anchor in the harbor. This was an end to the siege; the prize slipped out of the hands of the patriots. But the failure here was soon to be redeemed in another quarter, else dark shadows would have settled down on the prospects of freedom in Southern Greece.

THE NEW SCENE OF WAR.

The mountain ridges which gird the Peloponnesus, and make it on a large scale, as it has been called, "the Acropolis of Greece," slope off in one direction to its shores or run down into its projecting capes. Toward the interior they form the irregular circular wall which girds the central vale of the Morea, far elevated above the level of the sea. This is the vale of Arcadia, so well known to us from ancient song; and the traveller who visits it will still see its verdant little valleys, and hear the bleating of numerous flocks and the sound of the shepherd's pipe. Arcadia was now to be the theatre of far other scenes than those of pastoral quiet and beauty: it was to furnish the one on which the first great triumph of the Greek arms was to take place. On an elevated table-land, bordered and overlooked by Mounts Maenalion and Artemision, which rise from three to four thousand feet above the plain, and five thousand six hundred or six thousand six hundred above the gulfs of Greece, and a few miles from the ruins of the ancient Mantinea and Tegea, stands the modern city of Tripolitza.* As Patrai was the commercial, so this was the civil metropolis of Greece south of the Isthmus, being the seat of the provincial government and the common residence of the Moreote Pashas. Its population before the war was computed at 15,000, of whom some 7000 were Greeks and 1000 Jews. Though it boasted one or two vast palaces, Tripolitza was in itself, with its picturesque surroundings, like most Turkish towns, an ugly, dirty place. It was surrounded and fortified by a wall of eight miles extent and fourteen feet height, six feet thick at the bottom, but sloping gradually to the top, with towers and bastions, a citadel standing within it at its western extremity, but confronted at the distance of only two hundred yards by a knoll outside the city, of which we shall presently learn something farther.

It was at Tripolitza that the Turkish primates had held in the latter part of March a Divan, which had issued a proclamation summoning the Greek notables, ecclesiastical and secular, to appear there; and laying a double capitation-tax on the "rayahs," a missive that was too late to carry with it much force. The movements of Germanos and his associates, with those of Kolokotrones and the "Bey" of Mane, now on their march after the adjournment of the Calamata Senate, and the tremendous affair of Patrai, had roused all Peloponnesus. Ahmed Bey, a bold and vigorous commander, at the head of several thousand veteran Turkish troops, had penetrated the heart of the country, thrown himself into Tripolitza, and caused some intimidation among the insurgents, who were by the latter part of May gathering from all sides toward the metropolis, animated not only by patriotism,

* The name a diminutive of Tripoli — pronounced Trepoleetza, accent on penult.

but by the hope of rich plunder. Among them were the bold and fierce Maniats, who came from their lean and sterile region like wolves hungry for prey. The Turks on the 28th, marching out 5000 strong, had been gloriously repulsed at Valtezza, a mountain village, by Kolokotrones and the son and brother of "the Bey" Mavromichales, leaving the Greeks to glory in a trophy of 400 heads. The same thing had been repeated, on a smaller scale, at Doliana by Nikitas, son of a Kleft chieftain, put to death by the Turks, himself bred to arms in the service of England, henceforth named "Turcophagos," (Turk-eater.) The one party, under the influence of the discouragement produced by these defeats, withdrew into the city; the other proceeded to invest it, by occupying the heights commanding the plain.

NEW DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

By this time, however, two important personages had entered upon the stage of affairs. One of these was Demetrius Ypsilantes — styled "Prince" Demetrius, from his Hospodariate descent, and brother to Alexander Ypsilantes, whose short and ill-fated career in the northern provinces we have recently traced. Alexander undertook to appoint him to the head of affairs in the trans-Isthmian region; acting in this probably on the ground of his own election, by the Grand Arch of the Hetaireia, to the supreme place in the conduct of the revolution. Traversing in disguise the Austrian states, Demetrius made his way from Trieste to Hydra, one of the important commercial islands of Greece, which was to figure afterwards in the naval history of the war. The Hydriotes received him and his suite with the firing of cannon and demonstrations of joy. But while his star seemed to be rising his brother's was setting. The day of these rejoicings was the very day of the rout of Dragasham, which so suddenly eclipsed Alexander's glory. Crossing to the mainland, Demetrius was welcomed by a deputation of the Peloponnesian senators and military commanders, with Kolokotrones at its head. The soldiers saluted him with musketry, and the progress of the party toward Vervena, a village near Tripolitza where the provisional government had been established, was like a triumphal procession. When the Prince alighted at the church of Vervena, the "Bey" of Mane embraced him and declared himself and family to be ready to shed their blood for him and their country.

But this promise of early dawn was not fulfilled with the Prince. He was 25 years of age, had held a captaincy in the service of Russia, had been liberally educated and accustomed to the best society, and even those who envied and opposed him had to confess that he united courage, integrity and humanity to ardent patriotism. He seems to have had a better intellect than his brother Alexander, together with a firmness of purpose that sometimes approached to obstinacy; but Prince Demetrius was unfortunately lacking in some of the qualities that would fit him to be a great and commanding leader of such a movement as that now going on. Beside his diminutive stature, bald head, awkward carriage and bad utterance, which at least were not prepossessing, his constitutional apathy and love of sleep seemed at times to make him stupid; and, like his

brother, he had fanciful ideas of his right of supremacy. These circumstances, with the stronger one of his being too much under the influence of his parasites, Kantakuzene and others, soon precipitated his downfall from the high position which he had assumed.

The other personage that now appeared on the scene, of the two above referred to, was one of greater subsequent fame and better fortune. This was Alexander Mavrocordato, who, descended from one of the aristocratic "Phanariote" families of Constantinople which had held important posts in the northern principalities, distinguished in youth by his talents, acquisitions and polished manners, comely in person, possessed of some fortune, and speaking with fluency a variety of languages, had held an important post at the court of Karadja, Hospodar of Wallachia. The Hospodar having for some cause to flee into Austria, Mavrocordato accompanied him, but was living at Pisa when the revolution broke out in Greece. His ambition as well as patriotism was fired at the thought of going to assume in the land of his ancestry the eminent position for which his abilities seemed to qualify him, and which to a considerable extent in the civil affairs of his country he ultimately reached. Laying out his means for the purpose, he freighted a small brig, and sailing from Leghorn to Marseilles, he there took on board some young Greek volunteers, with 2500 stand of arms, and arrived at Messolonghi on the 3d of August. Passing over to Patrai, he and his brave comrades took part in a severe battle, caused by a sortie of the Turks, under the walls of the citadel where Yussuf Pasha had been shut up after once relieving it; and the European officers whom he brought with him did most important service in managing the artillery. Thence tending toward the now important centre of affairs, Mavrocordato and his party reached Tripolitza toward the latter part of the month. That point had now drawn to it a number of the men who were to be the stars of modern Grecian fame and influence.

THE KLEFT-HERO OF PELOPONNESUS.

Among these was a man of whom we have already had glimpses, but one whose character was different from that of either of the two just mentioned, and whose name was hereafter to be known among the most conspicuous leaders of the Greek struggle. This was Theodore Kolokotrones. No one who saw him in after years about Athens, even when age had begun to show its marks upon him, can forget the commanding person, and stern, rugged features of the famous Peloponnesian chief. His father was one of the chiefs of the Kleftic bands—semi-patriot freebooters of the mountains—who have been described in a former number of these contributions. On the crest of a ridge which divides the basin of Arcadia into two great valleys, stands the town of Karitana. On a peak above it is seen the castle of the place, a fortress of mediæval date, as it is said to have been built by Hugues De Brienne during the Frank ascendancy in Greece. Within fifty yards of it, and on the brow of the same hill, stands the former abode of Kolokotrones the father, and afterwards of the son. The castle hill commands a most romantic and beautiful view of the

plain of Megalopolis and the windings of the Alpheus, with the distant mountain-gorge through which it issues to follow its once fabulous course. Neither the father nor the son had any great susceptibilities to the beauties of nature ; but the castle, now in ruins, and the abode of the old Kleft baron and his son, of which only a small chapel and a tower with port-holes and ramparts were left some years ago, "are encompassed"—to borrow the language of a friend visiting it—"by awful precipices and jagged rocks, so wild and gloomy as to form an appropriate framework for the picture presented us in the adventurous life" of our present hero. The father, resisting the Albanian invaders of his day, aided in their extermination when the Sultan fell out with them ; but becoming himself the object of jealousy, he was driven from his Arcadian fastnesses into the wilds of Upper Mane, where, being pursued and besieged, he lost his life. This left the young Theodore, in the year 1780, at eleven years of age, to wander with his mother a fugitive and outlaw. But when he was only eighteen years of age he made his appearance in the Arcadian mountains at the head of a band of brave followers, and vindicated for himself the position once occupied by his father. In fact, he and the other Kleft leaders began, through their "capitanata," to hold something of a military command of the country outside the towns, till the Turks, alarmed at the progress of such a power, took formidable measures for its suppression. In two months, ending January, 1804, five or six hundred of the Klefts were hung, impaled, quartered, or burned, and Kolokotrones barely escaped to Zante, where he spent part of his time in the service of the Russian, and then of the Anglo-Ionian Government. But he could not help stealing over at times to his native region, and once even took part with his Turkish friend, Ali Pharmaki, in his defence against the arms of Veli Pasha ; and tradition further says that at other times he relieved the irksomeness of this interval of exile by following the wild life of a corsair. But reared amid such scenery and such habits of adventure and danger, it is no wonder that he developed as he did a powerful frame and such a character of hardihood and daring. But his better qualities were mingled with a degree of avarice and selfish ambition that have somewhat darkened his fame.

Kolokotrones was in the secret of the Hetaireia ; but the news of the actual breaking out of the war in his own country waked all the martial fire of the young Kleft hero, and he sprang to his country's call. Passing over to his native region, the powerful family of the Delhijannies procured him the command of the volunteers of his own Karitana, the most warlike and powerful people, except the Maniats, in all the Peloponnesus. Along with the other qualities which fitted him to command, the habits and character formed amid the scenes of his wild, stirring, adventurous Kleftic life greatly contributed to prepare him for the part he was to act amid the varying fortunes of the present desperate contest. As a partisan warrior he could not be surpassed, and a historian of Greece (Gen. Gordon), who knew him during the war, has remarked that a painter or novelist could not have found a better delineation of his ideal of a bandit chieftain than Kolokotrones presented at that period, with his tall athletic figure, a

profusion of black hair, and bold features, now lighted up with radiant gaiety, now darkened with clouds of tempestuous passion.

The friend whose description of the Kleft chief's fortress and home has been quoted from, applies to him, as he acted his part in the ante-revolutionary period, the imaginary description of Lambros:—

“The love of power and rapid gain of gold
The hardness of long habitude produced;
The dangerous life in which he had grown old,
The mercy he had granted all abused,
The sights he was accustomed to behold,
The wild seas and wild men with whom he cruised,
Had cost his enemies a long repentance,
And made him a good friend, but bad acquaintance.

“But something of the spirit of old Greece
Flashed o'er his soul a few heroic rays,
Such as lit onward to the Golden Fleece,
His predecessors in the Colchian days.
'Tis true, he had no ardent love for peace;
Alas! his country showed no path to praise:
Hate to the world, and war with every nation,
He waged in vengeance of her degradation.”

And now having seen the great uprising beginning to concentrate itself towards the centre of the Peloponnesus, we have glanced at the leaders; but we must not forget that the Greek cause at that time had a heroine. This was Madame Bobalina, of the Isle of Spetzos. Books do not give much light on her family and history, but she had become conspicuous by her zeal for the cause of freedom; two of her sons had fought gallantly, and one had fallen in battle near Corinth, and she now appeared on the important scene at Tripolitza. We shall see something farther of her presently.

THE IMPENDING ISSUE.

And now the storm-cloud gathered darkly over the ridges that encircled the capital and the plain which it studded. When the Senate adjourned from Calamata, the Greek leaders employed the interval before it assembled again near Tripolitza in rousing the population and bringing them into the field. With the reinforcement of Ahmed Bey, the Turkish troops within the city amounted, as generally computed, to 12,000 or 13,000, swelling the population inside of it to some 24,000. The Greeks profess to have had a not much larger number of soldiers than the other side. They not only occupied the rocky hills, but Kolokotrones, who was now appointed commander-in-chief, secured all the defiles leading into the plain, and the Greeks have shown themselves equal to any people in the world in their aptness for mountain warfare. The investment was now fully made, and the grand circle of camp-fires gleamed on the heights, from the latter part of August to the first week of October. The insurgents, as they gazed from those heights on the domes and minarets and terraces enclosed within the long circuit of those stone walls and towers that surrounded this metropolitan seat of their former lords, their appetite for the prey, as we have already hinted, was whetted by some-

thing else than patriotism and love of glory. The Pashas and Beys there beleaguered were wealthy — some of them, it is said, having revenues from their estates amounting even to 100,000 or 150,000 dollars; and these Turkish grandees were not all of them men of the camp, but ease-loving and luxurious personages, who, with their harems, could ill bear the privations and hard fare of a siege, and from whom rich ransoms might be extorted. The effect of these antecedents will be seen.

The Turkish cavalry — for the other party had none, or almost none — swept the surrounding plain for a time; but they could only forage to the foot of the hills. The dry summer months and the grazing soon left nothing to subsist them upon; the defeats at Valtezza and elsewhere of attempts to force the passes broke their power; the besiegers were after awhile able to draw their lines nearer the city. The Ottoman fleet had appeared off the shores of the Morea; but after relieving Methone and Navarin, had sailed for Patrai; and Khourshid Pasha was too much occupied with the great revolt which the formidable Albanian, Ali Pasha, had stirred up before the Greek insurrection began, to find time to come to the relief of Tripolitza. So the winding-up began to draw near in the eyes of both parties. The heights of Trikorpha formed the most commanding position of the besiegers. The highest point of them was held by the Maniats, under their "Bey" and his brave son and brother, Elias and Kyriakoules. The Turkish cavalry having finally lost their horses from dearth of forage, and the insurgents now having command of the plain, the latter prepare to besiege more actively by bringing into use the artillery they had brought from the islands, consisting of two 13-inch and one 10-inch mortars, a brass 24-pounder with part of the muzzle burst off, two iron 18-pounders, two 12-pound carronades, and three little "mountain-guns." It is of some historic interest to see under what disadvantages the Greeks carried on their great struggle. One of the mortars, too, was soon burst by an Italian saddler from Smyrna, who pretended to some knowledge as an engineer, and only the interference of the Prince (Demetrius) saved him from the wrath of Kolokotrones. A young French officer named Raybaud, however, with the assistance of the "Philhellen" volunteers from Western Europe, undertook this department, and managed it well. But from the condition of the ordnance and the want of workmen and stores, little could be effected. The camp could furnish but one smith and one carpenter; the stock of balls did not suffice for more than a hundred rounds from the heavy pieces, which were managed by some thirty Italians, Dalmatians, and seamen of the islands.

But they found circumstances that now gave some potency to their scanty array of siege artillery. From the base of Trikorpha, mentioned above, there runs toward the city a chain of little heights, terminating within 200 yards of the citadel in a crest which forms a natural breastwork of rocks. Behind these some 800 of the besiegers now placed themselves, with two batteries, mounting most of the cannon, to batter the wall and hinder sorties. About the centre of the ridge, Raybaud, excavating a square redoubt and unspiking the two surviving old mortars, mounted them also on great trunks of trees bound

together with iron. About the middle of September the bombardment began, a few shells being thrown every day. Whether it did much actual execution is doubtful ; but it served to interest and excite the Greek soldiery, who were beginning to be weary of the slow operations of a siege, and to feel the exposure to the early autumnal rains, colder and more inclement than most of them were accustomed to, of that high, mountainous region. Some of the population within the city, too, were of a character to be intimidated by the demonstration. The Turks scarce returned the fire, owing to the scantiness of ammunition, and the dire effects of famine and disease which they now began to feel. Some were willing to try the chance with the besiegers of saving themselves from a lingering death. Their Beys, too, quarreled worse than ever ; and the Albanian troops, getting most of the remaining provisions into their hands, actually began making movements toward coming to terms with the enemy, and avowed their intention of returning to the service of their old master, the famous Ali of Jannina.

It is at this important juncture that Ypsilantes passes from the scene now before us, most unexpectedly and strangely ; for just then, without giving any good reason for the procedure, and even against the remonstrances of his best friends, he announced and carried out the singular determination of leaving Tripolitza and marching for Patrai. This took place on the 25th of September ; Ypsilantes being preceded by some 400 troops, led by two of Kolokotrones' sons and a nephew, and accompanied by his suite and a body of 200 regulars, who had been enlisted and were paid out of his private purse, and who wore black uniforms and were armed with European muskets and bayonets. Thus the second conspicuous Ypsilantes robbed himself of the laurels of a grand triumph, then within his grasp. His sun may be considered as having set from that time. "The Bey," Mavromichales, succeeded him nominally in the supreme position ; but though handsome and commanding in person, he was not the soldier that some of his family were, and Kolokotrones was the real leader.

And now the denouement was coming. An armistice was demanded, and readily granted ; for delay might bring relief to the city, and booty glittered before the eyes of the besiegers, many of them hungry and tattered, and nearly all of them poor. A tent was erected in the plain for a conference, which took place on the 27th, between leading men of the two parties. The Greeks promised the besieged their lives and safe embarkation for the Asiatic coast, on the condition of their paying 40,000,000 piastres (equivalent at that period to some \$7,000,000) in specie, and delivering up their arms, with half of their moveable property. The Turks distrusted the Greeks, and were perhaps encouraged by the hope of making better terms with the several leaders on the other side. At any rate they suffered the armistice to expire, and hostilities were ostensibly renewed ; but it was a faint show of war. The Greek leaders and some of their subordinates were carrying on for some days with the besieged and starving Moslems, especially with the more wealthy, negotiations that immensely enriched them, and night after night there was an exodus from the city of those who had thus purchased deliverance ; but the great body of the Greek soldiery were not sharers in the gains of these negotiations. They

began to be impatient, and had their eyes but too keenly open for an opportunity of ending them ; and this presently offered itself, but not until Madame Bobalina had played the heroine on a new stage, by actually penetrating the city and coming back burdened with no small store of costly goods, which she had obtained from the ladies of the wealthy harems in consideration of at least promised aid and comfort.

SUDDEN COMING OF THE CATASTROPHE.

The Bey Kihaya, more valiant than the rest, had exhorted his companions in arms within the city to cut their way through the enemy's lines ; but they preferred the more pacific way of bribing a passage out, especially as some of them found among the Greeks old acquaintances who might favor them. But the Greek soldiers at large only waited until the formidable Albanians, who were negotiating for themselves as above stated, should get out of the city before they should claim their rights of capture and booty, when suddenly, on the morning of the 5th of October, all eyes were attracted to a tower of the city wall, near the gate of the Argos road — the Hellenic banner with its cross was floating there ! Some of the Turkish sentinels wanting to buy grapes had suffered a small party of Greeks to approach the wall. These suddenly climbed up ; a captain named Kephala followed them with his company, and they soon had possession of the tower just mentioned. Ten thousand wolves with appetites whetted to utmost keenness could not have rushed on the flocks of a rich pasture with greater impetuosity than those ten thousand besiegers upon the hated enemies and rich spoil of the Moslem capital, now about to be theirs. In wild excitement, they broke forward from every side ; walls were scaled, the only gate not walled up during the siege was burst open, and under a heavy fire of musketry and a cannonade from the castle, which only aggravated the fury of the assailants, a scene of pillage and massacre which defies description, and which, though too often repeated, with even increased atrocities, by the now suffering party, would cast a deeper shadow on the Greek and nominal Christian name were it not for the allowance that must be made for a people not educated to a refined humanity and now finding vent for the accumulated hate and vengeance of ages. The crowd of the assaulting soldiery had anticipated their generals. Kolokotrones and the other commanders riding into the city, in vain endeavored to control matters ; the wild tempest knew no obedience to human behests. Some of the Turks of high rank gathered at Kihaya's mansion were indeed put under guard as prisoners, but they were probably spared only for the sake of heavy ransoms. The flames of the palace and many other houses that had been set fire to, or had taken fire, threw their lurid light over the city, and turned into day a night spent in rapine and carnage. The Albanian chief, Elmaz Bey, retiring into the court of the Pasha's palace, demanded the fulfilment of stipulations which he had independently entered into ; and the assailants, deeming it best not to drive so formidable a body of foes to desperation, permitted them to march out of the city, and were soon after ordered away by the Bey Mavromichales. But the sack and massacre

continued through the greater part of three days. The weather had turned warm, the air was oppressively close, and the smoke of the houses that here and there suffered conflagration hung in dismal drapery over the scene of destruction. Strange as it may seem, the thousand poor Jews that were found among the inhabitants suffered, it is said, even a more horrible wreaking of vengeance than the Moslems themselves; for the hatred nourished between the unfortunate "Israelites" and the professed Christians of the "Eastern Orthodox" church, from ages far gone by, had just been kindled to most vindictive passion on the part of the Greeks by the barbarous treatment of the Patriarch's body at Constantinople by the Jews there, after he was put to death by the Turks; for, excited by the news of insurrection from every quarter and the darker rumors of conspiracy in the bosom of the capital itself, the Mussulmans there, on the evening of Easter Sunday, April 22, had seized the venerable Gregorios, himself a Peloponnesian by birth, and, stripping him of his pontifical robes, had hanged him at the gate of his own palace, and after three days delivered his body to some Jews of the lowest class, who dragged it through the streets and then threw it into the sea, though the piety and friendship of some Christians recovered it.

On the 8th, a remnant, the élite of the garrison, who had been shut up in the citadel, capitulated. Kolokotrones entering, found, it is said, enough of treasure to satisfy the passion which in him was perhaps as strong as patriotism. Mavromichales remained without the city, but he was able, as his share of the richest spoil, to send off two camels and twenty mules well laden to his rocky domains.

THE SPOILS.

The capture was a grand one. The gallant Kihaya and the females of the harem of Kourschid, Pasha of the Morea, with the Beys of Corinth and Patrai and other magnates, were captives for ransom. Some families of Southern Greece, it is said, were made rich from the prodigious booty, which consisted of money, jewels, costly shawls, apparel and furniture, besides several thousand muskets, sabres and pistols—some of them inlaid with silver and gold—and these arms were an invaluable prize to the insurgents, in their poverty of military equipments. The loss of the besiegers in the actual assault did not, as supposed, exceed some 300 killed and wounded. No accurate account was ever probably made out of the cost of life to them during the investment. General Gordon reckons the number of Turks who perished by famine, sickness, war and massacre, at not less than eight thousand. Many captives remained, after all, to the victors; in fact, many of those who were spared could not get away. The flag of the cross and of freedom now waved from the citadel towers of the imperial Peloponnesian town, but it floated over a city in ruins. For days after the tragic scenes just narrated were over, and a large part of the besiegers had gone to carry home their share of the plunder, soldiers and peasants were seen lingering in the now almost deserted streets, to glean up yet more. The Maniats especially, poor as they were, and as one of the historians styles them "accomplished mar-

auders," acted a conspicuous part in this part of the work, whole companies of their women coming to engage in it. Lead was torn from the roofs of mosques, even nails were drawn from the wood of houses, and mules were loaded with doors and windows. The writer of this, years after, was shown some of these still extant in the Laconian villages, and fulfilling their functions after a sort in aiding the scantiness of the poor dwellings.

All Greece north and south of the Isthmus and over the Ægean isles was now in the bloody struggle. But it is the object of the present numbers to sketch only some of the more prominent events. We have now witnessed the first act of the drama, as it transpired in the southern provinces, in two of its scenes. It witnessed the almost entire destruction of one of the Peloponnesian capitals, and the capture and almost the desolation of the other. Commerce has made Patrai since the war a new and flourishing town; but Tripolitza has never recovered to any great extent from the blow which the days of 5th-8th October gave it.

L.

REVIEWS.

Elements of Physical Manipulation. By Edward C. Pickering, Thayer Professor of Physics in the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. Part I. 8vo., pp. 225. New York: Hurd & Houghton. 1873.

IT was remarked by the immortal Mr. Squeers that he went upon the practical mode of teaching: "When a boy learns anything out of a book, he goes and does it." The union of practice with precept which was caricatured at Dotheboys Hall, has from time immemorial been regarded as indispensable in the acquisition of languages and mathematics. In these branches it has long been a matter of course that the pupil should spend much of his time in writing or working "exercises." It has only been in very recent times, and in a few leading schools, that an attempt has been made to introduce the same method in teaching physics. In one of the most prominent of these schools the student, after listening to a course of lectures on general physics, is introduced into a physical laboratory, where, under the eye of his teacher, he performs various prescribed experiments, makes accurate measurements of physical quantities, such as mass,

velocity, volume, time, etc., and learns how to reduce and discuss his results. It must be understood that this course of manipulation is designed for undergraduates, and is as much a part of the required curriculum as are the lectures, or the lessons in their text-books. The aim is to teach physics by bringing the learner into contact with the phenomena themselves, instead of the mere descriptions of the phenomena. The obvious advantages of such practice are that the teachings of the lecture-room are thoroughly digested and assimilated by the pupil. The knowledge becomes his own in the same sense as if he had discovered it himself. But such training ought to do much more than this: it ought to give him a *better command of his hands, eyes and ears*, than he would have without it, and thus furnish him with a discipline of the senses which will stand him in stead in almost every employment of life. It should further teach him *to think for himself*, by often throwing him upon his own resources in the conduct of experiments and in the contrivance of apparatus. It should also train him *to think clearly*, for experiments have been called "questions addressed to Nature," and if the question be confused, the answer will certainly be ambiguous. Lastly, it is not fanciful to expect that a course of practical study which cultivates clear and honest thinking, will foster its moral counterpart, sincere and ingenuous feeling. Indeed, if lucid, unconfused thought be indispensable in devising experiments, candor and simplicity of heart are equally necessary for the right interpretation of their results. A false heart is not less inconsistent with genuine progress in philosophy than is an imbecile intellect.

An exercise which thus promises to benefit the entire individual, body, mind and soul, must have peculiar claims upon the attention of our college authorities.

Professor Pickering, of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, was one of the first, if not the first in this country, to establish a laboratory course of physics for the instruction of large classes of undergraduates. He has very ingeniously overcome the difficulty of having a large number of pupils experimenting at the same time in one room, each receiving his due share of the teacher's attention, and passing from one experiment to another without interference or delay, and without moving the apparatus employed. He has a room of ample size furnished with twenty or more separate tables. Each experiment is assigned to its own table, on which the necessary apparatus is kept and where it is always used. The apparatus never being moved, the danger of injury or breakage is thus greatly lessened. The number of experiments ready at any time is greater than the number of students. By this means delay in passing from one experiment to another is avoided. Easy experiments are gradually replaced by others of greater difficulty. A board called an indicator is hung on the wall of the room, and carries two sets of cards opposite each other, one bearing the names of the experiments, the other those of the students. When the class enters the room, each member goes to the indicator, sees what experiment is assigned to him, and then proceeds to the proper table, where he finds the instruments required, and by the aid of the book whose title we have given above, performs the experiment.

Any additional directions needed are written on a card, which is also placed on the table. As soon as the experiment is completed, the pupil reports the results to the instructor. New work is assigned to him by merely moving his card opposite to any unoccupied experiment on the indicator. By this system a teacher can readily superintend classes of about twenty at a time, and is free to pass continually from one to another, answering questions and seeing that no mistakes are made. This method, Professor Pickering tells us in the preface from which we have copied the above details, has been in daily use at the Institute for four years, and with entire success. To meet the wants of his own classes, and of secular classes at other institutions, he has prepared this work. It is based on actual experience in the laboratory. It contains a description of 94 experiments illustrating the mechanics of solids and fluids and the sciences of light and sound. The description of each experiment is divided into two parts. The first paragraph, entitled *Apparatus*, mentions the instruments required and aids the teacher in preparing the laboratory for the class. To this succeeds, under the title *Experiment*, a detailed explanation of what the pupil is to do with the instruments. In giving these directions, the author seems to be addressing the student in person. They contain, in consequence, such minute advice, cautions and suggestions as will render the book very valuable also to amateur experimenters, and even to teachers of physics who use no laboratory.

There is also important information given on the subjects of photometry, photography, and the testing of telescope lenses, which is not elsewhere accessible, and which will be of value outside of the physical laboratory.

We have observed one feature of this work with especial satisfaction. The author has everywhere aimed to employ the simplest and cheapest apparatus which would answer his purpose. Many of the instruments he describes can be constructed by any student of ordinary intelligence who has access to a turning-lathe and to such tools as are found in every carpenter's and smith's shop. He has thus shown that excellent results in the way of laboratory practice are within the reach of schools that are by no means rich. The question of the expense of a physical laboratory being thus very much diminished in importance, it only remains for such schools to determine whether the advantages of these practical studies are so great as to warrant their introduction into the courses required for degrees, at the cost of either lengthening the time, or of eliminating some less beneficial study.

The style of this book is unaffected and perspicuous. One or two trifling inaccuracies, which have caught our eye in turning over its pages, will doubtless disappear in the next edition and need not be noticed here.

The work is to be completed by the issue of a second volume, devoted mainly to Heat and Electricity. Those who read the first part will look with interest and impatience for its companion.

Professor Pickering gracefully and affectionately inscribes his book to his teacher and friend, Professor William B. Rogers, the father of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, and, according to the author, the first to propose a physical laboratory. Professor Rogers spent

the prime of his life at the University of Virginia, where his name and fame are still cherished as one of its most valued possessions. His pupils are scattered all over the South. Many of the readers of this Magazine will recall the admirable teacher, whose unrivalled power of masterly and lucid exposition, united to the charms of a noble eloquence, made the lectures in Natural Philosophy an era in their intellectual life never to be forgotten.* They will be glad to learn that their honored Professor still lives to enjoy the success of the Institute to which he has devoted his advanced years, and which bids fair to be an enduring monument of his ability.

F. H. S.

Latin Pronunciation. An Inquiry into the Proper Sounds of the Latin Language during the Classical Period. By Walter Blair, A. M., Professor of Latin in Hampden-Sidney College, Virginia. New York and Chicago: A. S. Barnes & Co. 1873.

THE conservative and conventional scholarship of England and America has at length given way before the requirements of scientific etymology; and after a struggle of twenty years, the claims of genuine Latin and Greek pronunciation have been admitted on both sides of the Atlantic, by an almost simultaneous movement, although some of the American colleges had adopted the ancient method at an earlier date.

A little poem called "Living Latin" appeared in London in 1847, in which rhyme was used as an aid in giving the powers of the letters, as in —

"Thus if you to the first this rule apply,
My rhyme will aid you to pronounce it Æ."

In 1858 Corssen's great work appeared in German, full of valuable material; Roby's "Grammar of the Latin Language" (London, 1871, 2d ed. 1872) has one hundred and forty-six pages devoted to the pronunciation, of which he adopts the ancient method as he understands it; and in America we have had several works on the subject, dated from the year 1851.†

Far from being lost, the pronunciation of Latin is as accessible as that of French would be with the aid of the grammar alone, because the powers of the Latin letters are given by the ancient grammarians. The chief difficulty seems to lie in the desire to warp certain letters to modern powers, or to local ancient powers when they agree with modern perversions—a practice in which the modern Greeks are adepts. Notwithstanding these difficulties, the differences of opinion

* We remember with what delight the late Hon. Jno. B. Baldwin once recited to us, while riding with him in a stage-coach in the mountains of Virginia, a passage of striking beauty from one of Mr. Rogers' lectures. Quite recently another prominent member of the Bar remarked to us that the first lecture he heard from this gifted man opened to him a new world.

† *Elements of Latin Pronunciation, for the Use of Students.* By S. S. Haldeman, A. M. Philadelphia: Lippincott & Co. 1851. pp. 76.

Roman Orthography: A Plea for the Restoration of the True System of Latin Pronunciation. By John F. Richardson. New York: Sheldon & Co. 1859. pp. 114.

Latin Pronunciation and the Latin Alphabet. By Dr. Leonard Tafel, and Prof. Rudolph L. Tafel, A. M. Philadelphia: I. Kohler. 1860. pp. 172. Based on Corssen.

A Grammar of the Latin Language. By G. K. Bartholomew. Cincinnati: Wilson, Hinkle & Co. 1873. The author adopts the Roman pronunciation, adhering closely to the ancient grammarians.

are but slight, and probably all modern authorities agree that *c* was always *k*, as given by Mr. Roby in the following Latin words in English spellings —

CIVITATES	kee-wi-tah-tace	EXERCITUI	ex-err-kit-oo-ee
FAGIS	fah-geese	FUMARE	foo-mah-reh
INFRA	een-frah	JACIUNT	yahk-i-oont
NATIO	nah-ti-o	VENI, VICI	weh-nee, wee-kee.

On the present occasion we have Prof. Blair's book chiefly in view. In the main, he agrees with the general results, and in several cases we believe he and some others depart from the ancient standard. On page 17-18 he goes to French for short Latin A, although it is present in English *art*. The correspondence of Greek and Latin short E is only an inference, for if the former occurs in *weight*, and the latter in *wet*, they would have to be written in the same manner. We believe that the Latin vowel occurs long in wEigh (French é), and short in wEight, or *a* in *bake*; and the Greek correlatives in thEre (French ê) and thEn — four sounds which are distinguished in M'Alpine's Gaelic Dictionary, where we read that the vowel of *there* is "the η of the Greeks, as the Scotch and foreigners pronounce it."

Roby and Blair turn Æ (of Shang-hæ = high) into a vowel by silencing the A, because they find two spellings in cases like 'Mura-na' ('æn' rhyming *fine*) and 'Murena' ('en' rhyming *vein*), which is paralleled by 'schnee' (snow) in Prussia, which is 'schnai' in Suabia; Latin 'creta,' French 'craie,' German 'kreide'; Dutch 'steen,' German 'stein.' So the vowel I (of marine) becomes Æ, as in going from '-cido' (of oc-cido) to 'cædo'; French 'cri,' English 'cry.' A and E of 'Pha-e-thon' condense into Æ in Phæ-thon, and 'cO-I-tus' becomes 'cÆ-tus,' with Æ like ò-y in 'shōw-y' when monosyllabised. Roby (§ 263) says "æ nearly as in English; *e.g.* voice" — admitting its duality. The nature of diphthongs is explicitly stated by Priscian as composed of *two* vowels, both of which are heard ("nam singulæ vocales suas voces habent.") and without this duality, there could be no such resolution or extension as occurs in diæresis.

But as I can become Æ, so O can become AV (in *owl*), as in 'sorix' and 'savrix,' 'Clodius' and Clavdius,—and in some cases the older form seems to have been preserved among the rustics, who said 'hedus' for 'hædus,' vowels being older than diphthongs. Those who said 'hedus' for 'hædus' of the literary language, are exactly like those who put *twai* in 'twai-n' and *twi* in 'twi-ce,' where there is no pronunciation of a written E or *twai*, for a written Æ or *twi*, but the two are distinct spellings of distinct forms.

Sounds which do not occur in our own language are apt to cause trouble, and hence we have Latin EV or EU referred to German 'eu' by Messrs. Tafel, and to Eng. 'ew' in *few* by Professor Blair, but it should commence with E and conclude with an obscure *oo* or *w*, like 'e' and 'w' in they-w-in, which is very near the Italian 'eu' in 'Europa.' Compare 'ne-uter' as condensed in 'nevter' or neu-ter. So QVI is *kwee*, and CUI, when a monosyllable, is the diphthong *coo-y*.

Most authors agree that V consonant was English 'w,' but Prof.

Blair thinks it had the additional power of English 'v,' an opinion which is without proper basis.

In Latin, *Z* is a mere literary expedient for representing Greek words, and used by scholars knowing Greek, but unpronounceable by the people, because, as in Spanish, English 'z' was not a native sound, while Greek *Z* was English *zd*. Having no *z* in its English sense, the ancients had to speak of it as composed of *s* and *d*—"but as *Z* is composed, not of Δ and Σ , but of Σ and Δ ," *Herodian*.* The *Tafels*, in an appendix of fifteen pages, endeavor to prove that it was *ds*, and Prof. Blair sets it down as English *z*. *Y* (French *u*) represents another Greek sound unknown to Latin, and not the supposed variation of *U* in 'maxUmus,' which became *I* in maxImus. The sound of Latin *U* was unknown to normal Greek (except approximately as the final of diphthongs), and it was replaced with the diphthong 'ov,' with 'v,' or even 'o.'

We cannot concur with Donaldson and Blair in assigning to *Ph*, *Ch*, *Th*, *Rh* the sounds in hap'hazard, etc., except in pure Latin words like 'pulcher,' but this was also written 'pulcer.' 'Ph' was a kind of *f* made with the lips alone, and seemingly unknown to Donaldson, 'Ch' occurs in German, 'Th' in English, and 'Rh' in Welsh. Several of these powers occur in Hebrew, and are transcribed in Greek letters in the Septuagint, and Sanscrit *h* often corresponds with Greek *chi*.

Professor Blair's tabular statement (p. 127-9) shows that he is not critically acquainted with the sounds of French and German. The "French nasal *n*" in 'langage' (p. 128) is a mark of nasality to the vowel, like final 'm' in Latin,† and quite different from English and German 'ng' in 'bank,' which occurs before *C* and *G* in Latin.

The examples of words and the Latin quotations will make this a useful book to those who wish to make up their opinions from original documents, and there may be readers who will agree with Professor Blair upon the few points in dispute.

S. S. HALDEMAN.

Thoreau: The Poet-Naturalist. By William Ellery Channing. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1872.

DR. KATZENBERGER, in Jean Paul's grotesque story, justifies as a man of science his whimsical passion for monstrosities and *lusus nature* of all sorts, upon the ground that in these spoiled works of nature, thrown aside half-finished, or botched in the making, we may learn more about her modes of working than in her complete products. The same argument may hold good in psychology; and we may learn something from a study of the lives and mental working of eccentrics that we could not learn from persons of more symmetrical minds and better ordained faculties.

From this point of view we should like well enough to have some insight into the character of Thoreau, not as an altogether admirable person, or as one of any influence in his generation, either by deeds

* See *Hald. Lat. Pron.* p. 44, 211; and *Investigation of the Power of the Greek Z*, . . . American Assoc., Cleveland, 1853.

† Rapp, *Versuch einer Physiologie der Sprache*, 1836, vol. 2, p. 325. This standard work contains a careful discussion of Greek and Latin pronunciation.

or words, but simply as an amiable oddity, with whose peculiar whims we are not altogether unsympathetic. We should have been well content, we say, with this, had it pleased his biographer to give us such an insight, clearly, simply, and in as few words as would express what he has to say, instead of doing all that in him lies to obscure his subject, and shut out what small light might be obtained from a bare recital of facts.

It appears that Thoreau had a college education, that he once taught a school, that he occasionally lectured, and that he wrote articles for the press, beside two small books. The great feature of his character, however, was his intense love of nature, and the main business of his life was the gratification of this taste by rambles through the country, boating upon the Concord river, and by a protracted residence in a hut which he built on Walden Pond. This love of nature in him was exaggerated to a passion. It was not the love with a purpose that animates the landscape-painter or the man of science; it was rather an idolatry which finds in its own fervor its sufficient reward. All aspects of nature, all phenomena, however trivial, were to him important and dear, as to the lover the changing expressions on the face of his mistress. He could watch the shifting play of light and shadow over the hill-sides, or the ground-squirrels hunting for nuts among the leaves, from morn to night, unwearied. He did not, it seems, care for distant travel: in the hills, woods, and ponds about his home he found more to feed his fancy than he could exhaust in a life-time.

A mind thus intensified in feeling must reach a lyrical pitch; and we find him becoming a poet—the poet of the toad, whose first spring croak “thrills him to the very spine,” of the green-briar whose leaf “excites him to a sort of autumnal madness,” of the half-dried grass which he “would like to kiss and stroke, it is so fair.” The despised scrub-oak (“shrub-oak,” he calls it) inspires him to a sort of dithyramb.

I am a stranger in your towns; I can winter more to my mind amid the shrub-oaks; I have made arrangements to stay with them. The shrub-oak, lowly, loving the earth and spreading over it, tough, thick-leaved; leaves firm and sound in winter, and rustling like leather shields; leaves firm and wholesome, clear and smooth to the touch. Tough to support the snow, not broken down by it, well-nigh useless to man, a sturdy phalanx hard to break through, product of New England's surface, bearing many striped acorns. Well-tanned leather-color on the one side, sun-tanned, color of colors, color of the cow and the deer, silver-downy beneath, turned toward the late bleached and russet fields. What are acanthus leaves and the rest to this, emblem of my winter condition? I love and could embrace the shrub-oak with its scaly garment of leaves rising above the snow, lowly whispering to me, akin to winter thoughts and sunsets and to all virtue. Rigid as iron, clear as the atmosphere, hardy as virtue, innocent and sweet as a maiden, is the shrub-oak. I felt a positive yearning to one bush this afternoon. There was a match found for me at last,—I fell in love with a shrub-oak.

An odd phenomenon: a genuine Yankee nympholeptic. For the nymphs, to the ancients, embodied those peculiar powers which place inanimate nature in relation with the spirit of man. The Greek felt that a mountain was something more than a pile of stones, a forest more than an assemblage of green wood and leaves, a river more than so much water. There was something in these inanimate things

which seemed living and kindred to his own nature, and this he represented by the nymphs. We all feel at times the influence of the nymphs and their gentle solicitations ; but there are some with minds so sensitive to them that they are carried away. They can not resist the impulse to plunge into the forest, to roam the desert, to forsake the communion of men for that of nature. Like Hylas, the nymphs seize and carry them off. Superadd to this nympholepsy a tinge of that queer Mumbo Jumbo cultus, Boston pantheism as expounded by Emerson, and you have the character of Thoreau.

There is beauty in it, certainly, in a character which thus rises above the narrow practicalities and coarse mammon-worship, and prefers his hut by Walden Pond, his hermit's fare, and undisturbed communion with nature and his own thoughts, fantastic though they may be. Indeed there is a vein of real poetry in the man ; and if a passionate love of nature were the sole requisite of the poet, he might justly claim a high place. But he absolutely lacks the more essential qualities of grace, harmony, sense of fitness. He has no sense of proportion : meanders over pages in which one trivial idea is presented over and over with a new trimming of words tacked on to it ; exaggerates the small, and falls flat when attempting the great ; mingles fancies beautiful, almost sublime, with fancies coarse and disgusting, with apparently no perception of difference ; so that with his short, jerky style, his paragraphs suggest the idea of fish-balls compounded of codfish and ambrosia hashed up together.

What Thoreau seems to have chiefly lacked was a proper co-ordination of his faculties. With his powers of observation and his intense sympathy he might have become a distinguished man of science. With due cultivation, and any definiteness of purpose, he might have made a mark in literature. But lacking this, he frittered away his life and gifts, chiefly in fantastic rhapsodies, accomplished nothing, not even self-culture ; and has left nothing behind him that the world will care for ten years hence.

As to the biography, we are constrained to pronounce it the worst that has ever come under our observation in a rather extended experience. Other biographies, even the stupidest, do really aim to give the reader some idea of what the subject was, or what the biographer thinks he was, or what he wishes the reader to think he was. This seems to be written to exhibit to the world the wit and cleverness and general consequentiality of Mr. William Ellery Channing. Together with Thoreau's views and reflections, which might be worth something, we are continually treated to the views and reflections of Mr. Channing, which we do not in the least want, and which are of quite unusual foolishness.

Much of this matter consists of conversations when walking, reported apparently from memory, or from an impression of what ought to have been said, when a Channing and his friend hold converse together, and each is on his mettle to outshine the other. Take an example or two :—

See the *Rana palustris* bellying the world in the warm pool, and making up his froggy mind to accept the season for lack of a brighter ; and will not a gossiping dialogue between two comfortable brown thrashers cure the heartache of half the

world? Hear the charming song-sparrow, the Prima-donna of the wall side; and the meadow-lark's sweet, timid, yet gushing lay hymns the praise of the Divine Beauty.

And were you ever in love?

Was that the squeak of a night-hawk?

Yes, flung beyond the thin wall of nature, whereon thy fowls and beasts are spasmodically plastered, and swamped so perfectly in one of thy own race as to forget this illusory showman's wax figures.

A stake-driver! pump-a-gaw, pump-a-gaw, like an old wooden pump. They call the bitter *butter-bump* in some countries. Every thing is found in nature, even the stuff of which thou discourest thus learnedly.

I would it were not, O Epaminondas Holly!

What, sir! and have you had a touch of the chicken-pox?

I shall not let the cat out of the bag.

Go in peace! I must do my best and catch that green-throated gentleman. . . .

Yes: this is a good place to fish. Can you keep worms in your mouth, like Indians? Maybe they won't bite.

Which,—fish, worms, or Indians? Things that are done it is needless to speak about or remonstrate against: things that are past are needless [*sic*] to blame.

Mr. Channing's style is a fine example of what we believe is considered Orphic in New England. Sentences sometimes without a verb, sometimes without a subject, disjointed and jerkily angular as the loose legs of a crushed centipede, and broken out with adjectives as with the measles, are one of its characteristics. This is thought to be emotion and fire. Mr. Channing's feelings seem to be a kind of *prurigo* that keeps him perpetually jerking; and when he wishes us to think that he is convulsed by the power of his thought, or torn by Pythian inspiration, he makes faces and wriggles.

Here is a specimen of Mr. Channing at his best:—

It was an affair with him to dispense his hardly earned pistareen. He lacked the suspicious generosity, the disguise of egoism: on him peeling or appealing were wasted; he was as close to his aim as the bark on a tree. "Virtue is its own reward," "A fool and his money are soon parted." His property was packed like seeds in a sunflower. There was not much of it, but *that* remained. He had not the mirage of sympathies, such as Gorchakoff describes as wasted upon bare Poles. He squeezed the sandbanks of the Marlboro' road with the soles of his feet to obtain relief for his head, but did not throw away upon unskilled idleness his wage of living. No one was freer of his means in what he thought a good cause. . . . Antiquities, Montfaucon, or Grose, bibliomania, trifles instead of value, dead men's shoes or fancies, he lay [*sic*] not up. At Walden he flung out of window his only ornament, a paper weight, because it needed dusting. At a city eating-house his usual order was "boiled apple" (a manual of alum with shortening) seduced by its title.

Of quotations, frequently without reference, we are treated to lavish abundance, occasionally improved by Mr. Channing himself. For instance he gives us one from Carlyle: "Stick your nose into any gutter, entity, or object, this of Motion or another, with obstinacy, you will easily drown if that be your determination. Time, at its own pleasure, will untie the knot of destiny, if there be one, like a shock of electricity through an elderly, sick, household cat." This is all inclosed in one set of quotation marks; but Carlyle stopped at "determination"; Time and the sick cat are Mr. Channing's improvement.

Of Mr. Channing's poetry he has been very liberal throughout the whole volume, usually without any particular relevance to his subject. Here is a specimen, taken at random—a boy gathering grapes:—

Nor Herbert paused, nor looked at half his wealth,
 As in his wild delight he grasped a bunch,
 And *till his fingers burst* still grasped a bunch,
 Heaping the great ash basket till its *cave*
 No further *globe* could hold, And then he stopped,
 And from a shrivelled stub picked off three grapes
Those which he ate. 'Tis right he wreathe about
 This heaped and purple spoil that he has robbed
 Those fresh unfrosted leaves green in the shade,
 And then he weighs upon his hand the prize
 And springs,— the *Atlas* on his nervous arm.
 Now buried 'neath the basket Herbert sunk,
 Or seemed, and showers of drops tickled his cheeks,
 As with *inhuman nerve* he struggles on.

Some thirty pages at the end are devoted to certain "Memorial Verses" of Mr. Channing's composition, which would not be altogether impertinent if they were memorials of Thoreau. They are not that, however, but, we are told, "illustrate, chiefly, scenes of his life." In point of fact, they are "chiefly" gratuitous and quite irrelevant utterances of Mr. Channing about lakes and brooks and wind-mills, which he takes this method of inveigling the public to read, like an advertisement dexterously foisted into an epitaph. We advise all those to read them, who admire his prose.

The fact is, the key-note of the whole book is given in one of the disjunct sentences that compose his very Orphic preface. "Claude Lorraine used to say, 'I sell you my landscapes: the figures I give away.'" Just so: what he sells us, is Channing; Thoreau he throws us into the bargain.

W. H. B.

Peter Stuyvesant. By John S. C. Abbott. New York: Dodd & Mead. 1873.

As it seems to be decided by the fates that Mr. Abbott shall continue to write books so long as his hand can hold a pen, the public has cause to be thankful when he falls upon a subject like this, in which such an abundance of detail lies ready to his hand that he has but little excuse for inflicting upon us much of his own reflection. Of course he is moral and platitudinary every now and then, or he would not be Mr. Abbott; and he tells us that in 1609, "as now," people were merry at weddings and sad at funerals; that "nothing in this world ever long continues tranquil: the storm ever succeeds the calm"; that "many of the woes of this world might have been averted," if "the leaders of the nations" had "recognised the brotherhood of man"; that a wild Indian had "a conscience all uninstructed in religious truth";—but we can put up with a moderate amount of this; or turn the leaf when we see him getting ready for a moral, and wherever the author keeps out of sight, the book is really not such bad reading.

Though nominally a Life of Stuyvesant, the book is in fact a compendious sketch of the history of New York from Hudson's voyage up the river that bears his name, in 1609, to the surrender to the English in 1673; and those whose impressions of those times have been chiefly derived from the delightful pages of Diedrich Knicker-

bocker, can if they please, substitute the hard facts of history for the pleasant fancies of the romancer. We do not say that we advise it ; for long-pondering Walter the Doubter, choleric William the Testy, and sturdy hard-headed old Peter, are far more agreeable persons than the base and cowardly Van Twiller, the ferocious and cruel Kieft, or the despotic and equally cruel Stuyvesant ; and the Hudibrastic adventures of Antony Corlear infinitely more pleasant reading than the massacres of Indians, the torturing of Quakers, and the tissue of perfidy and atrocity, upon which there stands out but one single figure of magnanimity and good faith.

THE GREEN TABLE.

WE have great pleasure in informing our readers that an arrangement has been entered into between the SOUTHERN HISTORICAL SOCIETY and the publishers of the SOUTHERN MAGAZINE, by which the Magazine becomes the official organ of the Society. The literary character of the Magazine will remain unchanged ; but it will, after the close of the present year, be the medium of publication of the Historical Society's transactions, and other papers. These will be so arranged and paged that they may be detached from the Magazine and bound in a separate volume, if preferred.

The objects of the Southern Historical Society have been already succinctly set forth in their circular. It neither seeks to revive old animosities, nor to encourage that spirit of dejection which would sit hopeless and helpless among the ruins of the past ; nor does it, on the other hand, approve that spirit which is for breaking from the past altogether, and making a chasm in the continuity of our history. It proposes to vindicate the truth of that history, and place it on record ; but it also aims to link the past with the present, to promote, as far as in it lies, the present well-being and the future prosperity of the South. An association of this kind is the one thing our people pre-eminently need ; it offers the means by which every true and patriotic Southerner can be placed in communion with those who are like-minded with himself, and where each may be able to contribute something to the good of the whole.

We trust, therefore, that the Southern Historical Society, now that it has been re-organised and is prepared to enter upon a career of activity, will receive the active support of our people, and that every one who wishes well to the South ; who is not ashamed of her past, nor careless of her future, will enrol himself among its members, and strive to increase its membership.

REPUTATIONS are fearfully and wonderfully made. The remark is trite, but its applications are kaleidoscopic in their novelty. In the *Revue des Deux Mondes* for September 15th, 1869, is an article upon "The Education

of Women and Freedmen in America since the War," by M. C. Hippeau, who is evidently neither an Augustinian nor a dyspeptic, his name to the contrary notwithstanding. In the Report of the Committee of the House of Representatives on Education and Labor, made July 13th, 1870, in regard to the "charges against General Howard" of the Freedmen's Bureau, a garbled extract from this article of Hippeau's has been introduced, under the lying caption of "Extract from the official report on public education in the United States to the minister of public instruction of France, by M. Hippeau." The article in the *Revue* is no more of an official report than the report of this "whitewashing" committee was a report founded on facts—than the imaginary book *De Tribus Impostoribus* is a canonical scripture. The "extract" wants some of the most important paragraphs of the original. For example, the second sentence of the passage pretended to be quoted, and which is as follows, has been carefully omitted: "The world is not ignorant of the fact that the North, even in formally opposing slavery, had no more than the South abjured the prejudice which treats the sons of Africa as belonging to an inferior race. An unconquerable repugnance had always assigned to them a separate place in society; even on the ground of equality an injurious distinction had been maintained between them and the privileges of the white race. However schools for colored children had still been provided, and, while deeming them incapable of enjoying civil and political rights, the State had thought itself obliged to bestow upon them the advantages of education. Some functionaries who were prepossessed in favor of public instruction had taken a genuine interest in these disinherited people, and recognised that they were not deficient in either aptitude or intelligence. A few good spirits began to suspect that their moral inferiority, universally conceded, was more properly to be attributed to the fatal influence of slavery than to nature. At the same time far the greater part of the nation, it must be candidly confessed, had none of this sort of sympathy for them." The "extract" says "In one year 1500 schools for colored pupils were opened." The article has "*Dès la seconde année, 1500 écoles,*" etc. The "extract" omits what the article says in regard to the crudity of the material thus operated upon, that, when the runaway negroes were drafted or "substituted" into the army, "The chaplains initiated them in the truths of religion and the principles of morality, and taught them at the same time to read and to write." When it is remembered that the most of these chaplains were also newspaper correspondents, and that a good many of them did besides an extensive private business in jewelry, carpets, plate, pianos, cotton and tobacco and the like, it must be confessed they had a busy time of it. The article says, simply: "Les noirs alors devinrent professeurs. En 1868, ils entretenaient 1200 écoles." In the "extract" (which must have been translated by General Howard, an adept at pious frauds quite as much as at vulgar thieving) we have the following: "*Admirable pupils, they became excellent professors. They themselves were then able to found schools. God knows at the price of what sacrifices and what privations.* In 1868, they supported at their own cost twelve hundred schools, and owned three hundred and ninety-one school buildings." Every word here italicised is an interpolation. Never was there so little bread for all that sack! M. Hippeau next proceeds to give an eulogy of "the illustrious General Howard" and a resumé of the school system of the Freedmen's Bureau from data furnished by Alvord, who was Howard's superintendent of schools. The manipulator of the "extract," apparently conscious that it would not answer to make up Howard's praises simply from his subordinate's mouth, quietly ignores the genial Alvord entirely, and ascribes his language to "*An English traveller, Dr. Zincke, [who,] in an account of his travels in America, says:*"—what even Alvord does not dare to assert, that the negro pupils in the F. B. schools at the South showed themselves more intelligent and alert than the

pupils even of the best schools in England. Now, M. Hippeau does not say a word about this Dr. Zincke, and this whole account from his apocryphal travels is a lie out of whole cloth !

Upon the strength of this extract, garbled as we have seen, this veracious Committee of the House of Representatives, "entering upon the discharge of their duty [that of applying a coat of whitewash to General Howard] with a profound sense of its magnitude and importance," have had the impudence to say of Howard's management of the Freedmen's Bureau : "That it had excited the admiration of impartial foreign observers is apparent from the able report made to the Minister of Public Instruction in France by M. Hippeau, the Commissioner appointed by the French Emperor to examine the system of public instruction of this country, who, in an eloquent chapter devoted to the subject of education of the colored race, pays homage to the people of America for the humanity and wisdom which conceived, and the genius and energy which executed the work of the Freedmen's Bureau."

But then it must be confessed the task of the Committee was a peculiarly difficult one, and the whitewash to cover Howard's nakedness had to be thick and slab ; for even Radical members of Congress had found out, long before 1870, that Howard had abused even the liberal terms of his commission, although that gave him and his agent license to plunder at will, upon the sole condition of instructing the freedmen in the principles of voting, and the art of rolling up continual Radical majorities. It was found that Howard had not only stolen the fruit, but had laid his axe at the root of the tree. He had not only taken the people's goods and money, but had attempted to seize the politicians' share. He had sent his agents to "work up the South," and get "a stake" for himself in his designs upon the Vice-Presidency. Nothing but the knowledge that Howard possessed too many party secrets to be punished saved him from conviction in 1870 ; but to have convicted him then would have been to make him tell the history of the Bureau from 1865, and the political damnation involved in that sort of disclosure must be escaped at all hazards. Consequently, his case was referred to a committee consisting chiefly of ex-agents of the Bureau, with instructions to suppress testimony and acquit.

Since Iossac, the burglar, of whom Vidocq relates that after he had stripped a house of its plate and valuables, he would go back to get the curtains and carpets, the kitchen furniture, the sheets and napkins, and the dirty clothes in the buck-basket, we have not heard of a more impartial thief than General Howard, of the Freedmen's Bureau. He not only stole from the South, but from the North also. He not only robbed the Government, but also the helpless freedmen confided to his charge. He plundered the churches and the Young Men's Christian Associations which he frequented to play his favorite rôle of *Tartufe*, and gave no money even to the university which he had endowed with his own name and nature without stealing more than half of the donation back again. His charity not only began at home, it ended there likewise, and he continually overreached his ambition by the eagerness with which he grabbed after cheese-parings. His philanthropy was broad, high-sounding, most liberal in pattern, but even in cutting out his humanitarian projects his shears slipped, went crooked, and with the involuntary convulsive clutchings of his greed, snipped the fabric all awry.

It is said that, while the receiving-tellers of banks, if long in their situations, become fat, riant, jovial, no matter how poor their salaries, the paying-tellers on the contrary grow weazened, wrinkled and ill-tempered. Howard seems to have begrudged every dollar of the money he disbursed for the Government for the freedmen, and to have spent the best part of his time in office in devising schemes for diverting into his own pocket some of the twenty or thirty millions entrusted to him by a Congress undoubtedly liberal of other people's money.

A single instance of this propensity will suffice. A Mr. McKim, of New York, wrote to Howard for *advice* concerning the investment of £100 received from England by a benevolent association of which he was secretary, the money having been given for the "purchase of homesteads for the freedmen *under the homestead law*." Howard could think of no judicious plan of expending the money for nine months. Then, there happened to be a cheap square for sale on Capitol Hill, in Washington, the first payment on which Howard could not exactly make. He wrote to Mr. McKim that he now saw the chance for a noble investment "under the homestead law." "I can purchase an available square or half square at a cheap rate, and allow the freedmen to pay for lots by monthly instalments not exceeding the amount any of them now have to pay for rent. By a slight advance in the price, to cover expenses and risk, *the thousand and odd dollars may become an active fund, aiding the poor freedmen*. But the object subserves another purpose: it demonstrates to other people the practicability of selling the freedmen land in the manner in which I have heretofore explained to you." Generous Howard! thoughtful humanitarian! Mr. McKim thought "that the plan of using *temporarily* that \$1072.83 [the proceeds of the £100] seems excellent," and he accordingly forwarded the money to Howard. The General immediately bought "Square Number 1025" for ten thousand and odd dollars, made the first payment with Mr. McKim's money, and took out a deed in his own name. No sooner was this effected than he saw a still better plan for giving the freedmen lots "under the homestead law." A square was a mere bagatelle — they should have a township, and the means of improving it, too. Accordingly, Howard constituted himself, his good friend Senator Pomeroy, and one Elvans, a Washington dealer in hardwares, into a "Board of Trustees," handed over to the "Board" \$77,000 of Government money, and with it bought a farm of 300 acres on the edge of Washington. This farm was divided into lots, which were sold to the freedmen "at a slight advance in the price, to cover risk and expenses." That is to say, they bought of the "Board" the lots, of Howard's brother the lumber to build the houses (the lumber was Government property, but that made no difference), and of the patent brick company (of which Howard was chief stockholder) the sand for their walls. But the freedmen were poor, and must pay for their lots by labor. The thoughtful Howard was ready for them with the labor. He appropriated \$30,000 more of Bureau funds in the shape of wages to "the poor freedmen," and kindly gave them the job of grading and improving "Square 1025," keeping back from their hire enough to pay for the farm-lots and lumber. In a few months the accounts current stood as follows in round numbers:—

By cash paid on Square 1025	\$1,000
U. S., Cr.—By money spent on "Barry Farm"	77,000
By grading Square 1025	32,000
	<hr/>
	\$110,000
U. S., Dr.—To money received from lots sold freedmen on "Barry Farm."	\$31,000
Howard, Cr.—By money due on Square 1025	\$9,000
Howard, Dr.—To Square and improvement	\$40,000
Freedmen, Cr.—By labor for Howard	\$32,000
Freedmen, Dr.—To lots on Barry Farm	\$31,000
	<hr/>

This is an exhibit that would satisfy most philanthropists; but it did not satisfy Howard. He still owed a balance on Square 1025, and "the Barry Farm Fund" still had cash to the amount of \$31,000. So he "divided" this fund, appropriating \$10,000 to Howard University, \$8,461.75 to the St.

Augustine Normal School, Raleigh, North Carolina, and \$10,000 to the Richmond, Virginia, Normal School. Of the rest of the money Howard's brother got \$1000 as "salary," and his brother's clerk, imitating his superiors, stole \$2200. But instead of giving the Normal schools the cash thus voted to them (and *charged to them as cash on the books of the Bureau*), Howard cleverly put the money into his own pocket, gave the Richmond school \$10,000 in Congregational Church bonds at par, and the Raleigh school a deed for *part* of Square 1025. Of the \$10,000 voted to his University, Howard took \$3000, giving his note to the institution, but never paying it. The remainder of the money is not attempted to be accounted for. So, on this suggestion of £100 in Mr. McKim's hands (he never got it back again) the Government spent over \$100,000, the freedmen received \$30,000 worth of homesteads (which they worked for), the Normal schools got \$18,461.75 in stocks and lots, and Howard made \$21,461.75 cash, \$5000 more (for which he sold another part of Square 1025), and the remainder of that square, worth over \$40,000 by his own admission.

If the reader will take the trouble to apply this sample of Howard's management for "the poor freedmen" to the whole sum — some \$25,000,000 to \$30,000,000 — which the Bureau received *in cash* (besides much more in land and houses), he will be able to form an estimate of how much remained to the ostensible beneficiaries of these funds after Howard and his agents had taken their share out.

It is not given to any man to be equally great in all qualities, and Howard's dazzling enterprises with the Bureau funds are not rivalled by his exploits in other matters; but it is only because he is greatest as a thief that he is not greatest as a hypocrite. The odor of sanctity floats forth from him like bergamot from a negro's cotton pocket-handkerchief; his prayers are long, his humility melting like butter in the sun. He "sweats" Pharisaism; he hoists his religion aloft till it is conspicuous as Jonas Hanway's red umbrella that the children used to run after in the streets, crying "Oh, see! look there!" He puts his goodness out at usury, and realises cent. per cent. for it. As for his humanitarianism, his professional philanthropy, it is like the hangman's rope, which, after doing execution upon the poor victim of the law, acquires miraculous virtues, is cut up into fragments, and sold at a guinea an inch, for the cure of innumerable aches and pains. So diffusive, so universal is this philanthropy of Howard's that it enables him to repeat almost the wish of Nero: "Oh that all mankind had but one neck, that I might fall upon them, and embrace them in one embrace, and pray for them with one prayer, and pick their pocket with one hand!"

THE OLD HOME.

I walk down the green old pathway, under the drooping tree,
Just where I wandered years ago, with a child-heart pure and free—
Under the billowy foliage, which the sunshine slants between,
In a golden splendor pouring through fair-floating waves of green.

Violets there in the shadow, lie there still in the dew!
I, who was plucked and worn on a breast, have withered, and so would you.
Lie there still in the valley, with the dew on your sleepy eyes;
Dream on of bright-winged angels; be safe from the sun's surprise.

Buttercups, let me pluck you, bright with an innocent gold!
Sad was the day I left you, wearier treasure to hold.
Dear little gold-eyed daisies, my playmates in days gone by,
Do you look for my smile of the olden time, to hear but a mournful sigh?

This is the gate! The hand that falls to open the latch is thin:
 What a chubby little red hand reached *up* in the sweet days that have been!
 This is slender and white, ungloved, and shining with jewels rare—
 The little hand's diamonds were dew-drops that shook from the woodbine's hair.

Up through the porch—the roses clamber over it still,
 Turning and falling and blooming, climbing and falling at will;
 A host of olden memories tread around me armed and stern,
 The echoes of olden music sound as the key in the lock I turn.

Ah, how deserted and lonely! Things of the past alone
 Linger and throng about me with quivering sob and moan;
 Up and down through the passages, up o'er the oaken stair
 Flits an echo of laughter and a phantom with golden hair.

Playmate and dear companion!—more than sister and friend—
 Is it thou whom the pitying angels back to me, lonely, send?
 Or is only memory floating from room to room?—
 A memory like the dust of a flower pressed when plucked from a tomb!

Ah, how a spirit-footfall leads me after it slow!
 This is the room where we twain have sat and studied with brows bent low;
 Here in each other's arms we slept, and over us, wide outspread,
 All night were the wings of angels guarding each childish head.

Ah, my sweet, the demons tempted these feet astray,
 And the angels were left to watch thee alone, to weep above thee and pray—
 Were left to bear thee, my darling, to a safer place afar,
 Where the demons tempt no longer, afraid of the eyes of a star.

Here lay thy form asleep, with the mystical smile of death
 Lying upon thy white shut lips, sealed safe from a sighing breath;
 And the purer heights of my being were lost in the mist and the gray,
 My life was reft of thy presence, and left apart and away.

I will stay no longer! The rustle of spirit robes on the floor,
 The tread of spirit-like feet, a spirit's bright hair at the door,
 The voices that seem to call me, the words that I hearken in vain—
 Or my heart, o'erfraught with longing, will break with the passionate pain.

Fare-thee-well, my dearest! Sweetest and purest thing
 That ever crossed my rough pathway, my dove of the milk-white wing!
 And soft, as I turn the key, comes a murmurous, musical swell—
 My past, its glory, its beauty, sobs after me low, "Farewell!"

HENRIETTA HARDY.

WHY is it that some writers of the present day intersperse their pages with snatches, and even whole sentences, untranslated—and, it is to be feared, in too many instances untranslatable—of some tongue of which they know that nine-tenths of their readers understand not a syllable; or with ostentatious words of their own language, which any pedantic ass who is not physically blind can cull from musty tomes and poze with them the most learned? What a luxury this must be, as well to the readers not to understand as to the writers not to be understood! We have sometimes thought it would be a capital burlesque of such productions if somebody would put out a book—say a novel—selecting from the

Choctaw (there is in our possession a volume written in that language which we will willingly lend to any one offering to carry out the project in good faith) sonorous aboriginal phrases at the fashionable rate of about five or ten lines to the page. This would enable such smatterers (mostly in French) to enjoy to the full so rare a luxury as the Incomprehensible, of which they are wont to feast their readers. Indeed, since with so many the attractiveness of a book, especially a love-story, seems proportioned to the degree of mystery wherewith the author can shroud his ideas — if he really has any — it would perhaps be better to write a whole tale in Choctaw, with a very slight sprinkling of our mother-tongue on each page as a bait to tole the reader on through the savage mass. Such a book, if the above view on the prevailing taste be correct, could not fail of being read and applauded by all, inasmuch as it could be understood by none.

LOVE AND SCORN.

Wandering down by the sea-shore, sad as the priest of Apollo,
Blind Melesigenes sings, ay, even sadder than he
Or the poor exile of Erin, a youth who was crossed in his wooing,
Unto the bawling waves bellowed this bullying strain:
"O what a vain word Love is to him who, once scorned, has learnt scorning,
And with Ithuriel spear touches the cheats of the world!
Puny and sickly and weak was the love which I bore to a woman,
Hearty and healthy the scorn which I now feel for the world.
Scorn is the sister of Love, as earth is the sister of water:
Love it as unfixed as the wave, Scorn is as steadfast as earth;
Sunk is my bark in the wave, and my hopes in the waters have perished,
But I have reached here a rock, planted my foot on a stone,
And like Oilean Ajax, at risk of the lightnings of heaven
Do I defy thee, O Love, scorn thee and all thy delights!"
So did he rave; but sly Love from the face of an idiot hunchback
Smiled, and the fool was undone — mad as the other Ajax!

R. D. WINDES.

WE have received the following communication from a valued correspondent:—

Editor SOUTHERN MAGAZINE:

A friend calls my attention to a statement in the October number of the Magazine, page 446, which is incorrect, and does injustice to a gallant friend of mine. It was and is so notorious that Major Israel Green was the lieutenant of marines who captured John Brown in the engine-house at Harper's Ferry, that it is impossible to understand how an account could be given of that affair without any mention of his name. I do not now recollect to have heard the name of Lieutenant Stuart in connection with it. Whoever may have called on Brown to surrender, Major Green led the attacking party. I have frequently spoken with him on the subject, and his account — reticently and modestly given — was, not that the door was battered down by the ladders in the hands of the assaulting party, but that a hole was made in the door, probably a panel broken in, through which he immediately forced his way into the engine-house; he struck Brown on the head with his dress-sword, inflicting a wound not very severe, when Brown surrendered without further resistance. This corresponds with the account current at the time, and long before I knew Major Green. Major Green lost everything by the subsequent and better organised invasion of Virginia when he left the United States Marines for service in the Confederacy, and the credit of his gallant conduct at the Ferry should not be taken from him.

Millwood, Clarke County, Va.

WM. N. NELSON.

"USQUE QUO, DOMINE!"

Oh, God! my aching heart would respite borrow
 From its long weary woe of creeping years:
 Oh, let me hope that on some bright to-morrow
 I yet shall know some recompense for tears!

If I have erred, Thy mercy's quick discerning,
 The good and ill as they within me strove—
 Like Noah's dove when to the ark returning,
 My spirit seeks again Thy sheltering love.

I ask not, Father, for the careless feeling •
 A little child can know on earth alone;
 Nor would I memory's pages yet be sealing,
 Nor count as vain the flight of years agone.

I would, their teachings on this poor heart falling,
 Like cooling rain upon the parchèd earth,
 Should soothe its pain, until I hear Thee calling
 My soul back to the home of its glad birth!

How long, how long, my God, must I be waiting,
 While bathing with my tears Thy holy feet,
 To hear Thy voice my spirit reinstating
 In Thy dear love, with blessedness complete?

How long, my God, before these hands are folded
 In peaceful rest beneath the coffin-lid;
 When in immortal guise my soul remoulded
 Shall *know* Thy *love* behind life's trials hid?

• Oh, help me wait in patience for the ending,
 For faith so oft sinks fainting by the way;
 And let Thy peace, upon my heart descending,
 Give me new strength and hope each passing day!

Bryan City, Texas.

BETTIE KEYES HUNTER.

IN the collection of materials from which to give a complete and authentic account of the events of the late war, it is important that faithful narratives of prison-experiences should not be wanting. Indeed in some respects these have more interest than the accounts of military operations. The sufferings, those unavoidable and those inflicted by gratuitous cruelty, on the one hand, and on the other acts of courage or devotion, deeds of kindness and magnanimity on the part of the enemy, the grotesqueries and the humors of prison-life, make up a gallery of Rembrandt-like pictures with points of vivid light on a background of gloom, which can not fail to attract and impress. And we are glad to see that an important contribution has been made to this department of Southern History by the Rev. Dr. Handy, who, under the ingenious title, *United States Bonds*, is about to give to the public the journal of his imprisonment in Fort Delaware. By permission of the publishers, Messrs. Turnbull Brothers, we have glanced at the MS. and illustrations, hastily, indeed, but sufficiently to see that the work is one of remarkable interest.

THE
SOUTHERN MAGAZINE

DECEMBER, 1873.

THE GOLD LAKE FEVER.

III.—THE START.

THERE were great preparations in camp for that wedding. The day was spent by the company in purchasing wedding-presents, which threatened to be of rather incongruous materials. One poor fellow was induced by one of the Island firms to purchase a stove and all its fixings for the modest sum of ten ounces. Now the price was moderate, seeing it was the only stove between the mines and Sacramento, and would have been looked upon as a much more ornamental as well as useful article of furniture than a piano is considered in well-ordered households in the more settled States ; but as the lady had determined to accompany her future husband on his prospecting tour, it was useless. But piles of muslin, new bonnets artistically made by a dressmaker of the place, a gorgeous parasol which a second-hand dealer had no doubt brought from the debris of his store in other climes, and sundry other articles just as useless, were, metaphorically, laid at the feet of the blushing bride. The stove was afterwards disposed of at a loss of three ounces out of the ten paid, without being taken from its original position. Some of the more sensible clubbed together, and a complete travelling outfit for the fond pair was bought with their united means. A good stout mule, with side-saddle, sundry handy fixings an ingenious saddler made to carry articles of feminine attire, a nicely-constructed needle-case made under the supervision of the aforesaid dressmaker, two of the best pairs of blankets the Island could afford, and a self-inflating

India-rubber bed-tick, to which was added the frame-work of a little tent, which an expert carpenter suggested and carried into execution.

The excitement, so intense in our camp, extended itself to all parts of the neighborhood. It was rumored that a wedding was to take place on Crayon Gulch. A wedding in the mines in '49, when the vision of a woman was a treat—when the hem of a woman's garment was an object of adoration, when a comb from a woman's head would collect a crowd of excited miners in a moment, when a dainty little slipper found on the road, showing some evidences of having been a little worn, kept a mining-camp of twenty awake all night after a hard day's work! As the wedding was to take place under the spreading branches of the grand old trees by our camping-place, nature our temple, and the murmur of the liquid waters of the stream and the rustle of the leaves the accompanying music of the occasion, all who chose to come were considered invited. The Island itself contained several hundred citizens. Joined to them were the throngs who had flocked thither to learn something of the great Gold Lake discovery. The next day was to witness the ceremony, and to make ready had required speedy workmanship in those engaged, so the night was far advanced ere the lights of the village had all been extinguished.

The eventful day arrived. Our sixteen, as we called ourselves, was about to join to itself another—yet not another. It was anxiously debated among us whether we should change our name to "Our Seventeen," or, with the fact of that mysterious law, "they twain shall be one flesh," staring us in the face, should we retain our name, "Our Sixteen." Some of the younger ones thought the latter would be disrespectful to the lady, as she was the grand addition to our numbers; while the older and more conservative were of the opinion that by marrying, the lady was merged into our number. The younger were all unmarried, and could not speak from experience; the older were mostly married, and had left their better-halves at home: hence the difference of opinion. The dispute was waged to a late hour, when it began to assume a metaphysical form, which threw it into the hands of the majority, and they decided that—it was time to go to bed.

Ten o'clock the next day. The Justice of the Peace of Mormon Island had been summoned to perform the ceremony. Being somewhat of a nervous temperament, but lately inducted into the honors of his office, consequently anxious to do all things in strict accordance with law, and slightly conscious that he was not well versed in the intricacies of the profession, he had accepted the summons with much trepidation, and told the deputation who had visited him, "He would give them an answer next morning." The night had been spent in an anxious search for some form by which he could join "this man and this woman together in the holy bonds." He had searched the statutes of Missouri without effect. He had found an odd volume of *Greenleaf on Evidence*, and pondered that with assiduous study. He had gone through a whole volume of criminal jurisprudence, and dipped into another on medical, when the gray dawn stealing through his window and swallowing up the light of his solitary candle, reminded him that the time for his duty would soon arrive.

Half-past eight came, the Justice was still frantically studying up his case, but nothing had borne upon the subject. He stopped to think — he sighed. Ah, yes, he had seen a volume of *Story on Contracts*. Marriage was a contract: perhaps he might find all he wanted there. "What a fool I have been!" said he to himself. "I might have known marriage is a contract, and Story can tell me all about it." He seized his hat to rush down to Lawyer George's office to get the book, when a knock was heard at the door, and it opened. Our committee, headed by Jim Andrews, entered the office. The last candle was still burning, though the sun was hours high, and the Squire's eyes were red and watery. As we entered, he passed his hand over his pale face and through his uncombed hair, and wofully waving it towards his pile of books, began, "Ahem! Gentlemen, I don't know that I can legally and lawfully attend to that air business; I don't know that it is in my jurisdiction —"

"Thar's no preacher hereabouts," chimed in Jim Andrews, "and whar thair's no preacher, accordin' to the Constitootion of the United States, the Judge has to perform the ceremony — now ain't that law, Judge?" Jim looked so triumphant and positive as he announced this decision that the Judge seemed convinced.

"Yes, that air the case in law," he meekly responded, "but that don't meet the requirements of the case: I can't find no statoot on the subject nowhar. Now what can a man do without statoots?" and now it was time for the Judge to look triumphant. This was a poser, but Jim's countenance never changed.

"'Lowin' that, Judge, you forget we ain't a State yet. Congress hasn't picked us up in the starry constellation what waves on our flag yet. We air a Territory, we air, and Territories don't have statoots — thar now!"

This completely subdued the Judge. "Wall, boys, to tell the truth, I don't know how to do the job. I've searched all them books, and they don't say nothing about it. Now what is a feller to do?" and he looked inquiringly towards Jim.

Jim Andrews was not easily abashed; he was noted as being always ready with an answer. Now he reflected; but suddenly a bright idea struck him — he smiled. "Swar um, Squire, swar um; and they can't get out er that."

The Squire too smiled — *Story on Contracts* was forgotten. "What a fool I am! what a fool I am! To be sure, boys, I'll do it: I'll swar um strong!"

The hour arrived. Our camp was in a beautiful little grove of oak trees, half around which the hills gradually sloped upwards. On the slopes of these hills a crowd had collected. It was composed of a queer medley. The mining element was in the ascendant. With their red, gray and blue shirts, their white and blue pantaloons, their sun-browned faces and sturdy looks, they were a stalwart body of men. Early California could boast as fine-looking men as the world ever saw. As this body of several hundred stood upon the side of the hill they presented a splendid appearance. About opposite them were gathered five females. They were of different sizes, colors, appearance: the coal-black Portuguese negress, the olive-tinted Mexi-

can, the Caucasian with clear complexion and blue eye. They were dressed in what would be called rather "loud" style, and their bearing as a general thing was neither graceful nor elegant. They represented the female portion of the community there; women of their sort were represented all over the State, and their curiosity must be gratified.

Near them had been gathered a group of Digger Indians — men, women and children. The chief was known by his head-dress, about the only dress he wore. It was made of a pair of bright red flannel drawers. The legs were kept in position by slim sticks inserted lengthwise and crosswise, and well apart; the body was drawn closely so as to fit his head, and then placed upon it; the legs spread apart looked like two immense horns. One of the squaws was clad in a nondescript garment which at first puzzled all who looked at it, but it was soon discovered that she was in possession of a man's swallow-tail coat. Her legs were inserted in the arms, the flaps were drawn over her shoulder, the collar stuck out like a gigantic bustle as she paraded around with as much pride as was ever displayed by the happy possessor of a fashionable panier. The costumes of the remaining Indians could be easily described; it would take but one or two words to do so: Miss Flora McFlimsy's predicament was theirs. Apart from all these there stood an aged negro, with a small book in his hand. "Our Sixteen" had gotten themselves up in gorgeous array. What we had saved from the wedding presents we had expended upon our own toggery. Each wore a "biled shirt" and "store clothes," though as we were forced to buy from a limited stock, there was little regard to the cut of the garments.

Judge —, who officiated, stood in the centre of this semicircle of witnesses. Squire Fitch, the father of the bride, had been told that he was at a certain point in the ceremony to give his daughter away. He preceded the bridal procession; Sailor Bob and his intended came after, Lucinda looking as blooming as a rose. Two by two we followed. Marching towards Judge —, who stood bare-headed to receive the procession, we arrived in front of him, and "the twain" stopped. Seven of us ranged ourselves by the side of the bride, seven on that of the bridegroom. There was a dead silence; it continued so long it became painful. The Judge was the picture of despair. His face was frightfully pale, the perspiration was streaming down his face; his lips essayed to speak, but refused.

The silence deepened — the very birds ceased their twitter, and the music of the stream seemed silenced.

No sound from the Judge's lips.

"Pitch in, Judge," said Jim Andrews, in a stage whisper.

The Judge turned appealingly towards Jim.

"Swar um! swar um!" again whispered Jim.

The Judge got cooler. "Hold up your right hands," said he.

The whole company did so.

"I don't want to marry you all," groaned the Judge.

Down dropped all hands, save those of Bob and the lady.

"What is your name?" whispered the Judge to Bob.

"Bob, Sir — Bob Squires, Sir."

"Well, Bob Squires, do you truly swear — no — do you swear truly that you will have and to hold from this time forth, to your assigns, heirs — no — do you swear truly that you will have and — and — no — this woman as your wife?"

"Yes, Sir, I do," replied Bob, with emphasis.

"What's her name?" asked the Judge, pointing to the blushing Lucinda.

"Lucinda Fitch."

"Well, Lucinda Pinch, do you —"

"Not Pinch, but Fitch," said the Squire, irate that his patronymic should be so outrageously miscalled.

"Well, Lucinda Quince, do you —"

The Squire fairly swelled in his wrath. "Not Quince, but Fitch — F-i-t-c-h — Fitch!"

"Well, Lucinda Fitch — ahem! — Lucinda Fitch" — The Judge's eyes seemed fairly starting from his head, the perspiration ran in great globes from the end of his nose. He drew what he supposed to be his handkerchief from his pocket with a flourish, and wiped his face. Something caused him to cast a more cautious glance at his handkerchief. Alas! it was a dirty stocking. The Judge was horror-struck.

There was an audible titter among the line that confronted the officiator, which would have swelled to a yell if Jim Andrews with unmoved countenance had not again in a stage-whisper repeated, "Swar um, Judge! swar um!"

The Judge returned to the charge. "Lucinda Pinch — Quince — Fitch, do you solemnly swear to have and — and — have this man for your husband?"

"Yes, Sir, I do," as emphatically responded Lucinda as Bob had done.

"Then," continued the Judge, "in accordance with the laws of the State —"

"It ain't a State yet," whispered Jim.

"Of the Territory —"

"A Territory ain't got no laws," said Jim.

The Judge looked bewildered. "According to the laws of — of — of —"

"God and man," whispered Ned Purple, leaning forward.

"According to the laws of God and man I say you are man and wife!" The Judge stopped, hesitated for a moment or two, blushed, and kissed the bride. "I was just going to say, I'll be dogoned if I ever try to marry another couple — but I won't say it," after a pause, and looking at the bride as if he rather thought he would like to repeat the closing part of the ceremony.

The crowd of miners gave three vigorous cheers, the nymphs opposite waved their handkerchiefs, the Diggers set up a wild chant, and Bob commenced his matutinal song, which was joined in by "Our Sixteen" with a hearty will.

The old negro, who had been almost unnoticed, came up and stood in front of the young bride. Taking his hat from his head, he made a low bow and began:

"Missus, long befo' I cum to Californy I seed my young missus married. She wur just as purty and just as happy as you are. De fust year and dere was no happier being in dis world. Dis old man lubbed to look on her bright fair face ; but de dark day cum, de cloud to her life, and de tears fell, for dere was sorrow in dat house. Den de face got pale. Young missus went away one day. Her body dey carried to de grave, but young missus went away. One day jes befo' she went, ole Joe saw her readin' this book, and axed her what it wur. She raised her purty eyes, and de tears looked like rain-drops on de grass when de sun is shining. She said 'dis is God's book of comfort for de sorry,' and when she died ole Joe axed ole missus fo' de book. Ole Joe can't read, but he hearn dere was a woman to be married in dis God-forsaken country whar women don't get married. He thought ob young missus, and brought this book in case sorrow comes to dat young heart."

The old fellow's tears flowed freely as he handed the book to Lucinda. Her religious education had not been attended to much better than her intellectual, the Squire being too intently engaged in the welfare of others to attend to his own family ; but as the young bride took the book and read on the back its title, a silent tear rolled down each cheek, for her mother had taught her enough of its contents to feel something of the power of the Holy Bible.

That night, an envoy from the company with whom the guide was to start, came to the camp and stated that the first detachment had started. We prepared immediately to follow. In those days the topography of the country was but little known. Mining settlements had been made along the principal water-courses from the mouth of the American River where it entered the Sacramento, up as far as the Feather River in the north. From the river-beds miners had gradually spread themselves up the smaller streams and gulches and cañons that ran into the rivers. Along the forks of the American, Yuba and Feather rivers, a few roads had been constructed, and through the cañons bridle-paths led to the settlements. Beyond that, the land was a *terra incognita*. The enterprising miner was forced to make his own way, overcome unknown difficulties and discover new leads. In doing so, while there was much to discourage, there was generally ample repayment, if anything could repay men for the risks, hardships and sufferings, both of mind and body, which they met in the futile (as it often proved) search for wealth.

New, grand, imposing or beautiful sights were daily bursting upon our vision. Fairy dells where eternal peacefulness seemed to reign, little valleys teeming with luxuriant vegetation, dark and forbidding cañons which the hardy explorer almost trembled to enter, yet which proved the portals to new scenes of grandeur and sublimity. The course indicated by the guide was in a north-easterly direction, with very little easterly. Our party always ate our meal on the spot the first party had eaten the meal preceding. Where they breakfasted we dined, where they dined we slept. They took the precaution to blaze a few trees as they passed along, so that we could follow their trail without difficulty. There were times when we thought the guide purposely led them through the most difficult ways, but what they thought

of the matter none of us knew for a long time. Our daily journeys were not over fifteen miles, as we had to regulate our progress by the slow march of the party in advance.

It was getting late in the fall when we started, and the nights and mornings were very cool. At night a huge fire was built after supper, and the most favorable and warmest location near it was reserved for the bride and groom. Each man, day and night, seemed to think it was his special care to see they wanted nothing. Sailor Bob by his marriage had assumed the proportions of a hero in our eyes, and his wife had become a sort of divinity. Had she allowed it, her journey might have been taken without a jolt, and no rude breath of wind would have ruffled her tresses; but Mrs. Squires was one of the independent kind. While Bob was disposed to make most of the position in which he found himself, and rather presume on his new honors, her native good sense and shrewdness checked him at every turn, and atoned for his delinquencies. Her hearty laugh and active movements kept the camp in good humor. Her presence proved a blessing in one respect; during the whole time the company was together, not an oath nor indecent word or allusion was heard. When night came we all assembled around the great blazing fire, each wrapping himself from head to foot in a camping blanket. Many old forgotten songs were recalled, and the camping grounds made vocal with them. Often but one in the camp would know a song or hymn, or anything that was to be sung. This he would line as they do often in meeting-houses, and the whole camp would join in singing it over and over again until fully committed to memory by every one. When time for retiring came, Bob's little tent was placed in the centre. Around it slept sixteen men, with their rifles by their side and pistols ready for action. With the first flush of dawn, Bob would rise, step from the tent, and in a little while his morning song would be heard. In a moment a rosy laughing face would peer out of the blanket curtains of the tent, joining in with the melody of Bob's voice, and the concluding part of the negro melody would be sung by the whole crowd with a relish that showed how heartily each enjoyed it.

There was another good effect in having a woman in camp: it prevented little difficulties resulting in personal quarrels and fights. Generally, when there were sixteen men in a company, composed as ours was of such diverse materials, it was impossible to keep from personal difficulties and sometimes encounters. Few companies held together long. There were men among us who would have graced with their position, learning, and gentlemanly feeling any society; there were others whose only knowledge of the commonest social courtesies was derived from their contact with the former, and others again whose natural coarseness and brutishness nothing but the presence of a virtuous woman could have restrained. This woman, though not elegant in mind, manners or education, possessing none of the refinements of social life, and who would have been considered as coarse in the estimation of any polished society, did influence for good men who in all that constitutes external advantages were vastly her superior, as well as elevate others who were far lower in the scale of refinement than herself. There was a womanly tact about her that

kept each one of the company in good humor with himself as well as others. She was true to herself and her womanly dignity, which disarmed in a moment everything like levity or undue freedom where she was. A perfect Amazon in her capacity for self-sustainment, yet she made us each feel how dependent she was for happiness upon our actions; and there was enough manhood in each of us not to disappoint her.

Leaving the river-courses and the comparatively easy paths of travel, for several days we followed a not badly constructed road leading northward towards the Feather and Yuba rivers to Marysville, and then turning almost directly northeast, found ourselves travelling without road or path or any indication of route, blindly following the uncertain directions of the guide. The way led right to the heart of the Sierras, to that part of the State now known as Sierra County. As we journeyed, the grand peaks which form the dividing ridge between California and Nevada rose before us. Peak rose above peak, summit beyond summit. We ascended one with the greatest labor only to find before us another still grander in appearance and bolder in outline. Again and again some of our number would sink hopelessly down and declare they could hold out no longer. Mrs. Squires now came out nobly. There was no feminine nervousness exhibited by her. She willingly gave up her mule to the tired and worn, and trudged along on foot with her male companions. Cheering were her words, loud and hearty her laugh — not so musical as I have heard from feminine lips, but as sweet to us weary miners as the refreshing draught from a mountain spring to our parched lips.

The great hills seemed interminable. We plunged into the silent pine-forests, where the slippery paths made our journey slower. Time after time our course was changed; time after time we would half ascend a steep mountain, and then skirting along the sides, would find ourselves gradually descending into the sombre cañon, which at another point had been our camping-place a day or so before. It had been estimated before we started that three weeks would bring us to the point of destination, travelling at our slow rate. It was estimated too that a week or so would suffice to load all our mules with gold. At one time it was seriously debated whether we should not take with us a double number of mules, in order to bring back as much of the precious metal as would enrich us at once. Even if we loaded the whole sixteen mules (Lucinda's was never thought of as bearing any less precious burden than herself), and each load was two hundred pounds, it would not give us forty thousand dollars apiece; and what was that when gold was to be shovelled up by the cart-loads? Mules were scarce, however; sellers were not disposed to part with their animals without cash. Our purses would not admit of buying, so we contented ourselves with one thought — that we could send our gold in instalments of a ton or more at a time, and while part of our number could be escorting it down, the others could remain on the ground and gather more and defend it, until we had amassed enough to satisfy us all.

There was one great fear that haunted us as a spectre, and that was that such an abundance of gold as would be secured by the

great numbers going to Gold Lake, would depreciate its price ; that its value would be so lessened by the quantities thrown upon the market that we might after all be poor men. Singular as it may now appear, this idea was seriously entertained at one time, and was the thorn in the side of many an otherwise intelligent miner.

The three weeks lengthened into four, five, six. We had traversed many weary miles of hill and descent. We had wearied ourselves in fruitless journeys over steep ascents and down into deep gorges. Our hearts had sometimes thrilled with hope as, far away, from some mountain-peak, we thought we discerned the waters of a lake. We had toiled and striven to reach it, found some ten or more beautiful sheets of clear cold water embosomed in grand hills and resting silently in the embrace of mighty mountains, but none of them gleamed yellow with the precious metal, on the shores of none of them the pulsating waves rolled over sands or pebbles of gold. We prospected some gulches ; they yielded gold, but not the mighty revenues we expected. We turned sadly away from lake after lake, until we began to ask ourselves whether we had not been deceived ; whether the whole story was not the ravings of a madman. We had plenty of provisions. Some of the mules had been relieved of their burdens, so that there were times when we could by turns relieve our wearied limbs, or at least divest ourselves of our rifles and guns and commit them to the backs of the spare mules. "Our woman," as we began to style the bride, each one of us beginning to feel a sort of proprietorship in one whose cheery voice and life had infused itself into all, of course resumed her own.

One morning we came to the end of a ridge which showed us a deep gorge in the mountains beyond us, through which rose a series of high ridges enveloped in snow. A steep descent bounded our path on all sides, save that from which we had come. We could see by the trail that the party that preceded us had left but a short time before. They had stood, no doubt as we stood, in wondering awe at the vast, almost illimitable scene that stretched before us. They had seen, as we saw, the grand opening in the distance, the mighty mountains lifting hoary heads to the skies, the awful desolation which rested upon the nearer peaks, the stunted and gnarled pines and tamaracks that stood one by one in solitary grandeur, or lay like deformed giants on the ground. But where were they ? Their path seemed to stop there, and there was no trace beyond. We looked in vain for the trail. There were no trees blazed, save those which had marked their path here. What should we do ? A council was held. It was plain the advance-party had retraced their steps. Then why had we not met them ? Because, said Jim Andrews, they had turned off somewhere before we had reached them. But which way had they turned ? We too turned back. Placing the bride on the very centre of the ridge, with her husband on one side and the Squire on the other, we resumed our march. Seven went at distances of twenty or thirty yards or more on one side, seven on the other. We were to go slowly. If any discovery was made, it was to be signalled by the discharge of a gun ; then the nearest two men were to follow up the discovery, and if the trail were found, two guns fired simultaneously

were to summon us all together again. We had travelled more than an hour when the discharge of a gun, awakening the awful stillness of the scene of desolation through which we travelled, roused us to expectation. A few minutes more, and two guns summoned us over the crest of the ridge, and divulged the fact that we again were on a trail. We travelled on, easily finding our path by the trees blazed along the way, for another hour, when we saw a short distance ahead of us the smoke of a camp-fire.

During our trip thus far we had met herd upon herd of antelope and deer; our larder had been well supplied with their meat. In some of the larger valleys we had passed through flocks of hundreds and thousands, and when the mountains had been scaled we had found deer in great abundance. Twice in our journey had we been able to measure our strength with the fierce grizzly; but we had met no Indians, and we hardly expected to meet them. But now, as we saw that evidence of humanity, a fire, the first thought of each of us was war, and we began to prepare for it. Our arms were taken from the mules and put in readiness. A couple of scouts were sent out towards the ascending smoke, and we halted for their return. Their instructions had been, that let them see what they might they should make no demonstration, but return and report. It proved to be the advance party. They had come to a halt, and there was evidently a stormy debate going on, for their excited gestures were plainly seen by the two scouts, though not a word could be heard; a deep ravine, a small plateau, and a small intervening ridge divided the two parties. We concluded therefore that our camp-fires would not be visible to the others at night, and selected a spot for the remainder of the day.

Night with its quiet still beauty came on. We had nearly reached the summit of the Sierras, and there were but few trees to intercept the clear vision of the stars, as they looked down on us, camping on a spot where no doubt the foot of white man had never trodden until that day. The air had that peculiar damp, chilly feeling which betokens the vicinity of snow. The lights of our fires as they flickered and flared away fell on trees and stunted shrubs, and on great masses of rock that were lifted up from the surrounding soil, unworn and unwashed away as yet. The soil itself seemed bare and scanty. Even where a little stream ran from a spring there were no signs of green vegetation. Supper ended, we were forced to allow our fires to become low, for we could easily see the reflection against a vapory sky of the fires of the others. They too had seen ours, and sent out scouts to reconnoitre, who seeing we were white men, and not Indians, came into camp. They were astounded to see a woman among us. They seemed never to tire of gazing upon her, until at length they recollected their companions would be uneasy and reluctantly left.

The next morning early, even while Sailor Bob was just singing his matin song, the rosy face of his wife peeping out of the curtains of her tent as she joined in, a large deputation of their party came, prepared to do honor to womankind in the person of "our woman." A salute of fifteen guns was fired, and answered by us; cheer after cheer made the welkin ring; then followed singing, and then we sat

down to talk. We learned that for several days their guide had given signs of a desire to escape. He was evidently lost, and they had visited all the indignation at their situation upon his head. For three days they had travelled, placing him between two of their party, with the avowed intention of shooting him if he showed symptoms of flight, and he had been worked up to a pitch of utter desperation, almost madness, by this surveillance. The day before, when they had arrived at the edge of the ridge, he had announced they were in the immediate vicinity of the Great Gold Lake. He had stood, he said, in that same spot with his two companions. It was there they decided to retrace their steps. They had been driven by the Indians towards an immense peak he pointed out in the distance, from which they had seen lake after lake on the other side; and it was while descending the farther side that the foot of one of his companions had slipped, which slip resulted in the discovery.

No doubt this assurance had cheered the hearts of the company much, but the presence of a woman in camp did more. No one could listen to her laugh and not feel its genial influence. They all returned to their camp in better spirits, nerved to a greater struggle, and prepared to develop new energies in their search, and with a kindlier feeling towards him who had been the innocent cause of leading them into their difficulties. The strict watch was withdrawn that night, and the poor fellow's visions were not disturbed by the sense that by his side were lying two men with loaded pistols, who would follow his every motion, and shoot him down the moment they discovered the least signs of aught like retreat from the position he had voluntarily assumed as their guide.

IV.—THE RESULT.

It had been decided that both parties should stop at their camping-spots another day before attempting the steep ascent. It would restore our strength, and would afford those who had been left behind at first the opportunity of seeing a "live, really truly good woman, married too." This programme was adhered to, and on the second morning after their visit we were all prepared to start. We followed closely on the heels of the advance. Sometimes they were lost sight of, sometimes we could see their whole line above us, toiling around some jutting crag. Noon found us on the side of a hill where we ate a scanty repast. Still upwards we toiled, and night found us on the side of a mountain, down whose steep precipices it made the head dizzy to look. Up, up, up, and soon the damp chill began to make itself felt. The soil beneath was moist, in some places muddy. The feet of men and mules became clogged with mire. There was a patch of snow seen. We ran to it—thrust our hands in it, shouting with almost childish glee, as we renewed our memories of youthful coasting and skating. On, on, and the patches became frequent, the mist began to steal along the mountain side. There was a flurry of wind—a blinding dash against our faces—the sky looked lurid, a dense mass of vapor rolled over us, the air was filled with feathery flakes, the eye

could not pierce twenty yards before us, nor as many feet above, and we stood on what seemed a summit without being able to discern anything around us.

We were really on the summit of a high peak of the Sierras in the midst of a heavy snow-storm, and not one of us realised the danger. The darkness came on suddenly. We had time only to make a sickly fire, a sicklier cup of coffee, to stake our mules to a tree, where we knew they would shiver all the night, with naught of that provender which, in the wild oats, nature has so bountifully provided in this State for the traveller's beast. A space was cleared away for the little tent; others spread their India-rubber blankets on the yielding snow, covered themselves with woollen blankets, and worn out with fatigue, were asleep in a moment.

The snow-storm passed by in the night, the stars came out, and the sun next morning rose bright and clear; but as far as the eye could reach, spread one broad expanse of snow. All traces or clue to our further movements were lost. Both parties now joined together and consulted. Some were for instant retreat, others proposed going down into the cañons and building a log-cabin for the winter, so as to renew the search in the spring. We looked at our diminishing provisions; we knew not how many months we might be snow-bound, and the thought of starvation brought into many eyes a hungry glare that was not pleasant to see.

Some movement, however, must be made. The guide remembered their old resolve, southward; so southward started those who desired to return. We all endeavored to persuade the Squire, Bob and his wife to return with the homeward party, and were glad when they determined to remain with us. Our plan was to go on with our search in the direction indicated by the guide, if possible; if not, to build a hut and trust to our rifles for sustenance during the winter. With good wishes for the future the two parties separated; one bound southward, the other proposing first to get out of the snow, and then to frame a plan for the future.

The snow-storm had proved severer than we thought: the whole expanse of ground was covered. The trees were heavy-laden with its feathery weight; the drifts had accumulated in the cañons to such a depth that they deceived our eyes. One of our most valuable mules in endeavoring to cross one of them sank down, the snow caved in over him, our shovels proved inadequate to the task of rescue, and he with all the provisions he carried was lost. After a whole day of hard toil we reach a spot free from snow. Our mules had had nothing to eat for a day and a night. The sides of the mountains were soft and slippery, and even after we left the snow the travel was terrible; yet still we pushed on. Ascending a prominent peak one day one of our party descried in the distance a lake, which seen through the trees and in the distance, seemed to correspond with that described by the guide. We all felt sure we had found the goal of our wanderings, and many jests were passed on the folly of those who gave up the struggle in the moment of victory. Half contemptuously we pitied the poor fellows with just enough nerve to go on a prospecting tour, yet not enough to endure its difficulties.

Two men were sent to explore the country around the lake while we went to work to build a cabin. After an absence of three days our explorers returned. They said the lake was four or five miles long and half as many wide. This did not correspond with our guide's description; but we felt convinced that he had made a mistake—very natural, we said, under the circumstances. They had not found its shores so steep; "but to be sure they might not have struck the spot indicated." In its pellucid waters they had seen no gleam of gold, on its beach no yellow and glittering sands; its rocks held no shining particles of ore; "but that was only proof that they had not been thorough in their search." We were all convinced, and our enthusiasm communicated itself even to the explorers, that within a day's travel was a lake from whose pebbly shores in the spring we were to draw the riches of Cræsus.

Sixteen men at work with a will can soon construct a log-cabin. The larger logs were selected from trees which grew immediately around the site selected. A cabin forty feet long, with a rousing fire-place at one end, two doors, and opportunities of ventilation was built. A little room opening near the fire-place, and partitioned off by a blanket-screen, was constructed for the married pair. Two heavy layers of redwood-bark thatched the whole and made us a comfortable roof. During the building we were forced to leave our provisions outside; but they had been partially protected by our placing them in such a position that nothing could approach without awakening some of us. Our mules found abundance of fodder in the profusion of wild oats that grew over the country. As the snows set in this supply began to disappear, and our animals to present a rather lank appearance, so we gave them more liberty to hunt their food.

One night just as we were completing our house a terrific rain-storm came on, and we all hurried under its shelter. As our provisions were carefully piled and protected by India-rubber blankets, we felt no uneasiness about them. When the storm had passed none of us moved from our quarters until the morning song of Sailor Bob was heard, then a shout from the same voice: "Get up, boys, get up! We are ruined! ruined!" There was such consternation in the tones that we all hurried out in alarm, and when we reached the spot where Bob was standing, a scene met our eyes that made our hearts quake indeed. The mules had got at our provisions. Nearly a thousand pounds of flour were destroyed, our beans had been trampled in the mud, nearly all our coffee was gone. We carefully stored in the house the uninjured remainder of our provisions, and spent the rest of the day in collecting every particle of dry flour we could get, in extracting the beans from the mud, and in rescuing sardines and canned-meats from the place of their burial. We were too busy to complain; but a deep, solemn apprehensiveness for the future stole over us when we thought of the future. Even the merry-hearted bride was sad that night, and we went to bed sooner than usual, determined to despatch a party the next morning in search of provisions.

When we arose next morning the cabin stood in an expanse of snow. Drift rose upon drift, until as far as human eye could reach

there was a trackless plain of white. Great flakes fell like feathers, so thickly that we could not see fifty yards before us. Then a sudden gust would whirl them along so furiously that we were blinded by the drift, and forced to turn our backs to the storm. The mules had disappeared. The night came down: there was no star peeped out to remind us of the Great Father's care for us. Morning dawned, and no sun came to glad us with the vision of brightness: a dull, spiritless gray, and the great falling flakes silently heaping the earth deeper and deeper. The white masses on the trees contrasted with the deep green foliage underneath; but we had no eye for their beauty. Day after day passed by, lengthening into weeks. Sometimes a warm ray of a sunny day came to lift us to hope, but closer and closer gathered the snowy white curtain around us. It rose above our cabin-door, it reached the roof; it covered us with its snowy flakes, until when we wished to go outside we were forced to dig our way and tunnel into the snow. We could gather but a scanty supply of fuel, hardly sufficient to cook our slender meals. We had killed some game while building the house, and kept it in the snow, but it too was soon gone, and the snowy barrier forbade hope for more while it shut us in. The remnant of the flour was nearly consumed, and but little other provisions remained save the beans, a couple of sides of bacon, and a mat of Chinese sugar. With these few ingredients Mrs. Squires made wonderful changes in the meals: coffee and bread both made of beans for breakfast, beans and pork for dinner, sometimes a drink of sweetened hot-water just before going to bed. Our appetites were not voracious, yet seventeen mouths will consume a great deal during a day.

At last our self-constituted hostess called us around the table to have "a good old war-talk." "Boys," she said, "we have only a few pounds of flour. Sam Bach is down sick, and Dad is ailin'. Raw flour is good for sick folks as they is, and we don't know how soon we may be jist like 'em; so, boys, we won't use any more flour 'cept fur the sick uns. You uns, and us, we must be satisfied with beans and sugar, we must; and we must put a bindin' round our stummicks to keep 'em from gittin' empty too soon." This was said with a little laugh, which we all vainly tried to echo. The reality had been staring us in the face for a long time, yet it had never shaped itself into words before. With a higher moral courage than any of us possessed, this woman had seen and accepted the situation, and presented it to us squarely. We determined to leave the appointment of the provisions to her.

Sam Bach was indeed very sick. A violent dysentery, the scourge of the early miners, had reduced him to a living skeleton, until he was unable to leave his bed. Lucinda had insisted on his being put into her little room, while she and Bob erected their little tent in one corner of the cabin and slept there. Night after night did this kind-hearted woman rise again and again and visit her patient with earnest solicitude, to relieve his thirst and calm his increasing querulousness and sleeplessness. One of our number was a doctor, and with the limited means at his disposal, he did all that human skill could do, but without avail. A day or so before our council the Doctor had

given up all hope. This fact was communicated to Lucinda alone, who begged him not to tell it to the others, as it might make them "down-speritted"; but we gathered it from his looks and evasive replies, not from any want of apparent cheerfulness on her part.

When the sick man was about being removed to the little room, in a tremulous, querulous, childish tone he had requested the Doctor to pray with him. The look of horror that passed over the Doctor's face at this request was a study. He had not prayed for himself for a long time: how could he for others? "Sam Bach is a child yet," he whispered to one of our party; and Sam was really the youngest among us — a boy indeed, but a true and brave boy — "Sam ain't got over his mother's knee yet." Lucinda heard the request, looked at the Doctor, who was very intent on something else, then anxiously at each of us. There was a painful silence for some minutes, which each seemed afraid to break. With a face scarlet, but with a compressed lip, that courageous woman turning to us, said: "Boys, I ain't much on the pray, but I'll be —" — 'dog-on-ed' was her only oath, the only expletive we had ever heard her use, and that only when much excited; but she hesitated now, feeling it would be inappropriate, and stopped. "I think," she resumed, "we oughter fur a sick man. I only know 'Our Father,' and I am going to say it fur him." This was said in a quick, resolute way, with heightened color and voice, as she knelt by the sick man's side. The rest, with the exception of the Doctor, Jim Andrews and Ben Fuller, knelt with her, and amid this rough crowd, none of whom in all the time they had been together had exhibited the least trace of religious feeling, this simple-hearted but true and brave girl repeated the Lord's Prayer. She knew none of the rhetorician's arts, his studied emphasis and calculated pathos, but in the first sentence there was a world of deep, true feeling welling up in her own bosom which was felt by every man in the cabin as she repeated the word "Father." The three who remained seated, softly slid to their knees. We all seemed drawn together in a common bond of brotherhood. There was a sob heard in one corner of the room. It seemed to convulse the whole frame of a young man kneeling there, as with trembling but resolved voice, unbroken save by a sigh as she pronounced the words "Father" and "Amen," she prayed. As we arose to our feet there was a deeper silence than before. Each seemed to fear to look at another lest the moist eye, or to speak lest the husky voice, should betray the inward emotion. The next day she remembered the book Uncle Joe had given her at her wedding, unused till now, and she drew it forth and read to the sick man daily from its pages. The first day she opened at the parable of the Pharisee and the Publican. In reading, she called the former the "Farsee," the latter the "Publician," and made other mistakes in pronunciation, but they were overlooked by her hearers. The prayer of the poor publican struck her fancy wonderfully, and daily as she knelt and prayed she would begin her prayers with the words "God be merciful to me a sinner!" and looking over at the sick man, always waiting to catch his eye, would add "and to him, a sinner too," to which he would nod an assent. She would then begin the Lord's Prayer, and when ended, the Publican's again, going through the same ceremony.

Poor Sam Bach was fast sinking away. "Dad's ailin'" with the same disease increased too, and Lucinda's culinary skill was taxed to the utmost to please their palates, and her nursing powers to aid them; for no one could do for them as she could. She at first limited us to three spoonfuls of beans thrice daily, then to two, then with a sigh and tremulous voice, a smile and a tear breaking together over her face and eyes, she announced that "one spoonful three times a day must be taken; and," added she with a naïve air, "neither medicine nor sick man must be well shaken." The day the announcement was made Sam Bach died. We tunnelled far into the snow, made a kind of vault, in which we placed his remains clad in his best suit, and laid his pick, shovel and rifle by his side. Ned Purple read the parable of Lazarus and Dives from the "book," and with Lucinda's final prayer, "Our Father," ending with "God be merciful to him a sinner!" no theological differences of opinion about prayers for the dead troubling us, we went sadly back to our cabin.

The Squire had been growing weaker daily for a long time. One evening he called Lucinda to his side. "My dear daughter," he said, "Bob is a good boy, though he ain't got no eddication. If you get out of this and have children, don't forget your old dad's parting advice: Give them a good eddication." He sank down in the bed. His mind wandered, and the words *tupto, tupteis, tupt*—were the last heard upon his lips. We laid him by the side of Sam Bach.

Lucinda's face had lost its rosy freshness and its roundness, and grown pale and wan, but her smile seemed sweeter, her manner more sedate, her motions less active. It was very touching to see how the men in the camp had always, even when reduced to one table-spoonful of beans at each meal, before they began to eat placed part of their provisions on a clean side of their tin plates, and had arisen, leaving that untouched. It was done with the feeling that Lucinda in her hunger might perhaps eat "the scraps." Bob, when the necessity of our being on allowance became apparent, had been observed stealthily to slip part of his ration on her plate, which she unconsciously ate. We felt like doing something of the same kind, but it was impossible; so we would all leave the room while she was clearing the table, hoping she would add what remained to her own meal. In this we were mistaken. She silently recognised the intention, and put all that we left back into the camp-kettle, eating only her own share. One of the boys feeling sick one day, and not leaving with the rest, saw her do this, and remonstrated with her. Her reply was: "Don't tell the boys I don't eat it, fur it would make 'em feel bad; but if I wur to eat more'n they, 'twould choke me sure. God bless the boys! but ef we are going to die, I wish we could all go together."

A day or so after the death of Squire Fitch, one of our number had climbed to the top of the large chimney to take a look out. He had hardly reached there when he fell rather than climbed back, with pale face rushed to the spot where we had piled our rifles, examined one, found it charged, and immediately climbed back again up the chimney. We all waited in anxious suspense for some minutes—the sharp crack of a rifle was heard, our companion fell down into the ashes, from which the fire fortunately had died away—all he could say was "Go

quick! go quick!" Half a dozen sprang up the chimney, and a loud cheer announced something decidedly good had occurred. Knives were called into requisition, and soon the carcass of a divided deer was lying smoking on our table; the slayer was the hero of the day. After the first meal upon it had been hastily prepared and eaten, he told us the adventure. "Boys, I know what the 'buck-ague' means. You know I killed two on our way here, but it didn't budge me an inch or make me a bit nervous. I laughed at the idea of any man's getting so nervous that he couldn't hold his gun in the direction of anything for fear he could not kill it; but when I tried to kill that old buck I learned all about it. When I climbed up that chimney and saw the old fellow with his big horns standing not more than fifty feet from me, I could hardly tell whether he was an angel, a deer, or a devil. I couldn't believe my eyes; but I hustled down, got a rifle, and when I got back there he stood. I put my rifle to my shoulder and tried to take aim — 'twas no use, the gun flew about, pointing in every direction but the right one. It wouldn't bear on the buck; so I just braced myself against the chimney, ground my teeth together pretty hard, and tried again. 'Twas worse than ever. Just then he seemed to hear something and half turned towards me. I was afraid we would lose him; so I just shut my eyes, tried to pray for luck, and blazed away where I thought he stood. I saw him jump and fall." We were in too good a humor with the result of the shot to depreciate the manner in which it occurred. There never was an animal so perfectly consumed as that buck. We kept it more carefully after the first meal, but there was nothing about it capable of yielding food that was not made to do so. Even the bones after being thoroughly picked were broken into fragments, and made into a soup or stew. It lasted us five or six days.

But the great heaps of snow were still around us, shutting us out of the world of beating hearts and active labor by an impassable barrier. We went back to our "table-spoonful of beans three times a day." A coyote with its lean, tough, dog-like carcass was killed and eaten. A hare shared the same fate, and while men looked hungrily at each other, and chewed at handfuls of frozen snow, and did not dare to talk of food, yet when we looked at the pale and worn but cheerful face of "our woman, God bless her," as we now always called her, we kept down the strange thoughts that sometimes forced themselves upon us — such was the reverence for true womanhood inspired by this ignorant unrefined girl of eighteen.

One day there came a warm soft breeze, breaking upon the intensity of the cold that had frozen the snow around us. The sun seemed to shine with unwonted power. The snow began to grow softer on the top, and the water ran in little rivulets past our cabin and buried itself under the snow below us. A day or so, and the trees shook off their beautiful covering and showed their dark green foliage. A few patches of ground were visible, then the snow began to disappear by degrees. A few birds flitted about us; the tones of a squirrel in a distant tree were heard, and again we had a shot at and secured a fine old buck. As we wandered along a stream that flowed not far from our cabin, we discovered faint traces of a path that had been somewhat used,

and began to hope others were near us. It led also in the direction of the lake our explorers had discovered ; and as the snow was melting fast, we determined to send one party out to explore further the lake and its prospects, another to follow the path some distance and see where it led, while a third party remained in charge of the cabin. The latter were all invalids, five in number. Five were to explore the lake and four the path. In three days we were all to meet without fail at the cabin again. Sailor Bob, contrary to all our wishes, led the party to explore the path. We begged him to stay with his wife, but he had looked on her pale face and wasting form until it almost crazed him. He felt she was fast pining away, and unless relieved from this horrid prison he might lose her. And then too he feared some means of escape might be lost to less vigilant eyes than his own.

The three days passed away. On the evening of that day, the party that was sent to explore the lake, returned before nightfall. They had visited the lake, had spent a day upon its borders, had completely explored every nook and corner about it, had discovered marks of previous explorers, but not gold. The shadows of night deepened, but the path-party did not return. We all became anxious. A low wailing moan swept through the forest, the trees bent, and the leaves rustled in the rising wind ; the stars became obscured, and we stepped out at every noise, hoping it was the returning footsteps of our comrades. Lucinda's anxiety deepened into anguish, and when late she stepped out, and returned in a few moments with her dark hair spotted with white snow-flakes, and her pale face still paler, we each shuddered, for the moaning wind had brought another snow-storm. A heaping fire was made with the wood the cabin-party had laid in store while we were away. The door was thrown open, that the flickering light might stream out into the wilderness as a beacon. It threw its flashes far down into the forest ; but every now and then a whirling gust of snow swept into the house, and the wind whistled and shrieked as if human voices were crying in agony. At last there was a shout ; for an instant our hearts leaped up, and each listened in dead silence. Lucinda had sprung to the door. The shout was repeated, and madly rushing towards the sound, she was soon lost to our view. We all followed the direction of the sounds, and found two, and but two, of the party there. Bob was not with them.

I shall never forget the look on Lucinda's face when we entered the cabin. Her first inquiry was, "Where is Bob?" The two had followed Bob until the path seemed lost. Then they found a brush tent, broken down, and around it evidences of its having been occupied by white men, but no clue to indicate who the occupants had been, when they had been there, or whither they had gone. Bob determined to follow the path in another direction. It was lost there too. The third day arrived, and his companions had vainly endeavored to get Bob to return. No, he must find a way of taking his wife from that horrid place ; and late in the afternoon he ascended a hill with one of the party, hoping to descry something that would decide his future movements. The others had waited until after nightfall. Not until they had felt the snow on their faces did they start to return, and then scarcely able to follow the track they had wandered along,

until in a lull in the storm they had seen the ruddy flashes of the fire. Bob could not be far distant, they declared. The better way was to fire guns every few minutes. This was done ; a fire was also built outside the house, and the door kept open. It was an anxious, terrible night to all of us. Lucinda sat with a face rigid with her pent-up agony, but the great tears silently rolled one by one down her cheeks, and dropped upon the table. One after another would go out into the snow and down into the path, and shout and fire guns until chilled and almost exhausted. This was kept up until morning dawned.

And such a morning ! The air was filled with a whirl of great snow flakes, and the driving furious wind would every now and then scoop up the already fallen snow and send it whirling along until the drifts began to pile around us in hills. At the first streak of dawn Lucinda wrapped her head and shoulders in a rubber blanket, and dashed out of the cabin. All that were able followed her. We knew the danger, we saw the great risk of being lost and frozen to death ; but there was not a man there that would not have followed that flying form to certain death. On, on she flew rather than walked, the snow growing deeper and deeper, until the exertion began to tell upon her strength, and her steps grew uncertain. Suddenly she plunged into a drift that had formed across a deep ravine, and she disappeared from sight. Some threw themselves upon the yielding snow in order to press it down and give us standing ground, others flew to the cabin for shovels, and we went to work with desperation, even the sick men coming to the spot and working with their utmost strength, until we extricated her.

As we bore her away, apparently lifeless, in spite of the deep gloom that shadowed us, we felt perhaps relieved to think that she was dead. Bob had not returned, nor would he ever return now ; and we dreaded her awakening to the sad reality. But none the less did we use every exertion to revive her. At last consciousness returned for a few moments, and then she sank into a profound slumber. Twelve men sat by her side that day — twelve men hardly daring to speak or move lest they should awaken to new misery one they had learned to love. With beating hearts, pale faces and dreadful forebodings they watched there through the slow hours of the night. Each eye was sleepless and tearless, but there was a hard, close, almost cruel look on the features of each. It was the first time that I had ever seen utter despair pictured on a human countenance, and the memory of those haggard faces still haunts me. The fire blazed up, crackled, its flashes danced upon the walls ; without, the gusts moaned and wailed with almost human voices, and the silent haggard watchers kept their vigil of despair.

Day dawned at last ; the sun rose, the storm had ceased. A warm, beautiful softness crept over the trees, the valley, the snow-drifts. There was a slight motion from the sleeping form, a tremulous sound from her lips — "Our Father who art in heaven." She raised herself partly on one arm, her pale face and large eyes were turned towards each one of us who had gathered around her, and searched each face with a look of agonised questioning. "Not here ! not

here! Oh, Bob!" she exclaimed, and sank back upon the bed. Ned Purple threw himself on his knees by her side, seized her cold hand, let it fall, and it dropped heavy and lifeless. There was a defiant look, a fierce gleam in his face as he arose. Towards evening Lucinda again revived. She sat up, and threw her long black hair back from her pale face: "Boys, I have had a horrid dream." We brought her a little rabbit-soup, which she tasted, then rose, and pressing her hand to her side, with a sigh approached the fire-place, and began cooking a meal for us. When she went to the door, and looked out and saw the gloaming of the evening coming on, the same sigh, the same pressure on her side, the same pale sad face. We ate our supper. She knelt in prayer, in which we all joined, as she ended: "God be merciful to us sinners."

The snow-storm, though violent, had not been attended with frost, and in a few days the bare ground was visible once more. "Can we start away from here now?" was the first question Lucinda asked one morning, as she looked out of our cabin-door and saw that but a few patches of snow remained on the ground. "I think so," was Jim Andrews' reply, who knew more of mountaineering life than any of the others. "Then let's start to-morrow." To this we all silently agreed; and the thought of departure seemed to invigorate the sick. We had nothing on hand save a little game we had been able to kill. Even our camp equipage we were unable to carry; so we stored all in the cabin, except a couple of shovels, four rifles and ammunition, a camp-kettle and stew-pan. Of our blankets we took as many as we could, and eating an early breakfast, we started away. Our dreams of wealth had faded, our glowing hopes had gone down in darkness. Weary, hungry, haggard, weak, our party could travel but slowly. Lucinda took the lead: we knew whither: it was down the path Bob had last trod. His companions had pointed out the peak he had ascended. The path led around its base. As we approached near it we saw two men lying under a tree a little up the hill. A scared look on Lucinda's face, a tightening around our hearts, and we saw Bob and his companion lying there.

We had already buried Sam Bach and the Squire when the disappearing snow had allowed; we now again called our shovels into requisition. Graves were dug under a large redwood tree, and side by side we laid Bob and his companion. Redwood stakes were driven deep in the ground near them to mark their resting-places. Lucinda imprinted a passionate kiss upon the cold inanimate face, and turned away. We covered the grave and left.

Before we reached a mining-camp we met several parties of miners, all bent for Gold Lake. They freely shared their provisions with us, and we gave them all the information we could. It was now the spring of 1850. The Gold Lake fever was still raging, and men were out hunting for its fabulous wealth. They heard our story. We had failed, but they expected to succeed. One man's experience never satisfies another; and it is well it does not. Later that year returning miners, none of whom had been successful in their search, told such stories of hardship and defeat that the Gold Lake scheme was classed among the bubbles; and one day when I arrived in Sacra-

mento, I saw a large drawing representing a haggard, worn and starving miner, his clothes hanging in shreds, his eyes wildly staring. He was sitting by an expanse of water ; in his hand he held a lariat with which he had lassoed an immense nugget of gold lying in the water. Around this starving miner were sleek, gorgeously-attired men and women, all offering tempting viands for sale at prices ranging from a hundred thousand to a million dollars ; but the expression on that man's face was unmistakable : it said, "Nothing but death shall part us !" Beneath this cartoon were the words, "The Gold Lake Fever."

T. W. BROTHERTON.

AN UNDOUBTED ORIGINAL.

"WHAT! all unbraced for the work, all unmanned, with that blank look of impotent melancholy! Cheer up, cheer up, my friend ; and to help you, let me get your studio in order, while you don your most becoming painting-jacket, and adjust your black velvet cap in the most approved Raphaellesque manner, over that classic forehead and those dainty curls of yours. In fact, Frederick, look like an artist, and a flourishing one ; such things tell, *amico mio*. If your studio, your person, your countenance bear the mark of grim despair, the very people who are to help you along will say that bad externals are indicative of the mind within ; in other words, that you are a flat, and your proper place is that dead level, the slough of despond."

A grave harangue, but Frederick deserved it. He had talent, and he knew it ; yet self-esteem as a power, self-complacency — brass, if you will — he had none of, and Frederick could not or would not thrive.

"Bored, bored to death, William ; particularly to-day, with an unusual run of unimpressible visitors. More, for they were the best of them who looked at nothing, said nothing, and bowed themselves out. The remarks of others who seemed to take an interest in the arts were positively insulting, though under breath and in French, which as an American they presumed — the Britons — that I did not understand. 'He tries to copy Guido,' said a little English Miss, just losing, in her Continental tour, the 'smell of bread and butter,' as she regarded superciliously my Psyche. 'A student of Page, who out-Titians Titian,' said a cockney Londoner of my own age — Murray in hand — and turned contemptuously from my Salutation. My name was not in his guide-book, so he could not but condemn. My Clizia

they pronounced a clever copy of some picture in some lord's gallery in England, which I never saw and never heard of ; and even my group of Campagna shepherds was only 'like the hundred and one such to be seen in every picture-shop in every city in Italy.' In short, my friend, they saw no talent, no originality ; and I begin to believe them—nothing above your dead level, your slough of despond."

"Tut, tut, man ! the comments of the ignorant and prejudiced are of no importance, unless you consider them so. If in your mythological subjects there be a suspicion of Guido's celestial coloring, of his beauty of form without the insipidity of his classical abstractions ; if your sacred pieces are somewhat after the manner of Page, who out-Titians Titian, and whom none can fail to admire, it is for a very young artist a move in the right direction. Take a hint here and a hint there,—there's no harm in it ; but strive by all means at originality, which your own talent properly schooled, with self-esteem, must in time develop."

"The old song and the old advice ; quite as original as any of my own productions are likely to be considered, or ever will be. There is no originality in me, or in anybody else, that I can see."

"That you can see while in a bad humor. There, while you have been desponding, I have been arranging—your studio needed it sadly. I have placed your Psyche in a better position, your Clizia is just where it ought to be—it is your least happy effort, Frederick—your Salutation a little in the background, with a more subdued light falling upon it, and your Campagna scene, which finds its counterpart everywhere. By the way, 'tis the first time I have seen it since it was in sketch ; your tomb from the Via Appia, which you have converted into a peasant's hut, is well chosen enough, and probable enough, with its prostrate column of cipollino for a door-step ; as also the highly ornate Roman capital for the seat of the Pifferaro, who is piping to his goats sweetly browsing in the distance, or of his inamorata not discernible. Your sentimental young artist who is reclining against another marble fragment, and drinking in an inspiration, is happy enough too—this latter most cleverly, yet to my mind unnecessarily, foreshortened, as well as the baby of the spinning contadina, that lies in its cradle as flat—as flat as the infant of Correggio's 'Adoration,' in the Tribune at Florence."

"Imitation, imitation again !" cried Frederick, tartly. "You are as severe as the rest of them. This picture, too, upon which I had rested some hope, as it is seemingly a commonplace subject, and within the range of ordinary criticism, must, I presume, be put out of sight with Clizia and the rest of them."

"Not a whit, not a whit, my friend. I wish to put your defects in a stronger light, and for an appreciative visitor. My call this morning is no hap-hazard one. I have come to put your studio in order, and yourself in order for another intruder. So now for your best painting-jacket and cap—the black velvet ones by all means. There, I have put them on you myself ; and upon my word, in spite of ill-humor, you are as that pretty Romana said below, 'a handsome piece of a man'—only a piece of a man, you know—'when properly dressed.'"

* "Un bel pezzo d'uomo," a common Italian phrase.

There now, a carriage has stopped, and very soon our ears shall be gratified with the sound of dainty feet shuffling up the stone staircase. The fat, fair and good-tempered Mrs. Woolwich shall be your next visitor. Mrs. Cotton Woolwich, the wife of a rich manufacturer of Lowell, who has a palace of a house in progress of erection at Nahant, is now making the grand tour, looking up the arts, antiquities, etc., in Italy, and is at present in search of an undoubted original, which she means to get possession of at any price, to ornament the splendid gallery in the palace aforesaid. She is really a good woman, and of reasonable intelligence, but fancies herself a virtuosa, a connoisseur in everything. I met her in the relique-shop of the Via Condotti an hour ago, bargaining with the man about some sacred *bijouterie*, which she pronounced very like beejotry. It was a rosary and cross of garnet which had been blessed by the Pope, and for which she seemed almost content to give thrice their value. I knew her slightly before, accosted her, and turned the conversation adroitly to the arts and to modern artists, naming your studio as one worthy of an immediate visit. But here she is to speak for herself."

Frederick was taken aback, but I had it all arranged, and after the usual introduction, seated the fat, fair and good-tempered Mrs. Woolwich precisely where I wanted her to sit, that she might behold to the best advantage all I wanted her to see.

"Well," said Mrs. Woolwich, after settling herself in the most convenient position possible, and fanning herself violently, "we European tourists are hard-used and hard-worked individuals — hard-used, because everybody is determined to get the advantage of us; and hard-worked, oh dear! with those ruins which we have to do up in the broiling sun, and the galleries, the interminable galleries, which we have to tramp so many hours every day, not to speak of the churches, curiosity-shops, artists' studios, and cameo and mosaic manufactories."

"And," I ventured to add, "the establishments of sacred *bijouterie*."

"Don't speak of it, don't speak of it," replied Mrs. Woolwich, a little amused; "but you must not suppose I purchased that garnet trumpery, and at such a price. The shopman was too anxious to make a bargain out of me, so I let the thing go. It was pretty enough, and what he called 'cinque cento;' but what was it to me whether his Roman Catholic beejotry had been blessed by the Pope, when I am a Presbyterian? This *is* a pleasant place, and the richest studio I have been in this morning; and that is a pretty picture, but I am tired of Campagna scenes and I hate peasants. Off the steps of Piazza di Spagna* they never look like that — they are so dirty! What's the other piece next to it?"

"It is Psyche," I answered, seeing that Frederick had already been floored; "it is Psyche with her lamp, seeking truth, here represented by the sleeping god of Love."

"They say," resumed Mrs. Woolwich, "that truth is something to be found at the bottom of a well; but here I find it is a nude figure asleep, and a very pretty boy too. We get accustomed to all this in

* The steps leading to the Church of Trinità de' Monti, where models in the gala dresses of the Campagna are always to be seen.

the galleries, but it did seem queer to me at first. Truth, then, is a boy that has been fished up from the bottom of a well?"

"No," I said, "this is Cupid, the son of Venus: he is Love, and Psyche is the Soul."

"Oh, I hate classic subjects," replied our fair visitor, interrupting me—"heathen mythology, they call them. Show me something else; what's that?"

"It is Clizia, or Clytie, who was turned into a sun-flower."

"More mythology, which I do not like. She is turning already; she looks so very plump and so very yellow. There's another picture which you have put a little out of the way, as if you wished to hide it from me. It is proper, I hope; let's see it. I like to see everything—it is what I have come to Italy for."

"This," said Frederick, finally ashamed of his awkward reticence, "is the 'Salutation,' that is, the meeting between the Virgin Mary and St. Elizabeth."

"Oh, I know; I can understand this better, as it is Scripture, and I see it in every gallery. Is it an original, or only a copy?"

"It is quite original," replied Frederick; "quite original in its treatment; it has been my study to make it so."

"That must have been next to an impossibility, seeing that so many others have been before you. Did Page teach you to color it? It is so low in tone—or low toned? In the arts I believe they mean one and the same thing."

"Not always," answered Frederick, both provoked and amused; "though the two defects are sometimes observable in the same composition."

"It is low in tone, whether Page taught you to color or not; I know enough of art to see that. But it is the fashion now to rave about lowness in tone; I hear little else at the Gran Bretagna where I lodge."

"The works of most of the old masters," resumed Frederick, "are what modern artists would call 'low toned,' and it is the attempt at this revival which has given rise to the discussion."

"Oh, I hate attempts that result in nothing; let people paint the sky as it is, the earth as it is, and men and women as they are, and not give us something dingy upon something that is dingier."

"The charming effects of chiaroscuro, the harmony of color and its contrasts, are thought to be brought out with happier and truer effect when all is mellowed and subdued," said Frederick, defending indifferently a style properly speaking more Page's than his own.

"Something dingy upon something that is dingier," reiterated Mrs. Woolwich, pointing emphatically, though perhaps mechanically, with the fan to Frederick's "Salutation." "Dear me, dear me!" exclaimed Mrs. Woolwich, after a pause—"some people are so fortunate and some are so unfortunate. Some see everything in a day, travel up Italy in a few weeks, purchase just what they like or what everybody else admires when they get home, and here I have been six long weeks in Rome alone, have not got half through all that one is compelled to see, have made as yet no purchases to speak of, and must now hurry on to Naples with the rest of my party for the eruption,

which they say is not to last more than a fortnight. There's my friend, Mrs. Kippskin, the wife of the wealthiest shoe merchant in Boston, she spent only five weeks in Italy, went everywhere, saw everything but an eruption, purchased lots of beautiful things, and filled her house with undoubted originals !”

“Things of all others most difficult to find out of the galleries,” I ventured to reply, “if by undoubted originals you mean exclusively those by the old masters.”

“Of course I mean those by the old masters, as if any others would go down with the people of taste now at Nahant. Your modern paintings may be well enough for those who like them ; *they* can be had everywhere, even in America ; but what I want is a picture of which I can with truth say, ‘There’s an undoubted Michael Angelo, an undoubted Raphael, a real Correggio or a Domenichino’—in fact, an undoubted original by some old master, when art was what art should be, and not what it is now, a slavish attempt to copy the style of some of the great ones.”

“Things of all others most difficult to find out of the galleries,” I repeated, “though the venders of such commodities have, or pretend to have them in abundance ; from whom no doubt your friend was most satisfactorily supplied during her five weeks’ sojourn in Italy.”

“Most satisfactorily supplied,” said Mrs. Woolwich, already warming with the subject, “and most fortunate in stumbling accidentally upon so many pictures ‘of undoubted merit,’ as every one said. Not, however, altogether accidentally, for Mrs. Kippskin is a good judge of such things, and, as she says, can tell by intuition an undoubted original. ‘My dear Emeline,’ said she, ‘an undoubted original seems to shine by its own light—it seems lit from behind. Your modern pictures are no better than sign-painting—that head of Washington, for instance, that hangs over the tavern-door opposite.’ Now I don’t mean to be personal, and only repeat what Mrs. Kippskin said ; and I must confess that I could not see in her undoubted Domenichino, her Carlo Dolce, her Carlo Maratta—there were I think a Michael Angelo and a Raphael, but they were fruit and flower-pieces—that they shone by their own light, or that they were lit from behind ; they were mostly dark pictures.”

“Something dingy upon something that was dingier,” I hazarded interrupting her.

“Very much so—that is, all but two paintings ; they were lighter than the rest, and of inferior merit, as they cost less ; yet to my mind, of some value as specimens of what you call foreshortening—you see I understand the terms—the foreshortening in these was wonderful. In the smaller one, an ‘Adoration’ they called it, the infant, though perfectly formed, looked at first sight as flat as that baby there in the Campagna piece ; and in the larger one, an Assumption, a part of the face, the knees and arms of the Virgin were alone visible, like that man in the same piece, but she was rising in the clouds, and he is lying down sleeping, or doing something very like it.”

“Copies beyond a doubt,” said Frederick ; “the one of an oil painting in the Tribune at Florence, the other of a fresco in the Cathedral of Parma, both by Correggio.”

"Correggio? that was the name, but they were originals. Mrs. Kippskin said so, and the foreshortening was wonderful!"

"A peculiarity, but a defect in the great master's style," replied Frederick, heartily sick of the discussion, "who often spoiled his best compositions in order to show his excellence in what should be a mere accessory."

"How can an excellence be a defect?" sagely demanded Mrs. Woolwich. "In my humble opinion, the best pictures have too few excellences to leave one out. Speak of color, speak of light and shade, of chiaroscuro, of perspective: give me foreshortening, it is wonderful, it is glorious! Yet I am no nearer the mark than before. I leave to-morrow for Naples and the eruption, but shall return to Rome again shortly, and mean to have—you gentlemen must assist me—before I quit Italy, at least one undoubted original."

"You have visited most of the picture-shops and curiosity-shops in search of what you desire," said Frederick drily, "so I fear we cannot assist further a lady of such nice discrimination and undoubted enterprise."

"But you must assist me," replied Mrs. Woolwich, "although I have visited most places from the *Porte del Popolo* to the *Piazza Navona*. The curiosity-shops are filled with trumpery, and the picture-shops with the flimsy attempts of ordinary artists; even the *Exposition* which I visited to-day had nothing at all that I liked."

"And our studios," I continued, "nothing but is low in tone, or something dingy upon something that is dingier."

"If the nail has been driven, remember you drove it; I never meant to be personal," said Mrs. Woolwich, laughing.

"Perhaps," said Frederick, "Mrs. Woolwich would like to visit the studio of Signor Freppini the restorer, who works, and successfully, for most of the dealers; his rooms are not far from here, in the *Boca di Leone*."

"The *Boca di Leone*! queer names these for strange places. I live in the *Via Babuino*, which is Baboon street, and now you would have me go into the Lion's Mouth! I knew a little Italian before I came here, and have picked up a good deal since; and have to do it, for the gentleman of our party only speak English, and a time they'd have without me!" said Mrs. Woolwich exultingly.

"The *Via Babuino* is certainly Baboon or Ape street," I replied, "and *Boca di Leone* is the veritable Lion's Mouth, and incautious travellers who sojourn in the one often stray into the other without being aware of it."

"To the Lion's Mouth by all means, if you can insure me a safe exit and an undoubted original," said Mrs. Woolwich, amusedly. "One of you must accompany me; I am as yet a stranger in the Lion's Mouth, and to your friend who resides there."

Frederick by his manner showed no disposition to respond; so I, though no friend, but a slight acquaintance of Signor Freppini of the *Boca di Leone*, offered myself as her guide and protector.

"This adventure into the jaws of the Lion may cure our fair American of her morbid desire for impossible or improbable things, that is, if Freppini allows her access to his inner chamber, his manu-

factory of undoubted originals," said Frederick, as Mrs. Woolwich was taking an elaborate survey of the many objects of interest at the other end of the studio.

"We are never perfectly cured until properly bitten," said I, and hastily adjusted my own toilet behind Frederick's unsuccessful search after truth, before presenting myself as her highly honored escort.

Mrs. Woolwich bowed most graciously to Frederick, and we both shuffled down the ample staircase of this palace in the Ripetta, and to the door of a vacant vehicle, which in obedience to her command I entered, and we drove merrily together to the Boca di Leone.

Angelo Freppini, emerging from his inner chamber, received us delightedly in his large anteroom, which, like Frederick's only studio, was filled with objects of unquestionable virtue. Mrs. Woolwich began already to look hopeful; there might yet be an undoubted original among the real Carlo Marattas, the real Carlo Dolces, the Domenichinos, the Correggios, and paintings not distinctly classified. I mentioned the purpose of our errand to Freppini in his own vernacular, and after directing the attention of Mrs. Woolwich to his most attractive pictures, he motioned me, artist that I was, into his penetralia—his manufactory of undoubted originals. Paintings there were in every stage of completion, pictures there were by piles in every stage of decomposition. Some were merely to be cleansed, some were to be recanvassed, some only waited to be reframed; the greater number, however, in what to the uninitiated seemed a hopeless state of obliteration. Madonnas there were without heads, St. Johns without bodies, martyrs with only the bloody crowns above them, and blank pieces of canvass where Holy Families had been.

Several artists were busily engaged at their various departments, for Freppini appeared to drive a brisk business, and he himself, though neat in person, had received us brush in hand. "Here," said he, "is my hospital, where nothing is incurable to which painting is heir. If a saint require a leg, an arm, a nose, an eye, or even a head, we can restore it, and with precisely such a one as he had before; we imitate all styles, we classify every picture, we make one and all—"

"Undoubted originals," I chimed in.

"Undoubtedly we do," said Angelo. "No case to us is hopeless, nothing is ever lost. The great masters deserve to be immortal, and it is our office to make them so. Here," continued he, in that vein of mockery observable in those who through hard necessity are compelled to do what they despise, "here is my most hopeful subject." It was almost a blank piece of canvass—blank, save a very fair background, the top of a female head and the face of an infant St. John. "This was once a fine picture; I shall endeavor to make it so again, and shall allow no one to touch it but myself. I know the peculiar treatment of the artist's backgrounds, and that charming little head of St. John, so full of pious fervor, and with a slight trace of affectation—that slight trace which would go far in proving its identity, if those letters, A. A.—Antonio Allegri—did not go still farther, in the eyes of the uninitiated, to show that it was the undoubted work of the divine Correggio."

"Make it an original," said I; "throw into it as much as you are

able of his inimitable chiaroscuro, his wonderful foreshortening, and I can almost insure you a purchaser."

"That is what I am attempting to do," replied he, with a slight touch of enthusiasm. "It shall not be a simple case of stopping with putty and daubing of paint over it: I shall make it a most creditable work of art — an undoubted original of my own, save the head-dress of the Virgin and the infant St. John."

"Do not forget the foreshortening," said I.

"Assuredly not," he replied, smiling; "that cannot well be forgotten; for see, from where the feet of the infant can be traced that once reposed in its mother's lap, to where the head touched the background, there is but small space; it must of necessity be greatly foreshortened. Observe my cartoon, which contrary to custom I have prepared for it. It must meet every emergency — every cavil of criticism; and the painting shall be finished in the true Correggio style, for Parati, the dealer in Piazza di Spagna."

"Who will pay you?"

"Who will pay me just about one-third of what it will bring him as an undoubted original. But the lady must already be impatient in the saloon — let us rejoin her."

The door into this inner chamber had remained all the while open for courtesy sake, but we found Mrs. Woolwich had been making the most of her time, looking among the many restorations — no doubt for an undoubted Michael Angelo, an undoubted Raphael, or for some painting among those not distinctly classified that shone by its own light or that was lit from behind. She was, however, at the precise moment of our entrance, absorbed in the contemplation of a beautiful piece by Freppini himself. It was a Roman street scene, where a group of angel children were chanting before the shrine of the Madonna — a painting most precious in the eyes of the master, I soon discovered, showing, as it did, what his powers had been before compelled by hard necessity to prostitute them to a baser calling.

"I have been charmed," said Mrs. Woolwich, in a language which I was obliged to interpret, as that lady preferred to speak English. "Some of your pictures are very like those I have seen in the galleries; are there any originals?"

"Some are, undoubtedly," replied Freppini. "They can easily be classified among the various schools — more I cannot say. Signor Parati," he continued, addressing me particularly, "will give them a history and a satisfactory identity when they pass out of my hands; they are at present only works by the great Ignoto. This piece which madame is pleased to regard is modern, and one of my own."

"I like it," replied Mrs. Woolwich, "it is full of nature. I once saw such a scene by the roadside; but does it not want foreshortening?"

"And it is not lit from behind," I presumed to add, as her interpreter.

"Foreshortened and lit from behind?" answered Freppini, with feigned or unfeigned surprise. "I cannot understand, when all is foreshortening, and all, they tell me, is full of light — the light of the early morning, and from the lamp that hangs before the shrine of the

Virgin and child. It is modern," said Freppini, again addressing me exclusively, "and therefore cannot command its price."

"I am in search of an original by one of the old masters," said Mrs. Woolwich, obstinately; "none of these will answer, not even this which you said was by Ignoto,"* — pointing to a fine old copy of Guercino's Persian Sibyl, only sent to be cleaned — "whose name I see in every gallery as often as that of Raphael and Correggio. It is better than the rest, except perhaps your own piece, Signor Freppini, but too low in tone. But I have no more time at present to waste upon the arts, as I am going to Naples to-morrow with my friends for the eruption; but when I return, an undoubted original I must have, if it can be found in Rome out of the galleries."

"Perhaps," replied Signor Freppini, while bowing us out in the politest manner — a complete contrast to Frederick's almost contemptuous gravity — "perhaps Signor Parati in the Piazza di Spagna may assist you better than I can, who am only a restorer. I shall mention to him your most reasonable desire, which, I trust, may be crowned with success after the eruption."

I again handed my fair companion into her carriage, and with many pleasant wishes for the anticipated journey, left her to rejoin her friends, who I had occasion to learn were Mr. and Mrs. Virgil Cole and Mr. and Mrs. Franklin Wire, people of substance from New York, like our friend on their first European tour, and like herself, I had reason subsequently to discover, "fish out of water."

The eruption did last about a fortnight longer, and in a little longer time I saw the same very pleasant face loom up in the galleries, among the ruins and public walks, indeed everywhere. It was on the Pincian Hill that my fair countrywoman finally recognised and stopped me, as I was taking my usual stroll just before sunset.

"Here," said she, advancing in a gracious and kindly manner towards me, "I have been in Rome on my return from Naples near three weeks, and you have not yet fulfilled your promise."

"The undoubted original?" I replied inquiringly, while saluting her respectfully.

"No such thing," said Mrs. Woolwich. "I have been most fortunate in my purchases already; my collection of beejotry and paintings is complete. Such corals and lavas from Naples; and then the views I have of Sorrento, of Capri, of Ischia, and of the eruption in distemper; and, since my return to Rome, my Correggio, my Carlo Maratta, my Caravaggio, and other undoubtedly fine things, which you must see before they are sent to Hooker's for shipment. You promised to come and see me as soon as I came back again, and have not done so. I have grown more than ever an enthusiast in art, and I like artists; I learn much from them; they are the most congenial people I meet. My New York party laugh at me — they care nothing for the arts or artists. The gentlemen grope about the ruins a little, lounge a great deal in Caffi Nazzaris, and spend most of their time in the receiving-room of the bankers to talk over America, progress, and elections with the new-comers. Of the ladies, one thinks herself a virtuosa be-

* The word "Ignoto" — unknown — appended to paintings in the galleries, has been a source of much perplexity to the uninitiated, and of much merriment to the more knowing ones.

cause she buys every bit of marble she can find, and has not an idea beyond *giallantino*, *verdantico* and *cipollino*. The other shops all day in the Corso or Condotti, and laments that nothing she sees, except scarfs, is as good as she can get at half the price in America, and that there is no Stewart's and no Broadway."

"Undoubted originals," I suggested.

"Undoubtedly not," she replied; "there is no originality about them. Such people had better stay at home and read guide-books. See, I have dragged them both from their marbles and shopping to admire the sunset from Monte Pincio. How glorious it is as the sun sinks behind the dome of St. Peter's! But I must return to my friends and will not longer detain you; only promise to come and witness my triumphs. Ruins, churches and palaces to-morrow; but make sure to come the day after, when we receive, and bring your interesting friend with you."

"Signor Freppini, of the Lion's Mouth?" I asked.

"No, no, the other one, the American. I fear I was not over-polite to him; but he never can thrive, in spite of undoubted talent, with such forbidding manners. We must bring him though, so come without fail, as we leave the end of the week for Florence."

I saw Frederick a few moments afterwards. He too had been enticed out to enjoy that most glorious of all city views — a sunset from Monte Pincio. I mentioned the meeting and invitation to both of us. His smile and shrug were not an assent, so I went alone the next morning but one to the reception of our trans-Atlantic representatives.

Mrs. Woolwich received me with her usual affability, and introduced me to her American party there assembled *en force*, Mrs. Virgil Cole and Mrs. Franklin Wire, very wholesome specimens of American health and breeding, arrayed, though it was morning, in all the splendors of Paris millinery and both Roman and Neapolitan bijouterie. They had been everywhere, had seen everything, were tired of Italy, and disappointed generally, except with the Roman scarfs, mantles and *cipollino*.

The male possessors of those astoundingly incongruous appellations were dyspeptic, over-worked, gaunt-looking men, incongruities anywhere out of their counting-houses or factories, and in Rome, as their names and cognomens when coupled with them or together. They hated churches, except St. Peter's; they hated paintings — they left such things for women. The ruins were glorious — those that were not in the way of modern improvement. "What splendid factories the baths of Caracalla and the Coliseum would make! How much building material could be got from the Palatine! They wanted steam — they wanted economy of labor" — with a superabundant population! — "and the Tiber turned from its bed, thoroughly dredged and made a navigable stream."

"They wanted coal," I replied, "and the Roman government was not wise enough to embrace the advantages of making Rome a maritime city, to overlook the trifling disadvantage of inevitable pestilence by exposing so much Tiber mud to the rays of a burning sun," and turned refreshingly to Mrs. Woolwich, the only fish of her party as yet capable of existing in a different element.

"I must show you my originals," said she enthusiastically, "that is, my whole collection — my beejotries, my mosaics, my distempers, my articles of virtu generally. They will throw all Mrs. Kippskin's in the shade, and I promise you beforehand that I shall surprise you."

With this she led me into an adjoining room, where all her treasures had been arranged. The beejotry I scarcely noticed, as there was enough of it for inspection upon the persons of the ladies, and the Roman cameos of our fair friend I had thought the least unbecoming. The views of Sorrento, of Capri, and Ischia were certainly not low toned or low in tone, and her Vesuvius in distemper I thought very blue as to the sea and sky, and very red as to the eruption. I turned therefore to that part of the room which was evidently the chief point of attraction. Mrs. Woolwich herself removed the covering from a painting of considerable size. I almost laughed aloud — it was Freppini's real Correggio, by himself, minus the head-dress of the Virgin and the infant St. John!

"It is glorious!" said I. "Angelo Freppini has outdone himself! — as a restorer."

"Indeed he has," replied Mrs. Woolwich. "It glows with light; it seems lit from behind. The foreshortening is wonderful, and all undoubtedly original by Freppini, except the head-gear of the Virgin and the infant St. John. You see, I can surprise you — I know all about it. I saw more at Freppini's that day than you thought I did; I heard a word here and a word there which I could understand. What would become of our American party if I did not pick up a little of this foreign gibberish? A glimpse I had of the inner room almost cured me, but it didn't; Mrs. Kippskin must not have the advantage of me. I went to Parati's after my return from Naples and the eruption. I asked to see an original. He showed me a dozen; he showed me this, which I liked. I spoke of restorations; he assured me it had only been cleaned and recanvassed by Freppini. He named some unheard-of price. I offered him one hundred scudi. He turned up his eyes in amazement. 'Un Milord Inglese had liked it, and would give five hundred; it was an undoubted Correggio.' We closed with two hundred; the picture was mine, and it is beautiful. But yet I doubted, and determined to search out the truth for myself in the Boca di Leone. The cheat Freppini acknowledged when he found me disposed to purchase his singing children, which you now see among my collection," said Mrs. Woolwich, still exultingly, and uncovering the next picture. "Are they not both exquisite?"

"They are undoubtedly," I replied. "They are indeed worthy of Freppini, and almost of the great Correggio, whom he has most cleverly imitated."

"These three old paintings from his pile of unrestored rubbish," resumed Mrs. Woolwich, "he let me have for a mere song when I had closed with him for his own original. He said they were Trecen-testi, Naturalisti, or Eclectic — I do not rightly remember. I like the man," said she enthusiastically; "he has a way of making himself understood, even in his barbarous lingo, and I had not the heart to make the originality of my beautiful Correggio a point at issue with Parati when his own pay depended upon it."

The coverings she had also removed from the three paintings gleaned from Freppini's unrestored and unidentified rubbish. The first was "The Woman of Samaria at the Well," a pretty piece of coloring, which only needed its identification by Parati for a real Carlo Maratta; the second an "Ecce Homo," ugly enough and cleverly drawn enough to be pronounced a real Caravaggio; and the third "The Beheading of St. John the Baptist"—"something dingy upon something that was dingier"—evidently a study or "bozzetto" for a larger altar-piece, which might or not be an undoubted original by the Florentine Cigoli.

"You see," said Mrs. Woolwich, with unabated enthusiasm, "I know the right way to go to work in hunting up originals. My collection will throw all Mrs. Kippskin's fruit and flower pieces by Michael Angelo, and her foreshortenings by Correggio, completely in the shade. But now for your interesting young friend, who would not honor us to-day. I fear I offended him, and yet I am sure I wish him well. He is such a handsome piece of a man—only a piece of a man, you know—when properly dressed. Don't stare; I told you I would surprise you. Mine was not the carriage that stopped in the Ripetta that morning—I walked; and the fat, fair and good-tempered Mrs. Woolwich, who fancies herself a virtuosa but is not, knocked several times at the open door of the studio in vain, and heard all of your conversation in spite of herself while enjoying the beautiful prospect from the window on the landing-place, until you had put the apartment in order. I like your friend, indeed I do, and am sorry you did not bring him with you, as his manners were not such as to invite a second visit. I want his Campagna piece as a pendant for my 'Roman Street Angels,' and I want his 'Truth' fished up from the bottom of a well—something mythological—as a pendant for my 'Dancing Bacchantes,' already shipped from Naples, which the dealer assured me was an undoubted Spagnoletto. Let him name a fair price. I know you will not allow him to impose upon me," continued Mrs. Woolwich, I thought archly; "yet everybody imposes upon me or gets the advantage of me, and then laughs at me afterwards. Even you, Mr. —, will be able to say that you have seen in your travels what it has been to me impossible to find out of the galleries—an undoubted original!"

P. H.

AFTERMATH.

AS one who on the tranced Circean shores
Hath loitered long, until at last the shadows
Glimmer and gloom athwart the purple moors,
And by the liled meadows ;

And setting loose the rudder-band, doth find,
Against the heady current outward faring,
Dark seas before and stormy shoals behind—
Yet toils on undespairing :

As one who of some subtle cup hath drunk,
And walks awhile as in a golden vision,
But wakes at last ere yet his soul hath sunk
Into the swoon Elysian ;

And, with the bitter lees upon his lips,
Rises and turns him to the life-quest dreary,
Though all around hath suffered dark eclipse,
And heart and hand are weary —

So I, forgetting all the honeyed past,
And scorning somewhat that old life of pleasance,
Turn earnest-eyed towards that Light at last
That clasps a purer Presence :

Asking no more the lilies of the vale,
Nor roses fairer for the hidden canker,
Seeking a truer guide for helm and sail,
Trusting a surer anchor ;

Looking far out beyond the utmost rim
Of the dark hills, until my deep thoughts gather
From the dusk silence, infinite though dim,
The fulness of the Father ;

And stooping, pluck beside the rocky path
A simple flower, the pledge of that new morrow —
Only a Heart's-ease—as the aftermath
Of all that vanished sorrow.

BARTON GREY.

A PILGRIMAGE TO VIENNA.

VIENNA, *July 28th.*

WHEN the eyes of the whole world are turned toward one spot, it is hard to resist the cunning sprite that bids us pick up the pilgrim's staff and journey thither. So the Arab and his Mecca, so the Persian and his Meshad, so the American and his Vienna. Incredible has been the number of knights and ladies errant moving eastward to the great show, from educational parties of one hundred and fifty, to the quiet and contemplative tourist who lingered by the Brigs of Ayr, and around the lovely Abbey of Holyrood, on his way to the Austrian capital.

Bright was the Atlantic — sunny as the field of the Cloth of Gold the atmosphere by day, almost the whole way over. By night there was the liquid July moon, and the phosphorescence and breezes such as only come over three thousand miles of pure sea, filtered of every earthly speck, laden with every suggestion of health. Full of Tyndall and the Algerian voyage, we watched the wonderful interplay of color among the waves, as it deepened into ebony in the watery dells and then lifted into emerald against the sunlight. No sea-sickness troubled the tenor of these speculations. It was a long, sweet rest — those twelve or thirteen days — sweet, and of a length that seemed to run out into the mid-sea and half cross the months of summer. How sweet is the balm of the sea to tired eyes and shrunken limbs and book-weary minds! Seldom was a siesta so genuine as that fortnight, when so many of the land-lubbers were foaming with biliousness, thinking Europe all a sham, and wishing themselves a thousand leagues from their lemons and their basins. The transformation was quite marvellous when the headlands and verdurous heights that encircle Londonderry loomed in sight. So many bright faces and merry laughs and blooming complexions — where did they all come from? A delicious greenness lay scattered over the hills; the blue estuary was crisp with white-caps that leapt and shone in the morning sun; an old castle was just beside us with its dismantled buttresses and clampering ivy — what could be more enrapturing to these sea-worn folk on their first voyage of life and travel, with their minds mirroring the beauty and the verdure of a European land for the first time? We all stood in the keen morning air, drinking in the land and the trees and the little white farm-houses dotting the hillsides, and the cattle browsing along the shady hedgerows, until the chill ran through us and sent us down to an appetising breakfast. From that time on, all the way up the winding and winsome Clyde and its beautiful firth, past shipyards and villas and green isles and bonny lairds' houses, there was a trampling of decks and a rush of questions and a consultation of guide-books such as only a universal convalescence can inspire. How frightful is this convalescence to the thoroughgoing traveller! — to be pelted with questions and pumped with surmises as to what this and that

can be, and if that is Lord So-and-So's, and this the spot where some impossible and improbable scrimmage took place under Wallace or Sir John Graham! To listen to the naïve raptures of the American girls too — the houses were all châteaux and villas to them, clothed in royal magnificence, belonging to noblemen, or at least attached to the nobility in some way; the fields were all parks, and the peasants by the roadside retainers of some feudal chieftain yonder behind Benvenue. Schoolmarms and clergymen and professors and artists and commercial travellers all skipped about like crickets, and chirped their historical reminiscences in the face of the setting sun and the slowly-darkening Clyde. It was after midnight when we reached the Glasgow dock — not too dark to see the great rock of Dumbarton and the noiseless river gemmed with innumerable lights — a sight and a sense strange and calm to us, tossed for so long on the Atlantic main, with no light save the torches of the stars and the sea.

Of Glasgow nothing could be seen beyond the vast brick funnels that ran up to the clouds, and hung there as if by magic in the dun-colored smoke, — funnels that excel Strasburg Minster-spire in height, with clouds lying along their middle, and attenuated to the size of a meerschau pipe-stem. The Highland lakes compensated for our disappointment in the great shipbuilding and commercial city — those delicate little lakes with their marble-like black water, their richly clothed shores, and the frowning mountains that keep continual guard around them. Loch Lomond and Loch Katrine and Stronachlachar and Callander and Ellen's Isle — how rich in legend, how tempting to the poetic chronicler! A sermon in St. Giles's, a Sunday evening on Calton Hill, a morning at Holyrood Palace, brought distinctly to mind that we were in Edinburgh, of all cities the queenliest for situation, the richest for the visionary and the antiquary. The old inn where Dr. Johnson stopped, the haunted kirks of the Canongate and the High Street, the long line of houses in Prince's Street, where Burns and Christopher North and the early *Edinburgh Reviewers* and all the genial spirits lived and congregated — all these were still there, and with them the antique churchyards where more than the ashes of Westminster Abbey rest and wait for the times to come.

In the midst of all these most pleasant rambles and remembrances, Vienna was beckoning from over the North Sea, and hurrying up the unwilling pilgrims loath to relinquish these sweet and kindly associations. Accordingly down to London we sped, through busy Carlisle and flaming Leeds, and beside the silver Derwent at Derby, and through the fertile lands of midland England, to the beautiful Gothic station-house of St. Pancras, within a stone's-throw of the spot where Godwin, and Mary Wolstonecroft, the mother of Shelley's wife, lie buried. No pen has ever yet described London. You may pace it with Dickens, you may picture it with Jerrold and Doré, you may paint its wondrous fog-forms with Turner, you may turn over the fertile etchings of Hogarth and Cruikshank, but there it remains, the great black, baffling, babbling monster, with its ever-moving crowds, its ever-changing face, its ever-shining eye that seems never to sleep but ever to be fixed upon the spices of the Orient, the bubbles of the South Sea, the gold of Queensland, the diamonds of the Cape, the fruits and

the graces, the peacocks and the apes of far Eastern zones. It was beyond even Hawthorne to take in more than a street of it at a time, and Heinrich Heine used to haunt its street-corners in vague wonder at the roar and the grossness and the sensuality of its endless prosperity. It was pleasant to retire to those Londons within London — the Museum, the Gardens of Kensington or Kew, the storied marbles of Westminster, the quiet cloisters of suburban churches, the quaint monuments of the old Dissenters' burial-ground of Bunhill where Bunyan and Defoe and the Wesleys sleep,—and there forget those mighty and foot-weary throngs that pace the Regent Street and the Strand through day and through night, from age to age. And on Sundays to drop in by chance at one of those little gray churches with its ancient aisles lighted by a single sun-flushed window, and beneath your feet the bones of Milton, the heart of Thackeray, the brain or the right hand of John Keble, as the choristers chant and the rainbow-spots travel up the pews like a clock, and the Word of God comes down in simple and silver phrase from the lips of the parish priest. Very pleasant were these flights to unknown churches, and great museums and gardens sunny with the summer, and quiet spots along the river where the thunder of bridges and railways and thoroughfares was mellowed into something like music. Out of the turmoil and tumult, watching the water-fowl diving in the mimic lakes of the parks or the urchins bathing in the river, or the great ships loading for the Indies or the Isthmus, or the funny little operettes in the theatre at Sydenham — how much more restful was that than the angry and unpoetic struggles of the streets, the tawdriness of shop-windows, the heart-ache of the great human host that trampled and elbowed you at every step. It was a relief to get away from London and find oneself steaming tranquilly over the German Ocean for the city of Antwerp.

Betimes in the morning the low fog-hugging shores of Holland rose upon the horizon — hideous reeking things creeping slimily toward you from the dripping cane-brake, hugging the Scheldt in their oozy arms, river and shore blended in indistinguishable slime, height and depth one level of indescribable mud. Afar on the east the Cathedral of Antwerp described its arabesque of slender open-work architecture sharply and ethereally against the sky — a noble mass of embroidered and groined stone, lifting itself over four hundred feet above the old Dutch city. There was the congregated shipping of many climes along the docks erected by Napoleon, and on all sides evidences of what ages of thrift and opulence had accumulated. What wonderful riches had been drawn from that fat ooze which had just now excited our disgust! From Antwerp to Cologne was familiar ground to some of us: so there is no need to recall the fat Belgian orchards, the bronzing wheat-fields, the stretches of vegetables artistically laid out in parallelograms, the glistening thread of canal winding in and out among monumental poplars. It is simply a beautiful wearying scene, and you are even glad to sniff up one of the seventy-two odors that haunt the old city of Cologne, if solely to remind you that there rest and refreshment are to be found. The music was sweet, and the wine shed an exquisite perfume, and the Rhine shimmered with light from

the illuminated banks, and the Cathedral stood out grand and solemn on the star-lit cope of heaven, as we sat on our balconies and listened and lingered and admired it all — a scene uniquely German, strangely brilliant, crowded full with memory and association for some of us who remembered olden student-days there and all their genial accompaniments. How thankful we were for that single evening of heartfelt rest and remembrance! In the very wine there dwelt a loving spirit that came forth and tipped each recollection with flame like the lamps down yonder, and evoked a piercing happiness and regret too delightful to be treasured anywhere but in our heart of hearts. The streets looked so familiar, and the glad green Rhine — who can describe this inestimable river? Hot burnt the sunshine as we left it, but whenever its gurgle caught the ear, it was with a thrill of delicious coolness, a thrill of the tenderest regret. We longed to bury our sweltering heads in its bosom and rid ourselves of that Nessus-shirt of heat.

Another long, long journey to Berlin, through leagues of carrots, kraut, and cabbage, and a land infinitely dreary. There was no invitation to look beyond the window — no castellated heights, no clumps of patriarchal trees, no airy vision of mountains afar, no purple of dying thistle and ilex and alaternus, such as converts the Roman Campagna into a miracle of beauty. It was homeliness incarnate, and reached its acme in the Nubian sterility about Berlin.

At length we reached Vienna, city of waltzes and windows, expositions and extortions, oysters and Austrians. Fortunately, the many thousands of tourists who have visited the capital of the Ostrogoths have sent many thousands of letters home: so we need not particularise and search and bewilder ourselves with it. Vienna lives within us as a great gay laughter-loving, café-loving, women-loving bourgeois city, full of light and life and frolic, with amusements enough to evoke a smile even from Gengis Khan, and follies enough to turn the whole world's head. There was no night or day there, or dinner or supper or breakfast; but it was all eating and drinking and radiance perpetual, with the murky Danube stealing sullenly through it all and hurrying away to Pesth with its great black secret in its bosom. Even to specify were a weariness, even to remember were intolerable, when you begin to specify and to remember that it is Vienna that is to be specified and remembered. How exquisite is the relief in the thought that one is *not* a correspondent, and that one need not pluck and rack one's brains to make a letter! The head swims when a recollection of the Exposition occurs to it, dazzling and manifold and measureless as it is with all its pomp of pagodas and kiosques, oriental caravan-serais and occidental cabarets, flower-shows and man-traps, and shows of machinery miles in length, and linked saloons long drawn out all a-gog with the silks or the spices of Ormus and Cathay, so ample as to produce splendid effects of grouping and contrast before the bewildered eye. A walk through all this was simply an endless headache; and if ever a man were reminded of the admonition "Dust to dust," it would be in those mazy promenades within the Exposition grounds, where the dust licked up all the fresh green turf, coated the Swiss chalets, covered the dimpled surface of fountains, and worried your eyes till they become bloodshot, filled your nose till you sneezed, got

down your throat till you hiccuped, and whirled you in a revolving cyclone of strangling particles up the long allées. And the streams of people too floundering in all this dust, up and down, down and up, all the hot day long, worried with the yearning to do everything, to hear all the bands, to attend all the concerts, to taste all the wines at the *Kosthalle*, to go up all the high places and down into all the low ones and along all the slanting and oblique ones, to see the Shah's palace and the Viceroy's pavilion, to buy of all the cross-legged Turks, to look at all the contemplative Persians, to stare at all the Chinese in clogs and pig-tails, to make love with everybody and empty everybody's pockets, to rend, tear, bespatter and maltreat everybody's Sunday clothes in the universal hubbub, to get black in the face and then white again, all for naught ; to climb impossible staircases where there were pianos thrumming, to stop at innumerable chalets where beer was drinking and cheese eating and fat mammas and papas waddling, or voices unlocking all their dissonances to the winds and filling the Prater with their chatter ; to go down into all the cellars and through all the mysterious doors painted with gorgeous monsters where *Punchinello* was enshrined with more than splendor of Eastern Khalif, to drink all the Himbeer-essig, and eat all the dangling sausages from Frankfurt, and sniff all the inviting odors of meals myriad and multi-form ; to scan every one of the pictures and measure every one of the statues, and take the length, breadth, height and contents of every one of the Exposition buildings ; to sit down in all the luscious lounging chairs, and drink soda-water at all the American bar-rooms, and visit all the school-houses, and gauge, compare, digest and ruminate over all the merits of all the nations of all the earth, embraced in this all-embracing, universal, preposterous, immeasurable, never-was-the-like-of-before SHOW ! That was a "worrit" indeed. And to cap this almighty climax, there was the Shah coming, with his sinister Afghan face, his be-diamonded and bedizened suite, and his Grand Vizier, Grand Almoner, bow-stringer, headsman and all. Vienna was like a huge hive into which some luckless drone had tumbled, seething, teeming, fretting its life away amid the glories of its great bazaar, with emperors for customers and the universe for spectators. Everywhere a crowd, everywhere a rush, on the endless omnibuses and tramways and britskas ; for pecuniary success or no, there were the old folks and young folks and middle-aged folks in thousands, up to thirty or forty thousand a day, doing the Exposition with all their might and main, as if there never had been an Exposition before, and never was to be again as long as the world lasted. So enthusiastic are the good Viennese, so music-loving and art-loving and exposition-loving, and loving of everything the stranger has even to the last kreuzer in his last pocket, down to the very bottom of it. Fortunate people to live in this heyday of expositions and universal brotherhood ! Never was there such hay-making while the sun shines, never shone sun on such mountains of safely garnered hay ; for say the royal edict what it might, the keen-witted *hausfrau* found many a way to screw the hapless devil who had taken her lodgings, and to introduce mysterious and unintelligible things into her bills, safe from his ken in their mystery and unintelligibility. You had to lodge in garrets and pay like princes, else this.

amiable being pounced upon you and put you out for more tractable customers. True, there were contracts for rooms and all that at certified rates, all duly and gracefully drawn up and printed on dull-blue paper ; but what mattered that when you did not take the omelette for breakfast which Madame anticipated from your very genteel appearance the day before, and what mattered that if you did not drink and would not eat *salami*, and could not eat raw-herring salad with onions? You might flourish the dull-blue contract under Madame's nose as you pleased, but out you went that very hour for your atrocious refractoriness. Even before this melancholy conclusion to your pilgrimage, you would be waylaid on your way down stairs by seedy-looking bootblacks and expectant chambermaids, and frowsy-headed gallows-birds who attend to the *bureau* — that awful repository of continental secrets — all waiting for the odd kreuzers in your pockets, all ready to swoop upon you like carrion-crows if you did not give them, with a pecuniary twinkle in the eye that pointed to a decided taste for business. Safely through these monsters, you were assailed on the streets by flower-girls and fantasts, organ-grinders and droschke-drivers, street-criers and trinket-sellers — all the ambulant vermin, in one word, that infest the purlieu of a great town and pick up from beneath its tables a precarious and miserable subsistence. In and out, down town and up town and round town, surged the crowds, but mostly up the Zeile into the once green and lordly avenue of the Prater, now beaten down, disfigured and hopelessly ruined by the trampling feet of visitors or the shameless carelessness of the people who have built beer-houses all over it. It is a dense village of unwholesome and closely-packed saloons and shows, spaced off into little gardens thick with wooden-bottomed chairs and grimy tables, redolent of stale drink and by-gone carousal, where brass-bands, headed and played by women, send forth blatant music and invite the strollers to come and listen. They never do come, and they never do listen, although they drink, drink, drink, drink, until you look anxiously at their waistbands and think that they will surely burst. In fact, if there is one thing more than another which excites your wonder here, it is the immeasurable *drink* which these people can hold. The typical Viennese is a cross between Falstaff and St. Gambrinus, between a cask of beer and a butt of Malmsey — crass, creasy, round-paunched, with a jaw of iron and a stomach of gutta-percha, an infinite lover of music, an infinite wit. You can walk from the United States to China, through Britain, Germany, Turkey, Brazil, Zanzibar and Greenland, in these multitudinous buildings, and everywhere you find him with his *frau* and his fair-haired daughter smart in stomacher and frill and long gold chain, laughing and joking, drinking and gazing his fill of everything. If one could be philosophical or studious in such a place, what a place for study and philosophy, and comparative estimates and clear generalisations and smart conclusions about the world's progress, wonderful industries, fraternal relations, et cetera, et cetera ! But nobody ever was studious or could be philosophical in such a place, and there is absolutely nothing left in one's brain but confusion and dizziness and sick headache after all these brilliant and marvellous doings of human fingers ; and there

is absolutely no use in groping in and out these ells and angles with their heaped-up riches, for you see nothing from sheer weariness, you hear nothing for the din, you taste nothing but foul air, and you smell nothing but what is indescribable — sight, hearing, taste and smell being equally confounded. After seeing it all, tasting it all, smelling it all, hearing it all, you ask yourself in utter brokenness of spirit: What *is* it? and after upping and downing it all from east to west and from north to south, from California to Hong-Kong and from Cape Horn to Baffin's Bay, the question recurs: What *is* it? If, after traversing these immense and never-ending corridors, and dragging your miserable carcass through these winding, twining, torturing galleries, stair-cases and promenades; if, after sitting down and drinking at every one of the chalets and admiring every one of the mock Swiss girls who serve you in mock costume; gulping down all the sherry-cobblers at all the American bars; eating all the waffles at all the Parisian cookshops; buying all the canes and sleeve-buttons and paper-holders; admiring all the wonderful things from New Zealand, Java and Sumatra; asking all the questions and never having them answered; doing all the courtesies and never having them returned; vacating all the chairs for stout ladies and never getting thanks or an Amen for it — if, after all this is done and suffered, you have the courage to ask What *is* it? — then ask it, in heaven's name, and may it be well with you.

But from another Exposition, All Gracious Powers deliver *us*!

* * *

THE GOOSE THAT LAYS THE GOLDEN EGGS.

A CONTRIBUTION TOWARDS A STATEMENT OF THE COTTON PROBLEM.

I DO not think I am precisely a "Hail-fellow-well-met" sort of person, but I *am* inclined to be of the opinion that that fabulous punctilio of the Englishman who refrained from cautioning the individual whom he saw walking, smiling and unconscious, towards the brink of a precipice, merely because he had not "the honor of his acquaintance," does somewhat pass the limits of becoming reserve. I am not a cotton-planter, nor a cotton-factor; I do not recollect that I ever saw the crop growing; and I am very sure that I know as little practically about the market distinctions of "ordinary" and "middlings" and their grades as I know about the manœuvring of an army or the state of the Chinese civil service. Nevertheless, in the course

of my reading I have chanced to come across a good deal concerning the "cotton problem," so called ; I have a pretty shrewd eye for a fallacy, and I am convinced that there are some fallacies in the minds of those chiefly interested in this cotton problem, in respect of its true conditions — and fallacies which it is so vitally important to have removed, since their further prevalence is likely to be fatal to the industry in question — that I do not think I need make any further apology for trying to set the actual cotton question out in the light of plain facts, where those concerned may see how it is for themselves.

A man with a preconceived opinion may look up into the clear sky at noonday and be convinced the sun is not anywhere about ; he may look again at the same hour and see the blessed damozel leaning out from the golden bar of heaven, with three lilies in her hand and seven stars in her hair. "The human understanding resembles not a *dry light*, but admits a tincture of the will and the passions, which generate their own system accordingly ; for man always believes more readily that which he prefers." *Franciscus de Verulamio sic cogitavit* — and he has thought rightly too. Now the fallacies which prevail about the cotton question are fallacies tinctured with hope, and fallacies tinctured with fear — in each case the judgment is biased, and a preconceived opinion formed which has no proper foundation on fact. Our hope leading us to come to conclusions before examining facts, has culminated in a sort of "apotheosis of error," of which the rigma-role of vanity furnishes a fitting ritual. Our fear has induced us to shout ourselves deaf lest we should hear something ungrateful to our hope. Hence, there has come about a habit of loose talk in regard to cotton, a fashion of fatuous braggadocio and flapping of wings and crowing like dung-hill cocks that have no rivals. These things originated in the mental state alluded to above, of believing what we desired ; they have been kept alive by hope, fear, and vanity ; they are now accepted conventionally and from mere habit of mind ; and they are, when analysed, nothing in the world but jargon or rhodomontade. Take for instance this fiddle-faddle-cum-funk from an otherwise very sensible and pregnant speech of Senator Alcorn (upon whom the savage eyes of Mississippi just now turn a modest gaze — and no wonder, when he charms them with such music as this) :

"God writes his prophecies in things. The waves that the geologists tell us, rolled from the Alleghanies to the Rocky mountains, had but just begun their record in supplement to the 'testimony of the rocks,' when down deep in their unfathomed depths the finger of the Almighty traced in elements on the bed of the Apalachian sea, the word 'Empire.' At this moment of its transition into history, that prophecy flashes upon us in broad significance under the interpretation of coal-fields that darkle for breadths of a thousand miles, of a river system unequalled elsewhere on earth, of an agricultural surface that, spread out from the rising to the setting sun, offers unlimited supplies of that food of human life, wheat, and of that food of industrial life, cotton."

This is all very pretty, no doubt, and will please the sophomores ; but I utterly refuse to admit that the divine inscription "Empire" is written so indelibly upon the Mississippi valley that man's obstructive sponge cannot wipe it out ; and I decline moreover to believe that if

the General Government will only rebuild the levees, Governor Alcorn's Yazoo bottom-lands will be able to produce cotton in defiance of all competition and in spite of all invidious acts of bad government. The Amazon's is a broader and more liberal valley than the Mississippi's; the banks of the Orinoco and the Congo are richer; there is coal in equal plenty along the Yang-ste and the Hwang-Ho: what is to prevent good government and favorable conditions in these places, and bad government and adverse conditions in the Mississippi region, from sending cotton back where it was two hundred years ago? Certainly not Governor Alcorn's buncombe.

But Governor Alcorn's buncombe is merely an echo of the prevalent buncombe throughout the cotton States; and it is a real pity that errors do not purge themselves of some of their wrong by being respectably and commonly accepted. If that were the case this buncombe would take rank among the most universal of truths. Meantime, it is well to note that while Francis Bacon did *not* say that knowledge was power, he *did* say that under certain limitations and in certain directions, "human knowledge and power are really the same; *and failure in action chiefly arises from the ignorance of causes.*" Hence the importance of first clearing away the fogs of preconceived opinion which environ this cotton question, in order to understand the actual merits which the question possesses.

The fallacies about cotton are very easy to state, but their widespread influences and effects can scarcely be estimated in their entirety. These fallacies are (1) American cotton is king; (2) that there is a belt, or zone between certain latitudes in the Southern States where cotton can be produced under circumstances so peculiarly favorable as to put intolerable burthens upon all competition elsewhere; (3) that in this belt there is a soil better adapted to the growth of cotton than any other soil on the globe; (4) that the *quality* ("staple") of the cotton of the Southern States is and will remain superior to that of any other cotton; and that, by reason of this soil, and these isothermal considerations, this belt or zone is capable of so excelling other countries in quality, cheapness, and constancy of cotton product, as to have, whenever it pleases to claim it, a supremacy in the market of so positive a kind as to be virtually a monopoly. These are the fallacies about cotton, and they are universally held; even the most despondent planters and factors, in contemplation of the actual ruin before them, hold them still, but in a sort of abeyance, saying to themselves: "O, we know things are down now; but just wait until things come round a bit, and our soil and climate have a fair chance." So universal is this sort of belief, and so injurious is it, that even so late as January 1866, when the U. S. Revenue Commission was looking around for subjects for taxation, they justified the fatal excise upon cotton by quoting with effusive faith from a work by Samuel Smith of London, "The Cotton Trade of India," written in 1863, to prove that the South could resume her cotton sceptre at will. "India," said Mr. Smith, "is not able as a cotton-growing country to supply the place of America." "Large supplies of cotton can be drawn from India only by excessive prices, and whenever prices return to a normal level, the production will recede accordingly." "No hope whatever exists of India being able to fill the void made by the stoppage of the Southern

trade at anything like remunerative prices to the spinner, and very little hope of her being able to provide a quality which would suitably fill the place of American cotton." Upon that argument the tax was laid, and the paupered and exsanguined South bled to the amount of \$68,072,388.99. That was in 1866, and the authors of the argument answered it themselves, in person, and speedily. The excise was taken off in 1868. In 1872, the tax would have been refunded if those who actually paid it could have been found. In 1873 Governor Alcorn calls upon the Government to rebuild the Mississippi levees, as the only means of retaining king cotton on his throne! What India has done, in spite of Mr. Samuel Smith and the Revenue Commission, will presently be shown.

But let us look at these fallacies a little more closely and examine their texture.

I.—*Cotton is King*, and American cotton King. When we say that cotton is king, we do not by any means say the same thing as when we say that American cotton is king. In the latter case we simply assert that our cotton has the supremacy over other cottons; in the former, that cotton (meaning American cotton) regulates the markets of the world. But, both positions are utterly fallacious. Mr. M. C. Kerr, of Indiana, who was perhaps the ablest political economist in any of the late Congresses, said last winter, in a speech upon the proposition to refund the cotton tax, that "it should never be forgotten that we enjoy no monopoly of cotton-growing — other countries can produce it also in vast quantities — and the superior excellence of our cotton [Mr. Kerr has not yet disabused his mind of the "unapproachable staple" fallacy, it will be perceived] is not alone sufficient to give us command of foreign markets. Cotton can be raised in greater or less quantities between the parallels of 40° north latitude and 36° South latitude, and under every meridian where land is uplifted from the sea." This is no more than a plain statement of the naked fact; and those who are in the habit of feeding their imaginations with the metaphysical attributes of a certain geographical zone, which is expressly made for cotton and cotton for it, will do well to remember that the only real quality which the cotton raised within that zone ever had to distinguish it from that raised elsewhere, was — *cheapness*. But cheapness is not a metaphysical attribute; it is only a relative, and a changeable condition, and subject to all the vicissitudes of shifting circumstance. If American cotton ever was king, it was not so by divine right, nor because God's hand wrote the word "Empire" on the Mississippi valley, but simply by election, and because it suited the commercial convenience of the world to recognise its supremacy during the concurrence of certain conditions of affairs. As for cotton being absolutely king, without qualifications, that never was the case. In the most arrogant days of King Cotton's former reign, his ministers always were aware that a word from Liverpool could change him from King Stork into King Log,—tear the iron crown from his head and dismiss him into the derisory insignificance of a *Roi fainéant*. For cotton, to be *grown*, must be *sold*, and England, which was the buyer, has always taken her cotton in *sterling*, not in *pounds*. That is to say, only *so much money* on an average, from year to year, was invested in cotton purchases. Under the old régime, when cotton was

plenty and cheap, England bought so many pounds and set all her mills a-running full time. When cotton was scarce and high, she abstained, took a less number of pounds for the same money, and ran her mills on half or three-quarter time, as the case might be. Under the present régime, the thing is regulated differently, and much more to the disadvantage of the American King Cotton. If we have a good season, an average area in cultivation, and the crop is consequently large, Liverpool steps in, knocks the price down, and buys briskly. Planters make no money; are dissatisfied; next year there are half-a-million less acres in cultivation; the season is bad, the crop short, and prices buoyant. Then, Liverpool buys charily, India comes forward to supply the deficiency at a little less than the enhanced rate, and King Cotton gets the go-by. In every case, Liverpool is independent of King Cotton, and King Cotton the vassal of Liverpool. This is rather a bad predicament for royalty to be in, in these skeptical days, when kings cannot get their passports visés to good opinion without passing a regular Civil Service examination.

This fact, that, while the crops of cotton are variable, the money that goes to their purchase is invariable, is an all-sufficient answer to the claim of cotton to be king. That it *is* a fact is plain enough from the following tables, which I have here thrown together for convenience of reference. They embrace a statement of the past and present, and a forecast of the future of the cotton question, as graphically as it can be made in numbers.

TABLE A.

American Cotton from 1848 to 1873 (Bale = 460 lbs.).

	1848	1849	1850	1851	1852
1. Total Crop, year ending Aug. 31—bales.....	2,439,786	2,866,938	2,233,718	2,454,442	3,126,310
2. Exports, year ending June 30	1,770,161	2,229,570	1,381,264	2,065,732	2,376,588
3. Gold Value of Exports.....	\$61,998,294	\$66,396,967	\$71,984,616	\$112,315,317	\$87,657,732
4. Average Price per pound.....	7 3-5 cts.	6½ cts.	11 3-10 cts.	12 1-10 cts.	8 cts.
5. Home Consumption (North)	523,892	504,143	476,486	386,429	588,322
6. " " (South)	92,152	138,342	137,012	99,185	111,281

	1853	1854	1855	1856	• 1857	1858	1859
1	3,416,214	3,075,879	2,982,634	3,665,557	4,093,837	3,257,239	4,018,914
2	2,416,456	2,147,459	2,393,493	2,991,175	2,265,588	2,454,529	3,021,493
3	\$109,456,404	\$93,596,220	\$88,143,844	\$128,382,351	\$131,575,859	\$131,386,661	\$161,434,923
4	9 4-5 cts.	9 3-5 cts.	8¾ cts.	9½ cts.	12 3-5 cts.	11 7-10 cts.	11 7-10 cts.
5	650,393	592,284	571,117	633,027	665,718	425,185	760,218
6	153,332	144,952	135,295	137,712	154,218	143,277	167,433

	1860	1861	1865-66	1866-67	1867-68	1868-69	1869-70
1	4,861,292	3,849,469	2,269,316	2,097,254	2,593,993	2,439,039	3,114,592
2	3,774,173	3,127,518	1,552,457	1,558,787	1,657,015	1,448,020	2,178,917
3	\$191,806,555	\$134,000,000	\$200,439,529	\$142,783,535	\$110,625,354	\$120,446,622	\$184,187,436
4	11 cts.	11¾ cts.	30 2-5 cts.	21¼ cts.	14½ cts.	19 cts.	19 cts.
5	786,521	650,357	594,000	690,000	834,281	846,756	777,341
6	185,522	193,382	71,840	80,266	81,385	76,998	81,567

	1870-71	1871-72	1872-73
1	4,347,006	2,974,351	3,939,508
2	3,167,264	2,003,337	2,609,254
3	\$192,787,666	\$180,684,595	\$227,243,069
4	13 1-5 cts.	17¾ cts.	16 1-5 cts.
5	1,072,426	1,007,540	1,159,627
6	91,240	130,000	141,500

TABLE B.
Cotton Imports into Great Britain.—Bales.

Sources.	1860	1861	1862	1863	1864	1865	1866	1867
1. Africa.....	1,097	1,607	613	1,669	6,628	6,118	7,764
2. Australia..	9	3	64	240	662	1,431	1,524
3. Peru	2,515	2,667	1,289	13,275	27,059	79,338	49,081	63,601
4. W. Indies.	7,259	7,188	11,436	8,610	32,586	61,159	62,745	64,593
5. Egypt.....	110,009	97,759	135,420	205,788	257,102	333,575	167,451	181,173
6. Brazil.....	103,084	99,224	133,807	137,142	212,192	349,261	407,646	437,208
7. India	562,738	986,290	1,071,768	1,224,989	1,399,514	1,266,513	1,847,759	1,508,754
8. U. States.	2,580,980	1,841,643	172,369	132,028	197,776	460,606	1,162,745	1,225,686
	1868	1869	1870	1871	1868	1869	1870	1871
1	7,620	19,332	13,136	9,909	5	188,689	185,670	219,920
2	4,406***	6	636,897	514,200	402,760
3	58,911	62,228	48,423	80,997	7	1,451,979	1,496,426	1,063,540
4	41,770	43,042	112,100*	8	1,269,060	1,039,641	1,664,010
								2,233,984

* Not known.

TABLE C.
British Cotton Imports.—Percentages from Chief Sources, in Bales.

	1860	1861	1862	1863	1864	1865	1866	1867	1868	1869	1870	1871
Egypt.....	3.3	3.2	9.4	10.6	9.9	12.1	4.4	5.2	5.1	5.5	6.3	6.0
Brazil.....	3.1	3.3	9.3	7.1	8.2	12.3	10.9	12.5	17.4	15.2	11.6	11.3
India.....	16.7	32.2	74.2	63.6	54.1	46.0	49.3	43.1	39.6	44.2	30.7	28.1
U. States....	76.6	60.6	5.0	6.8	7.6	16.7	31.0	35.0	34.7	30.7	48.1	50.7

TABLE D.
Comparative Prices in England of (in pence)

	1800	1810	1815	1820	1825	1830	1835	1840	1845	1848	1849	1850	1851	1855
1. U. S. Uplands (1 ^w grade)	26	18½	21½	11½	11½	6½	10¼	6¾	4¾	4¼	5½	7¼	5¾	5¾
2. Brazil and Pernambuco.	32½	26	31	15½	15½	8¼	14¾	9¼	6¾	6	5½	7½	7½	7
3. Surat.....	14	15½	17½	8½	6¾	5	7½	4¾	3	3¼	3¾	5½	4	3¾
4. High grade Dohlera.....

	1856	1857	1858	1859	1860	1861	1862	1863	1864	1865	1866	1867	1868	1869	1870	1871
1	6	7¼	6¼	6¼	5½	7¾	18	24	27	19½	12½	7¾	7¾	11	8	7 7-16
2	7½	8¾	8¼	8¾	8¼	9½	17½	24¼	28	19½
3	4¾	5¾	4¾	4¾	4¾	5¾	12	19	19¼	15
4	5¾	5¾	5¼	8¼	18¼	24½	23¼	24	17¾	12½	10¾	10¾	9¾	7 3-16

TABLE E.
Product, Export, and Price of American Sea Island.

	Bales Produced.	Bales Sold in Liverpool.	Price per pound here—cents, gold.
1858-59.....	47,529
1859-60.....	46,649
1860-61.....	34,810
1866-67.....	32,286	22,040	45 4-5
1867-68.....	21,275	29,700	43¾
1868-69.....	18,054	20,170	63
1869-70.....	26,507	13,550	44
1870-71.....	20,818	16,470	40
1871-72.....	16,845	23,320	46 1-5

TABLE F.
Distribution of the Cotton Crop.—Bales.

	1820-25	1825-30	1830-35	1835-40	1840-45	1845-50
1. Louisiana, &c....	178,000	302,000	424,000	673,000	874,000	993,000
2. Alabama, &c....	50,000	84,000	143,000	295,000	421,000	410,000
3. Florida, &c....	2,000	4,000	29,000	96,000	141,000	161,000
4. Georgia, &c....	160,000	216,000	252,000	267,000	246,000	285,000
5. Texas
6. S. Carolina.....	130,000	152,000	194,000	249,000	314,000	341,000
7. N. Carolina.....
8. Virginia.....	50,000	91,000	69,000	44,000	28,000	21,000
9. Tennessee, &c..

	1850-55	1855-60	1860-70	1870-71	1871-72	1872-73
1	1,337,000	1,900,000	1,142,097	1,446,490	957,000	1,240,000
2	508,000	646,000	300,000	404,000	288,000	332,000
3	168,000	154,000	23,000	16,000	19,000	14,000
4	338,000	400,000	485,374	725,000	450,000	614,000
5	246,593	314,000	197,000	343,000
6	449,000	458,000	246,000	350,000	271,000	374,000
7	58,000	77,000	52,000	61,000
8	42,000	63,000	203,981	339,000	276,000	433,000
9	322,000	580,000	340,000	237,000

If the reader will now for a moment compare item (3) in Table A (Gold value of Exports) and item (4) of the same table, with one another and with Tables B and C, he will note a full illustration of the fact I have stated. There has been a steady and rapid increase in the number of British spindles, and consequently in the quantity of cotton used by Great Britain, from year to year, but always Great Britain bought not so many bales, but so many pounds sterling worth of American cotton, and cotton was therefore, and always has been, the vassal, not the master, of the British markets which control the markets of the world.

II.—That there is a *Cotton Belt* is another favorite fallacy of the cotton philosophers. This belt doctrine is about the reverse of the fever-and-ague doctrine on the Eastern Shore of Maryland. Ask any farmer in that section about the salubrity of his own particular domain, and you are pretty sure to get some such answer as: "Well, no, it ain't sickly *here*—this place always was noted for being healthy; but just over there at Neighbor What-you-call-um's they do have the bilious like the dickens!" The cotton belt is like the old Quaker lady's notion of heaven: "It is not a located place." It contracts or expands according to circumstances. It is a restless belt, shifting east and west, north and south, at different periods. It is a fair instance of "that untravelled world whose margin fades forever and forever as we go." It is particularly claimed for this belt that by reason of certain "isothermal analogies" (the Penates of Cotton-is-King philosophers) it enjoys a sort of "meteorological monopoly." But in that case the philosophers ought to send for Neptune with his trident to *plant* the invaluable property, lest some other people claim it by a "flotsam" title. As the fact stands there is but a single other "meteorological monopoly" parallel to it, and that is enjoyed by the fabulous island of Saint Brandan, which many men have seen and steered for, but none succeeded in coming up with. In the words of Senator Alcorn, "The limits of our cotton-fields are not settled as a

question of fibre ; they are the results of questions purely economical. Sugar, it is true, bounds them on the south, and tobacco and breadstuffs bound them on the north. But these limits are determined by frost-nip on the one hand, and by disease on the other, that frost-nip and this disease involving considerations not of quality, but of gain. Fibres grown north of the one boundary or south of the other, being equally good with fibres between these limits of practice, the zone was never other in our agriculture than a determination of profit and loss. A sufficient tax upon the growth of tobacco and breadstuffs would extend our cotton-fields into Kentucky ; a repeal of the duty on foreign sugar would extend them to the Gulf of Mexico. Our monopoly of the cotton zone is an error that cannot stand a moment under the practical test presented in the market." For proof of this, and that our best "zone" qualities are excelled in some other places, it is enough to state that in Liverpool to-day Maranham cotton is quoted one-third higher than our Uplands and Mobile, and that Sea-Island cotton raised in the Feejee Islands fetches as much as the best South Carolina Sea-Island. If further proof of this point is needed, let the reader examine tables D and E, where a comparison of prices (the test of quality) is made over a large number of years. I remember that Mr. Robert Somers, in his most instructive work, "*The Southern States Since the War*," published so late as 1869, was a thorough believer in this zonal theorem, and made a convert of me, I being prepossessed that way. But no one can look carefully at the figures here given in Table F without perceiving that the cotton-plant is a great traveller, and, unlike the Englishman, does not carry his soil, climate, kitchen, bath-tub and umbrella with him. Cotton has been grown largely in North Carolina and Florida, and is now grown largely in Texas and Arkansas and Louisiana, the belt to the contrary notwithstanding. It does not value its "meteorological monopoly" three cents' worth, and pursues its way with a total absence of respect for "isothermal analogies." It has lately marched into California with the utmost unconcern and a most flattering success, and if it can secure irrigation will be heard of before long in Arizona and Colorado. The "zone," in fact, is limited by nothing but the element of profitable production, and has been extended (as in 1862-64), under circumstances not so abnormal as to be exceptional at all, on both sides of the equator and throughout the available soils of both hemispheres. As a single instance of the savage competition the "zone" cotton must henceforth encounter in the lists of *cheapness*, let the reader ponder what was determined in 1867 by a committee of the Boston Board of Trade : "Upon this point your Committee are convinced from the evidence that has been laid before them, that the *cost* of raising cotton in *India*, allowing *only* FORTY pounds as the product of clear cotton *per acre*, does not exceed three pence sterling, say six cents per pound, and that such cotton can now be laid down at four and a quarter pence, say eight and a half cents per pound, in Liverpool." Upon this basis, if India can by the extension of irrigation get her crop up to 160 pounds per acre, about the average of good uplands in this country, she can afford to lay down her cotton in Liverpool for three cents a pound.

III.—That cotton demands for its perfection a *soil* of peculiar properties, which is found only within the fancied limits of this extempore and elusive “zone.” This is a fallacy that is easily disposed of. The civilised gentleman born of Caucasian parents to an income of not less than \$5000 a year, may be supposed to flourish best in a temperature of 70° in the shade; but this does not prevent him from doing reasonably well in Smith’s Sound, at a temperature of 40° below zero, and at Aden, with the thermometer at 120°. People talk of a cotton soil as if it were something of definite fixed constituents, like that little 100-acre patch which produces the famous wine of the *Clos Vougeôt*. France, however, makes very good wines from some 5,000,000 of acres of vineyards besides, and people do not refuse to drink them at good prices, though they are not all Romanées nor Lafittes. So with cotton. Some soils favor the quality of staple more than others, to be sure; but the geological map attached to the ninth census assures me that the cotton belt comprises soils of various character, from the alluvial of Florida and the coast and Mississippi bottom, and the tertiary of the adjacent sub-littoral belt from Chesapeake to the Rio Grande, to the cretaceous of Texas and Alabama, the eozoic of Georgia and the Carolina up-country to the coal-measures of Arkansas and the Silurian of the hills. This is a cotton soil with a vengeance! It is like the Welshman’s name, which was Thomas ap Jenkins ap Griffith ap Cadwalader ap Owens, etc. “Which one did you mean, Sir?” In point of fact, in respect simply of soil and leaving out the “frost-nip,” good culture will give good cotton wherever good corn or good cabbages can be produced.

IV.—The fourth fallacy, in regard to the superior *quality* of American cotton, is very weak in view of the baselessness of the other fallacies; in fact, has nothing to stand upon, and indeed never had, except so far forth as that superiority was due to the superiority of the labor employed in producing it, and of the intelligence which directed that labor. What was always a fiction, except as thus qualified, is now grown to be a myth. The Feejee Sea-Island is described as a first-class article, and sells for the highest prices in the market, while the British spinners claim that South Carolina Sea-Island has never since the war reached “its old standard of excellence.” In 1869-70, when American Sea-Island was selling for 44 cents, an article of Feejee brought three shillings sixpence, or about 85 cents in the Liverpool market. The Sandwich Island cotton is described as being of “a remarkably fine and silky texture, equalling that produced on the South Carolina islands.” As regards India cotton, the real competitor of our Uplands, as early as 1867 Commissioner D. A. Wells called Secretary McCulloch’s attention to the fact that by increased care and skill in cultivation and the painful selection of the best seed, “it may be affirmed that, whereas India cotton formerly bore the relation of one-half to two-thirds of the value of American, it now bears the relation of two-thirds to three-quarters, while a portion of the crop is *fully equal to middling uplands* for the manufacture of heavy fabrics.” Mr. A. D. Lockwood, a Maine spinner, who went to England in 1867, says: “I found them spinning all numbers, from

sixteens to sixties, from clean Surat, and producing entirely satisfactory quality of work, . . . the *staple being firm and sound, and nearly as long as American*, good color, quite as clean as our grade of middling, and possessing as good spinning qualities as our uplands." Mr. Lockwood adds: "Indeed, I should not hesitate to work the higher grades of Surats for filling into such goods as the Androscoggin Ls., Bates' XX, and Hill Semper Idem."^{7*} Senator Sprague remarked on this subject: "I am humiliated in being obliged to admit the fact that with this poor, despised, short staple, husky India cotton, a fabric is to-day produced by the skill and labor of Englishmen equal to the best fabrics that American machinery has yet been able to produce." And all this, be it remembered, is only the skirmishing preliminary to the battle. King Cotton had better tie his crown on tight under his chin, for the storm is coming.

It is a far better course, I am persuaded, for those interested in the cotton problem, to brush these fallacious whisperings of hope, vanity and unreason aside, and look the question in the face in the light of the conditions which actually determine it. The present is an excellent time in which to do so, for the country is under a cloud of financial trouble that will soon bring us to the nadir of importations again, to that state, in other words, in which it becomes the interest of Great Britain to buy as little of our cotton as possible, and to supplement it as much as possible with importations from her colonies and from other countries, which she can pay with exchange and need not pay in gold. Under such circumstances we will be able to get a more than ordinarily poignant "realising sense" of the changed aspects of the cotton question as it is to-day from that which it wore up to 1860. Senator Alcorn has well observed that "our supremacy in cotton was won in a struggle that was in fact not a true measure of strength. It was obtained while our opponents possessed a means of retreat to industries enjoying the advantages of protection. Left open to competition from without, while crops growing in adjoining fields were maintained by legislation at forced prices, cotton planting yielded in European colonies, under the cheap production of America, to the tariff profits on coffee and sugar. In the conflict now going on with those original sources of the Manchester supply, America fights without any of the incidental aid which she received in the past from the old system of discriminating duties." But in fact, in addition to this, King Cotton has to resist the evil workings of the iniquitous and irrational protective tariff system at home. This tariff, prohibitory in many respects, forces Great Britain to buy here for *cash* instead of for *exchange*, and consequently makes it tremendously her interest to buy all she can elsewhere, so as to reduce her indebtedness to us to a minimum. Her necessities force her to take our breadstuffs, petroleum, etc., and these she can generally pay for in trade. But our tariff, keeping her goods out of our market, compels her to pay gold for our cotton, whereas she can buy Brazilian, Egyptian, Indian or Peruvian cotton with trade. The temptation to supply her wants from these sources must consequently be enormous, and it manifests itself

*Alcorn's Speech. Congr. Globe — 3d Sess., 42d Congress — p. 734.

sufficiently in the herculean efforts put forth to better, cheapen, and increase the crops of colonial cotton. These efforts must continue to grow more desperate as we continually reduce our importations of British goods, and this reduction is being very rapidly made, as for instance in the case of iron, the importations of which have practically ceased. Nor will these efforts to supplant American cotton be slackened by the gradual and gingerly ameliorations that will be made in our tariffs, since these will be in the future as they have been in the past, only piecemeal concessions, that *follow*, but do not *precede* the decline of British exportations to this country. In the specific case of the duties upon cotton goods, they can scarcely be lightened at all; for if that were done, Great Britain would flood our markets with cloth and fabrics made of India cotton. This would cheapen our cotton to the extent that it displaced the million bales annually consumed in our domestic manufactures. The net result would be to take a part of our present area out of cotton culture, and give that much more to India, stopping our mills at the same time. This is an instance of the disastrous effects of bad tariff legislation, in getting us into "No thoroughfares," where we must barricade ourselves in, and starve like a rat in a hole, without a hope of escape. It follows, therefore, that King Cotton, in his unequal conflict, must take arms at once against British competition and Eastern protection, and single-handed hold his ground against two of the most formidable, astute, heavy-armed, implacable and remorseless foes on the face of the globe.

Another and still more formidable new condition of the contest is the changed aspect of the labor question, and its effect upon quantity of supply, price, and quality. The supply of cotton from this country is regulated to-day by quite other forces than that of its price in Liverpool, the force that used to regulate it. It needs not a close inspection of Table A to perceive that cotton obeys new forces—that it is affected by even a Presidential election—that it is in a measure subject to the mere whims of the most childish and irrational laboring class on the face of the globe. The cost price of American cotton will never recede to the figures it ruled at previous to 1860. It will be an easier alternative for it to cease from being cultivated entirely, than for it to do that. Quality may improve, supply increase, but cotton can never again be grown at the prices which were once found remunerative.

At this point King Cotton is caught between Scylla and Charybdis, with no choice as to which he shall suffer by, since he is sure to suffer by both. He cannot cheapen the price of cotton because his labor is dear and ineffective, and so the crop costs him all he gets for it. But equally, he cannot put the price up, for that will give offence to the Liverpool Olympus. The "Manchester Cotton Company," which in 1860 succeeded the "Cotton Supply Association," (an anti-King Cotton league, organised in response to the feeling called out by the dismissal of Mr. Crompton), has arranged matters in such a way as to make Great Britain virtually independent of the fluctuations in the price of cotton,—nay, more, to make her an exporter of the staple upon occasion. In 1862 England thus exported 214,000,000 pounds of cotton, in 1865 302,000,000, in 1867 350,000,000 pounds, in 1871

211,000,000, and in 1872 309,000,000 pounds. She has besides a standing reserve of half a million bales. This independence of pinches that occur at any particular sources of supply is plainly illustrated by the following table, taken from official sources :

TABLE G.
Imports and Values of Raw Cotton into Great Britain.

Sources.	Quantity six months ended June 30,			Value six months ended June 30,		
	1871	1872	1873	1871	1872	1873
United States.....cwt.	7,099,428	4,037,343	5,049,647	£24,566,770	£18,802,842	£22,099,918
Brazil....."	395,840	703,615	338,884	1,447,949	3,321,741	1,542,776
Turkey....."	7,913	48,973	50,333	27,769	206,207	194,940
Egypt....."	829,173	929,434	992,132	3,341,627	4,565,925	4,729,399
India....."	1,244,689	2,439,430	1,632,346	3,623,911	8,068,971	5,025,674
Other Countries....."	131,205	159,852	177,493	498,850	725,403	740,809
Total.....	9,708,245	8,315,647	8,240,835	£33,506,876	£35,691,149	£34,333,516

Here now are three years in which (see Table A) our crop was respectively in bales 4,347,006, 2,974,351, and 3,930,508, and the price $13\frac{1}{2}$ cents, $17\frac{3}{4}$, and $16\frac{1}{2}$ cents. Great Britain had in each of these years a stock that came within a quarter of a million bales of the average (for the half-year), and she paid within two millions pounds sterling of the same aggregate price for it each year. In 1871 she bought of us nearly twice as much as she bought in 1872, and $\frac{2}{7}$ less than she bought in 1873, yet paid us very nearly the same sum each year, and still kept up her average of stock. But how did she do it? By *paying to India*, in the half-year 1872, *more than twice as much for cotton as she paid in 1871*. So our bad crop was British India's gain, but our good crop was not our own gain. In other words, King Cotton is the servant of Liverpool, but Liverpool is totally independent of this monarch about to retire from business.

Look at this Table (G) again, comparing it with the Table (B) previously given. We perceive not only that England can get from her other sources of supply, and chiefly from India, always just enough cotton to feed her mills, whenever it happens that our crop is below a certain average in quantity, and above a certain average in price (showing that Liverpool has the cotton price by the throat, and therefore has also the American crop by the throat, to increase or diminish it at pleasure); we perceive not only these things, but also that, *after every fluctuation in our crop's price or quantity, and every application of England to India to help out her mills, a certain residuum of this occasional increment becomes constant in favor of India, and par consequence, that we have a certain something lopped off from our average and permanent market*. The price, market, and supply return to their equilibrium, but we do not entirely recover the ground we lost while that equilibrium was disturbed. Now, nothing can be plainer than that if we, with all our forces in line, cannot hold our own in the skirmish, and before the enemy has deployed his main strength, we shall be irretrievably lost when the decisive battle joins, unless all the present conditions of the contest shall be changed.

But that is precisely the state of the case, so far as the British

competition for the cotton monopoly is concerned. The trial of strength has not yet been made; the enemy is gathering together all his resources for it with unwearied patience, consummate skill, and a terrible purpose; while we—those at least who are our sponsors in the contemporaneous political fire-baptism which it is orthodox to endure—are as negligent of the work in hand as those priests of Baal whose gods Elijah first overwhelmed with his irony and then burned with his fire. “Since Waterloo,” says Governor Alcorn, “the British Government, under the teachings of its Smiths, Huskisson, Ricardos and Mills, has abandoned political ambition for industrial.” The United States, on the contrary, since a good many years, have abandoned industrial ambitions (if we ever truly had them) for the more exciting pursuits of professional politics, passion, hate, and political stock-jobbery and plunder. “Mr. Gladstone” (the Governor continues) “sits at the head of a cabinet that is in fact little else than the chief agency of a world-embracing system of commerce, manufacture, and finance.” President Grant stands in the van of a Cabinet and a Congress whose sole object in life and in office, individually and collectively, is to manipulate political prejudice into private and party profit. If these our rulers have any fragments of a system of policy, got by conviction and held in sincerity (and I doubt it very much), that policy is protective in its character, and specifically adverse to the interests of the South at least, not to say the whole country. Moreover, pique whips up the too willing jade that profit spurs against us in this contest. Our British cousins have a good store of a prime article of resentment, and they have been working like beavers ever since 1857 to punish us in our pockets (which they know by their own experience to be a tender place), for the mortification of spirit they feel at having been forced virtually to confess that they could not afford to fight us, much as it would have delighted them to give us a sound drubbing.

The preparations which the British Government has made in anticipation of this cotton war, the pains taken to develop, train and direct the forces of India and other countries so as to give them the greatest possible efficiency in the front of battle, have no parallel except in the training of Prussia during three generations for victory in the field against her hereditary enemies. Previous to 1857, the Home Government had spent a million of dollars in India in experimental measures to determine the best modes of cotton culture. Mr. Clegg, of Manchester, who went on a cotton crusade to the Mediterranean in that year, says that he found Lord Palmerston had been before him at every available point, scattering seeds, gins, and instructions with a liberal hand. Lord de Redcliffe, the British minister at the Porte, had inculcated cotton culture in Turkey as indefatigably as he had taught resistance to Russian aggression. Dr. Davis, an accomplished South Carolinian, was put in charge of an experimental farm of the Sultan's near Constantinople in 1847, for the express purpose of testing the adaptability of the soil to cotton, and showing the people how to grow it. The cotton latitudes everywhere in Italy, Austria, Spain, Portugal, Syria, Africa, were tested with experimental plantations under British auspices. In 1857, these efforts began to assume shape and consistency under the auspices of the Cotton Supply Association,

which as I have said, was the "retort courteous" in response to Mr. Crampton's dismissal. At the World's Fair, in 1862, this association secured cotton specimens from thirty-five different countries, to the representatives of which the President of the Society said that, "of the forty millions sterling hitherto the prize and possession of American planters, you, the exhibitors of cotton from other countries of the world, ought to strive to *obtain at least twenty millions.*"

Not that Great Britain intended to share the cotton prize with these outlying countries, however. She merely proposed to have them help her to pull the American chestnuts out of the fire. Her final purpose was to hand the prize over to India. "If we could only send the millions of money to India for the purchase of cotton instead of to America," said Colonel Gray, a member of Parliament and of the Association, "it would be very much to the advantage of this country." Mr. Ashworth, a prominent member of Parliament,* said at a conference of other members, that "India, with its two hundred millions of people, of whom a hundred and eighty-five millions are subjects of the Queen, is quite as important to us as America with her thirty-five millions, and her ports closed against us by high tariff duties." Accordingly, to prepare India for plucking the fruit when it should be ripe, a systematic plan of public works was entered upon, of the most stupendous character, embracing canals, railroads, river improvements, and irrigation, in a comprehensive network, all meant to foster the cotton culture and bring the crop cheaply and expeditiously to market. A bureau of cotton culture was established and put into communication with the department of public works. The enormous transportation difficulties that always hitherto obstructed industry in India have been overcome, and in 1871 Mr. Rivett-Carnac, chief of the Cotton Bureau of India, was able to say: "*The railway communication is complete*, and thus the cotton, bought at the fountain-head, reaches England in a much purer and more satisfactory state than was the case in years gone by." The extent of these railroads, and the recent additions to them, may be estimated from the fact that, while in 1859 British India had 450 miles of railroads, costing \$118,000,000, in 1869 she had 4023 miles, costing \$411,000,000. Up to January 1873, the Indian railroads have cost \$550,000,000. The annual expenditure for these works is now \$50,000,000, which is chiefly devoted to the development of a herring-bone system of short lines branching off from the grand trunk lines into sections particularly adapted to cotton culture. The navigation of the Godavery has been improved at a cost of \$12,500 a mile. The Madras irrigation works cost \$11,000,000. The Orissa canal affords irrigation to half a million acres of cotton and rice country. The Kanhan reservoirs and irrigating works cost \$3,600,000.† These are but a few items from the sum of British Indian expenditure for the sake of the cotton crop. Irrigation increases that crop two-fold, or in other words, enables the ryots to produce it at little more than half its present cost. This is making competition practical; for the believers in King Cotton may rest assured that in the final analysis, *cheapness* is the critical consideration.

* These data are principally from Governor Alcorn's speech.

† Alcorn's speech.

Simultaneously with the progress of public works in India, the improvement of the staple in quality and yield is being fostered with great assiduity and great intelligence. The habits of the crop are studied as closely and obeyed as faithfully as the lover studies and obeys the caprices of his mistress, and soil, season, seed, culture are all adjusted to one another as patiently and knowingly as the experienced belle fits her dress to the occasion and her complexion. The work done is not the block and hatchet effort of the rude apathetic native, but the compass-measured, nicely adjusted handicraft of the skilled European engineer. Nor is it an uncertain attempt to force a coy and reluctant plant to occupy a new and uncongenial field. On the contrary, it is merely to bring back an errant child to the family fold, to restore a prodigal to its immemorial old home and original birth-place, and give it new vigor by redeeming it from some bad habits. There is nothing exotic in India cotton culture — the thing to be done is merely to dig about the native crab, whose hardiness is assured, and, by scientific pruning and grafting, make it produce a more abundant yield of better-flavored fruit.

The efforts of Great Britain in these directions are ably supplemented by the exertions of other governments and of private enterprises. The Suez Canal is practically an extension of the railroads that centre in Bombay, and cheapens India cotton by lessening the cost and hastening the speed of its delivery in Liverpool. In Algeria, land-grants and premiums reward the successful cotton-grower. In Brazil and Peru, both planting and extension of water and rail communication are fostered by British capital. Morocco has undertaken the crop with promises of success, while in Egypt, a virtual dependant and a cotton stand-by of Great Britain, both money and men are got from England to help the cause. Greece has joined the phalanx, Natal and Queensland contribute the first instalment of their quotas, and thus all civilisation is at work to develop the cotton lands of the world in competition with the "cotton zone" of America, and the South is left to wage the unequal contest all alone.

In previous efforts to wrest the cotton supremacy away from the South, she had two great advantages, which always gave the victory to her. She could produce cotton *actually cheaper* than other countries, and she could *keep on growing it* all the same, *whether she made a profit or not*, and so hold the market. These advantages are now lost to her forever. The average price of American cotton in *Liverpool* for twenty years previous to 1860, was about 10½ cents. The average price in New York since 1866 has been 17¾ cents, about. It may be assumed that, under no present condition of affairs can cotton from the cotton zone be laid down in New York to cover expenses at a price less than 15 cents. If it cannot be sold for that, it must be sold at a loss. But the present labor of the South has neither the capital nor the inclination to grow a single crop of cotton at a loss, even for the sake of destroying all competition in the future. Now, where will this price of 15 cents, the cost limit of cotton culture in the South, stand in the Liverpool market? Governor Alcorn, who ought to know, having a large personal interest in the matter, and conjoining a practical experience of his own to evidently an extensive reading upon the

subject, says: "Consular dispatches to the British Foreign Office, reports of cotton fairs, and public letters on the cost of producing cotton at the several sources of its supply, are voluminous. From a perusal of many of these, I have no hesitation in declaring my conviction that even though we may make for a time a further advance into the market, *we cannot maintain long the ground we have even now recovered until we shall have again supplied Liverpool abundantly at less than sixpence per pound.*"

These, in summary too brief for the importance of the subject, are some of the true conditions of the cotton question, after the fallacies and loose talk about it have been brushed aside. The prospect is not a brilliant or alluring one, but it is none the less the duty of a brave people to look the difficulties before them full in the face, and it is the business of a wise and provident people to know accurately all the facts of their condition, that they may not egregiously fail when they come to take action in the premises. It is impossible to prescribe remedies, except at hap-hazard, until the nature of the disease and the causes that produced it have been sought out. There have been a great many remedies proposed in respect of this cotton problem, but unfortunately the physicians have either missed the nature of the disease or underestimated its gravity. Governor Alcorn, in the very noticeable speech which I have so often quoted, and which indeed suggested this article, has a remedy which he recommends as a specific. But to my notion this remedy begins in a dilemma and ends in a *cul de sac*. It will not satisfy the conditions of the problem at all. He introduced into the Senate, as the occasion of his speech, a bill to appropriate of the public money a sum sufficient to dyke the lower Mississippi and its tributaries, so as to reclaim for cultivation twenty millions acres of waste bottom-lands of the richest character, 1,000,000 of which would be incomparable corn land, 2,500,000 adapted to sugar, and 7,000,000 acres of cotton land, capable of producing a bale to the acre. He says: "Considering the cheap labor of India, and the progress that country has made recently in the quality of her staples, I cannot escape the conclusion that, as the case now stands, her displacement of American cotton in Europe is a simple question of time. Coming on us unprepared, this would be ruin. But seven millions of bales of cotton gathered here at the low cost, obtainable in the production on the alluviums of the Mississippi, that supersedure would not only be checked, but would be met by positive aggression." But it seems to me the right thing to do is not to stave off the evil, but prevent it entirely. Governor Alcorn's seven millions of bales would be simply Joseph's resort to the surplus of seven years of plenty against the coming of the seven years of famine that are not to be averted. This system, I take it, is unwise and improvident. It does but postpone the evil day, to make the ruin when it finally comes more complete and more like annihilation. It remedies nothing, but simply takes up an old mortgage lying against part of our estate by giving another and heavier one that covers our whole domain. It is simply the concentrated essence of the old shiftless spendthrift system of the South, that made our agriculture a sort of Rake's Progress on a grand scale,

and has planted our most magnificent sections with sedge-fields and pine-barrens. When the 7,000,000 acres are exhausted, and the South at the end of that tether, where will King Cotton's supremacy be, I should like to ask? But Governor Alcorn's seven millions of acres will not give us even the temporary help which he expects to extract from them, for this reason, that they will not be cultivated in cotton even if reclaimed. The cotton culture is drifting away from the bottom-lands and rich alluviums, and fixing itself upon the thinner upland soils; and the cause of this is not far to seek. Bottom-lands, alluviums, dyked lands, cannot be successfully cultivated in cotton, sugar, or rice, except upon the large scale. They require simultaneous arrangements conducted through extensive sections; they require sagacious superintendence, well-regulated systematic labor, and considerable capital. But the labor cannot be systematised nor regulated, capital accordingly refuses to go there, and the old large planters are consequently forced to abandon their former scale of operations, and do business in a more restricted fashion. This they can do more conveniently and more congenially upon the upland and intervale soils, where the white population predominates, and where it is more healthy to live. Hence, the whites gravitate to the uplands, and take the cotton culture on the small farm system with them; while the negroes tend towards the bottom lands, where they grow cotton in patches as they grow sweet-potatoes and watermelons. This movement is one that is distinctly marked already, and one that is rapidly going on. It was noticed with emphasis by Somers in his "*Southern States Since the War*," and is measured by very conclusive figures embodied in the Ninth Census. But this is a dilemma which Governor Alcorn's proposition cannot meet, for if cotton culture can only prosper by making use of the rich alluvials, and in spite of that is abandoning the alluvials that are already within its reach, the reclaiming of additional bottom-lands will certainly not be a remedy for the cotton plague, which is already acquiring an epidemic character.

There is a Boston view of the case — Boston has kindly taken a great interest in this cotton problem — which curiously combines practical prolific pelf and that sentimental humanitarian aesthetic-tea, not-forgetting-the-main-chance sort of political economy indigenous to that region, and which proposes a remedy that would conduce to the prosperity of Massachusetts mills without giving offence to negro-phily. The outcome of this was the cotton-tax, and the end of it would have been the sudden bouleversement of cotton culture, if it had been persisted in; but, nevertheless, the Massachusetts mills would have got their cotton cheap, would have run full time, and paid handsome dividends all the same. This plan was charmingly simple, and comprehended no more than letting the New England mills spin cotton at a profit and making the Southern plantations produce cotton at a loss. Cotton, so the plan goes (I give what is practically a report of the Boston Board of Trade in 1867 on the subject), cotton, in order to retain its supremacy, must not rule much higher than eight cents per pound in Liverpool. Kept down to that, it will drive off Egypt, Brazil, India, and destroy all competition.

That is the interest of the cotton-grower, and he must look to it. True, in the transition state between slave and free labor, and "during the change from the plantation to the farm system, the cost of cultivation must be high." But, we "have entire confidence in the *ultimate* cheapness and economy of free labor as compared with slave labor." In the meantime we must have cheap cotton for our mills, or the British lion will swallow some of our profits. Hence, when your cotton runs over eight cents to grow it, you must sell it to us at a loss, or give us leave to buy Surat cotton or Egyptian cotton. We must live all the time, you know. As for you, if you act on our advice, and let us have what cotton we want at a sufficient sacrifice, there is every probability that you will have a chance of living — by-and-bye. But cheap and economical free labor, high as its opinion was of the Boston philanthropy that coupled a "new lease of life" with a ringed nose and a general injunction to "root hog or die," could still not see the cotton question exactly in that light, and hence the cotton panics of 1867-68 and 1871-72. Admitting the full force of the proposition that it would be the height of economy to have a horse to live and work without eating, it must still be conceded that when the thing has been practically tried, the toughest steeds would persist in dying just before their diet got down to the last straw.

In conclusion — I will not be accused of presenting a cheerful aspect of the cotton question, and indeed I did not set out to do that. I thought the worst was not known as it should be, and I have tried to state it without exaggeration and without extenuation. When people in business have taken stock of their situation, they know whether or not they can go on at a profit. The cotton question is in a very bad way, but I do not think the situation is desperate, nor beyond the reach of remedies. The elasticity of the American people, the resilient forces of our temperaments and of our soils, are the wonder of the world, the especial phenomenon of this age. We catch hopefulness, we catch energy, we catch the capacity to achieve impossibilities, from the ground we walk on and the air we breathe. While other people are maundering face to face with blank walls, we have already scaled or flanked them. The problems still on the slate of other nations are accomplished facts and regulated forces amongst us. I have great hopes in our redundancy of hopefulness, our incredulity of the impossible, and the wiry fibre of our nerves. I have great hope in the natural riches of our country, and the popular shrewd consciousness of how to get at these riches. I have great hope in the average common-sense of the average American, who is rapidly acquiring, through his brief experience of *bad* government, correct notions of the elements of that which good governments consist in. A practical and rough-barked anarchy and despotism is excellent preparation for a true and genuine observance of constitutional restrictions, and an unadulterated "protective" tariff makes the best propylaeum to the temple of free trade.

Nor in the final analysis is our immediate situation *quoad* the cotton crisis without its measure of compensatory prospect. By learning what we cannot do in respect of cotton, we come to know what we can do. The small farm system will enable us to acquire

many thrifty ways and to husband many economical expedients. Better culture will prove itself to be cheaper culture. Deeper ploughing, more careful weeding, more liberal manuring, more economy and cleanliness and neatness in saving and preparing for market, are all parts of better culture in which we have much to acquire. The example of India shows what care and intelligence can do to enhance the quality of a decidedly inferior staple. Our own Upland staple *à fortiori* is still more improveable, and I refuse to believe that the apathetic Hindoo ryot can make the same progress in this direction that the intelligent Southern white man will. As in the case of all other products, gilt-edge packages will command the high prices, and the Uplander's half-bale to the acre, which he can easily grow, may at once take rank in the cotton markets for quality and price as certain grades of Lynchburg tobacco now lead in the tobacco market.

We cannot hope to bring the prices of domestic cotton down to former cheap rates, but the general influence of our country, when once good government is restored, can do much towards enhancing the price in other countries, and that is almost equivalent action. The cotton crop of India is like those intermittent springs which only flow over when a certain level is reached in the supplying reservoir. To raise the point of discharging is to do the same as to lower the level of the reservoir. If cotton culture costs fivepence a pound in India, instead of twopence, it is the same as if we had reduced the cost of culture at home six cents a pound. But the cheapness of India cotton is chiefly due to the cheapness of Indian labor, and that labor is cheap because the laborer is very poor, has few wants, and can very cheaply supply them. But there is a change in this respect already, a change chiefly caused by our own cotton dearth. A thousand millions of dollars have been poured into that country during the past ten years, and the ryot's profits are now ten times what they were before 1860. Mr. Rivett-Carnac, describing the revolution thus wrought, says: "The flood of silver thus poured into the country enriched and helped to render independent the cultivators, who had been for generations in the grasp of the money-lender. At the same time the trade became so important that the European merchants, who had as a rule confined their operations to the sea-coast, pushed into the interior, . . . and the cultivator, who had long been in the hands of a money-lender, who paid him nearly the same price for his cotton, whether good, bad, or indifferent, found himself free to sell to whom he liked, and face to face with the European merchant, who paid him according to the quality, and who was ready to give him a high price for cotton carefully grown and packed." But the influx of money imparts the knowledge and infects with the desire for luxury, which may not be obtained except by means of higher wages. An increase of wages in India must affect the price of cotton there much more than a corresponding increase can affect the price here, for the reason that at least five times as many hands are needed to make a bale of cotton there. Supposing that half the cost of cotton be in wages, an increase of 50 per cent. in wages in India, such as has taken place here, would be equivalent to an increase of 25 per cent.

in the cost of the crop. Now this country can by wise industry contribute largely to increase the rates of wages in India. We have the gold, and we can pour it into that country in a never-ceasing and ever-welcome stream. One good move in this direction — the coinage of the new “trade dollar”—has already been taken; but free trade, or at any rate a largely ameliorated tariff, must go before any considerable influence we can expect to exert upon the industries of India.

We are receiving more help in this matter from the political difficulties of England, whose struggle with Russia for supremacy in Asia compels her to develop the resources of India much more rapidly than she otherwise would. Her strictly government works for irrigation and other purposes are indeed a hurt to us so far forth as they increase taxes and keep the people poor in purse and spirits; but the British guinea is made into cement for the construction of impregnable bulwarks against the Cossack, and the railroad rivalries which propose to connect Kurrachee and the delta of the Indus at once with the Caspian and the Mediterranean, with Petersburg and with London, must make the industrial pulse beat with new and higher tides.

By-and-bye it may be that cotton-mills will be turned with the waters of the same streams that it grows by and is transported upon. When the prices of the staple and fabric are so nicely adjusted that the cost of transportation becomes an important element in the problem, the cotton manufacture will necessarily grow up in the South, and that section thus acquire a new means of supremacy, in the competition for which British India cannot be less than fifty years behind us.

But in the meantime all that we can at present do is thoroughly to understand the difficulties in our way, and meet them as best we can with courage, energy, industry and intelligence. King Cotton never reigned over our hearts, but only in our pocket-books; and his overthrow, if the worst comes, cannot ruin us. We will never be ruined until we believe ourselves to be resourceless.

EDWARD SPENCER.

PRE-COLUMBIAN DISCOVERY OF AMERICA BY THE NORTHMEN.

TO commemorate the deeds of the bold and successful explorer, Lief Erickson, Ole Bull and his Norwegian countrymen propose to erect a monument. For Lief Erickson is claimed the honor of the first discovery of America, and his claim rests on no mean title. Geographical facts and written history unite to establish the assertion that as early as the year 1000 A. D. Lief Erickson reached the American mainland, explored its coasts, chose a site for a settlement, built dwelling-places, remained a brief period, and then returned to his native country, Greenland.

It cannot be successfully disputed that both Iceland and Greenland were known to and settled by the Scandinavian tribes long before Christopher Columbus had reached San Salvador. In the natural order of events, how easily would the discovery of the mainland of America follow. Voyaging to Greenland from either Norway or Iceland, how probable would it follow for a strong northeasterly gale to blow the unfortunate navigator who could not bear up against it, upon the huge continent that barred his passage farther to the west. Such almost indeed are the simple annals of the European who is said to be the first to have set eyes upon America, Gunnibjorn, Ulf Krage's son.

To trace briefly the early history of Iceland and Greenland will prepare the skeptical for a proper reception of the historical statements about to be presented.

As early as 860 A. D., Gardes, a Dane of Swedish descent, had made known to the Northmen the island of Iceland. In 864, a pirate or trader named Naddodd also reached Iceland, which he called Snowland. At that time this polar isle was inhabited by a race of Christians who were called Papæ. From what is written of them in the Landnamabok, the land-rolls of the first settlers of Iceland, a book of undisputed authenticity, they came from Ireland. Among them "were found Irish books and various instruments, whence it was known that they were Westmen." This term "West" is applied not to that point of compass from Iceland, but from the Icelander's original home Norway, Ireland being west from Norway. Bells and croziers were also found here, and these good people are pronounced to be no less than the disciples of the famous Culdees of Iona, the Holy Island, and the home of the pious St. Colomba. This statement is further supported by the indirect evidence of the Venerable Bede, who died in 735, and who mentions in his works that relics were found in the island of Papey, which lies off the eastern coast of Iceland. An Irish monk named Diruil also refers to the island, and states that about 795 it was visited by some monks *with whom he had conversed*. Thus it appears that Iceland was known comparatively early to the people of Europe.

The first Scandinavian settler of Iceland was Ingolf. He reached the island in 875. So great was the ingress of colonists that in about twenty years the island had a population of sixty or seventy thousand souls.

One year after Ingolf landed at Iceland, it is learned from the Landnamabok, Gunnibiorn, Ulf Krage's son, was driven out westward from Iceland by a storm, and saw strange land. This land was called Gunnibiorn's Rocks; and from the Landnamabok it is learned, as early as 970 A. D., Snæbiorn and Rolf, from Rodesand, made a voyage to Gunnibiorn's Rocks. The expedition ended in the killing of two of the company, Snæbiorn and Thorod. The well authenticated fact that their deaths were avenged on the return of the expedition to Iceland, tends to prove the statement that this expedition did occur. The Rocks of Gunnibiorn are now unknown.

As this paper proceeds, the Landnamabok will be frequently quoted to sustain various assertions, hence a description of the book and the proofs of its authenticity will not be inappropriate. The "Landnamabok" is probably the most complete record of the kind ever made by any nation. It is of the same general character as the English Domesday Book, but vastly superior in interest and value. It contains the names of 3000 persons and 1400 places. It gives a correct account of the genealogies of the first settlers, with brief notices of their achievements. It was commenced by the celebrated Frode the Wise, who was born 1067, and died 1148, and was continued by Allsteg, Styrmer and Thorsden, and completed by Hank Erlendson, Lagman or Governor of Iceland, who died in the year 1334. For this description of the Landnamabok we are indebted to De Costa in his *Pre-Columbian Discovery of America*. We shall frequently quote from his work, as well as from Smith's *Northmen in America*. General acknowledgment is here made to these valuable authorities, and we proceed without specific reference to them hereafter. One explanation further. "Sagas" were the general names under which all historical and mythological narrations of the northern natives are grouped. The Saga of Eric, to which history is indebted for the account of the exploration and successful settlement of Greenland, appears from "internal evidence to have been originally written in Greenland, and to have been subsequently taken to Iceland. There are minute errors contained in it, which would never have been found in a fabrication, showing that the writer was not well acquainted with Iceland."

In 983 Eric Raude, or Eric the Red, was exiled from Iceland for homicide. In consonance with the spirit of the age, in leaving Iceland he set out upon an exploring expedition, giving out that he was going to the land seen by Gunnibiorn. Two or three years passed, when Eric Raude returned to the island, bringing with him wild tales of the strange land he had seen. The wood, fish, pasture and verdure of the island were dwelt upon, and to this paradise he gave the name of Greenland, in order to induce others to accompany him to the new domain. A fleet of twenty-five sail was fitted out, laden with stores and emigrants, and sailed for Greenland, but only fourteen vessels reached their destination. Other adventurers followed

from the mother-country, Norway, and from the Orkneys and other islands.

To give some account of this newly-discovered country to the king, Olaus Tryggesson, Lief Erickson, son of Eric Raude, in 999 sailed to Norway. This king, who had just renounced the heathen religion, persuaded Lief to be baptised. At the instance of the king, Lief, on his return to Greenland, took with him a priest to convert the natives. The mission was extremely successful. Eric Raude was converted to Christianity, and the whole colony "followed his example."

When Eric Raude came to Greenland he was accompanied by a man named Heriulf. That fact is attested by the *Landnamabok*. Heriulf had a son named Biarni, who was called Biarni Herulfson. Heriulf's next voyage to Greenland was made during Biarni's absence in Norway. When Biarni returned and discovered that his father had gone to Greenland, he determined, as had been his custom, to spend the winter with his father. This was A. D. 985.

Biarni Herulfson sailed to Greenland in quest of his father. After three days a strong northeast wind with a thick fog set in. This continued many days. When the fog lifted they sailed one day farther, and found land. The lands of Norway and Iceland were mountainous, and it was natural that the voyagers should observe and relate that this land was destitute of mountains. Leaving this land to larboard, they sailed two days more, when they saw land again. They observed that this land was low, level, and covered with wood. Without landing, Biarni stood out again to sea. Sailing with a southwest wind, in three days he saw land the third time. The country was high, mountainous, and covered with ice. They coasted along the shore, and found the land to be an island. With the stern towards land the ship was put about, with the same wind blowing strong. In four days Biarni saw land for the fourth time. Seeing it corresponded with the description given him of Greenland, he landed, and found he had reached the very promontory, almost the extreme southern one of Greenland, on which Heriulf, his father, lived. This narrative is a straightforward story, showing a perseverance to accomplish the object of the voyage, the finding of the navigator's father.

Professor Rafn, in his annotations to the *Antiquitates Americanae*, judges the land as seen by Biarni to be the three following promontories: "first, that which is formed by the three States of Connecticut, Massachusetts, and Rhode Island, included with which Long Island would, as seen at a distance, in approaching from the ocean, appear a part; second, Nova Scotia, most probably the point of Cape Sable; third, Newfoundland." The courses, and the days mentioned in the voyages from land to land, with the corresponding winds to accomplish this sailing, with the description of the land, tally so exactly as to render this part of the account a most truthful narrative, or a most perfect fiction. The correspondence of all these statements with the facts as now known, and the source from which they are drawn, make a strong claim upon our belief.

The account of this voyage is found in the Saga of "Erick the Red, and of Greenland." This Saga, in turn, is found in the *Codex*

Flatoïensis, a historical collection which was finished in Iceland as early as the year 1387, or at the latest 1395. These collections, at one time supposed to have been lost, "were ultimately found safely lodged in their repository in the monastery library of the island of Flato, from whence they were transferred to Copenhagen." Copies, and parts of the same exist in other places, by which the correctness of these may be tested. Those who have examined the subject, with regard to the charge that the narratives of the discovery of America by the Northmen are interpolations, "do not find any evidence that invalidates their historical statements." These narratives of three voyages to America "form the framework of Sagas which would actually be destroyed by the elimination of the narratives." Further, those who are mentioned in the narratives are not fictitious characters, but are personages known in history; and incidental allusions are made to well-known events in these Sagas. The Sagas do not appear to be original documents, but from their ancient style and idioms point to a remote period as their origin. The collection, however, "was made with great care, and executed in the highest style of art, and is now preserved in its integrity," and were gathered together almost a hundred years before the discovery of Columbus.

In the narrative of the voyage we have just recorded, is the first account of a Christian prayer made in the American quarter of the globe. Accompanying Heriulf was a Christian believer from the Hebrides. He composed a lay on the voyage, from which the following is an extract:

"May He whose hand protects so well
The simple monk in lonely cell,
And o'er the world upholds the sky,
His own blue hall, still stand me by."

From the records of the Flato manuscripts we continue to quote. Biarni Herulfson, A. D. 984. sailed from Greenland to Norway, to visit Earl Eric—a name familiar in the annals of Norway. The Earl received him kindly. Biarni told of the unknown land he had discovered, and the people naturally thought him very incurious, as he did not get any knowledge of the land, and he was somewhat blamed for not examining it more closely. Biarni might have answered that he sought his father, and had no time to waste in irrelevant explorations. Biarni, however, in 986, was made a courtman of the Earl Eric, and in the following summer returned to Greenland. The dates now for some fourteen years are indefinite. The facts are told as related in the chronicles, and the chronology given when obtainable. There was considerable talk about the discovery of unknown lands, and Lief, a son of Eric Raude, the discoverer of Greenland, visited Biarni Herulfson, purchased from him his ship, manned the vessel, and sailed with thirty-five followers, 1000 A. D., to find this unknown land.

Lief had desired Eric the Red, his father, to go as commander of the expedition. He at first refused on account of his age, but at last consented. On nearing the ship Eric's horse stumbled; he fell from him and injured his foot. "It is destined," said Eric, "that I should never discover more lands than this of Greenland on which we live,

and now we must not run hastily into this adventure." He then returned to his home.

"The first land to which Lief came was that last seen by Biarni"—Newfoundland. The question would naturally be asked, "How did he know this?" Lief had seen Biarni, and it is certainly highly probable that, having this projected voyage in mind, he had obtained all the information he could about these unknown lands. As Lief had purchased the vessel of Biarni, it is not unlikely that he carried with him one or more of Biarni's crew who accompanied him in his voyage fourteen years before. In this age, any survivors of the first discoverers would be diligently sought after, for a second voyage to an unknown country. Further, Lief's description of the land agrees with the meagre account of Biarni, only with the fuller and more complete local appearances which strike all modern explorers.

Lief made direct for land, cast anchor, and put out a boat. Having landed, they found no herbage. All above were frozen heights, and the whole space between these and the sea was occupied by bare, flat rocks; whence they judged this to be a barren land. Then said Lief, "We will not do as Biarni did, who never set foot on shore; I will give a name to this land, and call it Helluland," (the land of broad stones.) "After this they put out to sea and came to another land. They approached the shore, and having cast anchor, put out a boat, and set foot ashore. This land was low and level, and covered with wood. In many places where they explored there were white sands, and a gradual rise of the coast." Then Lief said, "We shall give the land a name according to its kind," and he called it Markland, that is Woodland.

Biarni's and Lief's descriptions agree again, only Lief, having landed, is able to give details. Nova Scotia is considered to be the point here meant. The description given by Lief of Nova Scotia, so faithful a picture is it of the land to-day, would stand as a modern document. "Sandy and rises from the coast," is the description of Lief—sandy and low is the coast of Nova Scotia to-day. The land is so low that it is not visible a score of miles at sea. The shores are patched with "white rocks, and low, barren points."

Lief and his comrades hastened on board their vessel, and put to sea again. With a northeast wind, in two days they again made land. Towards this land they sailed, and reached an island, which lay on the north side of the land. Here they disembarked to wait for good weather.

Point Sable, the lower extremity of Nova Scotia, is about two hundred miles from Cape Cod. It was easy sailing for Lief, with a fair wind from northeast, to make Cape Cod in two days. This part of the narrative is exceedingly consistent. The difficulty with antiquarians, however, has been to reconcile with the coast of to-day, Lief's account of the island which was to the north of the mainland. This apparent error is one of the evidences of the faithfulness of the narrative. The truth is, an island which is now no longer to be found, at one time existed to the north of Cape Cod. In 1602, Gosnold sailed around the Cape, and he mentions the existence of the island; and Captain John Smith, in 1614, called it "Isle Naroset." The

position of the land has been laid down with scientific accuracy. This island was of the drift formation, and as late as half a century ago a portion of it still remained, being called "Slut Bush." As learned an authority as Professor Agassiz, in 1863 says that the evidence of the former existence of the Isle of Naroset is as satisfactory as any geological evidence can be.

Dew lay upon the grass, and having accidentally gotten some in their mouths, the Northmen thought they had never tasted anything so sweet as it was. Honey-dew occurs in the neighborhood of Cape Cod, where, according to the opinions of some antiquarians, Lief and his followers had now landed. Then they went on board, and sailed into a sound that was between the island and a ness that went out northwards from the land — eastward, however, is said to be meant here. Below the Isle of Naroset, as late as Gosnold's time, a ness or cape went out, and was mentioned by him in 1602. The Northmen sailed westward, past the ness. That brings the voyagers after passing the southern end of Cape Cod, along the southern coast of Barnstable and on towards Vineyard Sound.

A singular accident occurred after passing the Cape. "There was very shallow water in ebb-tide, so that their ship lay dry, and it was a long distance between her and the water." This did not dampen the ardor of the explorers. "They were so desirous to get to the land, that they would not wait till their ship floated, but ran to the land to a place where a river comes out of a lake." The narrative now shows that disregard of details which no fiction would have exhibited. Presuming that it was unnecessary to say when and how they returned to the ship, but taking it for granted that such would be considered to be the case, the journal of the voyage says: "As soon as their ship was afloat, they took the boats, rowed to the ship, towed her up the river, and from thence into the lake, where they cast anchor, carried their beds out of the ship, and set up their tents."

This river and lake are supposed to be Seaconnet Passage and Pocasset River, and Mt. Hope Bay. The Seaconnet Passage opens on the Rhode Island coast. The numerous bays and outlets on the coast at this point, and the meagreness of the descriptions, render the endeavor to point to the exact locality named a work of imagination purely; from the constant changes taking place in the beds and borders of rivers along the coast, it is not any more a work of speculation to suggest that the river and lake referred to was perhaps Bass River. The proximity to the then last landing-place of the Northmen would give color to the suggestion.

The explorers "resolved to put things in order for wintering there, and they erected a large house. They did not want for salmon, both in the river and in the lake, and they thought the salmon larger than ever they had seen before. The country appeared to them of so good a kind that it would not be necessary to gather fodder for the cattle for winter. There was no frost in winter, and the grass was not much withered."

Circumstances still continue to bear out the truthfulness of the Icelandic narratives of the Greenland explorers. Salmon was once very plentiful in the supposed vicinity of the Northmen's settlement.

In the same neighborhood cattle now can pass the entire winter with little or no shelter ; the sheep of Nantucket need no attention at all. As to there being no frost, no winter, the suggestion has been made that the writer meant there was none in comparison to what was known in Iceland and Greenland. Farther, the difference of the climate now from what it was said to have been nine hundred years ago, is not an insuperable objection to its truth — climatic changes are known to occur. Remote Arctic regions, as along the coast of Greenland, once open, are now locked in with invulnerable barriers of ice, and it is said "geologists find evidence that at one period a tropical climate must have existed in the northern regions."

The narrative continues, "Day and night were more equal than in Iceland and Greenland, for in the shortest day the sun was in the sky between Eyktarstad and the Dagmalastad." The coincidence of the differences between the lengths of the days and nights about Cape Cod and the more northern countries, is apparent to the most superficial observer. The exact number of hours of the shortest day referred to has been explained to mean that the sun rose at the date named at half-past seven A. M., and set at half-past four P. M. This, it will be noticed, is substantially correct. The sun rises in New England on the shortest day in winter, according to the Icelandic manner of counting the days, about the time named.

"Now when they were ready with their house building, A. D. 1001, Lief said to his followers: 'Now I will divide the crew into two divisions and explore the country. Half shall stay at home and do the work, and the other half shall search the land ; but so that they do not go farther than they can come back in the evening, and that they do not wander from each other.'" Lief remained one day with the settlement, the next he spent with the exploring party.

"It happened one evening that one of the company was missing ; this was Tyrker, the German. Lief felt much concerned, for Tyrker had lived with him and his father for many a year, and had been very fond of Lief in his childhood ; wherefore Lief severely blamed his comrades, and went himself with twelve others to seek the man. When they had gone but a short distance from the dwelling, Tyrker met them, to their no small joy. Lief soon perceived that Tyrker had not his usual manner. He was naturally erect in countenance, his eyes constantly rolling, his face hollow, his stature short, his body spare, and he was possessed of great skill in every kind of smith's work. Then said Lief to him, 'Why have you stayed out so late, friend, and separated yourself from your companions?' For some time Tyrker gave no answer but in German, and rolled his eyes as usual here and there, and twisted his mouth. They could not understand what he said. After some time he spoke in the Norse language, and said, 'I have not been much farther, but have something new to tell you. I have found vines and grapes.' 'Is this true?' asked Lief. 'Yes indeed it is,' answered he ; 'I was brought up in a land where there was abundance of vines and grapes.'" Tyrker was doubtless much excited about his discovery, and in his excitement unconsciously used his mother-tongue.

On the morning following the discovery of Tyrker, Lief said to his

comrades: "There are two matters now to be attended to: on alternate days to gather grapes, or, as a means of saving time and trouble, cut down vines, and to fell timber with which we may load the ship." The task was immediately commenced. Their stern-boat was filled with grapes, and then a cargo of wood was hewn for the vessel. In the spring they sailed for their own country, having given the country the name of Vineland, from its products.

As the ship came in sight of Greenland, one of the men asked Lief, "Why do you steer the ship to that quarter, directly in the teeth of the wind?" Lief replied, "I guide the helm, and look out at the same time; tell me if you see anything." No one saw anything of importance. "I am not sure," continued Lief, "whether it is a ship or a rock I see in the distance." They soon saw the object spoken of, and pronounced it a rock. Lief announced that he saw men upon it, and said, "Now, I am desirous of striving even against the wind, so that we may reach those yonder; perchance they may have need of our assistance, and their necessity calls upon us to render them our aid; if they are hostile, there will be no danger, for they will be altogether in our power."

They reached the rock, cast anchor, furled sails, and dropped their other small boat. Tyrker demanded the name of the captain of the band. The captain answered that his name was Thorer, and that he was a Norwegian by birth. He then asked, "What is your name?" Lief gave his name. "Are you the son of Erick the Red, of Bratlathlid?" Lief told him that he was. "I wish now," added Lief, "to offer you all a place in my ship, and to take also as much of your goods as my ship will carry." They accepted his offer. The vessel then sailed up Ericksfiord, until they reached Bratlathlid, where they disembarked. Then Lief offered to Thorer and his wife, and three of his men, to take up their residence with him. He showed hospitality likewise to all the others, as well the sailors of Thorer as his own. There were fifteen men thus preserved by Lief, and from that time he was called Lief the Lucky.

This expedition contributed to both the wealth and honor of Lief. In the following winter a disease attacked the company of Thorer, to which he himself and many of his companions fell victims. Erick the Red also died during that winter.

There was much talk now of the expedition of Lief, and Thorvald, his brother, considered that the lands had been too little explored. Then said Lief to Thorvald, "Go, brother, take my ship to Vineland, but first fetch away from the rock all that Thorer left there." Thorvald did so.

It was the spring of 1002 that Thorvald Erickson sailed for the American coast. He reached the same spot where his brother had lived, and found the booths he had erected — a place known as *Liefsbuder*, or *Liefsbooths*. This expedition was here attacked by the natives, who, in skin boats, placed themselves beside the ship and made their assault. Thorvald was wounded with an arrow under the arm, and died from the effects of the wound. Nevertheless, the explorers remained the whole winter at Liefsbooths, and towards spring, with their ship loaded with vines and grapes, sailed for Greenland, where they safely arrived.

In 1005, Thorstein Erickson undertook a voyage to Vineland to secure the body of his brother. "They drove about on the ocean the whole summer, without knowing where they were, and in the first week of winter they landed at Lysifjord in Greenland." Here Thorstein Erickson died. The vessel then returned to Lief's residence.

In the history of the next voyage of the Northmen to the supposed American coast, materials are drawn from three distinct sources. "The first is from the somewhat voluminous Saga of Thorfinn Karlsefne, from the Arnae-Magnaean Collection; the second is from the Saga of Erick the Red, entitled *The Account of Thorfinn*; while the third is a briefer relation from *Codex Flatoiensis*. The two first may be found in Rafn's *Antiquitates Americanae*, pp. 75-200; the last in the same work, on pp. 55-64."

The principal narrative of Thorfinn Karlsefne is believed to be a "genuine autograph of one of his descendants, the celebrated Hank Erlander, the Governor or Lagman of Iceland in 1295, who was also one of the compilers of the *Landnamabok*. Erlander was the ninth in descent from Thorfinn." That Thorfinn Karlsefne was a real character is attested by the fact that he had numerous descendants, and many of them occupied distinguished positions in the beginning of the twelfth century. The source from whence the author drew his information—the traditions of the family—is suggested by the announcement that "Thorfinn detailed the accounts of all these transactions very accurately."

There is a substantial concordance between all the accounts, although they are not the work of participants or eye-witnesses of the occurrences, and they are, it is considered probable, the writings of two authors who lived in different countries. "The differences are evidently such as would not appear in the case of three writers who had banded together for the purpose of carrying out a historical fraud. The Saga of Thorfinn was written in Iceland, while that of Erick was composed in Greenland. The account from the Flato manuscript was, of course, written on the island which bears that name."

Thorfinn Karlsefne, of Iceland, had married Gudrid, widow of Thorvald Erickson, the former explorer, at Bratlathlid, Greenland. "The conversation," as was extremely natural, "often turned at Bratlathlid on the discovery of Vineland the Good, and they said that a voyage there had great hope of gain. And after this, Karlsefne and Snorre made ready for going on a voyage there the following spring." This was in 1007. Without following the details of the voyage, they, in two or more ships, with 160 men, eventually reached Helluland and Markland. After leaving Markland, they sailed south three days, and came to a cape. Now let the critical take a map, and examine the minutes of the narrative. "*The land lay on the right (the starboard) side of the ship, and there were long shores of sand—(Cape Cod)* They came to land, and found on the cape the keel of a ship—Lief had left the keel of his vessel on this very point—from which they called the place Kiarlarness, and the shore they also called Wonderstrand, because it seemed so long sailing by."

The party wintered at Straum Isle. An incident occurred here which shows the firm faith of these simple people in the protecting

care of the Creator. The summer came on, 1008, and failing to catch fish, they began to be in want of food. Among the party was a person named Thorhall the Hunter. He was a man of singular character, and a scoffer at Christianity. He disappeared at this time. After three days of search, the missing man was found on the top of a rock, where he lay breathing, blowing through his nose and mouth, and muttering. It seems he was engaged in an act of heathen worship. He was asked why he was there. He answered it did not concern them. At their request or command, however, he went home with them. Afterwards a whale was cast on the shore, and the explorers gathered and cut it up. They boiled it in water, ate, and were made sick. Thorhall now took occasion to preach for his religion—entirely passing over, however, the sickness the whale had occasioned. "Now," said he, "you see that Thor is more prompt to give aid than your Christ. This was cast ashore as a reward for the hymn which I composed to my patron Thor, who rarely forsakes me." When the Northmen knew this, they very unreasonably and superstitiously cast all the rest of the whale into the sea, and trustingly "commended their affairs to God." After which the air grew milder, and they found opportunity to fish, and from that time there was an abundance of food, and "there were beasts on the land, eggs on the island, and fish in the sea."

Thorfinn and Thorhall disagreed about the continuation of the exploration. The former desired to go southward, and the latter northward. Nine men followed the fortunes of Thorhall, and he sailed northward to go around Wonderstrand and Kiarlarness. Endeavoring afterwards to sail westward, they were met by a storm from the west. This gale drove them to Ireland, and here they were made slaves, and Thorhall died. This schism in the expedition has been thought to furnish a very weak link in the strong chain of evidence which is offered to sustain the truth of the Icelandic narratives. Reference will be made to this link hereafter.

Thorfinn wintered at a place they called Hop, the description of which is said to correspond precisely with Mount Hope Bay. In the spring of 1009 the natives, called Skraelings, who at first had been friendly disposed, became displeased with the Icelanders, and fought with them. Two were killed on Karlsefne's side, but a number of the Skraelings fell. Karlsefne and his people, after this, came to the conclusion that although there was much good in the land, yet they would always be exposed to attacks from the aborigines; they therefore resolved to sail to their own land. One ship, however, went to seek Thorhall the Hunter. During the stay at Straumfiord, Straum Bay, Karlsefne's wife gave birth to a son, whom they named Snorre Karlsefne, the first white child born in America.

It is a well-known fact that in Greenland the people amuse themselves by relating stories and legends, and the narrative of another's voyage to Vineland gives a conversation as the origin of an expedition to the latter country. It resulted that Freydis, natural daughter of Eric the Red, in 1010, asked Lief Erickson for the booths he had erected at Vineland, and receiving the loan of them, she, with two Icelanders, brothers, Helge and Finboge, sailed to Vineland. Each

of the three agreed to take thirty fighting men, besides women. The brothers were to have half of all the goods obtained at Vineland. Freydis secretly took five more men than she agreed to, and after the expedition had landed, she treacherously had the whole party of men murdered, "but the women were left, and nobody would kill them." Then said Freydis, "Give me an axe in my hand." This was done, and she turned on those five women, and did not give over until they were all dead. Afterwards, Freydis threatened the life of any one who spoke of the affair. In the spring of 1011 the party returned to Greenland. The truth came out, however, and when it was confirmed to Lief Erickson's satisfaction, he said, "I do not care to treat my sister as she deserves, but this I will foretell them, that their posterity will never thrive." "Nobody," says the annals, "thought anything of them but evil, from that time."

Passing over the voyage of John, an Irish or Saxon priest, in 1059, to Vineland, for it is doubtful whether or not Vineland in Europe is meant, and those of the Zeni brothers in the fourteenth century, because the record of their visit is only made in 1558, after the time of Columbus, we come to the voyage of Bishop Eric of Greenland in 1121, which is found in the indisputably authentic "Annals of Greenland." This visit is mentioned in two separate places.

In 1285, Adalbrand and Thorvald, two brothers, *visited again*, as the documents intimate, Helluland, or Newfoundland. They named it "Nyja Funda Land—Newfoundland. There are two distinct records of visits made to it, records which exist yet in the handwriting of contemporaries of the events recorded." Further, Cabot, the later discoverer of Newfoundland, had some intercourse with the Danish monarch, from whom, it is thought likely, he obtained knowledge of the position of the land said to have been discovered by the Northmen. When Cabot sailed the next year he took the direct course for Newfoundland, and called it by the same name that had been given it by the Icelandic brothers Adalbrand and Thorvald. One later visit is recorded. The Northmen came in 1347 to Markland, to cut timber. With this voyage close the excursions of the Northmen to the new lands of the West, and the Western Continent, except Greenland, was wrapped in a profound cloud of darkness until the discoveries of Columbus lifted from it the veil, and exposed the new domain to the vision of an astonished world.

The evidence of the verity of these discoveries does not end with what has been offered before. Manuscripts detailing the Northmen's discoveries upon the Western Continent yet exist, which were written in, not referred to, a period before the visit of the two brothers. In works of fiction long before the time of Columbus, mention is made of Vineland as a well-known land, while the frequent casual allusions to voyages to America "show that the pre-Columbian discovery of America has tinged nearly the whole body of Icelandic history, in which the subject is referred to, not as a matter of doubt, but as something perfectly well known." A few of these allusions are quoted:

1121. Eric, Bishop of Greenland, went to search out Vineland. Bishop Eric Upsa sought Vineland.

1285. A new land is discovered west from Iceland. Adalbrand and Thorvald found new land west of Iceland.

1288. Rolf is sent by King Eric to search out the new land, and called on people of Iceland to go with him.

1357. There came likewise a ship from Greenland, smaller than the smallest of Iceland ships, that came in the outer bay. It had lost its anchor. There were seventeen men on board who had gone to Markland, and on their return were drifted here (Iceland). There came a ship from Greenland that had sailed to Markland, and there were eight men on board.

The story of Thorvald the Hunter was briefly given. Decipherers of hieroglyphics, it is said, have been enabled to find upon the stones, evidence that Thorfinn Karlsteine visited Vineland, as the Northmen assert. As early as 1680 a part of the figures upon Dighton Rock, known as Writing Rock, situated six and a-half miles south of Taunton, Mass., on the east side of Taunton River, was obtained. Later, complete copies were secured. The rock lies on the edge of the river, and is left dry at low water. It is a boulder of fine graywacke, twelve feet long and five feet high, and faces the bed of the river. Its front is now covered with chiseled inscriptions of what appear to be letters and outlines of men, animals and birds. "Its meaning has been differently explained. It was known that there was among the Northmen what was called the long hundred, that is 120. Add forty to this, the number of men that Thorfinn carried, would be 160. It is said that the only real resemblance to letters is found in the middle of the stone, in which antiquarians discover the name of *Thorfinn*." Another part of the stone has been construed to mean 151. Taking the nine men who left Thorfinn with Thorhall, would leave that exact number remaining. This, then, would mean, with two letters Ma on the stone, the abbreviation of Madr, signifying the original settler of a country, that Thorfinn established himself with one hundred and fifty men. This evidence is not considered, however, of the most satisfactory character.

What proves the Icelandic occupation of Greenland, strengthens their claim to have made further Western discoveries. In 1824, Lieut. Parry found in the island of Kingiktorssvak, situated in Baffin's Bay, in 72° 55' north latitude and 56° 51' west longitude, a runic stone. Runes were writing characters in use among the Northmen. It contained a long inscription, and copies of it were sent to three of the first scholars of the age, Finn Magnusson, Prof. Rask, and Dr. Bryniulfson, who, without consultation, at once arrived at the same conclusion, and united in giving the following translation:

"Erling Sighvalson and Biorn Thordarson and | Eindrid Oddson, on Saturday before | Ascension Week, raised these | marks, and cleared | ground, 1135."

When traditions and symbols are found to correspond with written accounts, we find in them proofs of the truth of the latter. When the later settlers came to America, they found among certain Indians a reverence for the cross, and traditions were extant among them that men had come to them in a wooden house and fought the natives. These facts must carry their weight of influence; and when it is known that the manuscript accounts of these discoveries were gathered together even before the birth of Columbus, one of two conclusions

must be irresistibly reached, that either the Northmen were the first white explorers of America, or else they are the authors of that extremely improbable work of imposing a fiction upon the world which was prophetic in its character.

E. S. RILEY, JR.

COUSIN JACK.

THE battle of Taylor's Ridge had been fought and won, and Cousin Jack, who had been reported among the wounded, was daily expected home on furlough. We hadn't seen him since the spring of '61; for hitherto he had escaped the bullets of the enemy, although he had gone through many a battle and skirmish. We promised ourselves much pleasure from his return, for in good old *ante-bellum* days Cousin Jack had ever been the light and life of our home, and we had missed him sorely when he left us for the theatre of war.

Alice and I nearly cried our eyes out when he went away, and we scolded Isabel severely because she was so quiet about it. We girls had no brother; but Cousin Jack, who was an orphan, had been living with us ever since any of us could remember, and Alice and I used to say that he was just the same as a brother. Isabel was not in the habit of saying much about him; the fact is, she was never much inclined to express an opinion about anything. During the third year of the war we had left our old home on Bayou Têche and taken refuge among the pine-forests of Sabine Parish, and we were still suffering from loneliness and nostalgia when the news of Cousin Jack's furlough came to cheer us. He was not badly wounded. He wrote that he was only *scratched*, but the surgeon told him that his wound must positively be nursed or it would not heal; and it was to this warning that we were to owe the pleasure of a visit from him.

"I'll nurse him!" exclaimed Alice, as she folded up the letter.

"No you won't; I'm going to do that myself!" exclaimed I. Isabel, as usual, said nothing.

"We'll have real coffee all the time he is at home," said Alice; "this ochra substitute is horrid." Alice was housekeeper.

"And I will practise some of my old songs," said I. "I haven't touched the piano in an age. It is very nice and patriotic, I dare say, to make soldier-jackets and knit soldier-socks, but I must confess I like singing and playing a great deal better, especially when Cousin Jack is here to listen and admire."

A few days after this, the gentleman in question, Captain John Harrington, made his appearance, very much bewhiskered, and rather seedy in uniform, but otherwise not much altered since we had seen him last. He carried his left arm in a sling, but he managed very well without its aid. He hadn't been with us a day before it seemed as if he never had been away from us, for he was petting Alice and teasing me just as he had done in old times. We were living in an old dilapidated log-cabin, and had brought very few of the luxuries of life with us from our home on the Têche ; but I do not think there was a happier family than ours in all Louisiana, after Cousin Jack's arrival had made our household band complete. Even Isabel, the sedate and sombre, brightened up in the course of that first day and became quite lively—for *her*. Alice was not long in taking possession of her old seat on Cousin Jack's knee. She was fortunate in being exceedingly diminutive, and could sit where she pleased without let or hindrance. In the fervor of my welcome I had seated myself on Alice's old perch, but Cousin Jack immediately ordered me to get away, informing me that he would as soon hold a bale of cotton on his knee. As soon as I vacated the seat Alice took it, and commenced her old habit of rumpling Cousin Jack's hair. "As I live, the man has turned gray!" exclaimed she, jerking out a silver thread and holding it up for our inspection. "Why, Jack, the Federals must have been scaring you terribly! Now tell us truly, old fellow, *haven't* you been scared once or twice since we saw you last?"

"Scared as the mischief," replied Jack, "and with good reason too. If Julius Cæsar had been where I was on the night of the twenty-second of last November, the old fellow would have trembled in his boots. I came very near going up on that occasion, as sure as you are a foot high."

"What were you doing then?" I asked.

"Doing! I was running like the mischief from about forty million Yankees, and getting shot at about every two seconds and a-half."

"Where were you?" asked Alice. "Begin at the beginning, and tell us all about it. Mollie and I are crazy to hear your adventures; and if your telling them interrupts Isabel's stitch-counting, she can go away if she wants to."

Isabel did not go away, but she continued to count stitches under her breath, and appeared nowise interested in what was going on. Jack gave one quick look at her, and then commenced his story.

"Well, you see," said he, "I was out scouting solus and alone up in Washington country, which if you know anything at all, you know is inhabited mostly by the strongest sort of Union people. There was a large body of Yankee cavalry perambulating about in that region, and I had been sent out by our boss to see what they were up to. That would have been easy enough if the natives had been the right kind of people; but as it was, with everybody against me, I dodged around all day like a thief, lost my way about fifty thousand times, and when night came on was about as tired and used-up a Rebel as ever you heard tell of. I didn't care so much for myself, but the critter I was riding had lost a shoe and was in a bad row for stumps; so I came to the conclusion that the sooner we came to a

halt the better. I knew the Yankee troops were close by, and I knew that the natives would like no better fun than to hand me over to them; for if there is any one thing that a loyal citizen hates above all other it is a good Rebel. I was in disguise of course — had on a Yankee overcoat over my Confederate jacket — but somehow I felt that I had *Secesh* written in my face; and besides I doubted my ability to refrain from profanity if I should be obliged to listen to any loyal sentiments. But I could not ride on all night — my horse and I were of one opinion about that — and I was not prepared to camp out; so at last I made up my mind to ride boldly up to the next house I came in sight of and demand its hospitalities, and I acted upon this determination. It was now quite dark, but I saw two bright windows in the distance, and I was not long in making my way to the gate in front of them.

“‘Halloo!’ cried I, as I drew rein; and then I waited for an answer, but no answer came.

“‘Halloo!’ cried I again, but echo answered ‘halloo,’ and nothing else.

“Thereupon I dismounted and walked up to the house, which as well as I could make it out in the dark was a large and stately one. I was determined to make myself heard, so I seized the knocker and created a racket, which had the desired effect. The door was opened by a diminutive imp of darkness, and I was invited to enter.

“‘Not yet, my friend,’ said I. ‘Bring out a light, if you please, and show me the way to the stable.’

“The boy disappeared, but soon returned armed with a lantern and key. He grew sociable as we went along, and informed me that his ole marster was dead, that Mas’ Henry had jined the cavalry, and that there was nobody at home but old Miss’ and Miss Calline. ‘Maybe you know Mas’ Henry,’ continued he, giving a sidelong look at my overcoat.

“I gave him to understand that his Mas’ Henry and I were rather more intimate than brothers, and then having seen that my horse was comfortable for the night, I wended my way to the house. This time I was met in the hall by the mistress of the house, who when I made known my necessities assured me that I was heartily welcome to a night’s lodging. My sable friend showed me to a chamber, where I washed the dust out of my eyes, and then I went to join the ladies in the parlor, still wearing my overcoat, as I did not consider that a healthy locality to take it off in. I did not take the trouble to invent a name for old Miss’ benefit, for we soldiers, you know, generally claim hospitality anonymously. When I entered the parlor I found my hostess comfortably reclining in an easy-chair in front of a most glorious fire, while at the piano was seated the prettiest girl — yes, I say it calmly and dispassionately — the prettiest girl I ever saw in all my life. I shall not take the trouble to describe her to you, for of course, being feminine yourselves, it would only bore you and make you envious. Suffice it to say that the prettiest thing *you* ever saw could not hold a candle to her. This was ‘Miss Calline.’ The parlor was handsomely furnished, and there were no end of books scattered about promiscuously; so it was easy to see, leaving politics

out of the question, 'Old Miss' and 'Miss Calline' were the thing. The young lady was playing that lackadaisical thing that you play, Mollie, only she played it a thousand times better than you ever did. What in the thunder is the name of the thing? It is something in the pious line."

"Old Hundred?" suggested Alice.

"Oh no, Goosie. Let me alone, and I'll tell you directly. 'Maiden's Prayer,' that's it. Well, as I was saying, the young lady was playing —"

"Don't be so poetical!" interrupted I.

"Mollie, if you say another word I'll turn you out of the room. Isabel is the only one of you girls that can listen worth a cent."

"Oh, listening is Isabel's *forte*," said Alice. "She'd rather listen than talk, any day."

"Which can't be said of her sister Alice," observed Cousin Jack.

"That depends upon circumstances. Go on with your story. The young lady was playing—"

"Well, the young lady stopped playing when I entered the room, and then—"

"The dame made a courtsey, the dog made a bow," murmured I.

"Miss Mollie Harrington, I should like to know which of us is to tell this story!" exclaimed Cousin Jack.

"I only supplied you with an appropriate quotation, you ungrateful creature. But go on, and tell the story your own way."

"Shouldn't you like to know how she looked?" asked Cousin Jack.

"No we shouldn't," said Alice, shortly, while I shook my head.

"Perhaps Isabel might like to know," suggested Cousin Jack. But Isabel was absorbed in stitch-counting again, and appeared not to hear.

"I don't believe you are ever going to get past the young lady," said Alice.

Capt. Harrington sighed lugubriously. "Ah, but she was indeed hard to pass!" exclaimed he. "Such eyes!—"

"There, that will do," said Alice, impatiently. "I don't believe a word of what you are saying about her anyway."

"Yes," chimed in I, "in the language of Betsy Prig, 'I don't believe there's no sich person!'"

"Young ladies, will you allow me to proceed?" asked Capt. Harrington, meekly.

"Blaze away," said Alice, who, on account of her littleness, considered herself privileged to choose her own mode of expression.

"I made the young lady the most graceful bow that she had witnessed in many a day," continued the narrator, "and I flatter myself she made a note of it. Anyway, she welcomed me with the utmost suavity of manner, and invited me to come near the fire, which I was glad enough to do, for I was as cold as the deuce, having been riding in the face of a norther for the last two hours. Well, I seated myself on one side of the old lady, and Miss Calline seated herself on the other side. Before we had got through the meteorological observations necessary for the occasion, the supper-bell rang, and we adjourned to

the dining-room forthwithly. I had had no dinner that day, and the way I did walk into old Miss's hominy and sausages ain't nothing to nobody. The old lady poured the coffee, and then commenced talking about the state of affairs in the country. You may bet your bottom dollar I never contradicted her, for although her sentiments were objectionable her sausages were not, and just about that time I was much more interested in the latter than the former. The lovely Caroline had nothing to say; she only ate wafers, and looked pretty. When I had at last got enough to eat, Caroline led the way to the parlor, the old lady very sensibly remaining in the dining-room. I soon found, upon examination, that my beauty hadn't much talk in her, so it wasn't long before I had her back at the piano.

"Do you sing?" asked I, after she had finished rattling through a mazourka or two.

"She gave me the orthodox answer, 'A little.'

"Then let us have a song, by all means," said I.

"There was some loose music scattered around on the piano, and I recognised 'Ever of Thee' among it, by the picture on the back of it—a long-nosed, cadaverous-looking female, you know, with an expression like that of a dying calf. I placed the notes in front of the young lady, and intimated to her that she might blaze away."

"Did she sing well?" asked Alice.

"I should rather think she did," replied Cousin Jack; "just about fifty times as well as any one that ever *you* heard sing. Well, she finished 'Ever of Thee,' and then I called for 'Lorena,' and 'Her Bright Smile,' and about a dozen other songs, and then we were interrupted by an old mauma coming in with a waiter of egg-nogg. There was too much brandy in that egg-nogg, twice too much, but I didn't find it out till I had finished two tumblers of it. Caroline took only half a tumbler, but even that enlivened her no little. I proposed various equivocal toasts, and the innocent little traitor drank them all. Then she began letting me into her family history. Told me that she had lived all her life with her aunt, who was my present hostess; that her father was with Rosecrans' army in Kentucky, but that as soon as he could get a furlough he was going to take her aunt and herself to St. Louis, fearing to leave them any longer in such a locality. 'We have suffered nothing so far,' continued she, 'having been fortunate enough to have our brave defenders near us; but there is a rumor that Morrell is going to withdraw his forces before very long, and father has no idea of our being left to the tender mercies of those dreadful Rebels.'

"Here, instigated partly by the love of effect, but mostly by that infamous egg-nogg, I could refrain no longer. Springing up, and striking an attitude, I exclaimed, *a la* Hafed, 'Hold, hold—thy words are death!' and divesting myself of my overcoat in little less than no time, displayed the Confederate jacket to Miss Caroline's astonished gaze. I proceeded:

'Here, maiden, look. weep, blush to see
All that thy sire abhors in me!'

But before the quotation was completed, the young lady had gone

glimmering, and what should I hear about this time but a tremendous commotion on the piazza, followed by a thundering knock at the door. I heard the door open, and then I went to the top of the spiral staircase (the parlor was on the second floor) and looked down to see what the racket was about. One look was enough. The hall was swarming with Yankee soldiers. 'Now I have done it!' thought I. You may be sure I ran back into the parlor and got into my overcoat again just a little faster than I had gotten out of it. But I knew that as matters then stood, the overcoat wouldn't save me. There was one tumbler of egg-nogg left. I drank that, and then looked around for a mode of escape. If there had been one tumbler more I dare say I should have faced the enemy; but as it was, I had prudence enough left to remember that discretion is the better part of valor, and to ask myself the question what could one slightly inebriated Rebel do among all those Federals. It was clear I should have to run for it, so I lost no time in making my way out of the window upon the roof of the front piazza. The wind had lulled, and the stars were shining brightly enough for me to see the outline of a tree at one end of the roof, and I immediately made for it. It was a holly, and you know the foliage of a holly is not pleasant to get among; but it wasn't the time for me to be particular. I counted ten thousand separate and distinct scratches, but I made my way down to the ground nevertheless. As soon as I landed, a voice from the piazza called out, 'Halt, or I fire!' but I had no idea of halting, so on I went, double-quick, my speed being slightly accelerated by a pistol-bullet whizzing past my ear. There was a crowd of horses fastened in the front yard, and I lost no time in putting myself on one of them; a second pistol-bullet from the piazza was accommodating enough to cut his halter, and then we tore down the road like a streak of lightning. It soon became evident that the Federals were after me, and then the race that followed was no joke, especially to me, for I was acting as spy, and therefore felt a delicacy in letting myself be captured. Away I went therefore, through woods and through clearings, in roads and out of roads, over fences and across ditches. I was barked at by at least a million different dogs that night, and shot at by my pursuers until I came to the conclusion that I was doing the Confederacy good service by causing the waste of so much Yankee ammunition. At length, between the pistol-shots, I could hear a tremendous roaring in front of me, and then I knew where I was going — right to the river, which, on account of the rains we had just had, was now a young flood, ripping and tearing around in every direction, entirely independent of its banks. The horse I was riding had got into the spirit of the thing, and the Atlantic Ocean couldn't have stopped him then, so on he went, straight ahead, with a scared Rebel on top of him. But when we reached the river I think he began to share the feelings of his rider, for there we were on a high bluff about three-quarters of a mile, it looked to me, above the surface of the water, which was rushing along as black as Erebus, and as rough as the mischief. However, the Yankees were close behind us, and this wasn't the time for reflection, so over we went. I thought we never were going to strike the water, and when we finally *did* strike, it seemed to me we

never were going to stop going down. The water wasn't warm either, and before we rose to the surface again I began to wish I had faced the Yankees.

"My horse swam like a good fellow, but the current was almost too many for him, and more than once I thought I was a gone fawn-skin. However, after going goodness knows how far down the river (about fifty miles it seemed to me then) we at last managed to get out of the water. I had a shaking ague, and my horse wasn't much better off, but we kept a-going, and before long had the luck to strike on one of our pickets, who made me drink half a canteen of whiskey (which was all that saved my life), and then sent me on to camp, where I arrived safely, but very much the worse for wear. We were ordered away from that part of the country a few days afterwards, and I never saw the fair Caroline again, but nevertheless —

'Hers is a form of life and light,
Once seen, becomes a part of sight—

And — and — what comes next, girls?"

"Don't be foolish," said Alice, encouragingly. "See, you have already bored Isabel nearly to death with your nonsense, and she is about to leave the room to escape the rest of it."

"Where are you going, Isabel?" asked Jack.

"To walk," was the brief reply.

"May I go with you?"

"If you wish it." And Isabel did what none of us had ever seen her do before — she blushed.

"What did that mean?" asked I, in astonishment, after Isabel and Jack had gone.

"What did *what* mean?" asked Alice in return.

"Isabel's blush."

"Why, Goosie, haven't you sense enough to see that Isabel dotes on Cousin Jack?"

"Well, what of that? I dote on him myself, but I don't blush when he talks to me."

"I see the matter is entirely beyond your limited comprehension, so I will say no more about it," said Alice, drily, and she left me to my own meditations.

Isabel and Cousin Jack were out late that afternoon, but Alice and I didn't miss them, for we had a call from Capt. Du Bois, of the —th regiment, and with him conversing we forgot all time. Beaux were few and far between in those wild woods, and Alice and I did all we could to make ourselves agreeable to the young officer. At length the pedestrians returned, and then we had tea (the sure-enough article that night — not sassafras, which was our usual beverage), and then Isabel said she had a headache, and went to her room; and Alice and Capt. Du Bois sat down to a game of chess, and then Cousin Jack came over to where I was sitting, and in a low voice claimed my congratulations.

"What am I to congratulate you for?" asked I.

"I am going to be married."

"To whom?" asked I, in surprise.

"To whom do you suppose, Goosie?"

"I haven't the slightest idea."

"Isabel."

"Isabel! Why I should as soon have thought of your marrying me!"

"I shouldn't as soon have thought of it — not by a long shot. Ain't you going to congratulate me?"

"Not until I have collected my ideas. You have scattered them all by your startling intelligence."

Alice and I talked the matter over after we went to our room that night, and then and there she informed me that she had suspected the attachment ever since Jack went away in '61.

"Well, you certainly have a great deal more penetration than I have," was my concluding observation.

"Of course I have," was the candid reply. And there being no more to say, we both went to sleep.

CAROLINE MARSDALE.

VISIT TO PARAGUAY.

III.

TO-day we visited the Library of Paraguay, in company with the Brazilian Minister. This library is always kept closed, and considerable influence is required to gain admission to it. It was formerly owned by the Jesuits of the Missions, but on their expulsion it was deemed subject to seizure by the Government of Paraguay, and ever since has remained in its possession. There were here collected together some five thousand volumes, none of which were of so recent a date as to have the year MDCCC inscribed on the title-page. Old editions of the Bible in Latin, Greek, and Spanish, with notes and observations, were in abundance, together with many works written by Jesuits respecting the tenets of their order. The dusty appearance of the books, and cobwebs here and there throughout the library, showed that it was little used, and that its contents were as a dead letter to the Paraguayans.

While engaged in making extracts, the hour for dinner came around, and we were forced to leave, with great regret; but hoped to renew our visit, in which however we were foiled. The Brazilian Minister was aware that we had not finished the extracts we were engaged on, and on our inquiring who was the proper person to apply to for re-

admission, he very properly referred us to the Minister of Foreign Affairs. On visiting this gentleman he told us that he did not keep the key, and strange as it may seem, said the Minister from Brazil was most likely to obtain the desired permission for us. We followed directions, and great was the surprise of the Brazilian Minister to learn that the Minister of Foreign Affairs of Paraguay had named him as the proper person to whom application should be made to obtain entrance to a Paraguayan library.

While in Paraguay we received many calls from the various *détenus* of Francia. Among them was General José Artigas, whose name in all the countries watered by the Rio de la Plata is as familiar as a household word. He is a native of Montevideo, and at the outbreak of the revolution of 1811 took command of the patriot forces, gained a decisive victory over the Spanish troops, and forced them to take refuge in the city of Montevideo, to which he subsequently laid siege. In 1814 the city surrendered to Generals Alvear and Artigas. After this some difficulty occurred between Artigas and the Buenos Ayrean Government, by whom Artigas had been furnished troops and arms to carry on the siege of Montevideo. Finally Artigas was declared by the Government of Buenos Ayres a traitor and an outlaw. Now was his time to use the influence he had acquired over the natives of the Banda Oriental by his victories over the Spanish forces. He obtained possession of the city of Montevideo, and exercised the most absolute sway over the whole Banda Oriental. His system of warfare was predatory, and he not only successfully maintained himself against the attacks of Buenos Ayres, but carried the war into the enemy's country, and invaded the province of Santa Fé on the opposite side of the river. This province being in a weak and defenceless state, declared for him on being invaded. He then entered the province of Entre Rios, and carried war into the province of Corrientes, which was soon rendered completely subservient to him by means of his Artigueñan bands, as they were called, which scoured the country, enforcing implicit obedience at the point of the sword. The depredations and robberies committed by this licensed banditti exceed all description. No one was safe unless he possessed a pass over the signature of Artigas. He was exceedingly popular among his troops, and his word was the supreme law. He was a perfect type of the *guerillero*, most common in the countries on the Rio de la Plata. Hearing on one occasion that some of his soldiers were dissatisfied with him on account of his age and infirmity, and consequent inability to lead them to battle, he adopted the following plan to prove them mistaken. He ordered his whole army to be drawn up in line of battle, and gave directions to have his saddle and bridle put on the wildest horse that could be found, a colt that had never been mounted. He then rode in front of his soldiers, and delivered to them an address as follows. He said that he had now presented himself before them to resign his command as their general; that he was glad to see that his brave soldiers wished to choose some other leader, he being now incapable of commanding them on account of his declining years. Here he struck his huge spurs into the sides of the colt, which used every exertion to throw him, but they were unavailing; he remained

firm in his seat. The excitement was great, for on the mastery of that animal depended his power. "Yes," said he when the animal had become a little quieted, "I am now old and infirm, and can no longer lead you to battle, as I have been accustomed to do: I resign my command"—here he again lacerated the sides of the infuriated animal, which now plunged, then reared, then rolled in endeavoring to unseat him, but all was in vain. The effect of this may be imagined on a people who consider a good horseman, one who under no circumstances allows himself to be thrown, the *ne plus ultra* of perfection. When he had obtained the victory, the loud "vivas" for "our General Artigas," and the asseverations that they would follow none but him, were tremendous.

While he was the supreme chief of Corrientes, he seized many Paraguayan vessels and invaded Paraguay, which greatly incensed Francia, who was then Dictator. Being finally defeated by Buenos Ayres, he was forced to take refuge in Paraguay, to which Francia assented on the condition that only one or two should enter Paraguay with him. When Francia had him in his power he sent him under a strong guard to the frontier of Paraguay, where he was supported by Government. Here he remained for many years, closely watched by day and night, seeing no other faces than those of the guard appointed to prevent his escape from his dreary prison, which was surrounded by wild beasts. After Francia's death, the present President Señor Lopez released him from his exile, sent for him to come to the capital, and to his great credit be it said, gave him permission to reside on one of his *chacras* or farms near his own, and supplied him with food and raiment and a servant to attend on him.

General Artigas came on horseback to visit us, and so decrepid was he that he was scarce able to mount his horse without assistance. His step was feeble, his gait tottering, and his memory apparently much impaired by age. We had a great deal of interesting conversation with him, as we were acquainted with his past history. Of the defeats he had suffered his memory was imperfect, but everything he did in favor of the independence of Montevideo, every victory he gained over the Spanish army, was treasured up in his memory and recounted to us with an earnestness of manner which seemed to do the old man good. He was said to have been a very cruel man, and to have been the first person who as a punishment for desertion or other misdemeanor sewed the culprit in a green or raw hide, and then placed it in the sun to dry, which causing the hide to shrink, inflicted indescribable torture, frequently terminating in death.

On returning his visit, we found him at his *chacra*, which was but indifferently supplied with furniture, a few chairs round the room being all that was to be seen. He who had been Governor of three provinces, whose name had been a passport held sacred for hundreds of miles, at whose call thousands of swords would have leapt from their scabbards, was now indebted for his daily sustenance to a stranger—all, all had deserted him; those who when he was in power had made the most lively protestations of regard and esteem, had now left him when he was in distress, as is the customary fashion of this world.

But let us not do injustice to any. There was one that had clung to him, one that in all his vicissitudes had proved himself faithful; and would that we recollected his name. This was his *Assistente*, a Portuguese by birth — an *assistente* being a soldier that a commanding officer selects to attend to his person, and might be called a body-servant. The *assistente* had done his master good service, but was now from bodily infirmity incapable of attending him more; he was even more helpless than his master, who was from all accounts upwards of ninety. We gave the old man a hearty shake of the hand, and then General Artigas told us of the many services he had rendered him, and the great regard he had for his person.

During our residence in Asuncion we made repeated inquiries for Monsieur Amédée Bonpland, the celebrated French naturalist, and the companion of the distinguished Baron Humboldt. He had also suffered from the cruel Dictator, as who had not? While engaged in the preparation of *yerba*, he was taken prisoner by Francia's troops, and carried to a town of the Jesuit missions on the left bank of the Parana, not being permitted to come to Asuncion. Here M. Bonpland resided for some years, and then, as we are informed, he removed to the vicinity of San Borja, more in the centre of Paraguay, where he still lives. He has made himself exceedingly popular with the natives from his knowledge of botany and medicine, and from the many wonderful cures he has performed. Various efforts have been made by the Institute of France to procure his liberation, but during Francia's time these efforts only served to render the system of espionage under which he was placed more strict, and to increase the vigilance of the mistrustful dictator. During Francia's long dictatorship, M. Bonpland married, and seeing all hope of escape cut off, gradually reconciled himself to a permanent residence in Paraguay, and now, though no obstacle would be offered to his return to France, he no longer desires it. He is there with his native wife and children, highly respected and beloved by all around him, the climate suits him, and it is most likely that he will die in his adopted country.

While in Asuncion we visited the market. It is held in an open square, with a few stands arranged around three sides, the inner portion of the square being spread with the mats of the market-women. The mats are spread on the ground, and on them are exposed their different commodities. The appearance of no individual person may be said to have been interesting, but the whole collection of people, men and women dressed in the purest white, which owing to the extreme heat even at that early hour of the morning seemed peculiarly appropriate, presented a striking contrast with their varied complexions. On some mats were spread preserves made from molasses, mandioca roots, farina, rice and eggs, while on others were various kinds of wild fruits, generally of an agreeable flavor, which were much in demand. No oranges were offered for sale, as they abounded on all sides, and were of little or no value. There is no paper currency of any kind in Paraguay, and here for the first time we saw cut money, Spanish dollars and other coins being roughly cut in half or quartered as necessity required. The coins of Spain, gold and silver, were the only currency of the country.

One of the chief sources of the wealth of Paraguay is the fine timber of her immense forests. Timber is here found of various colors, suitable for the manufacture of furniture, and for durability unsurpassed by perhaps any in the world. It is unfortunate that no minute description has ever been given by a practical naturalist of all the trees, plants, and herbs in Paraguay, and that they are not arranged and classed scientifically, but still preserve their Guaraní names.

We left the city of Asuncion early one morning on horseback, to return the visit of a gentleman living some eighteen miles in the country. He was a Porteño or native of Buenos Ayres, who had visited us on our arrival in Asuncion to make inquiries about his Buenos Aryeen friends, from all communication with whom he was cut off. On the isolation of Paraguay by Francia he had contrived to escape, leaving his family and everything behind him. On his return to Paraguay, now two years since, after an absence of thirty-one years, he found the children whom he had left, men grown, with families, and to his great grief, Paraguayans in manners, dress and education.

On our way to the house of our Porteño acquaintance we were overtaken by a storm, which forced us to take refuge in one of the numerous cottages which faced the road on either side. But the storm abated as quickly as it had arisen, having spent its force in one furious effort, which being over, all was quiet. Our road was most picturesque and beautiful, overshadowed by tall forest-trees on either side, many of which bore fruit in abundance, from which the different kinds of parrots, macaws, toucans, and other birds of varied plumage, were making their repast. The white-washed cottages which ever and anon came into view from amid groves of orange-trees borne down with golden fruit, lent their aid in making the scene complete. In the porches were men, women, and children, all dressed in white, enjoying the refreshing coolness of the evening after the oppressive heat of the day. These orange-groves were more abundant in consequence of an edict of Francia, who required the head of every family to plant out each year so many trees.

In the interior we would sometimes see half-grown boys with no article of apparel except the straw hat, so strange in appearance, with scarce any brim and more than a foot in height; and on asking why they did not dispense with that, were informed that the Dictator required it to be worn by all, that it might be doffed to his officials. Francia required that all children after a certain age should be sent to school, to learn reading and writing. There were few books, and scarce any paper; and to supply the deficiency, trays were used filled with moistened sand, in which the children were taught to form their letters with a pointed stick. We were much pleased to know that Señor Lopez, the President of Paraguay, with the same power as his predecessor, was not so cruel.

A summary execution took place in Asuncion about the time of our arrival, under the following circumstances: It was customary in Paraguay for small articles intended for presents to pass through the Custom House free of duty. Knowing this, a man of respectability who had belonged to the army, presented himself to the Collector with his petition (which was a mere matter of form), asking to be per-

mitted to export free of duty some two or three jugs of *caña*, or rum, to Corrientes. The Collector replied that the quantity was large, and that it would be necessary for him to consult the President respecting it. The young man, who had some spirit, answered that if this customary favor could not be granted to him who had served his country in time of need, without first consulting the President, he would prefer not asking it, and accordingly tore up the petition addressed to the Collector, which was in his own handwriting. This was reported to the President, with probably an aggravation of the circumstances, and the young man was immediately imprisoned, and a short time afterwards was ordered out to be shot. Poor fellow, as he passed from his prison to the foot of the national flag-staff of Paraguay, he well knew what fate awaited him, and that a few moments would end his time on earth. He evinced not the least emotion, but walked erect and with a firm step. When kneeling, he passed the few moments allowed him in addressing the crowd that had assembled to witness his execution. He told them briefly the reason why he was thus bound and led out to die the death of a culprit: 'twas because, he said, he had spoken freely, and, "Paraguayans," he asked, "what better security have you that ere to-morrow's sun has set, some one of those now present may not likewise be condemned and executed?" He then feelingly referred to what the Paraguayans had suffered in days gone by, and desired that were the same scenes to be enacted over again, it should not be said of him that he had not given them warning. Before concluding his appeal his allotted time expired, the word "Fire" was given, and he who had so eloquently spoken the moment before, ceased to breathe, and the awe-stricken crowd retired to their homes.

The second act of arbitrary proceeding on the part of the President occurred while we were in Asuncion. The circumstances were as follows: During the existence of the treaty between Corrientes and Paraguay, trade was open between the two places. When, however, Corrientes concluded to join the Argentine Confederation, and entered into a treaty for that purpose with the Province of Entre Rios, the President of Paraguay immediately prohibited trade between Paraguay and Corrientes. This decree found many Paraguayans with articles they had purchased expressly to ship to Corrientes. Owing to the suddenness and severity of the decree, many complaints were uttered, which, unfortunately for those giving utterance to them, found their way to the ear of the President. He immediately ordered the complainants to join the army without delay. These young men, thirteen in number, were of the most respectable families, the first shopkeepers in the city of Asuncion. They were obliged forthwith to close their shops and leave all their business in an unsettled condition. When they arrived at the army, one of them, of whom we heard more particularly, was compelled to serve one of the inferior officers as his body-servant. Knowing what had befallen these young men, many others who chanced to be in Nembucu, who were friends and in some cases the brothers of those who had been thus summarily dealt with, determined at all hazards to leave Paraguay. There were some seven or eight of them, of good social standing, who, fearing that they might be ordered to the army to do menial service, resolved to fly their country. Such

was their fear that this degradation would be imposed on them, that they who had never passed beyond the limits of Paraguay, resolved to leave home, friends, everything that they held most dear, rather than bear that oppression. Accordingly, having on hand a quantity of yerba and tobacco, they conveyed it to foreigners, who consigned it and shipped it to a foreigner in Corrientes. Thus in their own country they were forced to use the name of foreigners to obtain a privilege not granted to them as Paraguayans. They then went to Corrientes, which was as far down the river as Paraguayans have been permitted to go for years, and was the limit imposed by the present President of Paraguay, beyond which Paraguayans might not pass. When in Corrientes they purchased a small vessel, shipped their cargo of yerba and tobacco, and may be said from that time to have embarked on a new world, as everything beyond Corrientes was entirely new to them, and in Buenos Ayres they saw things that they had probably never dreamed of. With only a limited education and with no access to books, they could not inform themselves of what was beyond the limits of their country. It was indeed interesting to note the curiosity which they exhibited on seeing the simplest things; they were not satisfied until everything was explained to them, and seemed in many respects to be only grown-up children. The President hearing that these young men were in Corrientes, and about to leave for Buenos Ayres, sent an order for their immediate return. Fortunately this order did not reach Corrientes until the day after they had left, and on being afterwards informed of it, they expressed great surprise, and declared that they would undergo everything rather than return, but feared that their families might suffer for the steps they had taken. Some of them remained in Buenos Ayres, while others, drawn thither by that love of country for which the Paraguayans are remarkable, have returned to Corrientes, where, if they are not permitted to enter their country, they may at least behold it from afar. These summary punishments may have been decreed by President Lopez under a mistaken impression of the guilt of the offenders, or he may have been cognisant of other aggravating circumstances unknown to the public, and he should not at once be classed as a cruel man; indeed, from all that we saw and heard such was not his character.

We received a message from the President that he would be glad to see us. We attended; the same formality was observed as before. We were informed that the mediation of the United States was accepted, but it was accepted with such conditions that so far as negotiation and reconciliation of differences between Paraguay and Buenos Ayres were concerned, but little could be expected; yet one object that the United States had in view was attained. Paraguay would not co-operate with England and France against Buenos Ayres while the mediation was pending.

We had frequent conversations with H. E. the President as to the manner of our return to our vessel; for as he had compelled us to leave it at Nembucu, we felt that he was bound to furnish the means for our return, more particularly as we had his promise to that effect before leaving Nembucu. It was finally decided that we should return

by water, and at our request the vessel was to be one of small dimensions, as we hoped thereby to avoid the delay occasioned by frequently getting aground. Our wishes as to the size of the vessel were more than complied with. It was nothing more than a large-sized canoe, with flat bottom, of some ten or twelve tons, called a *chalana*. There was no cabin, but over the after-part of the vessel was an awning spread over a frame-work of reeds, which afforded us shelter from the rays of the sun and protection from moderate showers. This awning was for our special accommodation ; the crew slept forward as best they could. With the exception of the pilot, all the crew were soldiers. Our old friend the Sergeant was in command.

The hold of the *chalana* was well filled with our baggage, and the numerous parcels with which we were entrusted by those who had friends in Buenos Ayres. Then our collection of birds and animals, parrots, vultures, mutûs, tapitys, and monkeys, had to be accommodated, and ere all were arranged there was no space unoccupied on our little *chalana*. All finally was arranged in the best way we could, and having previously taken leave of the President and family, we bade adieu to our many kind Paraguayan friends and acquaintances, not a few of whom accompanied us to the place of embarkation, while others, more provident, had proved that they were not forgetful of us by sending some nice present of fruit or preserve.

It was impossible for us to repay the many kindnesses we had received from every one in whose house we had entered while in Paraguay. Having seen very few foreigners since the country was conditionally opened, those who go among them are overloaded with attentions and acts of hospitality. These attentions, however well meant, were in some instances not a little disagreeable. Such was the perfect watch that was kept over our movements, that it was impossible for us to pass the door of any with whom we were acquainted without being saluted from the window and obliged to enter, as a refusal would, unless after a full explanation, be sure to give offence. It was for this last reason only that we were glad to leave Paraguay ; in other respects we bade adieu to those who had done everything in their power to render our stay among them agreeable, with unfeigned regret. Our voyage down the Paraguay River was full of interest, and at times exciting. Sometimes an alarm that the Chaco Indians had been recently seen on the right bank of the river, then a pursuit of a South American tiger or jaguar that was seen in the distance, while a more quiet sort of sport was found in shooting slumbering alligators. We received a warm welcome from our guard, who had been detained so long in durance, and in a short time thereafter we were speeding on our return to Buenos Ayres, coursing the immense pampas as fast as relays of good horses could carry us.

DON.

SCENES, INCIDENTS, AND CHARACTERS OF THE GREEK REVOLUTION.

IV.—*THE SECOND LEONIDAS.*

To the old Phokis now, thy name,
O new-born hero of the glorious "Gates"!
The lustre lends of fresh and during fame.

THE MODERN HELLENES DEFAMED.

ARE the Greeks of our day an utterly degenerate race,—become so by their enslavement of ages and the commixture of their blood with foreign and barbarous races? Such, among us, is the almost universal sentiment, the causes of which need not just now be indicated. But there has hardly ever, in human history, been a people more unjustly depreciated than the Modern Greeks. The opinion on this question of such a man as the eminent Professor Felton, of Harvard, whose life had been so much devoted to Greek studies, and who had himself travelled in Greece, is entitled to no little weight on the question. He says: "The constancy with which they clung to the Christian faith during the [almost] four centuries of misery and political annihilation; their immovable faithfulness to their nationality under intolerable oppression; the intellectual superiority over their tyrants which they never failed to exhibit; the love of humane letters which they never, in all their sorrows, lost; the wise preparation which they made for their struggle, by means of schools,* show that the national character was sound at the core." A people whose character shows the traits of patriotism and heroism are, and must be, far from being a very debased people. And it has been, in part, the object of the writer of these sketches to vindicate our contemporaries of the Greek name and stock from the unjustly low estimation commonly put upon them. Their claim to the patriotic and heroic virtues has evinced itself in the events of their great struggle already delineated; it will appear not less illustriously in those which we are yet to pass over. But on those points let us hear the testimony of Geo. Finlay, Esq., a distinguished archæologist and literary gentleman, who himself bore arms in the Greek revolution, and still resides at Athens—who says, speaking of the events of the struggle: "These transactions show that the Greeks have, in no respect, fallen below the martial spirit of their ancestors." Prof. Felton says: "I do not know, in the history of the human race, a more illustrious chapter. The old renown of Marathon and Salamis and Thermopylæ is founded on no more glorious deeds than were achieved in repelling the armies of the Turks." And the distinguished Professor, after speaking of his "wandering among the wild and noble scenery of Thermopylæ," refers to the young hero whom we are now about to introduce.

* Briefly described in the first number of these articles.

THE HERO'S MOUNTAIN CRADLE.

The little country known as the ancient Phocis (Greek orthography Phokis), like the territories of most of the ancient Hellenic States, is marked off by mountain boundaries. On the southeast it is overlooked by the majestic Parnassus, whose pinnacles, shooting up to the height of more than 8000 feet above the level of the gulfs in sight of it, and bearing snow till mid-summer of every year, glitter like burnished silver in the rays of the cloudless summer's sun of that climate. Under the wild and awful cliffs at its southern base, the Castalian fount and the awful cave gave forth at Delphi the most famous oracular utterances of the ancient heathen world. The Phokians* of old times showed themselves worthy of their vicinage to localities so grand and inspiring. With the exception of the Atticans, they displayed, at different periods, more of a martial spirit than perhaps any of the Grecian States north of the Isthmus. For many years they showed a bravery in defending their country against the Thessalians and other enemies, which might entitle it to be called the gallant little Phokis. They sent a contingent of 1000 men to the confederate defence of Thermopylæ — larger, in proportion, than almost any other State on the patriot side — though it happened that it was the Phokian guard, on the mountains, which, by its want of military watchfulness, suffered the Persians to pass and flank Leonidas.

Phokis is now to live in history through the name of one of her modern progeny. In some one of the villages of her mountain-shadowed vales there grew up a youth of superior intellect and exalted character, bearing the name of Diakos.† Arriving at manhood, he took ecclesiastical orders, being ordained a deacon. But, being a high-spirited man, the insolence of a Turk drove him to desperate and bloody revenge upon the oppressor. There was no alternative then but flight to the mountains and the life of a "Kleft," which class included every outlaw; and he soon became a noted chief among the bold and semi-patriot freebooters. A friend of the present writer, himself a native Greek and a most intelligent gentleman (G. A. Perdikares, Esq., author of "Greece of the Greeks,") writes of Diakos: "He was as distinguished for other virtues as he was for his courage; and had his life been spared, he might have shown himself as great in the councils of the nation as he was on the field of battle."

THE SCENE OF HIS FUTURE GLORY.

In his mountain retreats Diakos heard the intimations of the coming struggle of his country for freedom. From the Parnassian heights, especially when, far even above the village of Arachova (where the present writer once spent a Sunday, and attended their church services, with the woollen-clad shepherd-citizens), when the summer's sun had dissolved the snow-cap of the summits, and left their sides, far up, clothed in verdure and dotted with flocks, he could not only survey with one sweep of the eye the grand panorama of the Isthmus, the

* I follow the Greek and true orthography. Why should we not be consistent, and adopt it fully?

† Whether a family or a "christened" name, I do not remember, if I ever learned; perhaps a surname, contraction of *diakonos*, referring to the office he at one time bore in the church.

gulfs, and Corinth, with its "citadel mountain," but could catch sight of the distant points around Athens ; which last may well have reminded such a man of the ancestral glories of Marathon, Salamis and Plataea. But, from certain other points of his resort, another grand and beautiful scene of nature would, at times, present itself to his gaze. This was where the Pindus, running its elevated ridges southward like a great back-bone of the region between the two seas, throws off, almost at right angles, the line of Oeta, and this stretches eastward till it overlooks the town and gulf of Lamia, at the farthest northern extremity of Greece (according to its present boundaries) ; forming, with Orthrys, the fertile and beautiful vale of Ptheia, through which the famous Sperchius winds its narrow but deep current toward the sea. In the narrow margin of land between the mountains and the gulf, flow out the celebrated warm springs, which the pen of Herodotus has made so well known to us in connection with the ancient historic events of the spot. The fountain at Hypate, which is a grand basin, was enclosed by a wall of masonry in old times, and is capable of forming one of the finest medicinal baths in the world ; for this and the other springs have a strong impregnation of sulphur and other minerals, making them most valuable ; while the heights of Oeta, back of them, covered in some places (an unusual feature in the scenery of Greece) with forests, in other places with beautiful "livadia" or mountain "meadows," having a most pure and exhilarating atmosphere, and commanding an extensive and beautiful prospect, south and east, of the gulf, the sea, and the grand isle of Euboea, form a locality most attractive to travellers, and as a place of hygienic resort. But it is the springs farther inward that gave the prefix to the common old-time appellation of "the Gates" (*Πύλαι*.) for it was once the more common title given to the celebrated pass, at this point, between the mountains and sea, which furnished the only level entrance into Greece proper, from the regions north of her. One of these springs it is that the Phokians, in ancient times, caused to overflow the pass, in front of the wall which they built across it, to resist the incursions of their neighbors and enemies the Thessalians ; and hence a peculiar propriety in the name Thermo-pylæ, "Warm Gates." Much of the ground, in this vicinity and near the Sperchius, is marshy ; and the traveller who puts up for the night at the rude khan of the modern Thermopylæ (perhaps there is something better for the sojourner now than there was in former years) can comfort himself, amid any annoyances to which, if not provided with a portable cot, he may be subjected from fleas and bed-bugs, by the songs of the frogs, and dreams of Leonidas and his Spartans. By daylight he can identify the spot where, on the morning of the fatal day, somewhere about the 6th of August, B. C. 480, after the flanking party of the Persians had found their way by the mountain path — awaking the Phokian guard too late, by the tramp of numerous feet in the mountain leaves and grass — the Spartans, of the still victorious little band, were found making their rough toilet — so far as head-combing was concerned — for a very uncommon reception of company, in fact for their own chosen funeral. And, not far off, one can stand upon the tumulus, not yet obliterated, that thenceforth marked the spot where the heroes of

Lacedaemon, with their king, made the sacrifice of themselves to their country and to freedom. Some years ago, too, a visitor could pick up fragments of the breccia which once formed the monument upon it.

VOICES OF THE PAST AND THE STIRRING PRESENT.

Did the young Phokian hero of our modern days, as he, many a time, gazed on that spot from the mountain heights that overlook it, think of the historic scenes which have made it so memorable? Yes, often; for the Greeks, above almost any other people, live upon the memories of their ancestral history and glory. More than perhaps anything else, it animated them to do and to endure as they did in the struggle which these papers are designed to some extent to describe; and an intelligent and enthusiastic mind, like that of our young chieftain, would feel this inspiration more than common minds. Did he dream that he, in that sea and mountain pass, was to act the part of Leonidas over again? Be this as it may, the time came when, circumstances inviting it, he did make up his mind to such a sublime self-sacrifice.

The news of the first movements in the far northern provinces and the Peloponnesus — of which our former numbers have given some account — penetrated the mountains as spring came, and Diakos, like a young lion loosed from his cage, rushed down to the fields of conflict. Northern Greece was rising as well as the Morea. Some brilliant successes attended the first efforts of its leaders in the month of April, 1821. Mark Botzares,* afterward the hero of Karponesi, had won, with his Souliotes, illustrious laurels. Diakos, with his Phokians, had also distinguished himself, for the people of his native district, under him and under the afterwards famed Odysseus, had shown a spirit worthy of their ancient name; for General Gordon, speaking of them in contrast with the semi-Kleftic military caste of the "Armatotes" of Thessaly and Epirus, says that "the ill-armed peasantry of Attica, Bœotia and Phokis showed a readier disposition to rush into the conflict." But as May came on with its summer's sun — for in those regions May brings the almost cloudless summer sky — the opening day of freedom began to be obscured by some of those reverses which could hardly but be expected in the case of a people entering such a struggle with such a destitution of governmental organisation and military preparation, and against such fearful odds. These were the first drops of the cup of suffering which Greece was to drink as almost no nation ever did for liberty's sake. Part of her first sorrows was the so early loss of such a leader and hero as George the Olympian; now she was to lose the noble young Phokian commander.

THE SUPREME MOMENT APPROACHING.

The Turkish power had begun, slowly but at last, to be aroused in all directions to the effort of saving itself from the now threatened loss of all Greece. The able Kourschid Pasha had despatched the Pasha Omar Vriones, and Mehemet, titular Pasha of the Morea, with

* The common Greek spelling is Botzares, or Botsares.

several thousand troops (Gen. Gordon says 3000 or 4000), to invade Northern Greece through Thessaly; and according to some accounts they were reinforced on their way by even a larger number. Diakos, watching them as a brave Kleft leader and Pallikar* knew how to do from the heights of Oeta, saw the brilliant array of their mighty squadrons, as, with the pashalic horse-tails streaming and banners waving, they came sweeping down toward the famous locality which was still "the Gates" of Greece. He had with him some 700 men. The Bishop of Salona, one of the ecclesiastics who ennobled and endeared themselves in the eyes of their countrymen by fighting for their liberty and their faith, had recently brought with him a portion of these from Diakos' own region. The young hero's heart burned with kindling fires as he saw the hosts of these oppressors, between whom and himself peculiarly there had been and must ever be such irreconcilable hostility and hate, coming to bind again the fetters which his countrymen had now begun to break, and advancing toward that spot so hallowed in the eyes of every patriot Greek. Shall the barbarian Moslems be allowed to pass Thermopylæ without a struggle? Shall their detested feet trample the spot where the remains of Leonidas and his hero-band lie in glory? The heart of the young Phokian answered No! He gathered his men, and descending to the pass, took his station at the Alemanna bridge on the Sperchius. The land passage of Thermopylæ no longer affords the eminent advantages for defence on the part of a very small number against a very large one. Herodotus tells us (or some ancient historians) that in the days of the Persian invasions it was in one or two places only wide enough between the mountain and the sea for a few chariots to travel abreast; one modern historian says only a little upwards of thirty feet. In the lapse of ages it has so enlarged by the recession of the sea that now at its narrowest points it has a width of from a quarter to a half-mile. Diakos therefore took his position where he did, along with his compatriot the Bishop, and there, on the banks of the Sperchius, they awaited the enemy's onset. But it is remarkable that a similar adversity with that which of old befell the famous Spartan defender, now happened to our modern hero, though in a different way, for Diakos too was flanked. The Turks at first, on the 2d of May, were gallantly repulsed, but a day or two after found a passage of the river some little distance above — perhaps guided by some one who was guilty of a like treachery with the shepherds who conducted the Persians by the pathway over the mountain; and the Turkish cavalry were upon the brave band that defended the bridge almost before the latter knew of their approach.

THE GLORIOUS MARTYRDOM.

There was no hope for any successful resistance. The only question now was that of flight and safety; and was it not justifiable in such a case? Would it have been at all dishonorable where by escape one would still live to aid his country in her great struggle? Accordingly most of the Greeks betook themselves to flight, and reached

* A term, probably Turkish or Slavonian, meaning something like "a brave," "a hero."

the mountain sides, which were so near at hand. Diakos might have been as fortunate if he had been willing to try it. But no. It is generally supposed that Leonidas reckoned upon the moral effect of his sublime resistance and self-devotion, and was actuated very much by this motive. Did our young Phokian—for thought moves fast in such a supreme emergency—make the same noble reckoning of the return of benefit that his volunteer martyrdom would bring to his country? Or was it only a sublime impulse of patriotic heroism that did not look beyond that last pregnant moment of his fate? We know not; but Diakos, with a heroism that challenges a comparison with any case in human history, refused to leave the ground. It was a voluntary dedication of his life to his country and to freedom. The accounts at this point become somewhat uncertain, for reasons easily imagined. According to some of them, seventy, according to others, only eighteen brave comrades determined to share their leader's fate, and the hero-Bishop stood with them. A few moments sufficed for the Turkish sabres to do their work. It is a singular fact that of all the little band Diakos himself only escaped immediate death, unless the Bishop is to be excepted, whom some accounts represent as having shared Diakos' subsequent fate. The latter became disabled by a wound, and the enemy probably desired to capture alive one who, even previous to the war, had been their daring and dreaded outlaw enemy. He was surrounded and taken. One of the statements of the case that have been handed down, perhaps made up by the Turks, is that Diakos after he was made prisoner offered the Pasha a sum of money to spare his life till it should be seen how the war would terminate. If he did so, it was a natural and justifiable expedient, and one that casts no shade on the lustre of his previous self-devotion, for the purpose of saving himself from the death of horrible torture and ignominy which he probably had but too much reason to foresee, and which any hero might well dread. But it is hardly reconcilable with the received facts of the case. He suffered speedy death, however—the common tradition says by impaling; and this is not improbable, in view of his antecedents, which in the eyes of his barbarous and long-incensed enemies and oppressors would seem to call for a peculiar vengeance. The current traditions, prose and verse, among the Greeks make it that the hero, whose name is now so dear to them, was taken before the Pasha, and in answer to some question, declared "All Greece is determined to be free or perish"; then being told of his fate, replied, "Greece has many a Diakos." He was then led forth to his cruel doom; and it is said that he repeated as he went—in allusion, as would seem, to the vernal season, then come, and perhaps to the sad contrast of his dreadful death at an early stage of life—these lines of an old Greek song:—

"Behold the time that Charon chose to take me from the living:
The boughs with flowers now blooming, the earth its herbage yielding!"

And then, it is said, he suffered the agonies of impalement ere his brave life became a completed offering on his country's altar.

Something of Greek romance may color these traditions, but the

facts are certain that the gallant Phokian, with his little band, made a desperate stand against overwhelming numbers of the barbarian foe, till, on the 5th of May, 1821, he was flanked, captured, refusing to flee and fighting to the last, and then cruelly put to death. And the name of Diakos is embalmed in the memory of Greece, to all ages, along with that of Leonidas.

L.

SOUTHERN STATE DEBTS AND THE NATIONAL CURRENCY SYSTEM—THEIR EVILS AND THEIR REMEDY.

AN effort will undoubtedly be made during the approaching session of Congress, to induce the General Government to assume the debts of the late seceding States ; and, unless the Southern mind is awakened to a sense of the suicidal nature of the remedy which the authors of this measure propose as a panacea for all the existing financial evils of the Southern States, the effort will most probably be crowned with success. I am opposed to the measure, not only on the ground of its utter unconstitutionality, as well as its manifest impolicy, but chiefly because it is another of those insidious blows at the rights and sovereignties of the States to which the public mind has grown, I am pained to say, altogether too callous and supine. It must not be understood that I impugn the motives of all who are moving in this scheme, or many who will most probably give it their support. I have reason to believe that those who come within the scope of my exception are actuated by high and noble motives. They see the sufferings of the Southern people, and regard this simply as a just and proper measure for their relief. Their sympathies have been appealed to on this ground ; and in their readiness to do a generous turn to those who were late their mortal foes, they lose sight of the fact that the measure, if carried out in the manner proposed, will only result in filling the pockets of Northern speculators, who have bought the Southern bonds for a mere song, and enriching the avaricious ring which, unseen, unknown, and unsuspected, is working the wires of this gigantic scheme. These generous sympathisers do not see this ; nor do they realise the fact that no possible benefit ever will result to the Southern people, except to relieve them from *obligations* for taxes which they are unable to pay, and consequently do not pay.

But why are they unable to pay ? Simply because there is no surplus from their labor above the necessities of life. Producing a crop

of cotton one-quarter greater than previous to the war, realising at the markets of its consumption over one hundred millions of dollars more than then, why is it, and how is it, that the South is in abject poverty? Simply because she is bound hand and foot to the chariot-wheels of the gigantic high tariff interests, which have too long controlled the affairs of this country. How is she bound? Through the meshes of the national currency system.

This is a grave indictment. Let us look at the proofs.

But before entering into the serious issues of the case, I may be permitted as a sort of corollary to lead up to it by a reference to the immediate causes which led me to give that careful consideration to the subject which has resulted in the following views.

In the month of July last, at the request of certain patriotic citizens of one of the Southern States, I was induced to hold some conference with its foreign bondholders in the city of London, more with the view of obtaining practical suggestions which might be the basis of future action, than with any object of present settlement of its obligations. These conferences were entirely unofficial, and solely in the interests of the people of the State referred to. While so engaged, imagine my surprise to find in a prominent London paper the following paragraph from *The Wall Street Journal* of June 21, 1873:—

THE "SPECIAL TAX" BONDS OF THE STATE OF NORTH CAROLINA.—A meeting of the holders of the bonds was held in this city on June 18th, to hear the opinion of Reverdy Johnson as to the obligation of the State on these bonds, and also to make arrangements for joining suit against the State, under his directions. His opinion is that the bonds are binding upon the State, and that holders can enforce the collection of the interest through the United States Court. He also in the kindest and most amiable manner said that he would undertake and carry to final decision the case of the bondholders for a fee in hand of 5,000 dols., an additional fee of 12,000 dols. if the suits terminate successfully, either in the courts or by acceptable compromise. A resolution was adopted approving of the action of the committee. It was also resolved that the bondholders present subscribe a *pro rata* share of the expenses, and that bondholders not present be requested to send in their assent and subscriptions.

In my simplicity and adherence to the traditions of the past, I had imagined, and expressed my convictions, that a State, a sovereignty, *could not be sued*. I was confounded with the above opinion — and in the city of London the opinions of Mr. Reverdy Johnson were looked upon as high authority. Notwithstanding this, I still adhered to the traditions of the past, and expressed my belief that the creditors of a State had no remedy except through the honor and good faith of her citizens and the *voluntary* action of her authorities. Not long after, in the course of some investigations upon the subject, I came across the following opinion of DANIEL WEBSTER, given in the city of London in 1839, in reply to a communication of Messrs. Baring Brothers & Co., regarding the powers, obligations and accountability of the several States, in which the very point at issue arose. I regarded it truly as a second Daniel come to judgment. This is the letter:—

Letter from Daniel Webster to Baring Brothers & Co.

LONDON, Oct 16, 1839.

GENTLEMEN:—I have received your letter, and lose no time in giving you my opinion on the question which you have submitted for my consideration. The as-

sertions and suggestions to which you refer as having appeared in some of the public prints, had not escaped my notice.

Your first inquiry is, "Whether the legislature of one of the States has legal and constitutional power to contract loans at home and abroad?"

To this I answer, that the legislature of a State has such power; and how any doubt could have arisen on this point, it is difficult for me to conceive. Every State is an independent, sovereign, political community, except in so far as certain powers which it might otherwise have exercised, have been conferred on a General Government, established under a written constitution, and exerting its authority over the people of all the States. This General Government IS A LIMITED GOVERNMENT. Its powers are specific and enumerated. All powers not conferred upon it still remain with the States and with the people. *The State legislatures, on the other hand, possess all usual and ordinary powers of government*, subject to any limitations which may be imposed by their own constitutions, and with the exception, as I have said, of the operation, on those powers, of the Constitution of the United States. The powers conferred upon the General Government cannot, of course, be exercised by any individual State; nor can any State pass any law which is prohibited by the Constitution of the United States. Thus no State can by itself make war or conclude peace, nor enter into alliances or treaties with foreign nations. In these, and other important particulars, the powers which would have otherwise belonged to the State can now be exercised only by the General Government, or Government of the United States. Nor can a State pass a law which is prohibited by its own Constitution. But there is no provision in the Constitution of the United States, nor, so far as I know or have understood, in any State Constitution, prohibiting the legislature of a State from contracting debts, or making loans, either at home or abroad. Every State has the power of levying and collecting taxes, direct and indirect, of all kinds, except that no State can impose duties on goods and merchandise imported,—that power belonging exclusively to Congress by the Constitution. That power of taxation is exercised by every State, habitually and constantly, according to its own discretion and the exigencies of its government.

This is the general theory of that mixed system of government which prevails in America. And as the Constitution of the United States contains no prohibition or restraint on State legislatures in regard to making loans, and as no State Constitution, so far as known to me, contains any such prohibition, it is clear that in this respect these legislatures are left in the full possession of this power, as an ordinary and usual power of government.

I have seen a suggestion that State loans must be regarded as unconstitutional and illegal, inasmuch as the Constitution of the United States has declared that no State shall emit bills of credit. It is certain that the Constitution of the United States does contain this salutary prohibition: but what is a bill of credit? It has no resemblance whatever to a bond, or other security, given for the payment of money borrowed. The term "bill of credit" is familiar in our political history, and its meaning well ascertained and settled, not only by that history, but by judicial interpretations and decisions from the highest source. For the purpose of this opinion, it may be sufficient to say that bills of credit, the subject of the prohibition in the Constitution of the United States, were essentially paper money. They were paper issues, intended for circulation, and for receipt into the treasury as cash, and were sometimes made a tender in payment of debts. To put an end at once, and forever, to evils of this sort and to dangers from this source, the Constitution of the United States has declared, that "no State shall emit bills of credit, nor make anything but gold and silver a tender in payment of debts, nor pass any law which shall impair the obligation of contracts." All this, however, proves, not that States cannot contract debts, but that, when contracted, they must pay them in coin according to their stipulations. The several States possess the power of borrowing money for their own internal occasions of expenditure as fully as Congress possesses the power to borrow in behalf of the United States, for the purpose of raising armies, equipping navies, or performing any other of its constitutional duties. It may be added that Congress itself fully recognises this power in the States, as it has authorised the investment of large funds which it held in trust for very important purposes in certificates of State stocks.

The security for State loans is the plighted faith of the State as a political community. It rests on the same basis as other contracts with established governments—the same basis, for example, as loans made to the United States under the authority of Congress; that is to say, the good faith of the Government making the loan,

and its ability to fulfil its engagements. These State loans, it is known, have been contracted principally for the purpose of making railroads and canals; and in some cases, although I know not how generally, the income or revenue expected to be derived from these works is directly and specifically pledged for the payment of the interest, and the redemption of the debt, in addition to the obligation of public faith. In several States, other branches of revenue have been specifically pledged; and in others, very valuable tracts of land. It cannot be doubted that the general result of these works of internal improvement has been, and will be, to enhance the wealth and ability of the States.

It has been said that the States cannot be sued on these bonds. But neither could the United States be sued, nor, as I suppose the Crown of England, in a like case. Nor would the power of suing, probably, give the creditor any substantial additional security. The solemn obligation of a government, arising on its own acknowledged bond, would not be enhanced by a judgment rendered on such bond. If it either could not, or would not, make provision for paying the bond, it is not probable that it could, or would, make provision for satisfying the judgment.

The States cannot rid themselves of their obligations otherwise than by the honest payment of the debt. They can pass no law impairing the obligation of their own contracts; they can make nothing a tender in discharge of such contracts but gold and silver. They possess all adequate power of providing for the case, by taxes and internal means of revenue. They cannot get round their duty, nor evade its force. Any failure to fulfil its undertakings would be an open violation of public faith, to be followed by the penalty of dishonor and disgrace,—a penalty, it may be presumed, which no State of the *American Union* would be likely to incur.

I hope I may be justified by existing circumstances to close this letter with the expression of an opinion of a more general nature. It is, that I believe the citizens of the United States, like all honest men, regard debts, whether public or private, and whether existing at home or abroad, to be of moral as well as legal obligation; and I trust I may appeal to their history, from the moment when those States took their rank among the nations of the earth to the present time, for proof that this belief is well founded; and if it were possible that any of the States should at any time so entirely lose her self-respect and forget her duty as to violate the faith solemnly pledged for her pecuniary arrangements, I believe there is no country upon earth—not even that of the injured creditors—in which such a proceeding would meet with less countenance or indulgence than it would receive from the great mass of the American people.

I have the honor to be, gentlemen, your obedient servant,

DANIEL WEBSTER.

Messrs. Baring Brothers & Co.

Surely, I thought, when reading these high and honorable expressions of the great Northern statesman, whose memory every true Southerner still honors—surely, I thought, when men like Reverdy Johnson gravely propose to bring an action for debt in the Federal courts, against a State which is older, and whose sovereignty antedated the power before which he would arraign it, it is high time for humble individuals like myself to look about and ask other humble individuals where we are drifting, and where these things are likely to end. It will be well for the reader carefully to peruse, even a second and a third time, the above letter of the great Constitutionalist, who “still lives” in utterances like this which yet will influence unborn generations.

Believing as I do that the perpetuity of our liberties depends entirely upon guarding with jealous care the rights and sovereignties of the several States, I cannot view with indifference any measure which threatens or infringes upon them. And hence this gigantic scheme to induce the General Government to pay the Southern debts has filled me with unusual concern. What right has Congress to appropriate money for any such purpose? If the right applies as to

the South, it equally applies to the North and West. In discussing the subject with a gentleman much higher esteemed in the United States than the average politician, I made this point, and asked, "But suppose you pay off these State debts now, and the same thing occurs again — what then?" "Oh," he replied, "*we shall take away from the States the power to incur debts.*" "But you can not," I said; "that power rests solely in the people of the several States themselves." "*But we will do it,*" he retorted. Then I determined to raise my voice, however humble it is, against this scheme. We will sell our birthright for no such miserable mess of pottage. Better to bear the ills we have than enter upon such a path.

There are many noble-minded Northern men who have vast influence in national affairs, who have listened to this scheme from the purest and most generous motives, and with no such ulterior views — men who themselves reverence the traditions of the past; and now that all men are free, if not equal, except in political rights, would gladly do some service to the people of those States who risked their all for opinion's sake and lost. To such men as these I would appeal in behalf of the Southern States — not to pay their debts, not for charity, but for a magnanimous consideration of certain equitable claims arising out of the war, or of events connected therewith or caused thereby. I think it not only bootless but impolitic to specify these claims, and I do not think they should ever after be discussed; but it may be permitted me, solely by way of illustration, to touch briefly upon some of them. It is known that there were a great many families of opulence in the Southern States who took no part in the war, but whose properties were entirely swept away by its incidents. Some adhered to the Union, some had no opinions whatever further than sympathy with their neighbors, and some had no male representatives whatever. Then in every State there were institutions of learning, of charity, of science, of religion: schools, academies, churches, asylums for the deaf, the dumb, the blind, the insane, the aged and the indigent — all of which were impoverished, and a great many of them utterly destroyed. Then again there were mills, factories, and works of various descriptions, belonging in many cases to companies, a majority of whose shareholders in many instances were minors and females, which were demolished or burned. Then again there were houses, cottages, barns, tenements, fences, and properties belonging to minors, females and aged persons, which were swept away by the ravages of the war. Then again there was cotton and other produce to the value of over one hundred millions of dollars indiscriminately destroyed or carried away, belonging to people in no way concerned in or responsible for the war. All of these would foot up an enormous total of loss and destruction, for which there is, and can be by the usages of war, no claim for compensation or redress except through the magnanimous consideration of those to whom under the inscrutable ways of Providence victory was ordained. All of this was so much wealth also taken indiscriminately from the State; and hence impairing its resources, and consequently in a certain ratio its ability to meet its obligations. There is another gravely important point to which I feel that I ought to advert, but which I approach

with great reluctance, for I never again wish to see it revived ; and yet I feel that my illustration would not be complete without it. I allude to the emancipation of the slaves by the General Government. I will not discuss the question of right in a political and legal sense, or of its expediency in a moral sense, although the latter I concede ; but I may discuss the equities of the fact. It will be remembered that the Republican party repeatedly during the war declared by resolution that they would not interfere with the institution of slavery. Now at a certain period of the war, will any one deny that if the South had said : "*After this war slavery can no longer exist in the Union ; guarantee us the value of our slaves, and we will return to the Union and agree to their immediate emancipation*"—will any one deny that if the South had thus spoken, the General Government would have agreed to the proposition and paid for the slaves? And there are those now living at the North who expected this solution, sought to bring it about, and were in favor of the National Government paying *one thousand two hundred millions of dollars to the South* to consummate it. Providence ordained it otherwise ; but now that these slaves are citizens, with all the burdens of citizenship ; now that through the action of the General Government they have been made tax-payers, and are no longer taxable property, I put it to the conscientious criticism and judgment of Congress, and especially the greatest and best of the Northern statesmen, *if something is not due by the General Government to the States where the freedmen have acquired their citizenship*. We can make no discrimination in taxation, and yet is it equitable to tax these new citizens for the payment of interest on the ante-war debts, in the making of which they had no voice? Again, if it was right to have paid the South for her slaves at one period, the moral obligation still remains. There is no parallel in civilised warfare of such a sweeping confiscation, if I may use the term, without one shadow of compensation, as that of the emancipation of the Southern slaves by the General Government of the United States. The losses of France and the ruthless indemnity which Prussia exacted in the late war were nothing to the total losses of the South, taking the great Confiscation into question. I do not speak of this to revive one bitter or unkind thought or feeling—far from it. I only allude to it as touching upon the question at issue, in the hope that it may reach the attention of those who have it in their power to accord to the Southern States some little justice. If we take the aggregate of all this long summary of exceptional losses, in which there must be *some* equitable claims, it will be found to reach an enormous figure. I compute it in round figures at two thousand millions of dollars ; it could not be under, and is probably over that sum. Now while a strong moral obligation rests upon Congress to make some provision for the State-taxes for which the National Government has rendered the freedmen liable, there are clearly some if not all of this long list of losses for which that Government is also morally and equitably bound. It is not a question of what is the amount of that liability, or how it is to be recovered. It can not, must not be put in that way.

The question is, after a fair consideration of all the points to which I have so briefly alluded : "*What is the sum which a just and generous*

Congress ought to pay, and will pay, to the Southern States as a just compensation for losses not contemplated by the war, and for the equalisation of the freedmen's taxes?" This is the great question, the true question, the legitimate question; and I trust that Congress will listen to no other on behalf of the South, unless the equitable claims of Virginia, the Carolinas, and Georgia, for cession of their great western territories, is also considered as part and parcel of the general claims of the South upon the National Government.

But who is to answer it?—how is the sum to be ascertained, how provided, and how appropriated? Here again so humble an opinion as my own can but be expressed and taken for what it is worth. A strictly “just compensation,” from a Southern point of view, would involve an amount that would never be entertained by those generous Northern statesmen on whom alone the question will ultimately depend. Now as a Southerner would never be outdone by a Northerner in generosity in the good old days, and as there is generosity in concession as well as in giving, I am sure that I speak the universal Southern mind, without distinction of color or previous condition, when I say that the South would accept as a just compensation for “the equitable claims” to which I have referred, and “for the equalisation of the freedmen's taxes,” the sum of three hundred millions of dollars (I should say in parenthesis in U. S. irredeemable 3 per cents), and would regard it as the last crowning act of this great drama, and draw the veil of oblivion forever over all financial questions of the past affecting her relations with the General Government.

If the South had agreed to the scheme for compensated emancipation at the time it was proposed, the people of the United States would have been saddled with an annual charge of seventy-two millions of dollars through all time. Assuming that the sum I have named is adopted as the right one, and that it is paid in U. S. irredeemable three per cent. bonds, the annual charge will be only nine millions per annum, which in our rapidly increasing population and income will ere long be an almost inappreciable sum. So I trust the most rigid of political economists will not set me down as extravagant in my estimate; while I hope to be able to convince the South that this sum, rightly employed, under the free banking system which I trust ere long to see again, will in time place her where slavery never could have done. (This part of the subject, however, I shall be compelled to defer to another occasion.)

But to come back to my indictment of the high tariff national currency system, for its wrongs to the South, and responsibility for her immediate sufferings. There is an unerring law of nature that water must find its level. Just as unerring is the great law of finance, that money will find its level, if left free and untrammelled by arbitrary legislation. It is competent for a Government to fix a standard of value, but if that standard does not bear an undeviating ratio to the fixed standards of other nations, it will be impossible to maintain it, even by laws the most arbitrary. The standard of the world is gold, and no system of finance can be successfully maintained with any other in the affairs of a people whose commerce is identified with every nation on the globe. Especially is this the case when the Gov-

ernment of such a nation only recognises the gold standard for itself and insists upon forcing an irredeemable currency upon its people. In such a case, gold being deprived of its proper function, naturally becomes a commodity in the market, and is liable to the fluctuations in value of all commodities. This of itself would be no evil, were it not for the fact that by the great natural laws of finance, although deprived of its functions by arbitrary laws, it is still the world over the only real measure of value. The consequence is, that for every fluctuation in it as a commodity, which may arise from comparatively insignificant transactions in it as a commodity, there is a corresponding fluctuation in values in untold millions of property and merchandise. Instead of that periodic crisis by which the financial systems of every nation purge themselves from disease inherent to everything human, there is a constant disease and a daily crisis fully as injurious to the welfare of the people as that which, under a natural and untrammelled system of finance, occurs only at long intervals.

The currency system of the United States is the creature of circumstance. I do not charge that the high tariff interests deliberately and intentionally worked it up for their own emolument and benefit, for when it came into existence no one could tell what the future would bring forth. But when peace dawned upon the country, and the same energies which had carried on the most gigantic war of modern ages were turned with equal vigor into the fields of commerce, manufacture and enterprise, they saw their opportunity and they took it. They had realised the fact, when gold was 160, that the already high duties on foreign importations were actually sixty per cent. more than the Government or people contemplated. This was so much profit to the manufacturing or high tariff interests, at the expense of the farmers, producers and consumers of the country — in fact, thirty-nine millions, and more, of the people of the United States; for it has been estimated that only about one million of the population are benefitted, directly and indirectly, by high tariffs. Having realised this fact, they quite naturally said, "This is a very good thing, we must keep it up." "We have a currency of our own — what is the use of specie payments?" And could they have their way, we never should have a return to specie payments.

But how does this affect the South? Let us examine. At the close of the war there were no solvent banks left in existence in all the South, with the exception of New Orleans. The States were one after another reconstructed, and resumed nominally their relations to the Federal Union, and the people turned their attention as best they could to the reconstruction of their shattered homes and fortunes. They had no banks, no money, no financial system — only some little foreign credit, arising out of their production of the great staple. They said we will establish banks, we will mortgage our future crops, we will get capital abroad to move the produce that we raise, and carry on our affairs. But no — they were met at the very first step by a prohibition from the high tariff interests, which virtually said, "We cannot permit you to establish banks; we have placed, through the General Government, a prohibitory tax upon specie-paying banks, and you cannot therefore import any foreign specie capital for such a pur-

pose ; we will have no more specie-paying banks in the country." "But what are we to do?" asked the South ; "we can get gold for our cotton in England on which to re-establish our financial systems." "Oh," replied High Tariff, "that kind of business cannot be permitted now ; you must sell your cotton for greenbacks or national bank currency." "But you charge too much for your greenbacks and national bank currency ; we cannot afford to pay twenty per cent. (actually what it costs the planter) just for the money to get our crop to market ; it takes our entire profit ; we want to import capital and have banks of our own." "Certainly, certainly," replied High Tariff, "you ought to have banks ; purchase U. S. bonds ; go to the Comptroller of the Currency at Washington and tell him that we said you might have banks ; deposit your bonds, and he will give you currency, and may you prosper."

Behold the South, then, with the produce of her mortgaged crops converted into U. S. bonds, humbly applying to the Comptroller of Currency for the circulating medium to move her cotton. "How much banking circulation do you require?" blandly asks Mr. Comptroller. "We require about one hundred and fifty millions," timidly replies the South, "but we have not sufficient securities just now, so we will only take sixty millions to start with, and the balance from time to time, as fast as we are able." "How extremely unfortunate," responds Mr. Comptroller, "that you did not come earlier. Mr. High Tariff has been here and taken all our currency but sixteen millions, which I will gladly give you." "But that will be of little use: when can we get more?" urges the South. "That is the limit of the law—there will probably be no more issued," gravely replies the functionary. "What *are* we to do?" pleads the South. "Go to Mr. High Tariff!" and that was the end of it, and so the case stands.

But to leave parables, and come down to hard facts and figures. The financial statistics of different nations have established the fact that there is a certain fixed ratio of circulating medium and population, which, if maintained, insures a healthy condition of trade. In England, this ratio, including "seven-day" and "short" bankers' bills—a medium peculiar to the country for large transactions—is about twenty-five dollars per head. Statistically, it is about one-quarter less ; but as there are few, if any, issues under five-pound bank-notes, sufficient allowance has not been made for the specie medium which has accumulated for centuries in the hands of the people, and no account is taken of seven-day bills and other bankers' mediums which are used as currency in daily transactions. In France the ratio is much higher, but as the Bank of France possesses very properly great powers of expansion in case of need (although nominally limited by law to 3,200,000,000 francs), it is not always possible to determine it with accuracy. Statistically, its average for the past three years has been about twenty-six dollars per head ; and during a certain period of the war, when the Government was taxed to its utmost, it is known to have been nearly forty dollars per head. But considering that Germany has drained from her nominally about one thousand millions of dollars specie, it would not be safe to estimate the present circulating medium at over thirty-two dollars per head ; a considerable portion of the

German indemnity, by the natural laws of finance, having reverted to the country and been absorbed in the public securities by which she settled the unparalleled and iniquitous claims.

In the United States, by a recent statement derived from the report of the Comptroller of Currency, I find the following statistics and remarks, which I fully endorse, merely calling attention to the fact that the estimates for France and Great Britain, for the reasons I have stated, are considerably under the correct ratio:—

Financial Statistics of the United States.

National bank notes, October, 1872, report of Comptroller of Currency		
p. 6		\$342,593,470
Gold, bonds and other specie currency, report of Secretary of Treasury, p. 58		32,086,300
Legal tenders or Greenbacks, report of Secretary of Treasury, p. 56		357,500,000
Fractional currency, report of Secretary of Treasury, p. 56		40,855,835
Aggregate currency		\$773,035,605
Deduct reserve, Comptroller's report, p. 62, redemption cities	\$112,152,056	
Deduct reserve, Comptroller's report, p. 62, States and Territories	97,765,876	209,917,932
Available currency		\$563,117,673
Our population in 1870 was	38,558,371	
Doubling in thirty years, we add 1-10 for three years to bring to 1873	3,855,837	
Estimated population in 1873		42,414,208
Divide the currency by the population and we have —		
Gross currency per person		\$18 22
Available currency per person		13 30
England, Scotland and Ireland in 1868 had, Comptroller's report, p. 8		19 48
France in 1868 had, Comptroller's report, p. 8		25 05
The bank-note currency is divided thus, Comptroller's report, p. 13 —		
New England, per head		\$31 15
Middle States, per head		12 80
South and Southwestern States, per head		2 98
Western States, per head		7 11
United States, per head		9 18

As the Pacific States are mostly specie, I omit them.

As the aggregate currency is about double the bank issues, the gross currency per head is about: New England, \$62.30; Middle States, \$25.60; South and Southwest, \$5.96; Western, \$14.22.

Of the New England States the largest supply of bank issues is in Rhode Island, which has \$36.73 per head, say total \$73.46. Of the Middle States, New York, \$14.08 per head, say total \$28.16. Southern and Southwestern, Louisiana has \$6.07, say total \$12.14. Of Western, Ohio has \$9.03, say total \$18.06.

From which I conclude: first, as compared with Great Britain and France, we have not half the currency we need as a nation; and secondly, that the miserable pittance doled out to us is most unfairly apportioned.

Very little comment is necessary after a careful examination of this statement, to convince the statesman and political economist that there is something radically wrong in the entire financial system of the United States. Let us put the figures once more plainly before us and consider them, merely adding that by the increase of population, the decrease of ratio in the United States has brought the per capita down to \$17.25 on the 1st of January, 1874.

Comparative Ratio of Circulating Medium between the United States, France and England—estimated on January 1st, 1874.

Average circulating medium of France per head	\$32 00
“ “ “ England “	25 00
“ “ “ United States per head	17 25

The requirements of such a people as ours are fully equal to those of Great Britain and France, and we cannot have a healthy state of trade if these requirements are abridged. But there is this striking and important difference to be taken into serious consideration in drawing the comparison—the population of the United States is now increasing at very nearly the rate of one million five hundred thousand per annum, and consequently the ratio of circulating medium to insure a healthy state of trade should increase in the same proportion. Looking at the matter then from a broad national point of view, it ought to strike the intelligent statesman that this is a subject too complex in itself, and of too vital importance to the people, to attempt to regulate by any arbitrary and fixed laws.

The best financiers in the United States are unfortunately wedded to and entirely identified with the high tariff interests, and it has been the misfortune of the country that all of the Government's financial advice has been derived from that source. In justice to myself I may be permitted to state that since my reidentification with the interests of my country, I have belonged to no party, holding myself at liberty to support those in whose purity I have faith, and that party whose measures for the time being I consider most for my country's welfare; hence I trust that nothing I have herein said may be construed as reflecting upon any one for his political principles or his party action. Individual thought and action as adversely affecting the great majority of our citizens, is fairly open to my criticism; but I shall not even go into that. I may however be permitted to call attention to the facts of the great partiality displayed in the apportionment of the national currency, and to state my conviction that this was neither an accidental circumstance nor contemplated by Congress. The high tariff interests, in one form or another, have always identified themselves with the dominant party, and hence the Republican party is no more responsible for their acts than any other. Being in power, and the Government needing financial advice, they quite naturally called to their councils those who would think with them; and in the apportionment of the currency those advisers also quite naturally took advantage of a state of things which might never occur again, to enrich their own sections at the expense of the great majority of the country. How admirably they have succeeded the above statistics fully show. Their course can hardly be said to have been patriotic, but it was in keeping with the doctrines of high tariff. In my allusions to the high tariff interests being in power, it must not be inferred that I include the whole administration, or its head—far from it—and lest there should be the slightest misconception upon the subject, I may be permitted to express my conviction that the Chief Magistrate is and has been in no way responsible for the existing state of things. But I do charge that those interests fastened upon the Treasury, and the national financial control, upon the election of Mr. Lincoln, and

have held them in point of fact, if not nominally, ever since. This is a serious matter for the contemplation of Congress and the people. It is not a matter that should cast the slightest reflection individually upon any of the high functionaries of the Government, and must not be so construed. It is the natural result of a system, and those who support that system, which has existed for half a century, and which I regard as most injuriously affecting the vital interests of the great majority of our people. The high tariff interests are mainly responsible for those usurpations of the National Government which have aroused such a feeling of alarm among the mass of the people, and which will have a natural tendency, in time, unless checked by moderate counsels and action, to create a much stronger State Rights party than has ever yet existed. Daniel Webster has said that the United States Government was a *limited Government*. They have acted upon the principle that its powers were unlimited; and have invoked its functions for measures that not only adversely affected the future liberties of the people, but have seriously jeopardized and injured their present interests. To them is to be attributed the dissemination of those doctrines which the unthinking masses too readily take up, that the Government had a right to do, and ought to do, a great many things which are especially outside of *its* functions, and which do not properly pertain to any Government. The most important of these, in one sense, is the attempted regulation of the currency. The failure of the scheme is the best evidence of the unsoundness of this doctrine at least. In a recent editorial of the great Conservative Republican organ, the *New York Times*, I find my opinions so strongly endorsed upon many points that I am induced to give it entire, bespeaking for it, although I differ from some of its conclusions, the most careful attention:—

WHAT THE GOVERNMENT CANNOT DO.

Previous to the war, there was no considerable number of persons in public life who were inclined to extend the power of the General Government to enterprises ordinarily regarded as private. The war produced a great change, directly and indirectly. The Government was found capable of managing, in general and in detail, enormous operations connected with the war, many of them the ordinary operations of business, such as borrowing money, purchasing provisions and clothing, and furnishing unlimited transportation; and the idea was created that it possessed a far more efficient and elastic administrative machinery than had before been supposed possible, and one sufficient for almost any class of duties. This was the indirect effect. Directly, it was found that the Government furnished its own notes as currency, and regulated the issue of bank notes in such a way that for the first time in our history paper money was attainable which was equally available in all parts of the country, and the impression was readily originated that a Government which could and did do this, with no immediate apparent evil effects, could extend its powers almost indefinitely.

The result is the growth in the minds of a good many persons of the doctrine that the Government can and ought to do almost everything which it is desirable should be done. This doctrine has a great many curious and interesting forms, but none more striking than those it assumes with reference to finance. In that department of affairs it leads to some anomalous and some conflicting conclusions. It is argued by some that the Government ought (as it does) to protect the depositors in national banks by compelling a reserve of from fifteen per cent. to twenty-five per cent. of the liabilities, and by others that the Government ought itself to lend money on security of United States bonds. By some it is believed that the attempt of the Government to limit the rate of interest which may be asked or given, no matter

what the needs of the borrower, or the security he may be able to offer, is praiseworthy, and by others that the Government would be justified in forcing the banks, by law, to lend it money on United States bonds at a low rate, arbitrarily fixed. It is gravely assumed by some that the Secretary of the Treasury ought to have discretionary power, within certain wide limits, to expand and contract the currency as he may deem best, while others insist that the United States should alone furnish the circulating medium of the country.

In nearly all these ideas there is one palpable fallacy. It is the supposition that the Government can discern the complex needs of the community, or if it can discern them, can satisfactorily minister to them. It is, doubtless, well that depositors in banks should be secure, and to that end a certain reserve to be maintained by the banks is desirable. But how can the Government tell what reserve is necessary? That depends necessarily on many considerations — on the length of the loans, on the character of the security offered, on the condition of the business of the borrowers. For the Government to say that twenty-five per cent. reserve is exactly what is needed in New York, and fifteen per cent. all that is needed in Jersey City, is a plain absurdity which any one can see. But it is no more an absurdity that different proportions are required in the two places than that a definite proportion should be fixed in either case. In the same way it is unquestionably desirable that there should be money enough in the country to effect exchanges, without friction. But what is the money that is needed? It is simply secure pledges of available property in convenient form, which can be accepted as representing property by all persons in any part of the country. That is precisely what national bank-notes are. They are accepted by the farmer of the West, the planter of the South, the mechanic of the East, because it is known that they represent a solid basis of real property, pledged to redeem them, and kept in safe hands for that sole purpose. It is very necessary to have enough of that kind of money. But how much is enough? The Government has undertaken to say — with what success every one knows. Who can tell how much is enough except those who have to pledge their property to obtain the privilege of issuing it, and those who have to give security in order to borrow it after it is issued? Does the Secretary of the Treasury, or does Congress, know better than these? Suppose it was free to any bank to issue such notes on the present security, would bonds be pledged unnecessarily, or would borrowers seek the notes, and pay interest on them, if they had use for them? Why then should the Government undertake to say that only a certain number shall be furnished, under whatever circumstances?

Again, no one will deny that it is always well in this country to have capital attainable at as low rates of interest as possible, but who shall say for years ahead exactly what is the greatest interest that can be profitably and, therefore, fairly, paid? The Government does substantially say that. It makes it illegal for national banks to charge more interest than is allowed by law in the several States. This is a gross piece of discrimination between the borrowers in different States, for State laws allow, some six, some seven, some ten, some from six to ten per cent. interest, and others have removed all restriction. But, apart from the injustice thus worked, how is it possible for the Government to know how much a man can afford to pay for money, or for how much he can afford to loan it? Certainly, no business man would undertake to decide such a question for himself for a year in advance, much less for others, whose engagements, prospects, and necessities are unknown to him. How then, can any number of men at Albany, or Boston, or Harrisburg, attempt it with any hope of success?

We offer these suggestions and illustrations as throwing light on some questions of great importance to the public, on which it is very essential that sensible views should be taken. It will help our legislators greatly if the public will be contented not to ask of them what, in the nature of things, no body of men can accomplish for all the remainder.

When all that I have advanced is fully, fairly and impartially weighed by an honest judgment; when it is considered that by the operations of our present national financial system the South is deprived of her right to establish specie-paying banks under the laws of her own States, and for which she could get the capital abroad; when it is considered that only *one-thirtieth* of the currency to which she is entitled is accorded

to her by that system, I think it should be conceded that I have substantially made good my indictment against the high tariff interests, that they were and are, in a great measure, responsible for the present sufferings of the Southern people.

In regard to the proposed measure of relief to the South by Congress, I trust that I have pointed out a reason, an object, a purpose and a means much more in keeping with the dignity and constitutional powers of Congress, and the honor of the Southern people, than the scheme to which my attention had been called, and to which I have at first adverted. But one other point is to be considered in regard to it, and that is as to the manner in which the relief, if granted, should be apportioned.

I have suggested that if Congress, as the last crowning act of the great drama—as a final settlement of all questions of the past, never to be revived again—as an act of justice to the freedmen, in part compensation for their new burdens, and as an equitable consideration for the matters to which I have referred, should make such an appropriation as I have named, the sum finally decided upon should be paid in Government three per cent. irredeemable bonds; and I have suggested the sum, and the nature of the payment as a part of a future system of finance which I consider fairly within the functions of our Government, and to which I shall presently advert. It is almost needless for me to say that if Congress should favorably consider this measure, the bonds so appropriated should be divided pro rata, according to population, among the several Southern States to which the measure would apply, but under certain specific restrictions as to the uses to which they should be confined. The State of Virginia presents an exceptional case, and a provision in the act might be introduced which would prove a happy solution of a serious question between herself and her seceding offspring. Since the separation of West Virginia from the mother State, she has made no provision for her share of the former State debts, for which she is still justly and equitably bound. I would suggest, if it should meet the approbation of the parent State, that the aggregate population of the two States should be taken as the proportion of Virginia, and the whole sum be paid to her as a final adjustment of her claim upon West Virginia, as well as for her share of the matter stated.

A NATIONAL SYSTEM OF FINANCE.

I now come to the consideration of the most important part of the subject: the remedy for the existing evils of our financial system. I propose certain distinct measures, which, if acted upon in their proper order, and followed out to their logical sequence, will result in time in giving us a sound and pure system of finance, adequate for the wants of the country, and capable of expansion according to the future needs of trade, without legislative interference, and without any of the disturbing elements which have so long kept the country in a state of needless excitement and anxiety.

1st. The most important immediate step is the repeal of the law imposing a tax upon the issues of State banks. By the restrictions of

the Constitution of the United States, *no State can pass any law making anything but gold and silver a legal tender for the payment of debts*; hence it follows that, under State laws, no bank can be established except upon a specie basis; and it is quite evident none would be established in the existing state of things, unless it had sufficient strength to meet all the requirements of a specie bank, and withstand any pressure which might be brought against it by those interests which are opposed to the resumption of specie payments. By the natural laws of finance no specie-paying bank could long exist, even under favorable circumstances, unless it were intrinsically sound and entitled to the confidence of the public. Banks very soon discover each other's weaknesses, and only the strong unite for the common benefit in times of panic and monetary disturbance. It is the wisest and safest course to leave the regulation of specie banks, and banks for foreign exchange, to the States themselves. Each State, each county, each town, in short, each subdivision of the nation, is the best judge of its own affairs and the particular needs of its own people; and the more this idea is kept in view, the better for the people's welfare and happiness, which, after all, is the great end of government.

2d. Congress should provide for the issue of \$1,000,000,000, say one thousand millions of dollars U. S. irredeemable three per cent. registered bonds of large denominations for banking purposes. The bonds should be without coupons, and the interest made payable semi-annually by Treasury checks, by post, to the order of the registered holder. This issue, for the convenience of the objects in view, might be made in say:—

50,000	bonds of	\$2,000	each.
50,000	"	"	\$3,000
50,000	"	"	\$5,000
50,000	"	"	\$10,000

The act should specially provide that these bonds should be fixed and irredeemable, and transferrable only on the Treasury banks; that all other bonds of the United States, after 1876, should be paid off in their regular order, commencing with those bearing the highest rate of interest, by the operation of a sinking fund of two per cent., dating from, say 1st January, 1875, until all the bonds, except the irredeemable three per cents, should have been absorbed. This issue would naturally become the only sure basis for banking by the operations of such an act, and the value of U. S. irredeemables would rank with British consols, and I think even higher.

But how should this \$1,000,000,000 bonds be appropriated? To the thoughtful financier who has followed me thus far, the answer is obvious.

(a) First, there should be appropriated to the Southern States, for the considerations before explained, the sum of three hundred millions of dollars. The bonds to be transferred directly to the States entitled to them, or to their financial agents, upon the conditions that they were to be applied solely to banking purposes for the general good of the people, under such prudential restrictions as might be decided upon by their authorities or determined by law. (\$300,000,000.)

(b) Second, there should be appropriated, for the regular withdrawals of legal tenders, or greenbacks and fractional currency, as the

operations of free banking might render expedient from time to time, the sum of four hundred millions of dollars. (\$400,000,000.) The Secretary of the Treasury should be empowered, at any time, to issue these bonds, at par, for legal tenders and fractional currency, in sums of not less than twenty thousand dollars, until the whole of the latter should have been redeemed, by, say 1st of January, 1877. But in order that there should be a proper medium for relief to the money market until the natural laws of finance had regulated the supply and demand under the operation of free banking, the Secretary of the Treasury should be authorised and instructed to *reissue* any portion of said legal tenders and fractional currency whenever required, in sums of \$20,000, or more, receiving in lieu thereof a like amount of said bonds. This option of conversion and reconversion should be open to all bankers, without discrimination, until 1877.

(c) Third, the remaining three hundred millions should be held for exchange at par for other bonds of the United States to be cancelled, to parties who might require them for banking purposes, or who preferred an irredeemable to a terminable security. (\$300,000,000.) The Act should further provide that after 1878 these bonds, the irredeemable three per cents, should be the only United States bonds to be used as the basis of currency as far as regards the issues of national banks. The issue of such a security and its gradual absorption into the financial systems of the country, would be the best and surest means of eventually making money as cheap in the United States as it is in England. Cheap money may not be desired by the rich, but it is an incalculable boon to humble tradesmen and the great mass of the people, whose interests, in my opinion, should be *first* regarded in measures which will have to be soon considered for the reorganisation of our finances.

3d. As a further measure — distinct in itself and yet bearing upon the general result — Congress should by law provide for the issue of one hundred millions of dollars in Treasury bills, to be for all purposes and all objects, at all times and in all places in the United States, of an equal standard with gold. They should be of the single denomination of twenty dollars, printed on the strongest paper, and as substantially and carefully executed as it is possible for a bill to be. They should be receivable for customs, as a legal tender for all debts, and entitled to be counted as specie in all bank transactions. They should be gradually issued in liquidation of the public debts and interest until they become absorbed in the specie currency of the country.

4th. As a further and very important measure, Congress should enact by law that, after a certain fixed date, the duties on imports should be receivable one-half in the secured bills of solvent specie-paying banks of the locality, and the other half in gold and Treasury bills. Ours is the only country in the world where the anomaly exists of a Government discrediting its own notes.

In Great Britain and all the Continent, customs duties are paid in bank notes of the locality, or specie; one being by the natural laws of finance equal to the other under a sound system.

The locking up of vast amounts under the present Sub-Treasury laws is not only a great folly, but a serious disturbing element in our

entire financial system. It should be done away with. The affairs of the Government should be carried on through the public banks, as is the case everywhere else in the world. I would only suggest that wherever the public accounts are kept, sufficient bonds should be taken. In great cities like New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore and New Orleans, the local Treasury accounts should be equally distributed among from five to ten of the strongest banks in each, and they should all in each place unite in a common bond, guaranteeing to make good to the Government any loss incurring through either. By having all the banks doing business for the Government unite in this manner as a guarantee against loss, no loss could occur; and the daily distribution again into its proper channels of the sums received for customs and internal revenue, would be not only an incalculable boon to the people, but would do more to establish in time a healthy state of trade and a firm legitimate system of finance than almost any other measure that has been suggested. The transfer of the Government deposits to the banks, under a sound system of united guarantees, would not only be perfectly safe, greatly facilitate the operations of the Government, act as an additional check upon the Treasury, prove of immense advantage to commerce and trade, but would also be the means of saving a vast sum in the annual expenses of the Government.

A favorite argument in favor of the national bank system is that the bills of all the banks have equal currency all over the United States. This advantage is much more limited than the public suppose. The \$100,000,000 of Treasury bills, to which I have before referred, would fill all of the public requirements in this respect. The local needs are those which most require the privileges of free banking. It would take volumes to tell one-half of what the South is suffering now in consequence of a dearth of a circulating medium. A system of barter has to be carried on in many localities. I know of counties which actually require \$150,000 currency to move their crops and for the transaction of their affairs, where I do not believe that five thousand dollars in currency or money could be found. This is shameful! They cannot even print, for the conveniences of their barter, certificates of values, to pass current among themselves, because it is an infringement of the law; and if they should organise a bank, with their property pledged as security for its issues, for their local convenience, the tax on their issues acts as a prohibition. Most of the present national banks were originally organised under the State laws. They did very well then. Nothing but compulsion would have made many of them national banks. Remove that compulsion. Let those which choose remain under the present system; let those which prefer their State charters resume them. There is plenty of room for both the National system and the State system: they need not clash. Under a specie-paying system all differences disappear. It does not matter where the chartered rights are obtained, the specie basis is the test of the bank's strength.

I would not propose any interference whatever with the present national banks: I would only divest them of the right to interfere with specie-paying State banks by repealing the tax now imposed

on State banks issues. Let this be done, let banking be made free to stand upon its own merits, and we shall see the Southern States one by one taking up some sound system of their own, establishing their financial comptrollerships to superintend and protect their issues, taking only specie-paying State and Government bonds as a basis for circulating mediums, and under wise counsels profiting by their recent experiences, filling with contentment their old places in the Union.

The national bank system as it at present exists is a powerful organisation, and probably no material change could be effected in our public financial affairs unless it in some way met with its concurrence. Unfortunately for the success of any scheme which was manifestly for the general good, the people at large do not understand the intricacies of finance, or the machinery by which its affairs are conducted. Since I have been engaged in the examination of this subject, I have had more or less of correspondence upon it with men who exert a powerful influence in our national councils. I cannot give a better instance of the opposition with which any scheme not entirely in harmony with the national bank interests will be met, than by quoting the following paragraphs from a recent letter which I have received from a distinguished Northern statesman, in reply to one of mine, in which I had propounded the question whether "it were possible to repeal the existing law imposing a tax upon the issues of specie-paying State banks." I had been induced to make this inquiry because I had been assured that if it could be done, parties in London were prepared to subscribe five millions of dollars in gold for the establishment of a specie-paying bank in one of the Southern States, as a basis for its foreign shipments of cotton. The opinions of the gentleman in question are entitled to great weight; and though they differed from mine at the time they were written, I cannot help indulging the hope that he may, in consequence of the grave developments which have intervened, see reason materially to modify, if not to change them. His opinion is valuable as showing the powerful influence adversely exerted upon the welfare of our country by the national bank system. He wrote as follows:—

Letter from a Northern Member of Congress.

JUNE, 1873.

I am sorry to say that I don't believe that it is within the bounds of possibility to have such action by Congress as you desire to carry out the scheme.

In the first place it would be an innovation upon the National Bank system, which would be fought by every bank interest in the United States, and as there are sixty presidents and National-Bank stockholders in the House, you will see what an influence you would have to meet.

Further, singular as you may think, I believe this nation has come to the conclusion that a return to specie payments or a specie basis is not the desirable thing. We have enjoyed uninterrupted prosperity since 1862, lo! these eleven years, under non-specie paying currency, a currency of our own and for ourselves.

We never enjoyed more than five years before without a suspension of specie payments as a remedy for great financial and commercial distress, since we were a nation. I say that I believe this to be the feeling of the country. Perhaps I ought to suggest that you should take this with some grains of allowance, because I am most strongly impressed with this belief myself: so much so that I have acted upon it, and shall continue to act upon it.

Upon another subject which I have hereinbefore more fully set forth than in my correspondence with him, he says:—

I look for another and better means of meeting the financial troubles of the South, and that is that at some fair rate they shall be assumed by the National Government as the *sequela* or relics, and therefore as a part, of the war, etc.

These are the opinions of a man of great judgment, strong will and large heart. I have reason to believe that the latter has long since determined him to endeavor to do some signal service to the South, for whom I know he feels a genuine sympathy, although he fought them from his own Union stand-point most bitterly. Let me indulge the hope that he will carefully consider all that I have said, not only upon this subject, but our entire financial affairs.

In using the term "free banking," I should not be understood as to mean that any irresponsible company or person should have the right of unrestricted issue of currency. The most that I would ask is that Government should simply repeal the tax on the issues of State banks, and leave each State to regulate its own system. Most of the States have most excellent systems, rendering the deposit of specie-paying State or United States bonds necessary as a protection for bank issues. This system is equally as sound as the National system, and for local purposes better. Its notes are equally as well secured, and the facilities for its operation better understood, especially in the South.

If the South receives \$300,000,000 of United States bonds as a settlement of the past, it is much better that it should be used by the States in their own local systems, and in their own way, for banking purposes, than be swallowed up by Northern rings of speculators in their fraudulently issued securities, which must be settled in another manner. The South will then have an important monied interest in the Union, and will have no one to blame but themselves if they will not prosper for the future.

Should such an appropriation be made by the General Government, an effort should be made by the Southern States entitled to the apportionment, for the establishment of a uniform system of finance in each of said States, under sound and proper restrictions and guarantees; and it is to be hoped, if the opportunity presents, that a conference would be called of some of our ablest statesmen and financiers to take the matter into serious consideration, so that the great benefits of such a provision should not be lost to our people through any such legislation as that which has brought such disgrace upon nearly all of our Southern States. If the opportunity is given us to restore our shattered financial systems, let us do it wisely, cautiously, and with a proper regard for our responsibilities to the future, remembering that upon a sound solution of the question depends in a great measure the future happiness and prosperity of the Southern people.

I find that I have already exceeded the limits which I had contemplated in the discussion of these questions, and must therefore defer to another occasion certain specific propositions which I had intended to advance as to the most feasible manner of dealing with the Southern State debts. It will be folly to deal with them at all until there can be a final solution of all the questions involved. It would be far better for some sound scheme to be devised in some one of

the States, and put into practical operation and fairly tested, before any general plan should be acted upon by all. Which of the States will take the lead? * * * * *

As I am closing this article, the balance-sheet of the Bank of France reaches us by the "Lombard" private despatches. It is to be published to-morrow, and I subjoin it for the special benefit of the financiers and statesmen, who I trust will consider the points which I have ventured to group together as bearing upon the present crisis. It is important, as it shows that the Bank has only a margin of 203,000,000 of francs before it reaches the limit of its issue of notes. The Bank by a special law was authorised to extend its issue to 3,200,000,000f.; the notes in circulation now amount to upwards of 2997 millions of francs. The stock of bullion shows an increase of 1,257,561f., the private deposits a decrease of 18,554,565f., the Government deposits a decrease of 20,613,384f., and the note circulation an increase of 26,640,625f. The discounts amount to 1,129,604,543f., being an increase of 25,982,904f. The Treasury bonds show a decrease of 35,087,500f. The following is the text of the balance-sheet:—

DEBTOR.

	October 16.		October 9.	
	f.	c.	f.	c.
Capital of the Bank	182,500,000	00	182,500,000	00
Profits in addition to capital, Art. 8, Law, June 9, 1857	7,654,251	88	7,654,240	80
Reserve of the Bank and its branches	22,105,750	14	22,105,750	14
Reserve of landed property	4,000,000	00	4,000,000	00
Special reserve	24,364,209	97	24,364,209	97
Notes in circulation	2,997,522,228	00	2,970,881,660	00
Bank notes to order, receipts payable at sight	10,614,705	50	8,542,612	18
Treasury account, current creditor	127,644,937	97	148,258,321	37
Current accounts, Paris	143,765,896	49	160,331,390	31
Do. branch banks	23,080,373	00	25,069,444	00
Dividends payable	2,052,397	00	2,187,527	00
Discounts and sundry interests	23,678,187	00	21,428,854	71
Re-discounted the last six months	4,778,387	58	4,778,387	58
Bills not disposable	4,562,897	49	1,647,445	11
Reserve for eventual losses on prolonged bills	8,136,299	65	8,136,299	65
Sundries	7,117,159	72	6,151,467	02
Interests on securities transferred or depos'd	3,838,860	43	4,625,974	07
Total	3,597,416,597	82	3,602,663,583	19

CREDITOR.

	f.		f.	
	f.	c.	f.	c.
Cash in hand and in branch banks	720,781,997	12	719,524,436	78
Bills due yesterday and payable to-day	545,430,344	10	553,487,233	62
Bonds of the city of Paris	20,250,000	00	20,250,000	00
Treasury bonds	150,000,000	00	150,000,000	00
(Treaty of June 2, 1873) ditto	1,157,888,500	00	1,192,975,000	00
Commercial bills, branch banks	584,174,199	00	550,134,406	00
Advances on deposits of bullion	7,999,700	00	7,146,400	00
Do. in branch banks	2,486,000	00	2,434,000	00
Do. in French public securities	26,810,600	00	26,634,900	00
Do. by branch banks	15,989,050	00	16,127,050	00
Do. on railway shares and debentures	49,786,900	00	40,724,600	00
Do. by branch banks	16,157,050	00	16,164,050	00
Do. on Crédit Foncier bonds	23,740,000	00	29,778,000	00
Do. in branches	664,300	00	680,100	00

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Do. to the State (June 10, 1857)	60,000,000 00	60,000,000 00
Government stock reserve	10,000,000 00	12,980,750 14
Do. branch banks	2,980,750 14	—
Do. disposable	67,021,500 11	67,021,500 11
Rentes Immobilisées (Law of June 9, 1857)	100,000,000 00	100,000,000 00
Hotel and furniture of the bank, and landed property — branches	7,519,439 00	7,751,000 00
Expenses of management	3,577,505 00	3,201,673 66
Advances to the city of Paris	—	—
Sundries	17,434,360 87	16,115,276 01
Total	3,597,416,597 82	3,602,663,583 19

This is a very instructive statement, and deserves careful study. France is a specie-paying country. The Bank of France pays its notes in gold whenever presented for redemption; and yet it will be seen that, with an issue of fully six hundred million dollars in specie, it has a specie reserve of less than one-quarter of its circulation. The total amount of gold and silver in constant circulation in France is estimated at three thousand millions of francs, or about the same as the bank issue; and although the bank statement only shows 720,000,000 francs in specie, it will be observed that there are special deposits of bullion the amount of which is not stated; and it would not be an extravagant estimate to place these and other specie reserves in the branch banks at 280,000,000 francs, which would make a total of four thousand million francs in specie, and three thousand millions in currency as the total circulating medium of the country. This total of seven thousand million francs is about equivalent to \$35 specie per capita, which exceeds by \$3 the amount per capita previously given, which I have derived from other sources. Now if we contrast this state of things with that existing in the United States, the long pending financial difficulties and the recent panic will not be at all surprising.

By the suicidal policy of imposing a tax upon specie-paying State banks, specie is entirely driven not only out of circulation, but almost out of the country. In the United States then we have no circulating medium except legal tenders, fractional currency and National bank notes. What is the aggregate of these? By the statement derived from reports of the Comptroller of the Currency on a previous page, it will be seen that all the outstanding issues of these amount only to about \$563,000,000, which is less by about forty millions of dollars than the currency issue of the Bank of France alone, and more than *one-half less* than the entire circulating medium of France, when we have nearly four millions greater population. It does not require any very great financial ability to see that if France, with a population of 40,000,000 people, requires the sum of \$1,400,000,000 in medium of circulation for the proper development and working of her industries, the United States, with a population of 44,000,000 (constantly increasing), cannot by any possibility carry on her large trade with a fixed, arbitrary, irredeemable circulating medium of only about \$560,000,000.

I might write and talk till doomsday and could not present a stronger parallel; and the great wonder to me is that, with all the high authorities in finance who have discussed or pretended to dis-

cuss the causes of our long-continued financial troubles, they have avoided this most important part of the question. I trust that I may not be considered presumptuous if I beg respectfully to call the attention of Congress to it, and at the same time venture to express my conviction that if the tax on specie-paying State banks were removed, the first and most important step would be taken for the relief of the country and the resumption of specie payments. There need be no interference with the National banks; they would be valuable for inter-State exchanges, while for local purposes and foreign exchanges our State specie-banks would provide a remedy for all our existing evils.

APPLETON OAKSMITH.

The Lombard Exchange, London, *October 16, 1873.*

NOTE.—Mr. Hunter, I observe, in a recent speech states that the sum proposed by Mr. Lincoln as a compensation to the slave-owners was \$400,000,000. This, it should be remembered, was at the famous conference between Mr. Lincoln, Mr. Seward and the Southern Commissioners. This, although opposed by Mr. Seward, whose implacability was proverbial, would undoubtedly have been carried through even at that late period, if the South could have accepted it; but Mr. Hunter and many others know that at an earlier period it was suggested by eminent men at the North, that the nation should emancipate the slaves and capitalise their value at \$300 per head, equivalent then to about \$1,200,000,000. I do not think any action can ever be expected now from Congress in regard to this claim however equitable; but I do believe that sooner or later Congress will make compensation to the States where the freedmen have been made citizens, for the matters to which I have specially referred, and especially for the equalisation of the freedmen's taxes; and the Northern statesmen should bear in mind that whatever appropriation is made in the manner I have intimated, four-tenths of it will be for the benefit of the late slaves, on whom the Federal Government has conferred the benefits as well as the burdens of citizenship.

MEGRIM, OR THE UGLY DWARF.

A STORY FOR THE LITTLE FOLKS.

“**B**ROTH-ER!” So called a little girl, about ten years old, as she ran down the steps of a large, old-fashioned framed house.

“Here I am, Nellie.”

This answer came from an outbuilding, from which also might be heard the sound of hammering. The little girl went to the door and looked in.

“What are you doing?” she asked of a boy about two years older than herself.

“Fixing up my sled for next winter,” he replied, without looking up. “I mean to make it strong enough to bear your weight and mine too, Nell.”

“Well, you needn’t take the trouble then,” she said crossly, “for I

don't expect mother will let us have any time for play; she wants you now to see about setting you to work, and I've got my task to do too."

"Work! Nellie, and in the holidays — now that is *too* bad! I thought I would have a little time for enjoyment when I came home from school, but if I've got to go to work already, I shall wish myself back there." He stood a few moments irresolutely, handling his tools, as if he had half a mind to revolt against the restraint of a new law, but finally throwing them down, he followed his sister to the house. Had they looked behind them, they would have seen a little black shadow walking close at their heels. Their mother met them at the door, and taking a hand of each, led them into the parlor, and seated them, one on each side of her.

"My darling," she said, passing her hand fondly over the boy's dark locks, "I am quite willing to admit the wisdom of the old saw, that 'All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy.' But it is no less true that all play and no work would ruin him for life; and I wish *my* Jack to grow up a good useful man. You have had a whole week for idling; now, Robert, I want you to begin and give two hours every day to your books, particularly to your arithmetic and grammar. Review the ground you went over last year, and so prepare yourself for a higher stand in your classes when the next session begins. As to my little Nellie, I intend to give her lessons in a woman's highest, or rather most needed accomplishment — needle-work. She already knows how to hold and thread her needle, and use her thimble, so I shall only have to teach her the different stitches. Hemming is the easiest, we will begin with that. Here is a towel already turned down."

"I don't want to learn to sew," said Nellie, with a pout, and two angry tears welled up in her eyes and stood in the corners, ready for use.

"But I think it is best that you should," replied her mother, firmly, "and you are quite old enough now to begin. I shall require you to devote an hour every day to your needle-work."

"Oh, mamma! and will I have to do my French and reading too?" asked Nellie.

"Certainly," replied her mamma. "I should be sorry to think that your fingers were improving at the expense of your brains."

At this moment she was called out by a servant to attend to some domestic matters, and Robert and Nellie were left alone.

The two angry tears that had stood like sentinels in Nellie's eyes, now deserted their post, and falling on the table, were quickly followed by several others, and at the same time a torrent of angry words issued from her lips. To her, an hour seemed an age to be spent in doing what she did not like to do. She forgot that she *belonged* to her mamma, who had a right to keep her in all day, if she thought proper; and she forgot, too, that it was a great deal of trouble for her mamma to teach a little, awkward, ignorant child, and that she could have only one motive for doing it — her child's good.

If there were two things in the world that Robert hated most cordially, grammar and arithmetic were their names. He regarded them

as his natural enemies, and kept as much aloof from them as he possibly could. His mamma was perfectly aware of this, having been enlightened by his last year's monthly reports, for he was down to zero in both studies. She had therefore purposely selected them, hoping that by her assistance and patient explanations, his interest might be aroused in those dry but most important branches. On the present occasion, however, Robert was so thoroughly vexed and out of temper that it did not promise to be an agreeable task. Two things made him so. He was stopped from doing what he liked to do, and he had the prospect of being obliged to do what he disliked exceedingly. Therefore, I am sorry to say, he quite forgot himself, and, as the door closed after his mother, he exclaimed angrily: "Plague *take* it!" and gave his unoffending slate a whack that almost made it jump out of its frame.

"Oh, ho!" croaked a harsh, discordant voice behind his chair; "how this pleases me! What a charming thing it is to be with such sensible people!"

Robert and Nellie turned quickly around, to see who it was that spoke.

Behold! the shadow had turned to a substance, and there stood before them a hideously ugly dwarf, holding a basket in one hand and a bottle in the other. He was in the act of catching at something in the air, but he plunged it too quickly in his basket for them to see what it was. I hardly know how to describe the creature—his head was so much too large, and his body so much too small. Both were covered with long hair, that bristled up when he spoke, like a hedgehog's. His voice was something like the croak of a frog, and something like the bark of a dog. Altogether, he was frightful.

"Brother, what is this? I am afraid of it," whispered Nellie, creeping close up to her brother.

"Nonsense! don't put on airs, Miss Nellie," snarled the dwarf, whose big ears could catch the lowest sound. "I have known you these ten years; why should you pretend to be afraid of so old a friend?"

"Who are you?" said Robert, plucking up a little courage.

"My name is Megrim, sir," replied the dwarf, bristling up, and making himself look as tall as his short little legs would let him. "My name is quite as good as yours, sir, and my family is of equally old extraction. I am descended from Adam himself, the very 'old Adam' so often spoken of in the Book you Christians profess to make your guide. As for me, I am a Pagan. I have an idol—that is, Myself. Oh! how I do love myself," and he tried to hug himself with his little short arms.

"But why do you come here?" asked Robert. "You must feel that you are unwelcome."

"I don't at all feel so, I assure you," retorted the dwarf; "and I am here now by your own invitation. A pretty way truly for you to treat an old friend!"

"Friend!" repeated Robert with a puzzled air. "How can that be when I never saw you before?"

"Is it my fault if you are blind?" snapped the dwarf. "I have

hardly ever been a whole day away from you in all your life. Stupid enough it was for me sometimes too."

"Mr. Megrim," said Nellie timidly, "have you any other name? Perhaps we might know you by that if you have."

"I have several nicknames," replied the dwarf unwillingly, "but I do not like to be called by them. It does not suit me, for instance, to be introduced as Ill-temper."

"Oh-h-h!" said Robert, with a whistle. Nellie hung down her head, looking very much ashamed.

"Whenever you are vexed, or angry," said the dwarf, "it is all one as if you had sent me a card of invitation—I am sure to be here. Do you wish to know why? It is because I make my living on you. Look here!" holding up his basket. "And here!" brandishing his bottle. "I catch all your angry, impatient words, and keep them in here to regale myself on. They are very nice, I assure you," and took a word out of his basket and munched it with much satisfaction. "Have one?" he asked suddenly, offering the basket to the children.

Robert laughed. "I have heard of people eating their own words," said he, "but I never did hear of other people taking such fare."

The dwarf's face lengthened at the sound of a laugh. "Don't now!" he said, "that hurts me, I don't like it."

"What have you got in your bottle, Mr. Megrim?" asked Nellie, feeling a little bit sorry for him.

"Ah! I'm glad you reminded me of it," he said, jerking out the cork and applying it to his nose. "This is the most delicious perfume in the world. These are the tears of passion—'Mad tears,' children call them—I sponged up several from the table just now. If ever I am the least bit sick or faint, one whiff of this revives me; it gives me life. Try it," holding out the bottle.

Nellie drew back.

"Ah! what a dolt I am!" cried the dwarf, "to be offering delicacies to people whose senses are too coarse to enjoy them. There is one comfort, there'll be all the more for me," and he plunged his hand into his basket for another comfit, which he held up to the light before swallowing. "That was Go away and let me alone!" he said, smacking his lips—"Pretty good, but a little stale; I got that day before yesterday, and I've had a good many like it before, I know the taste of it very well."

"But I tell you what," the dwarf continued after a little while, nodding to Robert, "I wouldn't take anything for the delicious morsel you gave me just now. 'Plague take it!'—there is only one other thing in my basket I expect to enjoy half as much. By-the-bye, what did you mean?—your books and slate? or your mother? That would give it sauce, you know."

Robert hung his head and could make no reply.

"What was the other thing you spoke of, Mr. Megrim?" asked Nellie.

"You have the best right to know," said the dwarf, with a malicious grin. "Here it is," and he pulled something out of his basket, which it took both hands to hold.

He nibbled a little bit off the edge, and smacked his lips. "This

is so nicely flavored with temper," he said. "'You needn't take the trouble then, for I don't expect mother will let us have any time for play; she wants you now to see about setting you to work, and I've got my task to do too.'"

It was Nellie's turn to hang her head.

"Oh," she cried, with a burst of sorrowful tears, "how could I say such a thing of our own dear mamma, who loves us so dearly, and is so good and kind that she is always thinking of something to give us pleasure, or do us good!"

"OH, DON'T!" shrieked the dwarf, dropping his bottle, and clasping his head with both hands. "Oh! that puts me in such pain, it's very unkind of you; I shall be dried up to a shadow again if you go on so." And indeed he did look as if he was growing thinner and smaller. "Look here," he said, trying to divert her mind, "I haven't showed you all the curious things in my basket yet, and I can't do it while you are so disagreeable. There's only one thing that hurts me more than being sorry."

"What is that?" asked Robert, quickly raising his head.

"Ah, ha!" said the dwarf, with a cunning look, "you'd like to try it perhaps. No, no, Master Robert, I'll not tell you just now; excuse me, I've gone through enough for once." He picked up his bottle and took a deep sniff, after which he declared that he felt much better, in fact nearly as well as usual.

"Then, will you show us the other things you said you had in your basket?" asked Nellie, and she went a step nearer to the ugly dwarf than she had yet ventured to do.

"You girls have so much curiosity," said Robert, disdainfully, but somehow he edged himself up nearer too—for what purpose I can't imagine, since boys and men are proverbially free from that little trait.

"What do you think I've got in here to show you?" asked the dwarf, rummaging about in his basket.

"I can't even guess," replied Nellie. "You are so different from anybody I ever saw before, and have such odd things."

"They were yours first, my dear, I beg you'll remember," said the dwarf, dryly; "and here are some more of your cast-offs," as he found what he had been looking for.

"I don't see anything," said Nellie, disappointed.

"I haven't put it on yet," said the dwarf; "have a little patience, I'm picking out the one I like best."

"Is it something to wear?" asked Nellie.

"Yes; this will do. Now, Miss Nellie, this is one of your own cross looks. I tried it on, when you were tired of it and threw it away, and I thought it was very becoming, so I kept it. I have quite a bundle of them here, and I dress up in them very often for my own amusement. See here!" He put on a look which made Nellie cover her face with both hands for shame, while Robert burst out laughing.

"That is you to the very life, Nellie, the very way you looked the time when Uncle George brought us our picture-books, and you thought mine was the prettiest."

"Fair and softly, Master Robert," said the dwarf. "I have some

of *your* looks here too. I will try one of them on, that you may see if it is as amusing as your sister's."

He did so.

"Oh, horrible!" cried Robert. "Surely I could never have worn such a look as that."

"Yes, brother," said Nellie, softly, "just now, when mamma was called out, your face was just like that."

Robert groaned. "What a wicked boy I must be!" he said.

"Ah!" cried the dwarf, "now *you* are going to be sorry, I feel it in my bones. Don't, please don't! I wish I had not showed you your look, you take things so seriously. I like it; I think it is funny. Why don't you laugh at it as you did just now at Nellie's?"

"I am older than she is, I ought to set her a better example," said Robert, leaning his arms on the table, and burying his face in his hands.

There was silence in the room for a little while, only the dwarf fidgetted about, as if he was very uneasy. Nellie was the first to speak.

"Mr. Megrim," she said, "what is it that hurts you more than being sorry?"

"BEING GOOD," screamed the dwarf, "dutiful, loving, kind, patient! Ah! it kills me," and he wrung his hands, letting his basket and bottle fall and roll away unheeded.

"I am sorry for you," said Nellie, catching up her towel, "but I can't help it if it does — *I am going to try it.*"

"*So am I,*" said Robert, laying hold of his slate and books with a resolute air.

Alas! for the dwarf. He grew thinner and thinner, until not even his shadow was left; and when the children next looked up from their tasks, not a trace of him was to be seen. Dwarf, bottle, and basket had melted away!

REVIEWS.

Tacitus. By William Bodham Donne. [Ancient Classics for English Readers.] Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

IT is more than probable that, if the question were put to scholars of the present day: Which, of all the fragmentary remains of antiquity would you prefer to have completed?—the answer would be, The works of Tacitus. For, putting aside the admir-

able and almost unique character of the work itself, it is the only history worthy the name which records the events of that most momentous period in the life of mankind, the first century of the Christian era, which tells us of Rome and the Cæsars when first Rome became the world and the Cæsar was Rome.

And when we add to this that in the pages of Tacitus we find the first connected account of the character, appearance, modes of life and habits of our Teutonic ancestors, we may understand the importance which this grand fragment holds in the great chronicle of the world's history, and can well lament what Mr. Donne well calls "the irony of fate," which preserving almost entire the shallow compilations of the epitomists, and the spiteful gossip of the scandal-mongering Suetonius, has left us only a majestic torso of Rome's most profound and most thoughtful history.

That Tacitus was one of the most eloquent orators of his day, we are assured by his contemporaries, and can well believe, though no specimens of his oratory have come down to us. But his whole history, written as it is under the sternest self-control, and with a condensation and terseness which sometimes become obscurity, glows with a deep internal fire of passion, and in those rare instances when he allows the gentler emotions to appear, thrills with a solemn tenderness to which we can scarcely find a parallel. What a grand vibrant pathos is there in the passage describing the death of Agricola, and in his closing apostrophe—a pathos deepened by the doubt which then cast a gloom over the noblest spirits of the Roman world, the doubt of the immortality of the soul. "If there is any dwelling-place for the spirits of the just; if, as the wise believe, noble souls do not perish with the body, rest thou in peace; and call us, thy family, from weak regrets and womanish laments to the contemplation of thy virtues, for which we must not weep nor beat the breast. Let us honor thee not so much with transitory praises as with our reverence; and, if our powers permit us, with our emulation. That will be true respect, that the true affection of thy nearest kin. This, too, is what I would enjoin on the daughter and wife,—to honor the memory of such a father, such a husband, by pondering in their hearts all his words and acts, by cherishing the features and lineaments of his character rather than those of his person. It is not that I would forbid the likenesses which are wrought in marble or in bronze; but as the faces of men, so all similitudes of the face are weak and perishable things, while the fashion of the soul is everlasting, such as may be expressed, not in some foreign substance, or by the help of art, but in our own lives. Whatever we loved, whatever we admired in Agricola, survives, and will survive in the hearts of men, in the succession of the ages, in the fame that waits on noble deeds. Over many, indeed, of those who have gone before, as over the inglorious and ignoble, the waves of oblivion will roll; Agricola, made known to posterity by history and tradition, will live for ever."

Wondrous power of genius! But for his biographer, Agricola would scarcely be known: embalmed by affection in these imperishable pages, his virtues have excited men's admiration for eighteen centuries, and the fond hope of filial piety has for once been no illusion.

The charge has been brought, and with some justice, against Tacitus, that in his history of the Julian and Claudian Cæsars he occupies rather the position of a public prosecutor than that of an impartial historian. We have now no means of sifting the evidence, but it is clear that he had an intense abhorrence for those Emperors, and a firm belief in the enormity of their crimes, both against individuals and against the State, and while admitting that their deeds were much misrepresented, he certainly makes no attempt to exhibit them in a more favorable light. Writing too, as he did, under the just and wise Trajan, there was a natural temptation to draw the recent past in the darkest colors, in order to heighten the satisfaction mankind felt under a more equitable government. Certainly the picture he has painted is an awful one, and, as Mr. Donne remarks, in his power of impressing the mind with gloom and horror, and in his mode of dealing with gigantic criminals, reveals a spirit akin to that of Dante.

"The Roman indeed had not the advantage of the Florentine in a sure and certain faith that there was a region of bale reserved for his political enemies, and accordingly could not exhibit Tiberius in a red-hot tomb like Farinata's, nor imprison Nero in a pool of ice, like the Archbishop Ruggieri; but he did all that lay in his power to make both of these emperors infamous forever, and in the following words of the 'Annals,' points at the secret tortures that await the wicked even on earth. Tiberius had addressed a letter to the senate, in which were the following words (the English reader may be reminded that we have not the letter itself, and so cannot divine the context of these words, which may merely have related to physical sufferings): 'What to write, conscript fathers — in what terms to express myself, or what to refrain from writing — is a matter of such perplexity, that if I knew how to decide, may the just gods, and the goddesses of vengeance, doom me to die in pangs, worse than those under which I linger every day.' 'We have here,' proceeds the historian, 'the features of the inward man. His crimes retaliated upon him with the keenest retribution; so true is the saying of the great philosopher [Socrates], the oracle of ancient wisdom, that if the minds of tyrants were laid open to our view, we should see them gashed and mangled with the whips and stings of horror and remorse. By blows and stripes the flesh is made to quiver, and, in like manner, cruelty and inordinate passions, malice and evil deeds, become internal executioners, and with unceasing torture goad and lacerate the heart. Of this truth Tiberius is a melancholy instance. Neither the imperial dignity, nor the gloom of solitude, nor the rocks of Capreæ, could shield him from himself. He lived on the rack of guilt, and his wounded spirit groaned in agony.'" Like the Spirit in Victor Hugo's sublime poem, the historian —

" — ouvrant avec ses mains ces profondes poitrines
Et fouillant de son doigt de rayons pénétre
Leurs entrailles, leur foie, et leurs reins, nous montre
Des hydres qui rongeaient le dedans de ces âmes."

But we must not suffer ourselves to be too far carried away by the eloquence of the historian. The severities of a Tiberius or a Nero were exercised almost entirely against men of illustrious family or

political influence, and it is with these that the patrician Tacitus sympathises. But we must remember that under these reigns the provinces were more justly governed, and the worst of these emperors were, for the most part, mild toward the masses of the people. Their vices are here engraved on imperishable brass; their good deeds have been written in water; and while the extravagant calumny, which even Tacitus cannot accept, that Nero set Rome on fire, is still repeated in what are called "histories," no one remembers the energy with which the "tyrant" (who was at Antium when the fire broke out) set to work to relieve the consequent suffering, how he threw open his own splendid gardens to the people, and filled them with hurriedly-constructed sheds, as a shelter to the homeless, how he brought the necessities of life for them from all the neighboring towns, and furnished cheap corn for their support; how, moreover, when the fire had been extinguished, he caused the burnt district to be rebuilt with wider and more regular streets, and with other regulations as to the mode and material of building, and for an increased water-supply and improved system of extinction, so as to prevent the recurrence of a similar calamity. What more could a Trajan have done? But the senators and great families have monopolised the ear of the world: the people's history is unwritten; and we shall never know the causes of that gratitude which, long after his death, still kept his grave strewn with flowers.

According to modern canons of criticism, we can not place Tacitus as a historian in the same rank with Thucydides. And yet if we were to say that he had not a supreme love for the truth we should do him injustice. To his mind the general truth was the all-important thing; the special details but accessories. Firmly convinced that the earlier Cæsars were monsters of wickedness and their administration the curse and ruin of the country, and believing it to be important above all things to impress this great truth upon his countrymen, he welcomes every detail which will help to enforce his teaching, and these he finds in the private memoirs of the great houses, and in oral tradition.

Perhaps the most striking evidence, to a modern reader, of the inveterate *à priori* judgment of Tacitus, is found in his reference to the Christians. These he declares to be followers of a "baleful superstition," "haters of the human race," and "deserving the utmost severity of punishment, though innocent of the burning of Rome." Now there were multitudes of Christians in Rome in the time of the historian, and his bosom friend Pliny had, we know, many dealings with them as proprætor of Bithynia, and yet it is evident that neither directly nor indirectly did Tacitus ever attempt to gain any authentic knowledge of what Christianity was; and we can scarcely doubt that he would not have hesitated to charge them with the crime, had it not lain much nearer to his heart to be able to add a blacker shade to the character of Nero, by showing him putting these unjustly to death, that he might avert suspicion from himself.

But the great lesson to be learned from Tacitus is that absolute power is an awful thing to be in a mortal hand; and in that time absolute power meant that — so long as its wielder could guard him-

self from the assassin's dagger, and keep the legions from revolting — there was not on all the known earth one who dared question his actions or call him to account. And we need not doubt that were such impunity possible in our own time and country, we should soon have, if not a Tiberius, at least a Domitian; and a Sejanus, a Narcissus, or a Tigellinus would not be far to seek. W. H. B.

A Treatise on Electricity and Magnetism. By James Clerk Maxwell, LL.D., Professor of Experimental Physics in the University of Cambridge, (England); 2 volumes, 8vo. Oxford: At the Clarendon Press. 1873.

THE cultivators of Physics may be divided into two classes. The first class embraces those who employ *experiment* in their researches. To the second belong those who confine themselves to *mathematical analysis* as their instrument of discovery. The experimentalists and the mathematico-physicists together occupy the entire field of Natural Philosophy. Of the former, Brewster, Faraday, Joule, Regnault and Mellor are shining examples in recent times; while Gauss, Fresnel, Hamilton, Thomson and Rankine are prominent representatives of the latter. Now and then, it is true, we meet with philosophers, like Helmholtz, who unite great mathematical power to uncommon fertility and skill in experimenting; but the classification given above, though sometimes difficult of application, is none the less obvious and useful.

It cannot be denied that there is a tendency, not always repressed, on the part of the votaries of each of these methods, to undervalue and disparage the other. The laboratory men are apt to feel towards their mathematical neighbors as we may imagine the working bees to feel towards the drones. The latter may do a deal of thinking, but they gather no honey. The hive would surely fare badly were all drones. On the other hand, the mathematicians return these reproaches with interest. Something of the old scholastic disdain of experiment as being mean and mechanical still lurks perhaps in their bosoms. They are too much disposed to regard the mere experimentalist as one who is inexact in his processes and uncertain in his results, and who, when he does bring home jewels, like the roc of the Arabian tale, neither knows their value nor is able to make use of them. We have sometimes heard with regret the tone of condescension with which persons, fresh from the mathematical researches of Fresnel or Cauchy, have spoken of all instruction in science which is not presented in mathematical garb.

How mistaken are such reproaches. Each class is necessary to the other. Fact and theory are the fulcrum and lever of philosophy. Separately, they are useless. Together, they can move the world. The practical men constitute the great army of invasion. They push back the frontiers of ignorance and widen and extend the empire of knowledge. But all their conquests would be held by a precarious tenure, and be of little worth, were it not for the body of theorists, who, like the civil authorities following in the wake of the advancing host, occupy the conquered territory and reduce it to law and order.

Our author, Mr. Clerk Maxwell, presents a noble example of freedom

from the petty jealousy of which we have spoken. He is known to the scientific world as a conspicuous member of that British school of mathematico-physicists, at whose head stands Sir William Thomson, of Glasgow. He has made important contributions to the mathematical theories of heat and electricity. In the important treatise now before us, he proposes, as he tells us in the preface, to describe the leading phenomena of these agents, to show how they may be subjected to measurement, and to trace the mathematical connexion of the quantities. He further attempts to set forth the relations of electricity to general dynamics on the one hand, and to light and heat on the other, believing that it is to the study of electricity that we must now resort for the means of promoting the progress of science. His object has been chiefly to consider electrical phenomena with a view to their *measurement*, and with this practical end before him, he has avoided all discussions which promise no fruit.

But it is especially to the noble tribute paid, in the preface, by this accomplished mathematician, to the great experimentalist Faraday, that we desire to call attention. His words are wise and true, and should be pondered by every young physicist who is mathematically inclined.

"Before I began the study of electricity," says Professor Maxwell, "I resolved to read no mathematics on the subject until I had first read through Faraday's *Experimental Researches on Electricity*. I was aware that there was supposed to be a difference between Faraday's way of conceiving phenomena and that of the mathematicians, so that neither he nor they were satisfied with each other's language. . . . As I proceeded with the study of Faraday, I perceived that his method of conceiving the phenomena was also a mathematical one, though not exhibited in the conventional form of mathematical symbols. . . . When I had translated what I considered to be Faraday's ideas into a mathematical form, I found that in general the results of the two methods coincided, so that the same phenomena were accounted for and the same laws of action deduced by both methods; but that Faraday's methods resembled those in which we begin with the whole and arrive at the parts, while the ordinary mathematical methods were founded on the principle of beginning with the parts and building up the whole by synthesis. I also found that several of the most fertile methods of research discovered by the mathematicians could be expressed much better in terms of ideas derived from Faraday than in their original form. . . . If by anything I have here written I may assist any student in understanding Faraday's modes of thought and expression, I shall regard it as the accomplishment of one of my principal aims—to communicate to others the same delight which I have found myself in reading Faraday's *Researches*."

Of the treatise before us, we may further say that it is no popular work. By such as bring to its study a competent knowledge of the infinitesimal calculus, it will be found to be a systematic and thorough examination of the whole field of electrical science, presenting in a connected form what would otherwise have to be sought for in many separate and rare volumes.

We observe with pleasure that Professor Maxwell, while using to

some extent the ideas of the Quaternions of Hamilton, refrains from introducing the operations and methods of this system of calculus. Its admitted power does not seem to compensate for the difficulty of handling it. Even its author, called by some the British Laplace, acknowledged that it was a bow which yet awaited its Ulysses. S.

Ingraban. By Gustave Freytag. Translated by Mrs. Malcolm. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

SOME of our readers have probably seen a rather remarkable story, or incomplete series of stories, by Eugène Sue, entitled, inappropriately enough, *Les Mystères du Peuple*. In this work he proposed to give a series of historical romances, tracing down the fortunes of a single Breton family from the time of Julius Cæsar to the nineteenth century. The motive of the story was to show the perpetual antagonism between the Teuton and the Kelt, the Frank and the Gaul, in which — with that audacious generalisation so dear to the French mind — the author found the cause of all the calamities of French history.

In the series entitled *Our Forefathers*, of which this is the second volume, *Ingo* being the first, the author of *Soñ und Haben* has attempted a similar undertaking. The fortunes of successive representatives of a heroic Teutonic line will be shown as connected with various epochs of the world's history, beginning with the inroad of Constantine and ending, probably, with the surrender at Sedan.

But the German mode of working differs quite characteristically from the French. Sue had very high-flying ideas about teaching socialism, or religion (of a sort) or politics, or what not, by the potent agency of the novel; but deep at the bottom of his heart lay the conviction that the prime object of the novel was to entertain, and fact and theory all must bow to this imperious necessity. Freytag, on the other hand, goes more conscientiously to work. He plants himself on his Cæsar, his Tacitus, on the meagre details to be found in the Monk of St. Gall and other chroniclers of the Carolingian period, and holds himself prepared to justify everything he says. The result is a work of far greater intrinsic probability than Sue's, but at the same time unspeakably duller.

The present story turns upon the introduction of Christianity among the heathen Teutons, by Bishop Boniface in the eighth century, and incidentally shows the condition of the eastern German tribes, pressed upon by the stern Franks of the West, and the ferocious Wends, Avars, and Sorbes of the east. The theme is novel and inviting, and yet the romancer fails to arouse much interest. It is true that it is quite impossible to give any real life to the representatives of men whose whole life, manner of thought and speech, are absolutely unknown to us; but the author seems to be deficient in imagination or he could have made more of his materials. For example, the very striking episode of the flight of the ransomed women and children from the Sorbe stronghold, under the guidance of the monk, through the wild forest and the spectre-haunted mountains, with the fierce pursuers behind — what would not a Scott or a Cooper have made of this? What

would not those masters have made of such a scene as the drinking-duel, or the dice-throwing in which the hero stakes and loses his liberty? However, of the author's success in carrying out his plan we shall be better able to judge when he has reached more manageable periods of history.

In his own tongue, Freytag writes simply, clearly, and forcibly, and the publishers should have done him the justice of putting him into the hands of a better translator. It is irritating to find from such expressions as "a linnet escaped from the *farmer*", that the translator does not know that *bauer* means a *cage*; to be told of wolves that "run *behind* [*hinter, after*] the sun and moon"; of "*palings* which a woman's hands had *struck*", for a "stockade which a woman's hands had driven"; of "one stronger than *him*"; of a "place which has *laid* waste", etc.; but even these downright blunders are less provoking than the placid plodding way with which the writer proceeds, indifferent to coloring, to idiom, to choice of expression, never doubting that when an English equivalent which the dictionary will justify is given to every German word, the whole duty of a translator is accomplished.

W. H. B.

THE GREEN TABLE.

IF there is any being who is forced to keep his mind perpetually projected into the future, it is the editor of a magazine. The warm Indian summer sun is shining into our sanctum as we write, but a monitory voice from the printer notifies us that if we have anything to say "by way of a wind-up to the year," we had better be about it.

Well, there are many things that we might say. We might take up our melancholy retrospective parable, and point to the legitimate results of the centralising system — the enlargement of the powers of the Federal government — which we of the South have always resisted, so long as resistance was possible. We might show the Federal government meddling with railroad speculations, and the *Crédit-Mobilier* following; meddling with a State government, and the anarchy and ruin of Louisiana following; turning banker, and the whole commercial and financial interests of the country shaken, if not shattered. We might also point to the fact that the baneful effects of this misgovernment have now reached down to the foundation-stratum of society; that it is now the working classes that must come in for their share of the suffering, and they will hardly be long in finding out that the remedy lies in their own hands.

Yes, there are many moral reflections of exceeding value and exceeding triteness which we might make to the tune of "I told you so," but for the fact that the fallacious glory of the Indian summer's sun most admonishes

those who bask in it to beware of the wisdom which comes after the event. No man grown to the age of fool or physician will let the flattering promise of to-day's sun woo him to feel certain he can dispense with his overcoat and umbrella to-morrow. No man accustomed to study the current of human events, can look back upon the occurrences of the last twelve months and honestly have faith any longer in his "I told you so." Yet nothing has really happened out of due course, nor contrary to oft-repeated predictions, nor in antagonism to a single moral law which we know the force of—it has only happened unexpectedly, that is all, and given us the shock of surprise. We can not divest moral laws of the personal equation enough to apply them to individual contemporary cases.

We all knew the rottenness of the party which conquered in that ridiculous tilting-match of last November, but who of us foresaw the swift decay that has made that internal corruption apparent to even the most reluctant eyes? How many of our old political Probabilities, reading election returns on November 5th, 1872, were able to augur from them the returns which we are reading to-day? Did Mr. Colfax, confounded at the majorities rolled up for his successful rival, dream that in less than twelve months he would himself be rolled and shrivelled up like a false will with its sanctimonious exordium, tossed upon the fire; and that that rival, struck by an unerring hand, would be endured only out of pity for his infirmities?—all because of a few dollars that stuck to their skirts as the treacherous piece of gold stuck to the measure with which Ali Baba meted out his part of the booty of the Forty Thieves. Did any one tell us of these and of the others whom we need not name since all men know them now and knew them then; but none of them and none of us could apply the accepted principle of the moral law that a man's sin is sure to find him out.

Again, we have been looking for the panic, and expecting it, and raising the cry of wolf, for quite a number of years. It was sure to come, we all said; and now here it has come upon us and caught us all unprepared, cargo mis-stowed, sails all set, and here we are capsized and floundering together as helplessly as if this had been the first occurrence of a panic in financial history. And the innocent wonder with which we stare while the Cookes, the Clews, the Vanderbilts, the Drews, the Spragues, clutch at their fortunes taking wings, is the absurdest thing on earth. Saint and sinner, there they go together. their pasteboard castles collapsing in the rain of exposure and the blast of exasperation, and we look on in amazement while our children are writing in their copy-books, as their fathers and grandfathers did before them, "Ill-gotten gains never thrive." Prophets? Last winter, though we knew that right principles of government were bound to re-assert themselves in the end, and false principles to go down and sink their upholders with them—last winter the pressure of the present evil choked us so when we beheld Butler insolently leading his salary-grabbers to the plunder of the treasury, and the brilliant and heartless Carpenter, after telling the truth about Louisiana, voting a lie—that none of us dreamed of predicting how soon Butler would encounter the ghost of his salary-theft as his evil genius at Worcester, nor how speedily Carpenter would be flung out of his own Wisconsin.

Ay, this languid Indian summer sun, which we feel to be soft and wooing, and know to be fickle and treacherous, brings us to a sense of the folly of that wisdom which comes after the event. It pricks the bubble of our self-sufficiency for us. It tells us, while beaming with the fervor of August, that if we have provision of any sort to make for the future, we should set about it at once, for temporary auguries are fallacious, and the old laws of the seasons and of nature are sure to prevail in the end.

But waiving these points, which are perhaps better fitted for discussion elsewhere, we will restrict ourselves to saying a word or two about the SOUTHERN MAGAZINE, and its plans for the coming year.

We have already explained to our readers the nature of our arrangement

with the SOUTHERN HISTORICAL SOCIETY. The advantages of this arrangement will be four-fold : to the Society, which is at once provided with an organ for the publication of its transactions, without the trouble and risk of establishing one ; to its members, who will receive, in addition to these transactions, a monthly supply of interesting and entertaining reading ; to our readers, who will receive the valuable papers of the Society ; and finally to the Magazine, in the enlarged circulation it will thus obtain.

We have the deepest conviction of the importance and utility of the Historical Society, under its present reorganisation, and we would earnestly urge its claims upon all our readers. The duty of collecting authentic materials for the history of the South, is incumbent upon us as it never has been upon any other people. Just now the materials are abundant, many of the chief actors living, and data of all kinds easily obtained. If we neglect this duty now, the task will be undertaken by others for us, and *how* it will be done, what materials will be used, and to what purpose applied need not be specified here. If we neglect this, we shall show the world the first example of a people above the level of savages, indifferent to their reputation, to the memories of their fathers, and to the judgment of posterity.

But important as is the duty to which the Historical Society owes its existence, it has before it other fields of usefulness as well as this, and influences which may work for good far into the future. With its numerous local societies established over all our land, all affiliated to the Central Society and in connection with each other, it will form a centre around which all well-wishers to the South can gather, will embrace them in one brotherhood on the broad common ground of love for their native or adopted country, and desire to promote her welfare. More than ever before is something of the kind needed now, when the brightening prospects of the future can scarcely be seen for the rigors of the present, and even the best grow disheartened in their apparent weakness and isolation. Even those who care least about the records of the past will admit the magic power of sympathy and acknowledge the importance of an association representing the best intelligence, the noblest energies, the highest patriotism of eight millions of people, and ramifying throughout a land as wide and varied as ours, which has yet its greatest interests identical everywhere.

The duty which the SOUTHERN MAGAZINE has hitherto, for lack of a better archivist, taken upon itself — that of publishing authentic records of the war — now passing into the far abler hands of the Historical Society, the Magazine will henceforth concern itself more especially with the present and the future of our people. Papers referring to the resources, the productions, and the industries of the South will be cordially welcomed ; and we have already made arrangements for a number of important articles on these topics from the pens of gentlemen specially qualified, both by observation and study, to deal with them intelligently.

We expect to present our readers, during the year, with a series of most interesting articles on Scientific subjects, in a clear and popular style, and also with current notices of recent scientific and technical discoveries or improvements of general interest.

We have also the promise of papers on subjects connected with Art, both in this country and in Europe, prepared by one of our most distinguished artists, whose warm enthusiasm, and wide culture, admirably qualify him for the task.

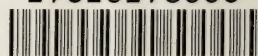
The purely literary department, including stories, essays, sketches, and critical papers, will have ample space, and we shall endeavor to increase its freshness and variety. In addition to our well-known contributors, we shall introduce to our readers several new candidates for their favor, for whom we bespeak a kindly reception.

And so having told our readers what we hope to do in the future, we now thank them for all their kindness in the year just past, and say "Good-bye till we meet again."





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